

ENGLISH DRAMA

1580-1642

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PREFACE

WE HAVE attempted in this volume to illustrate by means of adequate texts, adequately annotated, the main course of English dramatic literature during the sixty years of heyday sometimes termed "Elizabethan." A collection such as this, which offers only some five per cent of the available material, must have deplorable omissions. We regret our inability to find any place for such charming work as is the best of Brome, Field, Day, and Porter, and still more our need of limiting to a single play apiece several dramatists of major rank and maximum productivity. We have, however, made our choice with the interests of the normal reader of a book like this in view, avoiding singularity and keeping in mind the proper representation of types and topics as well as authors. When so judged, we believe that the plays included may fairly challenge preference over any that we have omitted.

The texts rest upon a careful new collation of the original editions, and will be found, we believe, to possess a high degree of accuracy. Variant readings are recorded more fully than may be thought advisable in a book of this nature. Our principle has been to note all readings which can be regarded as possible ones, and all that explain the nature of corruptions in the old copies. In the glossing of archaic or misleading words, we have also intended to err on the side of copiousness; and we hope that the mechanical arrangement of our apparatus will make it easy for the reader to ignore whatever portion of it does not at the moment interest him. We have abstained from note-references in the text, and have distinguished textual from glossarial or exegetical notes by printing the former in parentheses. We have retained spellings and grammatical forms which throw light upon the Elizabethan language, and have not normalized spellings (*e.g.*, 'murther' beside 'murder,' 'farder' beside 'farther,' 'venter' beside 'venture') which indicate the quality of the author's pronunciation. Diacritical marks have been introduced where necessary to guide the reader in accenting words like 'cónfessor,' 'canónize,' 'massácles,' 'revénue.' The syllable *-ed* in past tenses has been kept only where the reader should give it syllabic value; otherwise we print *'d*.

The actual stage directions and scene divisions of the original texts are given, we believe, with the strict fidelity requisite for any intelligent study of early stage practice. Necessary additional matter of this kind, emanating from later editors, is enclosed in square brackets. Occasional directions in parentheses indicate that the matter is to be found, at least essentially, in the originals. In typographical appearance (*e.g.*, the type and language employed for act and scene headings, the appearance of stage directions on the page, etc.) we have sought to give the reader as faithful an impression of the actual look of the old texts as can be done in a two-column book.

In the one-page introductions to the various plays we have attempted to summarize the concrete facts and to give the most useful references, without trespassing upon the field of æsthetic interpretation which should be left free for readers and teachers.

We desire to acknowledge our particular obligations to the authorities of the Huntington Library, to Dr. George Watson Cole, personally, and to the librarians of the Yale University Library and the Elizabethan Club.

C. F. T. B.
N. B. P.

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The Araynement of Paris
A PASTORALL.

Presented before the Queenes
Maiestie, by the Children
of her Chappell.



Imprinted at London by
Henrie Marsh.

ANNO. 1584.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL RECORD. The only early edition of *The Arraignment of Paris* is the quarto issued by Henry Marsh in 1584. The author's name does not appear on the title-page of this volume, nor was the play entered on the Registers of the Stationers' Co

AUTHORSHIP. Peele's title to the authorship of the play is definitely established by Thomas Nashe in his epistle prefixed to Greene's *Menaphon* (1589). After discussing several English poets, Nashe says of Peele

"... for the last, thogh not the least of them all, I dare commend him to all that know him, as the chiefe supporter of pleasance nowe liuing, the Atlas of Poetrie, and *primus verborum Artifex* whose first encrease, the Arraignment of Paris, might plead to your opinions his pregnant dexteritie of wit, and manifold varietie of inuention; wherein (*me iudice*) hee goeth a step beyond all that write"

This attribution is confirmed by the appearance in *England's Helicon* (1600) of passages from the play over the signature "Geo Peele"

DATE AND STAGE PERFORMANCE The title-page of the quarto states that the play had been "presented before the Queenes Maestie, by the Children of her Chappell." This company is known to have acted at court on Jan 6 (Twelfth Night), and Feb 2 (Candlemas) in 1584. It seems probable that this play, obviously designed for performance before Queen Elizabeth, was presented on one of these occasions.

STRUCTURE This pastoral is constructed on classical principles, with five acts and (with a few exceptions) new scenes whenever new characters enter the stage. Modern editors usually amalgamate the shorter scenes, but we have kept the division of the original quarto, which was evidently that of Peele himself. A special feature of the structure of this play which will repay study is the purposeful experimentation with many types of metre. Most of the play is in lyric, riming measures, varying from two-stress to eight-stress verses. Blank verse is employed in only about 190 lines, which have a recitative or oratorical character, and the best of these mark the highest point reached by English blank verse before the advent of Marlowe.

SOURCES. The theme of Paris's judgment among the three goddesses was, of course, a commonplace of classical scholarship, and it has been shown to have been employed frequently before Peele's time to flatter a living queen (see T. S. Graves, "*The Arraignment of Paris* and 16th Century Flattery," *Modern Language Notes*, Feb., 1913). Probably while still at Oxford, about 1580, Peele had written a narrative *Tale of Troy* in decasyllabic couplets, which covers the theme of his play and contains striking anticipations of its phraseology (see T. Larsen, "The Early Years of George Peele, Dramatist," *Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada*, 1928, 294 ff.) Peele's original genius appears chiefly in the play (apart from the remarkable poetry that it contains) in two points: (1) his manipulation of the story into a pastoral drama such as had not previously been attempted in England, and (2) the happy invention by which he develops out of the old myth of Paris's judgment among the goddesses a new myth dealing with Paris's arraignment for that judgment. There seems to be no good reason for believing that Peele was acquainted with an Italian play of similar title, *Il Giudizio di Paride*, by Anello Paulilli, printed at Naples, 1566. (See Miss V. M. Jeffery, *Modern Language Review*, April, 1924, A. H. Gilbert, *Modern Language Notes*, Jan., 1926, and T. Larsen, *loc. cit.*)

The English shepherds, Colin, Hobbinol, Diggon, and Thenot, who appear so surprisingly in Act III, are drawn from Spenser's *Shepherds' Calendar* (1579), and this fixes a *terminus a quo* for the date of the play. Peele's playful handling of the Colin Clout story drew from Spenser a mock-rueful acknowledgment in *Colin Clout's Come Home Again* (1591, lines 392 f.).

"There eke is *Palm* worthie of great praise,
Albe he envie at my rustick quill."

GEORGE PEELE (c. 1557–1596)

THE ARRAIGNMENT OF PARIS

[DRAMATIS PERSONAE

SATURN	VULCAN	THENOT	ATE
JUPITER	PAN	JUNO	CLOTHO
NEPTUNE	FAUNUS	PALLAS	LACHESIS
PLUTO	SILVANUS	VENUS	ATROPOS
APOLLO	PARIS	DIANA	CENONE
MARS	COLIN	POMONA	HELEN
BACCHUS	HOBBINOL	FLORA	THESTYLIS
MERCURY	DIGGON	RIHANIS	

Cupids, Cyclops, Shepherds, Knights, the Muses, a Nymph of Diana, etc.

SCENE A vale on Mt Ida Mt Olympus]

Ate Prologus

CONDEMNED soul, Ate, from lowest hell,
And deadly rivers of th' infernal Jove,
Where bloodless ghosts in pangs of endless date
Fill ruthless ears with never-ceasing cries,
Behold, I come in place, and bring beside 5
The bane of Troy¹ behold, the fatal fruit,
Raught from the golden tree of Proserpine!
Proud Troy must fall, so bid the gods above,
And stately Ilium's lofty towers be razed
By conquering hands of the victorious foe, 10
King Priam's palace waste with flaming fire,
Whose thick and foggy smoke, piercing the sky,
Must serve for messenger of sacrifice,
T' appease the anger of the angry heavens,
And Priam's younger son, the shepherd swain,
Paris, th' unhappy organ of the Greeks 16
So, loath and weary of her heavy load,
The Earth complains unto the hellish prince,
Surcharged with the burden that she nill sustain
Th' impartial daughters of Necessity 20
Been aiders in her suit and so the twine
That holds old Priam's house, the thread of
Troy,
Dame Atropos with knife in sunder cuts
Done be the pleasure of the powers above,
Whose hests men must obey. and I my part 25
Perform in Ida vales Lordings, adieu!
Imposing silence for your task, I end,
Till just assembly of the goddesses
Make me begin the tragedy of Troy.

Exit Ate cum aureo pomo

ACT I SCENA I

Pan, Faunus, and Silvanus, with their attendants, enter to give welcome to the goddesses Pan's Shepherd hath a lamb, Faunus' Hunter hath a fawn, Silvanus' Woodman with an oaken-bough laden with acorns

Pan incipit

Pan. Silvanus, either Flora doth us wrong,
Or Faunus made us tarry all too long,
For by this morning mirth it should appear,
The Muses or the goddesses be near

Faun My fawn was nimble, Pan, and
whipp'd apace, — 5

'T was happy that we caught him up at last, —
The fattest, fairest fawn in all the chace,
I wonder how the knave could skip so fast.

Pan And I have brought a twagger for the
nones,

A hunting lamb, nay, pray you feel, no bones
Believe me now, my cunning much I miss, 11
If ever Pan felt fatter lamb than this

Sil Sirs, you may boast your flocks and
herds that bin both fresh and fair,

Yet hath Silvanus walks, i-wis, that stand in
wholesome air,

And, lo, the honour of the woods, the gallant
oakenbough, 15

Do I bestow, laden with acorns and with mast
enow!

Pan. Peace, man, for shame! shalt have
both lambs and dams and flocks and herds
and all,

Ate Prologus: Enter Ate, as speaker of the Prologue ¹ of . . . date: everlasting ⁵ in: s.e., to
thus ⁷ Raught: snatched ¹⁰ nill: will not ²⁰ impartial: impartial ²¹ aiders: ('aydes' Q)
²⁰ s d cum . . . pomo: with the golden apple s d incipit: begins ⁷ chace: hunting field
⁸ twagger: fat lamb ^{nones}: occasion ¹⁰ bunting: fat

And all my pipes to make thee glee; we meet
not now to brawl.

Faun. There's no such matter, Pan, we are
all friends assembled hither,
To bid Queen Juno and her pheeers most hum-
bly welcome hither: 20
Diana, mistress of our woods, her presence will
not want,
Her courtesy to all her friends, we wot, is noth-
ing scant.

ACT. I. SCENA II

*Pomona entereth with her frust, manentibus Pan
cum reliquis*

Pom. Yea, Pan, no farther yet, and had the
start of me?
Why, then Pomona with her fruit comes time
enough, I see.
Come on a while; with country store, like
friends, we venter forth.
Think'st, Faunus, that these goddesses will take
our gifts in worth?

Faun. Yea, doubtless, for shall tell thee,
dame, 't were better give a thing, 5
A sign of love, unto a mighty person or a king,
Than to a rude and barbarous swain, but bad
and basely born,
For gently takes the gentleman that oft the
clown will scorn

Pan Say'st truly, Faunus, I myself have
given good tidy lambs
To Mercury, may say to thee, to Phœbus, and
to Jove; 10

When to a country mops, forsooth, chavè of-
fer'd all their dams,
And pip'd and pray'd for little worth, and
rang'd about the grove.

Pom. God Pan, that makes your flock so
thin, and makes you look so lean,
To kiss in corners

Pan. Well said, wench! some other thing
you mean. 15

Pom. Yea, jest it out till it go alone but
marvel where we miss

Fair Flora all this merry morn

Faun. Some news, see where she is.

ACT. I. SCENA III

Flora entereth to the country gods

Pan. Flora, well met, and for thy taken
pain,
Poor country gods, thy debtors we remain

Flo. Believe me, Pan, not all thy lambs and
yoes,

Nor, Faunus, all thy lusty bucks and does
(But that I am instructed well to know 5
What service to the hills and dales I owe),
Could have enforc'd me to so strange a toil,
Thus to enrich this gaudy, gallant soil

Faun. But tell me, wench, hast done 't so
trick indeed,

That heaven itself may wonder at the deed? 10

Flo Not Iris, in her pride and bravery,
Adorns her arch with such variety,
Nor doth the milk-white way, in frosty night,
Appear so fair and beautiful in sight,
As done these fields, and groves, and sweetest
bowers, 15

Bestrew'd and deck'd with parti-colour'd flow-
ers

Along the bubbling brooks and silver glide,
That at the bottom doth in silence slide,
The watery flowers and lilies on the banks,
Like blazing comets, burgeon all in ranks; 20
Under the hawthorn and the poplar-tree,
Where sacred Phœbe may delight to be,
The primrose, and the purple hyacinth,
The dainty violet, and the wholesome munth,
The double daisy, and the cowslip, queen 25
Of summer flowers, do overpeer the green,
And round about the valley as ye pass,
Ye may ne see for peeping flowers the grass:
That well the mighty Juno, and the rest,
May boldly think to be a welcome guest 30
On Ida hills, when to approve the thing,
The Queen of Flowers prepares a second spring.

Sil Thou gentle nymph, what thanks shall
we repay
To thee that mak'st our fields and woods so
gay?

Flo Silvanus, when it is thy hap to see 35
My workmanship in portraying all the three
First stately Juno with her port and grace,
Her robes, her lawns, her crownet, and her
mace,

Would make thee muse this picture to behold,
Of yellow oxlips bright as burnish'd gold 40

Pom A rare device, and Flora well, perdy,
Did paint her yellow for her jealousy.

Flo Pallas in flowers of hue and colours
red,

Her plumes, her helm, her lance, her Gorgon's
head,

Her trailing tresses that hang flaring round, 45
Of July-flowers so grafted in the ground,
That, trust me, sirs, who did the cunning see,
Would at a blush suppose it to be she

²⁰ pheeers: companions ^S D manentibus . . . reliquis: Pan remaining with the rest ⁵ venter:
venture ⁴ in worth: in good part ⁸ that: that which ¹¹ mops: girl ^{chavè}: I have
S D. country: pastoral ¹ yoes: ewes ³ trick: neatly ¹¹ bravery: finery ²⁷ port: stately car-
riage ²⁴ lawns: garments of fine linen ¹ crownet: coronet ⁴¹ perdy: indeed (par Dieu)

Pan. Good Flora, by my flock, 't was very good
To dight her all in red, resembling blood 50
Flo. Fair Venus of sweet violets in blue,
With other flowers infix'd for change of hue,
Her plumes, her pendants, bracelets, and her
rings,
Her dainty fan, and twenty other things,
Her lusty mantle waving in the wind, 55
And every part in colour and in kind,
And for her wreath of roses, she will dare
With Flora's cunning counterfeit compare.
So that what living wight shall chance to see
These goddesses, each plac'd in her degree, 60
Portray'd by Flora's workmanship alone,
Must say that art and nature met in one

Sil. A dainty draught to lay her down in
blue,

The colour commonly betokening true

Flo. This piece of work, compact with many
a flower, 65

And well laid in at entrance of the bower,
Where Phœbe means to make this meeting
royal,

Have I prepar'd to welcome them withal

Pom. And are they yet dismounted, Flora,
say,

That we may wend to meet them on the way? 70

Flo. That shall not need. they are at hand
by this,

And the conductor of the train hight Rhanis
Juno hath left her chariot long ago,
And hath return'd her peacocks by her rainbow;
And bravely, as becomes the wife of Jove, 75
Doth honour by her presence to our grove
Fair Venus she hath let her sparrows fly,
To tend on her and make her melody,
Her turtles and her swans unyoked be,
And flicker near her side for company 80
Pallas hath set her tigers loose to feed,
Commanding them to wait when she hath
need.

And hitherward with proud and stately pace,
To do us honour in the sylvan chace,
They march, like to the pomp of heaven above,
Juno the wife and sister of King Jove, 86
The warlike Pallas, and the Queen of Love

Pan. Pipe, Pan, for joy, and let thy shep-
herds sing,

Shall never age forget this memorable thing

Flo. Clio, the sagest of the Sisters Nine, 90
To do observance to this dame divine,
Lady of learning and of chivalry,
Is here arrived in fair assembly;
And wandering up and down th' unbeaten ways,
Rings through the wood sweet songs of Pallas' 95
praise.

Pom. Hark, Flora, Faunus! here is melody,
A charm of birds, and more than ordinary.

*An artificial charm of birds being heard within,
Pan speaks*

Pan. The silly birds make mirth, then
should we do them wrong,
Pomona, if we will bestow an echo to their song.

An echo to their song

The Song A quire within and without

Gods. O Ida, O Ida, O Ida, happy hill! 100
Thus honour done to Ida may it continue still!
Muses [within.] Ye country gods that in this
Ida won,

Bring down your gifts of welcome
For honour done to Ida

Gods. Behold, in sign of joy we sing, 105
And signs of joyful welcome bring,
For honour done to Ida

Muses [within.] The Muses give you melody
to gratulate this chance,
And Phœbe, chief of sylvan chace, commands
you all to dance

Gods. Then round in a circle our sportance
must be, 110

Hold hands in a hornpipe, all gallant in glee
Dance

Muses [within.] Reverence, reverence, most
humble reverence!

Gods. Most humble reverence!

ACT. I SCENA IV

*Pallas, Juno, and Venus enter, Rhanis leading
the way Pan alone sings*

THE SONG

The God of Shepherds, and his mates,
With country cheer salutes your states,
Fair, wise, and worthy as you be,
And thank the gracious ladies three 5
For honour done to Ida.

The birds sing

The song being done, Juno speaks

Juno. Venus, what shall I say? for, though
I be a dame divine,
Thus welcome and this melody exceeds these
wits of mine
Ven. Believe me, Juno, as I hight the Sover-
eign of Love,
These rare delights in pleasures pass the ban-
quets of King Jove.

Pal. Then, Venus, I conclude it easily may
be seen, 10

⁵⁰ dight: dress ⁷⁵ hight: called ⁸⁶ Rings. ('Ringe' Q) ⁹⁷ charm: singing, chorus ⁹⁸ silly:
simple, innocent ¹⁰² won: dwell ¹⁰⁵ s D. birds: mechanical birds behind the scenes

That in her chaste and pleasant walks fair
Phœbe is a queen.

Rha. Divinest Pallas, and you sacred dames,
Juno and Venus, honour'd by your names,
Juno, the wife and sister of King Jove,
Fair Venus, lady-president of love, 15
If any entertainment in this place,
That can afford but homely, rude, and base,
It please your godheads to accept in gree,
That gracious thought our happiness shall be
My mistress Dian, this right well I know, 20
For love that to this presence she doth owe,
Accounts more honour done to her this day,
Than ever whilom in these woods of Ida,
And for our country gods, I dare be bold,
They make such cheer, your presence to be-
hold, 25
Such jousiance, such mirth, and merriment,
As nothing else their mind might more con-
tent

And that you do believe it to be so,
Fair goddesses, your lovely looks do show
It rests in fine, for to confirm my talk, 30
Ye deign to pass along to Dian's walk,
Where she among her troop of maids attends
The fair arrival of her welcome friends

Flo. And we will wait with all observance
due,

And do just honour to this heavenly crew 35
Pan The God of Shepherds, Juno, ere
thou go,

Intends a lamb on thee for to bestow
Faun Faunus, high ranger in Diana's chace,
Presents a fawn to Lady Venus' grace

Sil. Silvanus gives to Pallas' deity 40
This gallant bough raught from the oaken-
tree

Pom. To them that doth this honour to our
fields

Her mellow apples poor Pomona yields

Juno And, gentle gods, these signs of your
goodwill

We take in worth, and shall accept them still 45
Ven And, Flora, thus to thee among the
rest, —

Thy workmanship comparing with the best,
Let it suffice thy cunning to have [power]
To call King Jove from forth his heavenly
bower

Hadst thou a lover, Flora, credit me, 50
I think thou wouldst bedeck him gallantly
But wend we on; and, Rhanis, lead the way,
That kens the painted paths of pleasant Ida.

Exeunt omnes

ACT. I. SCENA V. *et ultima*

Paris and Ænone

Par Ænone, while we been disposed to
walk,
Tell me what shall be subject of our talk?
Thou hast a sort of pretty tales in store,
Dare say no nymph in Ida woods hath more:
Again beside thy sweet alluring face, 5
In telling them thou hast a special grace.
Then, prithee, sweet, afford some pretty thing,
Some toy that from thy pleasant wit doth
spring

Æn Paris, my heart's contentment and my
choice,
Use thou thy pipe, and I will use my voice; 10
So shall thy just request not be denied,
And time well spent, and both be satisfied

Par Well, gentle nymph, although thou do
me wrong,
That can ne tune my pipe unto a song,
Me list this once, Ænone, for thy sake, 15
This idle task on me to undertake

They sit under a tree together

Æn And whereon, then, shall be my roun-
delay?

For thou hast heard my store long since, dare
say;

How Saturn did divide his kingdom tho
To Jove, to Neptune, and to Dis below; 20
How mighty men made foul successful war
Against the gods and state of Jupiter,
How Phorcys' imp, that was so trick and fair,
That tangled Neptune in her golden hair,
Became a Gorgon for her lewd misdeed, — 25

A pretty fable, Paris, for to read,
A piece of cunning, trust me, for the nones,
That wealth and beauty alter men to stones,
How Salmacis, resembling idleness,
Turns men to women all through wantonness;
How Pluto raught Queen Ceres' daughter
thence, 31

And what did follow of that love-offence;
Of Daphne turn'd into the laurel-tree,
That shows a mirror of virginity,
How fair Narcissus tooting on his shade, 35
Reproves disdain, and tells how form doth vade;
How cunning Philomela's needle tells
What force in love, what wit in sorrow dwells;
What pains unhappy souls abide in hell,
They say because on earth they lived not
well, — 40

Ixion's wheel, proud Tantal's pining woe,

¹² Divinest: ('Divine' Q) ¹³ gree: good part ²⁰ jousiance: jollity ³⁰ fine: the end ³² kens:
know ¹ while: until ³ sort: collection ⁸ toy: trifle ¹⁹ tho: then, of old ³³⁻⁴⁴ (Q numbers
in the margin the thirteen fables summarized by Ænone) ³¹ Phorcys': ('Phorcias' Q) ^{imp}: child
²⁶ tooting: poring ²⁸ vade: fade ³⁰ abide: endure

Prometheus' torment, and a many mo,
How Danaus' daughters ply their endless
task,

What toil the toil of Sisyphus doth ask:
All these are old and known, I know, yet, if
thou wilt have any, 45
Choose some of these for, trust me, else Ænone
hath not many

Par Nay, what thou wilt but sith my cunning
not compares with thine,
Begin some toy that I can play upon this pipe of
mine

Æn. There is a pretty sonnet, then, we call
it Cupid's Curse,
"They that do change old love for new, pray
gods they change for worse!" 50
The note is fine and quick withal, the ditty will
agree,

Paris, with that same vow of thine upon our
poplar-tree

Par No better thing, begin it, then
Ænone, thou shalt see
Our music figure of the love that grows 'twixt
thee and me.

They sing, and while Ænone singeth, he pipeth.
Incipit Ænone.

Æn Fair and fair, and twice so fair, 55
As fair as any may be,
The fairest shepherd on our green,
A love for any lady

Par. Fair and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be, 60
Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other lady

Æn My love is fair, my love is gay,
As fresh as been the flowers in May,
And of my love my roundelay, 65
My merry merry merry roundelay,
Concludes with Cupid's curse, —
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse!

Ambo simul
They that do change, &c 70

Æn Fair and fair, &c
Par. Fair and fair, &c
Thy love is fair, &c

Æn. My love can pipe, my love can sing,
My love can many a pretty thing, 75
And of his lovely praises ring
My merry merry roundelays
Amen to Cupid's curse, —
They that do change, &c

Par. They that do change, &c 80
Ambo. Fair and fair, &c.

Finit Camæna

The song being ended, they rise, and Ænone speaks.

Æn Sweet shepherd, for Ænone's sake be
cunning in this song,
And keep thy love, and love thy choice, or else
thou dost her wrong

Par My vow is made and witnessed, the
poplar will not start,
Nor shall the nymph Ænone's love from forth
my breathing heart 85

I will go bring thee on thy way, my flock are
here behind,

And I will have a lover's fee, they say, unkind
unkind

Exeunt ambo.

ACT. II SCENA I

Venus, Juno, Pallas

Ven (ex abrupto) But pray you, tell me
Juno, was it so,

As Pallas told me here the tale of Echo?

Juno She was a nymph indeed, as Pallas
tells,

A walker, such as in these thickets dwells,
And as she told what subtle juggling pranks 5
She play'd with Juno, so she told her thanks:

A tattling trull to come at every call,
And now, forsooth, nor tongue nor life at all.

And though perhaps she was a help to Jove,
And held me chat while he might court his love,

Believe me, dames, I am of this opinion, 11
He took but little pleasure in the minion;

And whatso'er his scapes have been beside,
Dare say for him, 'a never stray'd so wide:

A lovely nut-brown lass or lusty trull 15
Have power perhaps to make a god a bull.

Ven Gramercy, gentle Juno, for that jest;
I' faith, that item was worth all the rest.

Pal No matter, Venus, howsoe'er you
scorn,

My father Jove at that time ware the horn. 20
Juno Had every wanton god above, Venus,
not better luck,

Then heaven would be a pleasant park, and
Mars a lusty buck.

Ven Tut, Mars hath horns to butt withal,
although no bull 'a shows,

'A never needs to mask in nets, 'a fears no
jealous froes

Juno. Forsooth, the better is his turn, for,
if 'a speak too loud, 25

Must find some shift to shadow him, a net or
else a cloud

" mo: more " S. D Ambo simul: both together " S. D Camæna: song " cunning:
letter-perfect " ex abrupto: suddenly " her thanks: Juno's punishment of Echo " trull: wench
" scapes: escapades " froes: women " shift: device shadow: conceal

Pal. No more of this, fair goddesses; unrip not so your shames,
To stand all naked to the world, that been such heavenly dames.

Juno. Nay, Pallas, that 's a common trick with Venus well we know,
And all the gods in heaven have seen her naked long ago 30

Ven. And then she was so fair and bright, and lovely and so trim,
As Mars is but for Venus' tooth, and she will sport with him:

And, but me list not here to make comparison with Jove,

Mars is no ranger, Juno, he, in every open grove

Pal. Too much of this: we wander far, the skies begin to scowl, 35
Retire we to Diana's bower, the weather will be foul.

The storm being past of thunder and lightning, and Ate having trundled the ball into place, crying, "Fatum Trojæ," Juno taketh the ball up and speaketh

Juno. Pallas, the storm is past and gone, and Phœbus clears the skies,

And, lo, behold a ball of gold, a fair and worthy prize!

Ven. This posy wills the apple to the fairest given be,

Then is it mine, for Venus hight the fairest of the three 40

Pal. The fairest here, as fair is meant, am I, ye do me wrong,

And if the fairest have it must, to me it doth belong

Juno. Then Juno may it not enjoy, so every one says no,

But I will prove myself the fairest, ere I lose it so

They read the posy.

The brief is this, *Detur Pulcherrimæ,* 45
Let this unto the fairest given be,
The fairest of the three, — and I am she.

Pallas reads.

Pal. *Detur pulcherrimæ,*
Let this unto the fairest given be,
The fairest of the three, — and I am she. 50

Venus reads.

Ven. *Detur pulcherrimæ,*
Let this unto the fairest given be,
The fairest of the three, — and I am she.

Juno. My face is fair; but yet the majesty,
That all the gods in heaven have seen in me, 55
Have made them choose me, of the planets seven,

To be the wife of Jove and queen of heaven.
If, then, this prize be but bequeath'd to beauty,
The only she that wins this prize am I.

Ven. That Venus is the fairest, this doth prove, 60

That Venus is the lovely Queen of Love.

The name of Venus is indeed but beauty,

And men me fairest call per excellency.

If, then, this prize be but bequeath'd to beauty,
The only she that wins this prize am I. 65

Pal. To stand on terms of beauty as you take it,

Believe me, ladies, is but to mistake it.

The beauty that this subtle prize must win,

No outward beauty hight, but dwells within;

And sift it as you please, and you shall find, 70

This beauty is the beauty of the mind.

This fairness virtue hight in general,

That many branches hath in special;

This beauty wisdom hight, whereof am I,

By heaven appointed, goddess worthily. 75

And look how much the mind, the better part,

Doth overpass the body in desert,

So much the mistress of those gifts divine

Excels thy beauty, and that state of thine

Then, if this prize be thus bequeath'd to beauty,

The only she that wins this prize am I 81

Ven. Nay, Pallas, by your leave, you wander clean:

We must not conster hereof as you mean,

But take the sense as it is plainly meant,

And let the fairest ha't, I am content 85

Pal. Our reasons will be infinite, I trow,

Unless unto some other point we grow

But first here 's none, methinks, dispos'd to

yield,

And none but will with words maintain the field.

Juno. Then, if you will, t' avoid a tedious grudge, 90

Refer it to the sentence of a judge;

Whoe'er he be that cometh next in place,

Let him bestow the ball and end the case

Ven. So can it not go wrong with me at all.

Pal. I am agreed, however it befall. 95

And yet by common doom, so may it be,

I may be said the fairest of the three

Juno. Then yonder, lo, that shepherd swain 18 he,

That must be umpire in this controversy!

³⁰ but me list: though I desire ⁴⁵ s d posy: inscription ⁴⁸ brief: writing ⁵⁵ conster: construe
⁶⁰ reasons: arguments ⁷⁰ grudge: quarrel ⁸¹ at all: ('not at al' Q) ⁸⁵ doom: judgment

ACT. II. SCENA II

Paris alone. Manentibus Pal, Junone, Venere

Ven. Juno, in happy time! I do accept the man;

It seemeth by his looks some skill of love he can.

Par. The nymph is gone, and I, all solitary,
Must wend to tend my charge, oppress'd with melancholy.

This day (or else me fails my shepherd's skill)
Will tide me passing good or passing ill 6

Juno Shepherd, abash not, though at sudden thus

Thou be arriv'd by ignorance among us,
Not earthly but divine, and goddesses all three;
Juno, Pallas, Venus, these our titles be 10

Nor fear to speak for reverence of the place,
Chosen to end a hard and doubtful case

This apple, lo (nor ask thou whence it came),
Is to be given unto the fairest dame!

And fairest is, nor she, nor she, but she, 15
Whom, shepherd, thou shalt fairest name to be
This is thy charge, fulfil without offence,
And she that wins shall give thee recompense

Pal Dread not to speak, for we have chosen thee,

Sith in this case we can no judges be 20

Ven. And, shepherd, say that I the fairest am,

And thou shalt win good guerdon for the same
Juno. Nay, shepherd, look upon my stately grace,

Because the pomp that 'longs to Juno's mace
Thou mayst not see, and think Queen Juno's name, 25

To whom old shepherds title works of fame,
Is mighty, and may easily suffice,

At Phœbus' hand, to gain a golden prize.

And for thy meed, sith I am queen of riches,
Shepherd, I will reward thee with great monarchies, 30

Empires, and kingdoms, heaps of massy gold,
Sceptres and diadems curious to behold,
Rich robes, of sumptuous workmanship and cost,

And thousand things whereof I make no boast
The mould whereon thou treadest shall be of Tagus' sands, 35

And Xanthus shall run liquid gold for thee to wash thy hands,

And if thou like to tend thy flock, and not from them to fly,

Their fleeces shall be curled gold to please their master's eye,

And last, to set thy heart on fire, give this one fruit to me,

And, shepherd, lo, this tree of gold will I bestow on thee! 40

Juno's Show

Hereupon did rise a Tree of Gold laden with diadems and crowns of gold.

The ground whereon it grows, the grass, the root of gold,

The body and the bark of gold, all glistening to behold,

The leaves of burnish'd gold, the fruits that thereon grow

Are diadems set with pearl in gold, in gorgeous glistening show;

And if this tree of gold in lieu may not suffice, 45
Require a grove of golden trees, so Juno bear the prize.

The Tree sinketh.

Pal Me list not tempt thee with decaying wealth,

Which is embas'd by want of lusty health;

But if thou have a mind to fly above,

Y-crown'd with fame, near to the seat of Jove,
If thou aspire to wisdom's worthiness, 51

Whereof thou mayst not see the brightness,

If thou desire honour of chivalry,

To be renown'd for happy victory,

To fight it out, and in the champaign field 55

To shroud thee under Pallas' warlike shield,

To prance on barbed steeds. this honour, lo,

Myself for guerdon shall on thee bestow!

And for encouragement, that thou mayst see

What famous knights Dame Pallas' warriors be,

Behold in Pallas' honour here they come, 61

Marching along with sound of thundering drum.

Pallas' Show

Hereupon did enter Nine Knights in armour, treading a warlike almain, by drum and fife;

and then [they] having marched forth again, Venus speaketh

Ven. Come, shepherd, come, sweet shepherd, look on me,

These been too hot alarums these for thee:

But if thou wilt give me the golden ball, 65

Cupid my boy shall ha't to play withal,

That, whensoe'er this apple he shall see,

The God of Love himself shall think on thee,

And bid thee look and choose, and he will wound

Whersoe thy fancy's object shall be found; 70

And lightly, when he shoots, he doth not miss:

* can: knows † tide: betide ‡ abash: be abashed § Thou: ('They' Q) ¶ shepherds: s. e., poets ** meed: reward *** massy: heavy **** mould: ground ***** embas'd: rendered valueless
 †† champaign: level, open ††† barbed: caparisoned in armor †††† s. d. almain: dance ††††† lightly: usually

And I will give thee many a lovely kiss,
 And come and play with thee on Ida here,
 And if thou wilt a face that hath no peer,
 A gallant girl, a lusty minion trull, 75
 That can give sport to thee thy bellyfull,
 To ravish all thy beating veins with joy,
 Here is a lass of Venus' court, my boy!
 Here, gentle shepherd, here 's for thee a piece,
 The fairest face, the flower of gallant Greece. 80

Venus' Show

Here Helen entereth in her bravery, with four Cupids attending on her, each having his fan in his hand to fan fresh air in her face: she singeth as followeth.

Se Diana nel cielo è una stella
 Chiara e lucente, piena de splendore,
 Che porge luc' all' affanato cuore,
 Se Diana nel ferno è una dea,
 Che da conforto all' anime dannate, 85
 Che per amor son morte desperate,
 Se Diana, ch' in terra è delle nimphe
 Reina imperativa di dolci fiori,
 Tra bosch' e selve da morte a pastori,
 Io son un Diana dolce e rara, 90
 Che con li guardi io posso far guerra
 A Dian' infern', in cielo, e in terra

The song being ended, Helen departeth, and Paris speaketh

Par. Most heavenly dames, was never man
 as I,

Poor shepherd swain, so happy and unhappy,
 The least of these delights that you devise, 95
 Able to rape and dazzle human eyes.
 But since my silence may not pardon'd be,
 And I appoint which is the fairest she,
 Pardon, most sacred dames, sith one, not all,
 By Paris' doom must have this golden ball 100
 Thy beauty, stately Juno, dame divine,
 That like to Phoebus' golden beams doth shine,
 Approves itself to be most excellent,
 But that fair face that doth me most content,
 Sith fair, fair dames, is neither she nor she, 105
 But she whom I shall fairest deem to be,
 That face is hers that hight the Queen of
 Love,
 Whose sweetness doth both gods and creatures
 move

He giveth the golden ball to Venus.

And if the fairest face deserve the ball,
 Fair Venus, ladies, bears it from ye all 110

Ven And in this ball doth Venus more de-
 light
 Than in her lovely boy fair Cupid's sight.
 Come, shepherd, come; sweet Venus is thy
 friend,
 No matter how thou other gods offend.

Venus taketh Paris with her. Exeunt.

Juno. But he shall rue and ban the dismal
 day 115

Wherein his Venus bare the ball away;
 And heaven and earth just witnesses shall be,
 I will revenge it on his progeny

Pal Well, Juno, whether we be lief or loath,
 Venus hath got the apple from us both 120
Exeunt ambo.

ACT III. SCENA I

*Colin, th' enamoured shepherd, singeth his pas-
 sion of love*

THE SONG

O gentle Love, ungentle for thy deed,
 Thou mak'st my heart
 A bloody mark
 With piercing shot to bleed!
 Shoot soft, sweet Love, for fear thou shoot
 amiss, 5
 For fear too keen
 Thy arrows been,
 And hit the heart where my beloved is.
 Too fair that fortune were, nor never I
 Shall be so blest, 10
 Among the rest,
 That Love shall seize on her by sympathy
 Then since with Love my prayers bear no boot,
 This doth remain
 To cease my pain, 15
 I take the wound, and die at Venus' foot.
Exit Colin.

ACT. III. SCENA II

Hobbinol, Diggon, Thenot

Hob Poor Colin, woeful man, thy life for-
 spoke by love,
 What uncouth fit, what malady, is this that
 thou dost prove?

Dig Or Love is void of physis clean, or
 Love's our common wrack,

75 *lovely*: loving 75 *minion*: darling
 shining, full of splendor, which gives light to troubled hearts; if Diana in hell is a goddess who gives
 comfort to damned souls who have died desperate through love, if Diana, who on earth is queen of the
 nymphs and ruler of the sweet flowers, among the groves and wooded places gives death to the shep-
 herds; I am a Diana sweet and rare who, with my glances, can make war on Diana in hell, in heaven,
 and on earth. 95 *rape*: ravish, delight 115 *boot*: influence 2 *uncouth*: unaccustomed 3 *wrack*:
 destruction, woe

81-82 If Diana in heaven is a star, bright and
 shining, full of splendor, which gives light to troubled hearts; if Diana in hell is a goddess who gives
 comfort to damned souls who have died desperate through love, if Diana, who on earth is queen of the
 nymphs and ruler of the sweet flowers, among the groves and wooded places gives death to the shep-
 herds; I am a Diana sweet and rare who, with my glances, can make war on Diana in hell, in heaven,
 and on earth. 95 *rape*: ravish, delight 115 *boot*: influence 2 *uncouth*: unaccustomed 3 *wrack*:
 destruction, woe

That gives us bane to bring us low, and lets us
medicine lack.

Hob That ever Love had reverence 'mong
silly shepherd swains! 5

Belike that humour hurts them most that most
might be their pains

The. Hobbin, it is some other god that cher-
isheth their sheep,

For sure this Love doth nothing else but make
our herdmen weep

Dig. And what a hap is this, I pray, when
all our woods rejoice,

For Colin thus to be denied his young and
lovely choice? 10

The. She hight indeed so fresh and fair that
well it is for thee,

Colin, and kind hath been thy friend, that
Cupid could not see

Hob And whither wends yon thriveless
swain, like to the stricken deer?

Seeks he dictamnium for his wound within our
forest here?

Dig. He wends to greet the Queen of Love,
that in these woods doth won, 15

With mirthless lays to make complaint to Venus
of her son

The. Ah, Colin, thou art all deceiv'd! she
dallies with the boy,

And winks at all his wanton pranks, and thinks
thy love a toy

Hob Then leave him to his luckless love, let
him abide his fate,

The sore is rankled all too far, our comfort
comes too late 20

Dig Though Thestylis the scorpion be that
breaks his sweet assault,

Yet will Rhamnusia vengeance take on her dis-
dainful fault

The. Lo, yonder comes the lovely nymph,
that in these Ida vales

Plays with Amyntas' lusty boy, and coys him
in the dales!

Hob Thenot, methinks her cheer is chang'd,
her mirthful looks are laid, 25

She frolics not, pray god, the lad have not be-
guil'd the maid!

ACT. III SCENA III

Ænone entereth with a wreath of poplar on her head.

Manent Pastores.

Æn. Beguil'd, disdain'd, and out of love!

Live long, thou poplar-tree,

And let thy letters grow in length, to witness
this with me

¹ their: ('her' Q)

¹³ kind: nature

¹⁴ dictamnium: an herb which deer were said to eat to

heal their wounds

²³ Rhamnusia: Nemesis

²⁴ coys: caresses

²⁵ cheer: expression

¹⁵ amiss:

fault ¹⁸ speed: prosper

¹ beleek: ('belike' Q)

² bleak: wan

Ah, Venus, but for reverence unto thy sacred
name,

To steal a silly maiden's love, I might account
it blame,

And if the tales be true I hear, and blush for to
recite, 5

Thou dost me wrong to leave the plains and
dally out of sight

False Paris, this was not thy vow, when thou
and I were one,

To range and change old love for new; but now
those days be gone

But I will find the goddess out, that she thy vow
may read,

And fill these woods with my laments for thy
unhappy deed 10

Hob So fair a face, so foul a thought to
harbour in his breast!

Thy hope consum'd, poor nymph, thy hap is
worse than all the rest

Æn Ah, shepherds, you been full of wiles,
and whet your wits on books,

And rape poor maids with pipes and songs, and
sweet alluring looks!

Dig Mis-speak not all for his amiss, there
been that keepen flocks, 15

That never chose but once, nor yet beguiled
love with mocks

Æn False Paris, he is none of those; his
trothless double deed

Will hurt a many shepherds else that might go
nigh to speed.

The Poor Colin, that is ill for thee, that art
as true in trust

To thy sweet smart as to his nymph Paris hath
been unjust 20

Æn Ah, well is she hath Colin won, that
nill no other love!

And woe is me, my luck is loss, my pains no
pity move!

Hob Farewell, fair nymph, sith he must
heal alone that gave the wound,

There grows no herb of such effect upon Dame
Nature's ground.

Exeunt Pastores.

[SCENA IV]

*Manet Ænone. Mercury entereth with Vulcan's
Cyclops*

Mer Here is a nymph that sadly sits, and
she beleek

Can tell some news, Pyracmon, of the jolly
swain we seek.

Dare wage my wings, the lass doth love, she
looks so bleak and thin,

And 't is for anger or for grief: but I will talk
begin.

Æn. Break out, poor heart, and make complaint,
the mountain flocks to move, 5
What proud repulse and thankless scorn thou
hast receiv'd of love.

Mer. She singeth; sirs, be hush'd a while.

Ænone singeth as she sits.

Ænone's Complaint.

Melpomene, the Muse of tragic songs,
With mournful tunes, in stole of dismal hue,
Assist a silly nymph to wail her woe, 10
And leave thy lusty company behind.

Thou luckless wreath' becomes not me to wear
The poplar-tree for triumph of my love.
Then, as my joy, my pride of love, is left, 15
Be thou unclothed of thy lovely green;

And in thy leaves my fortune written be,
And then some gentle wind let blow abroad,
That all the world may see how false of love
False Paris hath to his *Ænone* been.

The song ended, Ænone sitting still, Mercury speaketh.

Mer. Good day, fair maid; weary belike
with following of your game, 20
I wish thee cunning at thy will, to spare or
strike the same.

Æn. I thank you, sir; my game is quick,
and rides a length of ground,

And yet I am deceiv'd, or else 'a had a deadly
wound.

Mer. Your hand perhaps did swerve awry.

Æn. Or else it was my heart. 24

Mer. Then sure 'a plied his footmanship

Æn. 'A play'd a ranging part

Mer. You should have given a deeper
wound.

Æn. I could not that for pity

Mer. You should have eyed him better,
then.

Æn. Blind love was not so witty 27

Mer. Why, tell me, sweet, are you in love?

Æn. Or would I were not so

Mer. Ye mean because a' does ye wrong.

Æn. Perdy, the more my woe 29

Mer. Why, mean ye Love, or him ye lov'd?

Æn. Well may I mean them both.

Mer. Is love to blame?

Æn. The Queen of Love hath made him
false his troth. 31

Mer. Mean ye, indeed, the Queen of Love?

Æn. Even wanton Cupid's dame 32

Mer. Why, was thy love so lovely, then?

Æn. His beauty hight his shame;

The fairest shepherd on our green.

Mer. Is he a shepherd, than? 34

Æn. And sometime kept a bleating flock.

Mer. Enough, this is the man.

Where wons he, than?

Æn. About these woods, far from the
poplar-tree

Mer. What poplar mean ye?

Æn. Witness of the vows 'twixt him and me.
And come and wend a little way, and you shall
see his skill 38

Mer. Sirs, tarry you

Æn. Nay, let them go.

Mer. Nay, not unless you will.

Stay, nymph, and hark to what I say of him
thou blamest so,

And, credit me, I have a sad discourse to tell
thee ere I go. 41

Know then, my pretty mops, that I hight Mercury,

The messenger of heaven, and hither fly,
To seize upon the man whom thou dost love,
To summon him before my father Jove,
To answer matter of great consequence. 46

And Jove himself will not be long from hence.
Æn. Sweet Mercury, and have poor *Ænone's*
cries

For Paris' fault y-pierc'd th' unpartial skies?

Mer. The same is he, that jolly shepherd's
swain 50

Æn. His flock do graze upon Aurora's plain,
The colour of his coat is lusty green,
That would these eyes of mine had never seen
His 'ticing curled hair, his front of ivory'

Then had not I, poor I, been unhappy 55

Mer. No marvel, wench, although we cannot
find him,

When all too late the Queen of Heaven doth
mind him

But if thou wilt have physic for thy sore,
Mind him who list, remember thou him no
more,

And find some other game, and get thee gone;
For here will lusty suitors come anon, 61

Too hot and lusty for thy dying vein,
Such as ne'er wont to make their suits in
vain

Exit Mercury cum Cyclop.

Æn. I will go sit and pine under the poplar-
tree,

And write my answer to his vow, that every eye
may see. 65

Exit.

¹ stole: Roman matron's robe ²² rides: moves over ³⁴ awry: ('awarie' Q) ³⁷ witty: wise
³⁸ false: violate ³⁹ than: then ⁴¹ to: (not in Q) ⁴⁶ That would: Would that! ⁴⁸ front: brow
⁵⁰ list: wishes to ⁵⁵ ne'er wont: ('were monte' Q)

ACT. III. SCENA V

Venus, Paris, and a company of Shepherds

Ven Shepherds, I am content, for this sweet shepherd's sake,

A strange revenge upon the maid and her disdain to take

Let Colin's corpse be brought in place, and buried in the plain,

And let this be the verse, *The love whom Thestylis hath slain*.

And, trust me, I will chide my son for partiality, ⁵

That gave the swain so deep a wound, and let her scape him by.

First Shep. Alas that ever Love was blind, to shoot so far amiss!

Ven. Cupid my son was more to blame, the fault not mine, but his

Pastores exeunt Manent Ven cum Par

Par O madam, if yourself would deign the handling of the bow,

Albeit it be a task, yourself more skill, more justice know ¹⁰

Ven Sweet shepherd, didst thou ever love?

Par Lady, a little once

Ven And art thou chang'd?

Par Fair Queen of Love, I lov'd not all attence

Ven Well, wanton, wert thou wounded so deep as some have been, ¹⁵

It were a cunning cure to heal, and rueful to be seen

Par But tell me, gracious goddess, for a start and false offence

Hath Venus or her son the power at pleasure to dispense?

Ven My boy, I will instruct thee in a piece of poetry,

That haply erst thou hast not heard. in hell there is a tree, ²⁰

Where once a-day do sleep the souls of false forsworn lovers,

With open hearts; and there about in swarms the number hovers

Of poor forsaken ghosts, whose wings from off this tree do beat

Round drops of fiery Phlegethon to scorch false hearts with heat.

This pain did Venus and her son entreat the prince of hell ²⁵

T' impose to such as faithless were to such as lov'd them well

And, therefore, this, my lovely boy, fair Venus doth advise thee,

Be true and steadfast in thy love, beware thou do disguise thee,

For he that makes but love a jest, when pleaseth him to start,

Shall feel those fiery water-drops consume his faithless heart. ³⁰

Par Is Venus and her son so full of justice and severity?

Ven. Pity it were that love should not be linked with indifference

However lovers can exclaim for hard success in love,

Trust me, some more than common cause that painful hap doth move.

And Cupid's bow is not alone his triumph, but his rod, ³⁵

Nor is he only but a boy, he hight a mighty god,

And they that do him reverence have reason for the same,

His shafts keep heaven and earth in awe, and shape rewards for shame.

Par And hath he reason to maintain why Colin died for love?

Ven Yea, reason good, I warrant thee, in right it might behove ⁴⁰

Par Then be the name of Love ador'd, his bow is full of might,

His wounds are all but for desert, his laws are all but right

[*Ven*] Well, for this once me list apply my speeches to thy sense,

And Thestylis shall feel the pain for Love's suppos'd offence

The Shepherds bring in Colin's hearse, singing,
Welladay, welladay, poor Colin, thou art going

to the ground, ⁴⁵

The love whom Thestylis hath slain,
Hard heart, fair face, fraught with disdain,

Disdain in love a deadly wound
Wound her, sweet Love, so deep again, ⁵⁰

That she may feel the dying pain
Of this unhappy shepherd's swain,

And die for love as Colin died, as Colin died.
Finit camænz.

Ven Shepherds, abide; let Colin's corpse be witness of the pain

That Thestylis endures in love, a plague for her disdain

Behold the organ of our wrath, this rusty churl is he; ⁵⁵

She dotes on his ill-favour'd face, so much accurs'd is she

A foul, crooked Churl enters, and Thestylis, a fair Lass, wooeth him She singeth an old song called, The Wooing of Colman. He crab-

¹ buried: ('burned' Q) ¹⁴ attence: at once
partiality ¹⁸ rusty: rude, rough

¹⁷ start: fit of passion ²² indifference: im-

*bedly refuseth her, and goeth out of place: she
larrieth behind.*

Par. Ah, poor unhappy Thestylis, unpitied
is thy pain!

Ven. Her fortune not unlike to hers whom
cruel thou hast slain.

Thestylis singeth, and the Shepherds reply.

THE SONG

Thest The strange affects of my tormented
heart,

Whom cruel love hath woeful prisoner caught,
Whom cruel hate hath into bondage brought, 61
Whom wit no way of safe escape hath taught,
Enforce me say, in witness of my smart,
There is no pain to foul disdain in hardy suits of
love

Shepherds. There is no pain, &c. 65

Thest. Cruel, farewell

Shepherds Cruel, farewell.

Thest. Most cruel thou, of all that nature
fram'd

Shepherds. Most cruel, &c

Thest. To kill thy love with thy disdain 70

Shepherds To kill thy love with thy dis-
dain.

Thest. Cruel Disdain, so live thou nam'd.

Shepherds Cruel Disdain, &c

Thest. And let me die of Iphis' pain

Shepherds. A life too good for thy disdain.

Thest. Sith this my stars to me allot, 76
And thou thy love hast all forgot.

Shepherds. And thou, &c

Exit Thestylis.

*The grace of this song is in the Shepherds' echo to
her verse.*

Ven. Now, shepherds, bury Colin's corpse,
perfuse his hearse with flowers,
And write what justice Venus did amid these
woods of yours 80

The Shepherds carry out Colin

How now, how cheers my lovely boy, after this
dump of love?

Par. Such dumps, sweet lady, as been these,
are deadly dumps to prove

Ven Cease, shepherd, there are other news,
after this melancholy:

My mind presumes some tempest toward upon
the speech of Mercury.

ACT. III. SCENA VI

Mercury with Vulcan's Cyclops enter.

Manentibus Ven. cum Par.

Mer Fair Lady Venus, let me pardon'd
be,

That have of long been well-belov'd of thee,
If, as my office bids, myself first brings
To my sweet madam these unwelcome tidings.

Ven. What news, what tidings, gentle Mer-
cury, 5

In midst of my delights, to trouble me?

Mer At Juno's suit, Pallas assisting her,
Sith both did join in suit to Jupiter,
Action is enter'd in the court of heaven,
And me, the swiftest of the planets seven, 10
With warrant they have thence despatch'd
away,

To apprehend and find the man, they say,
That gave from them that self-same ball of
gold,

Which, I presume, I do in place behold;
Which man, unless my marks be taken wide, 15
Is he that sits so near thy gracious side.

This being so, it rests he go from hence,
Before the gods to answer his offence

Ven. What tale is this? Doth Juno and her
mate

Pursue this shepherd with such deadly hate, 20
As what was then our general agreement
To stand unto they nill be now content?

Let Juno jet, and Pallas play her part,
What here I have, I won it by desert;
And heaven and earth shall both confounded
be, 25

Ere wrong in this be done to him or me

Mer This little fruit, if Mercury can spell,
Will send, I fear, a world of souls to hell

Ven What mean these Cyclops, Mercury?
Is Vulcan wax'd so fine,

To send his chimney-sweepers forth to fetter
any friend of mine? — 30

Abash not, shepherd, at the thing: myself thy
bail will be —

He shall be present at the court of Jove, I war-
rant thee

Mer Venus, give me your pledge

Ven. My ceston, or my fan, or both?

Mer (*taketh her fan.*) Nay, this shall
serve: your word to me as sure as is your
oath. 35

At Diana's bower, and, lady, if my wit or policy
May profit him, for Venus' sake let him make
bold with Mercury.

Exit [with the Cyclops].

Ven. Sweet Paris, whereon dost thou muse?

⁶¹ hers: ('his' Q) ⁶² affects: passions ('effects' Q) ⁶³ dump: melancholy song ⁶⁴ prove: experience ⁶⁵ toward: at hand ⁶⁶ my . . . wide: I am mistaken ⁶⁷ jet: strut ⁶⁸ ceston: girdle

Par. The angry heavens, for this fatal jar,
Name me the instrument of dire and deadly
war. 40

Explicit Actus Tertius. Exeunt Venus and Paris.

ACT. III. SCENA I

Vulcan, following one of Diana's Nymphs

Vul. Why, nymph, what need ye run so
fast? What though but black I be?
I have more pretty knacks to please than every
eye doth see,
And though I go not so upright, and though I
am a smuth,
To make me gracious you may have some other
thing therewith.

ACT. III. SCENA II

Bacchus, Vulcan, Nymph

Bac. Yea, Vulcan, will ye so indeed? —
Nay, turn, and tell him, trull,
He hath a mistress of his own to take his belly-
full

Vul. Why sir, if Phoebe's dainty nymphs
please lusty Vulcan's tooth,
Why may not Vulcan tread awry as well as
Venus doth?

Nym. Ye shall not taint your troth for me:
you wot it very well, 5
All that be Dian's maids are vow'd to halter
apes in hell.

Bac. I' faith, i' faith, my gentle mops, but I
do know a cast,
Lead apes who list, that we would help t'un-
halter them as fast

Nym. Fie, fie, your skill is wondrous great!
had thought the God of Wine
Had tended but his tubs and grapes, and not
been half so fine 10

Vul. Gramercy for that quirk, my girl.

Bac. That 's one of dainty's frumps

Nym. I pray, sir, take 't with all amiss; our
cunning comes by lumps

Vul. Sh'ath capp'd his answer in the cue.

Nym. How says 'a, has she so? 13
As well as she that capp'd your head to keep
you warm below

Vul. Yea, then you will be curst I see.

Bac. Best let her even alone.

Nym. Yea, gentle gods, and find some other
string to harp upon.

Bac. Some other string! agreed, i' faith, some
other pretty thing; 17

'T were shame fair maids should idle be. how
say you, will ye sing?

Nym. Some rounds or merry roundelays, we
sing no other songs,

Your melancholic notes not to our country
mirth belongs 20

Vul. Here comes a crew will help us trim.

ACTVS III. SCENA III

Mercury with the Cyclops

Mer. Yea, now our task is done.

Bac. Then merry, Mercury; more than
time this round were well begun.

They sing "Hey down, down, down," &c.

*The song done, she windeth a horn in Vulcan's
ear, and runneth out Manent Vulcan, Bac-
chus, Mercury, Cyclops.*

Vul. A harlotry, I warrant her.

Bac. A peevish elvish shroe.

Mer. Have seen as far to come as near, for
all her ranging so 5
But, Bacchus, time well-spent I wot, our sacred
father Jove,

With Phœbus and the God of War are met in
Dian's grove

Vul. Then we are here before them yet. but
stay, the earth doth swell;

God Neptune, too (this hap is good), doth meet
the Prince of Hell

*Pluto ascendeth from below in his charr, Neptune
entereth at another way.*

Plu. What jars are these, that call the gods
of heaven and hell below? 10

Nep. It is a work of wit and toil to rule a
lusty shroe.

ACT III. SCENA IIII

*Enter Jupiter, Saturn, Apollo, Mars, Juno,
Pallas, and Diana*

Jupiter speaketh.

Jup. Bring forth the man of Troy, that he
may hear

Whereof he is to be arraigned here

Nep. Lo, where 'a comes, prepar'd to plead
his case,

Under conduct of lovely Venus' grace'

[*Enter Venus with Paris*]

" jar: quarrel " knacks: tricks " halter . . . hell: (Spinsters were proverbially doomed to lead apes in hell For 'apes' Q reads 'apples') " cast: device " quirk: quip frumps: mocking speeches " curst: ill-tempered " trim: finely s d windeth: bloweth " harlotry: sully girl " shroe: shrew IV iv s. d. (Q adds names of those already present: Pluto, Neptune, Bacchus, Vulcan, Mercury, Cyclops.)

Mer. I have not seen a more alluring boy. ⁵
Apol. So beauty hight the wrack of Priam's
 Troy.

*The gods being set in Diana's bower, Juno, Pallas,
 Venus, and Paris stand on sides before them*

Ven. Lo, sacred Jove, at Juno's proud complaint,

As erst I gave my pledge to Mercury,
 I bring the man whom he did late attaint,
 To answer his indictment orderly, ¹⁰
 And crave this grace of this immortal senate,
 That ye allow the man his advocate.

Pal. That may not be; the laws of heaven deny

A man to plead or answer by attorney.

Ven. Pallas, thy doom is all too peremptory.

Apol. Venus, that favour is denied him flatly: ¹⁶

He is a man, and therefore by our laws,
 Himself, without his aid, must plead his cause.

Ven. Then 'bash not, shepherd, in so good a case,

And friends thou hast, as well as foes, in place.

Juno. Why, Mercury, why do ye not indict him? ²¹

Ven. Soft, gentle Juno, I pray you, do not bite him.

Juno. Nay, gods, I trow, you are like to have great silence,

Unless this parrot be commanded hence.

Jup. Venus, forbear, be still. — Speak, Mercury ²⁵

Ven. If Juno jangle, Venus will reply

Mer. Paris, king Priam's son, thou art arraign'd of partiality,

Of sentence partial and unjust, for that without indifferency,

Beyond desert or merit far, as thine accusers say,

From them, to Lady Venus here, thou gavest the prize away: ³⁰

What is thine answer?

Paris' oration to the Council of the Gods.

Sacred and just, thou great and dreadful Jove,
 And you thrice-reverend powers, whom love nor hate

May wrest awry: if this, to me a man,
 This fortune fatal be, that I must plead ³⁵

For safe excusal of my guiltless thought,
 The honour more makes my mishap the less,

That I a man must plead before the gods,
 Gracious forbearers of the world's amiss,

For her, whose beauty how it hath entic'd, ⁴⁰
 This heavenly senate may with me aver.

But sith nor that nor this may do me boot,

And for myself myself must speaker be,
 A mortal man amidst this heavenly presence;
 Let me not shape a long defence to them ⁴⁵

That been beholders of my guiltless thoughts.
 Then for the deed, — that I may not deny,

Wherein consists the full of mine offence, —
 I did upon command; if then I err'd,

I did no more than to a man belong'd. ⁵⁰
 And if, in verdict of their forms divine,

My dazzled eye did swarve or surfeit more
 On Venus' face than any face of theirs,

It was no partial fault, but fault of his,
 Belike, whose eyesight not so perfect was ⁵⁵

As might discern the brightness of the rest.
 And if it were permitted unto men,

Ye gods, to parley with your secret thoughts,
 There been that sit upon that sacred seat,

That would with Paris err in Venus' praise. ⁶⁰
 But let me cease to speak of error here;

Sith what my hand, the organ of my heart,
 Did give with good agreement of mine eye,

My tongue is vow'd with process to maintain.
Plu. A jolly shepherd, wise and eloquent. ⁶⁵

Par. First, then, arraign'd of partiality,
 Paris replies, "Unguilt of the fact,"

His reason is, because he knew no more
 Fair Venus' ceston than Dame Juno's mace,

Nor never saw wise Pallas' crystal shield ⁷⁰
 Then as I look'd, I lov'd and lik'd attonce,

And as it was referr'd from them to me,
 To give the prize to her whose beauty best

My fancy did commend, so did I praise
 And judge as might my dazzled eye discern ⁷⁵

Nep. A piece of art, that cunningly, perdy,
 Refers the blame to weakness of his eye.

Par. Now, for I must add reason for my deed,

Why Venus rather pleas'd me of the three;
 First, in the intrails of my mortal ears, ⁸⁰

The question standing upon beauty's blaze,
 The name of her that hight the Queen of Love,

Methought, in beauty should not be excell'd.
 Had it been destined to majesty

(Yet will I not rob Venus of her grace), ⁸⁵
 Then stately Juno might have borne the ball.

Had it to wisdom been intitled,
 My human wit had given it Pallas then

But sith unto the fairest of the three
 That power, that threw it for my farther ill, ⁹⁰

Did dedicate this ball; and safest durst
 My shepherd's skill adventure, as I thought,

To judge of form and beauty rather than
 Of Juno's state or Pallas' worthiness, —

That learn'd to ken the fairest of the flock, ⁹⁵
 And praised beauty but by nature's aim, —

Behold, to Venus Paris gave this fruit,

¹ s. d. Pallas: ('Pallas, Diana's') Q ¹¹ aid: advocate ¹² forbearers: interceptors ¹³ verdict: judgment ¹⁴ swarve: swerve ¹⁵ process: systematic argument ¹⁶ intrails: sound-passages ¹⁷ blaze: proclamation ¹⁸ intitled: inscribed ¹⁹ adventure: venture

A daysman chosen there by full consent,
And heavenly powers should not repent their
deeds.

Where it is said, beyond desert of hers 100
I honour'd Venus with this golden prize,
Ye gods, alas, what can a mortal man
Discern betwixt the sacred gifts of heaven?
Or, if I may with reverence reason thus.
Suppose I gave — and judg'd corruptly then,
For hope of that that best did please my
thought — 106

This apple, not for beauty's praise alone;
I might offend, sith I was guerdoned,
And tempted more than ever creature was
With wealth, with beauty, and with chivalry,
And so prefer'd beauty before them all, 111
The thing that hath enchanted heaven itself
And for the one, contentment is my wealth,
A shell of salt will serve a shepherd swain,
A slender banquet in a homely scrip, 115
And water running from the silver spring
For arms, they dread no foes that sit so low,
A thorn can keep the wind from off my back,
A sheep-cote thatch'd a shepherd's palace hight.
Of tragic Muses shepherds con no skill, 120
Enough is them, if Cupid been displeas'd,
To sing his praise on slender oaten pipe
And thus, thrice-reverend, have I told my tale,
And crave the torment of my guiltless soul
To be measured by my faultless thought. 125
If warlike Pallas or the Queen of Heaven
Sue to reverse my sentence by appeal,
Be it as please your majesties divine,
The wrong, the hurt, not mine, if any be,
But hers whose beauty claim'd the prize of me.

Paris having ended, Jupiter speaketh

Jup. Venus, withdraw your shepherd for a
space, 131
Till he again be call'd for into place

Exeunt Venus and Paris.

Juno, what will ye after this reply,
But doom with sentence of indifference?
And if you will but justice in the cause, 135
The man must quited be by heaven's laws

Juno Yea, gentle Jove, when Juno's suits
are mov'd,

Then heaven may see how well she is belov'd.

Apol But, madam, fits it majesty divine
In any sort from justice to decline? 140

Pal. Whether the man be guilty, yea or no,
That doth not hinder our appeal, I trow.

Juno Phœbus, I wot, amid this heavenly
crew,

There be that have to say as well as you.

Apol. And, Juno, I with them, and they
with me, 145

In law and right must needfully agree.

Pal. I grant ye may agree, but be content
To doubt upon regard of your agreement

Plu And if ye mark'd, the man in his de-
fence

Said thereof as 'a might with reverence. 150

Vul. And did ye very well, I promisæ ye

Juno. No doubt, sir, you could note it cun-
ningly

Sat Well, Juno, if ye will appeal, ye may,
But first despatch the shepherd hence away

Mars Then Vulcan's dame is like to have
the wrong. 155

Juno. And that in passion doth to Mars
belong

Jup. Call Venus and the shepherd in again.

[Exit Mercury]

Bac And rid the man that he may know his
pain.

Apol His pain, his pain, his never-dying
pain,

A cause to make a many mo complain 160

Mercury bringeth in Venus and Paris

Jup Shepherd, thou hast been heard with
equity and law,

And for thy stars do thee to other calling
draw,

We here dismiss thee hence, by order of our
senate

Go take thy way to Troy, and there abide thy
fate

Ven Sweet shepherd, with such luck in
love, while thou dost live, 165

As may the Queen of Love to any lover give

Par My luck is loss, howe'er my love do
speed

I fear me Paris shall but rue his deed

Paris exit.

Apol From Ida woods now wends the
shepherd's boy,

That in his bosom carries fire to Troy 170

Jup Venus, these ladies do appeal, you
see,

And that they may appeal the gods agree:

It resteth, then, that you be well content

To stand in this unto our final judgment;

And if King Priam's son did well in this, 175
The law of heaven will not lead amiss.

Ven But, sacred Jupiter, might thy daugh-
ter choose,

She might with reason this appeal refuse:

Yet if they be unmoved in their shames,

Be it a stain and blemish to their names; 180

A deed, too, far unworthy of the place,

Unworthy Pallas' lance or Juno's mace;

⁹⁹ daysman: umpire ¹⁰⁰ guerdoned: ('pardoned' Q) ¹²⁰ con: know, have ¹²⁶ quited: acquitted
¹⁴⁸ upon regard: considering the circumstances ¹⁵⁸ rid: dismiss

And if to beauty it bequeathed be,
I doubt not but it will return to me.

She layeth down the ball.

Pal. Venus, there is no more ado than so, 185
It resteth where the gods do it bestow.

Nep. But, ladies, under favour of your rage,
Howe'er it be, you play upon the vantage.

Jup. Then, dames, that we more freely may
debate,
And hear th' indifferent sentence of this sen-
ate, 190

Withdraw you from this presence for a space,
Till we have thoroughly question'd of the case.
Dian shall be your guide, nor shall you need
Yourselves t' inquire how things do here suc-
ceed,

We will, as we resolve, give you to know, 195
By general doom how everything doth go

Dia Thy will, my wish. — Fair ladies, will
ye wend?

Juno. Beshrew her whom this sentence doth
offend

Ven Now, Jove, be just; and, gods, you
that be Venus' friends,
If you have ever done her wrong, then may you
make amends 200

*Manent Dii Exeunt Diana, Pallas, Juno,
Venus.*

Jup Venus is fair, Pallas and Juno too

Vul But tell me now without some more
ado,

Who is the fairest she, and do not flatter

Plu Vulcan, upon comparison hangs all the
matter

That done, the quarrel and the strife were
ended 205

Mars Because 't is known, the quarrel is
pretended.

Vul Mars, you have reason for your speech,
perdy;

My dame, I trow, is fairest in your eye

Mars Or, Vulcan, I should do her double
wrong

Sat About a toy we tarry here so long 210
Give it by voices, voices give the odds;
A trifle so to trouble all the gods!

Nep. Believe me, Saturn, be it so for me.

Bac. For me

Plu For me

Mars. For me, if Jove agree.

Mer And, gentle gods, I am indifferent; 215
But then I know who 's likely to be shent.

Apol. Thrice-reverend gods, and thou, im-
mortal Jove,

If Phœbus may, as him doth much behove,
Be licensed, according to our laws,
To speak uprightly in this doubted cause 220
(Sith women's wits work men's unceasing
woes),

To make them friends, that now been friendless
foes,

And peace to keep with them, with us, and all,
That make their title to this golden ball
(Nor think, ye gods, my speech doth derogate
From sacred power of this immortal senate), 226
Refer this sentence where it doth belong

In this, say I, fair Phœbe hath the wrong,
Not that I mean her beauty bears the prize,
But that the holy law of heaven denies 230

One god to meddle in another's power,
And this befell so near Diana's bower,
As for th' appeasing this unpleasant grudge,
In my conceit, she hight the fittest judge
If Jove control not Pluto's hell with charms, 235
If Mars have sovereign power to manage
arms,

If Bacchus bear no rule in Neptune's sea,
Nor Vulcan's fire doth Saturn's scythe obey,
Suppress not, then, 'gaunst law and equity,
Diana's power in her own territory, 240
Whose regiment, amid her sacred bowers,
As proper hight as any rule of yours

Well may we so wipe all the speech away,
That Pallas, Juno, Venus, hath to say,
And answer that, by justice of our laws, 245
We were not suffer'd to conclude the cause
And this to me most egal doom appears,
A woman to be judge among her pheeres

Mer Apollo hath found out the only mean
To rid the blame from us and trouble clean 250

Vul We are beholding to his sacred wit
Jup. I can commend and well allow of it,

And so derive the matter from us all,
That Dian have the giving of the ball

Vul So Jove may clearly excuse him in the
case, 255

Where Juno else would chide and brawl apace.

All they rise and go forth

Mer. And now it were some cunning to di-
vine

To whom Diana will this prize resign

Vul Sufficeth me, it shall be none of mine

Bac Vulcan, though thou be black, th' art
nothing fine. 260

Vul. Go bathe thee, Bacchus, in a tub of
wine;

The ball 's as likely to be mine as thine

Exeunt omnes Explicit Act IV.

188 *vantage*: your special privileges or capacities to influence the judges 190 *thoroughly*:
thoroughly 194 *succeed*: follow, happen 196 *doom*: announced judgment 201 *s d* *Dii*: the gods
211 *voices*: votes 216 *shent*: blamed 220 *doubted*: doubtful 224 *conceit*: opinion 227 *Neptune's*:
(*'Neptune'*) 241 *regiment*: rule 247 *egal*: just 251 *beholding*: indebted 253 *derive*: divert

ACT. V. *et ultimi*, SCENA I*Diana, Pallas, Juno, Venus*

Dia. Lo, ladies, far beyond my hope and will, you see,

This thankless office is impos'd to me;
Wherein if you will rest as well content,
As Dian will be judge indifferent,
My egal doom shall none of you offend, 5
And of this quarrel make a final end.
And therefore, whether you be lief or loath,
Confirm your promise with some sacred oath

Pal Phœbe, chief mistress of this sylvan chase,

Whom gods have chosen to conclude the case 10
That yet in balance undecided lies,

Touching bestowing of this golden prize,
I give my promise and mine oath withal,
By Styx, by heaven's power imperial,
By all that 'longs to Pallas' deity, 15

Her shield, her lance, ensigns of chivalry,
Her sacred wreath of olive and of bay,

Her crested helm, and else what Pallas may,
That wheresoe'er this ball of purest gold,

That chaste Diana here in hand doth hold, 20
Unpartially her wisdom shall bestow,

Without mislike or quarrel any mo,
Pallas shall rest content and satisfied,

And say the best desert doth there abide
Juno And here I promise and protest 25
withal,

By Styx, by heaven's power imperial,
By all that 'longs to Juno's deity,

Her crown, her mace, ensigns of majesty,
Her spotless marriage-rites, her league divine,

And by that holy name of Proserpine, 30
That wheresoe'er this ball of purest gold,

That chaste Diana here in hand doth hold,
Unpartially her wisdom shall bestow,

Without mislike or quarrel any mo,
Juno shall rest content and satisfied, 35

And say the best desert doth there abide
Ven. And, lovely Phœbe, for I know thy 40
doom

Will be no other than shall thee become,
Behold, I take thy dainty hand to kiss,

And with my solemn oath confirm my promise,
By Styx, by Jove's immortal empery, 41

By Cupid's bow, by Venus' myrtle-tree,
By Vulcan's gift, my ceston and my fan,

By this red rose, whose colour first began
When erst my wanton boy (the more his blame)

Did draw his bow awry and hurt his dame, 46
By all the honour and the sacrifice

That from Cithæron and from Paphos rise,

That wheresoe'er this ball of purest gold,
That chaste Diana here in hand doth hold, 50
Unpartially her wisdom shall bestow,
Without mislike or quarrel any mo,
Venus shall rest content and satisfied,
And say the best desert doth there abide.

Diana, having taken their oaths, speaketh.

Diana describeth the Nymph Eliza, a figure of the Queen.

Dia It is enough, and, goddesses, attend.
There wons within these pleasaunt shady 56
woods,

Where neither storm nor sun's distemperature
Have power to hurt by cruel heat or cold,

Under the climate of the milder heaven;
Where seldom lights Jove's angry thunder- 60
bolt,

For favour of that sovereign earthly peer;
Where whistling winds make music 'mong the 65
trees, —

Far from disturbance of our country gods,
Amids the cypress-springs, a gracious nymph,

That honours Dian for her chastity, 65
And likes the labours well of Phœbe's groves,

The place Elyzium hight, and of the place
Her name that governs there Eliza is

A kingdom that may well compare with mine,
An auncent seat of kungs, a second Troy, 70

Y-compass'd round with a commodious sea.
Her people are y-cleped *Angeli*,

Or, if I miss, a letter is the most:
She giveth laws of justice and of peace,

And on her head, as fits her fortune best, 75
She wears a wreath of laurel, gold, and palm;

Her robes of purple and of scarlet dye,
Her veil of white, as best befits a maid:

Her auncestors live in the House of Fame:
She giveth arms of happy victory, 80

And flowers to deck her lions crown'd with
gold

This peerless nymph, whom heaven and earth
beloves,

This paragon, this only, this is she,
In whom do meet so many gifts in one,

On whom our country gods so often gaze, 85
In honour of whose name the Muses sing,

In state Queen Juno's peer, for power in arms
And virtues of the mind Minerva's mate,

As fair and lovely as the Queen of Love,
As chaste as Dian in her chaste desires 90

The same is she, if Phœbe do no wrong,
To whom this ball in merit doth belong.

Pal If thus be she whom some Zabeta
call,

To whom thy wisdom well bequeaths the ball,

' or: ('of' Q) " springs: groves " honours: ('honour' Q) " a . . . most: s.e. 'Angli' (English) " do . . . wrong: be not mistaken " Zabeta: Elizabeth, so called in Gascoigne's masque at Kenilworth (1575)

I can remember, at her day of birth, 95
How Flora with her flowers strew'd the earth,
How every power with heavenly majesty
In person honour'd that solemnity.

Juno. The lovely Graces were not far away,
They threw their balm for triumph of the day.

Ven. The Fates against their kind began a
cheerful song, 101

And vow'd her life with favour to prolong.
Then first gan Cupid's eyesight wexen dim;
Belike Eliza's beauty blinded him
To this fair nymph, not earthly, but divine, 105
Contents it me my honour to resign.

Pal. To thus fair queen, so beautiful and
wise,

Pallas bequeaths her title in the prize.

Juno. To her whom Juno's looks so well be-
come,

The Queen of Heaven yields at Phœbe's doom;
And glad I am Diana found the art, 111
Without offence so well to please desert.

Dia. Then mark my tale. The usual time is
nigh,

When wont the Dames of Life and Destiny,
In robes of cheerful colours, to repair 115
To this renowned queen so wise and fair,
With pleasaunt songs thus peerless nymph to
greet;

Clotho lays down her distaff at her feet,
And Lachesis doth pull the thread at length,
The third with favour gives it stuff and
strength; 120

And for contrary kind affords her leave,
As her best likes, her web of life to weave.
This time we will attend, and in the mean-
while

With some sweet song the tediousness beguile.

*The Music sound, and the Nymphs within sing
or solfa with voices and instruments awhile.
Then enter Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos,
singing as followeth the state being in place.*

THE SONG

Clo. *Humanæ vitæ filum sic volvere Parcæ.*

Lach. *Humanæ vitæ filum sic tendere Par-
cæ.* 126

Atro. *Humanæ vitæ filum sic scindere Par-
cæ.*

Clo. *Clotho colum bajulat.*

Lach. *Lachesis trahit.*

Atro. *Atropos occat.* 130

Tres Simul. *Vive diu felix votis hominumque
detinque,*

Corpore, mente, libro, doctissima, candida, casta.

They lay down their properties at the Queen's feet.

Clo. *Clotho colum pedibus.*

Lach. *Lachesis tibi pendula fila.*

Atro. *Et fatale tuis manibus ferrum Atropos
offert.* 135

[Tres Simul]. *Vive diu felix, &c.*

The song being ended, Clotho speaks to the Queen.

Clo. Gracious and wise, fair Queen of rare
renown,

Whom heaven and earth beloves, amid thy
train,

Noble and lovely peers to honour thee,
And do thee favour more than may belong 140

By nature's law to any earthly wight,
Behold continuance of our yearly due;

Th' impartial Dames of Destiny we meet,
As have the gods and we agreed in one,

In reverence of Eliza's noble name; 145
And humbly, lo, her distaff Clotho yields!

Lach. Her spindle Lachesis, and her fatal
reel,

Lays down in reverence at Eliza's feet.

Te tamen in terris unam tria numina Divam

Invisâ statuum naturæ lege sorores, 150

Et tibi, non aliis, didicerunt parcere Parcæ.

Atro Dame Atropos, according as her
pheeres,

To thee, fair Queen, resigns her fatal knife:

Live long the noble phoenix of our age,

Our fair Eliza, our Zabeta fair! 155

Dia. And, lo, beside this rare solemnity,

And sacrifice these dames are wont to do, —

A favour, far indeed contrary kind, —

Bequeathed is unto thy worthiness

This prize from heaven and heavenly goddesses!

*She delivereth the ball of gold to the Queen's own
hands*

Accept it, then, thy due by Dian's doom, 161

Praise of the wisdom, beauty, and the state,

That best becomes thy peerless excellency.

Ven. So, fair Eliza, Venus doth resign

The honour of this honour to be thine. 165

101 against . . . kind: contrary to their nature
124 s D. solfa: sing the notes of the scale state: royal chair with a canopy 126 So the Fates spin
the thread of human life 126 tendere: draw out 127 scindere: cut 128 Clotho bears the distaff.
129 trahit: draws (the thread) 130 occat: cuts (it) 131-132 Live long, happy in the prayers of
men and gods, in body, mind, and book (s e., wisdom or learning), most learned, fair, and chaste
133 Clotho (lays) the distaff at your feet 134 Lachesis (offers) to you the pendant threads
135 And Atropos offers to your hands the fatal knife. 140-141 But you on earth one goddess the three
sister divinities decree against nature's law, and you, not others, the Fates have learned to spare.
148 contrary kind: contrary to their nature

Juno. So is the Queen of Heaven content
likewise

To yield to thee her title in the prize.

Pal. So Pallas yields the praise hereof to
thee,

For wisdom, princely state, and peerless beauty.

EPILOGUS

Omnes Simul. *Vive dñu felix votis hominum-*
que deùmque, 170

Corpore, mente, libro, doctissima, candida, casta.

Exeunt omnes.

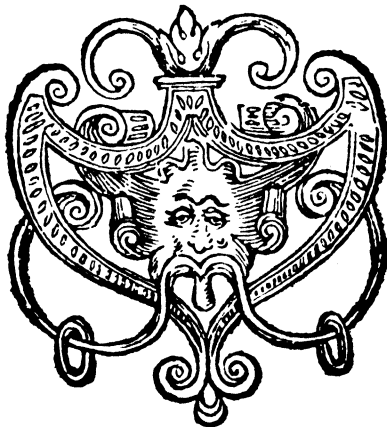
FINIS



THE Old Wiues Tale.

A pleasant conceited Come-
die, played by the Queenes Ma-
iesties players.

Written by *G. P.*



Printed at London by *Iohn Danter*, and are to
be sold by *Raph Hancocke*, and *Iohn*
Hardie. 1595.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL RECORD. On April 16, 1595, Ralph Hancock *Entred for his Copie vnder thandes* (i.e., the signatures) of *bothe the wardens a booke or interlude intituled a pleasant Concepte called the owlde wifes tale*. In the same year the only source of our text, a Quarto, appeared, printed by the disorderly John Danter (the printer also of the first edition of *Titus Andronicus*, 1594, and the bad first Quarto of *Romeo and Juliet*, 1597), for sale by Hancock and John Hardy. The last page bears the colophon: *Printed at London by Iohn Danter, for Raph Hancocke, and Iohn Hardie, and are to be solde at the shop ouer against Saint Giles his Church without Criplegate. 1595.*

There were no other early editions, and the play was not reprinted till 1828.

DATE AND STAGE PERFORMANCE The Queen's players, by whom the comedy was produced (see facsimile title-page) had been organized in 1583 by Sir Francis Walsingham, who selected from among the actors of the day twelve of the best for the Queen's special service, the famous clown, Richard Tarleton, being one. After Tarleton's death in 1588, however, this group was not long able to compete successfully with the other London companies, and in the spring of 1594 they abandoned the effort and retired to the provinces for good. This was doubtless the occasion which made Peele's play, and several by Greene as well, available for printing.

We cannot date the first production of *The Old Wives Tale*, but it occurred in the years when the fortunes of the Queen's Company were declining, and the very brief text that has come down may be a specially shortened version for performance in the country. The play cannot well be earlier than Greene's *Orlando Furioso*, which the Queen's Men bought in 1591, from which are taken the conjurer's name, Sacrapant, and two almost-verbatim quotations (see notes on lines 758 and 990-993). It had no further stage history until very modern times.

AUTHORSHIP. Peele's authorship is attested externally only by the initials, G. P., on the title-page; but this has not been questioned, and the internal evidence of his peculiar genius is abundantly conspicuous.

STRUCTURE. No act or scene division is indicated in the Quarto, and as the text stands none can profitably be attempted. The piece was probably intended from the first as a "pleasant Concepte" rather than a full-dress comedy, and designed for the simplest stages.

SOURCES. The general idea may well have been suggested by Greene's narrative *Perimedes the Blacksmith* (1588), which deals with the blacksmith and his wife (Delia) and the motive of story-telling. The brilliant interweaving of varied folklore elements is Peele's most genial and characteristic contribution. This has been well studied by Miss S. L. C. Clapp ("Peele's Use of Folk-Lore in *The Old Wives Tale*," Univ. of Texas Studies in English, 1926). It can hardly be doubted that the braggart Huanebango satirizes Gabriel Harvey, whom Nashe, Lyly, and Greene were all ridiculing in the years about 1590, and it is probable that contemporaries saw other topical references in Peele's play. See, however, Gwenan Jones, "The Intention of Peele's *Old Wives Tale*," Aberystwyth Studies, 1925, 79-93. (The influence of the story of Sacrapant, Delia, and the two brothers upon Milton's *Comus* has been often noted.)

GEORGE PEELE

THE OLD WIVES TALE

[DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ANTIC, }
FROLIC, } Pages
FANTASTIC, }
CLUNCH, a Smith
MADGE, his Old Wife

CALYPHA, } Brothers, seeking
THELEA, } Delia, their sister
ERESTUS, the Old Man at the Cross
LAMPRISCUS, a Countryman
HUANEBANGO, a Braggart

COREBUS, or BOOBY, the Clown
SACRAPANT, a Magician
EUMENIDES, a Wandering Knight, in love with
Delia
WIGGEN, a Parish Unthrift
STEVEN LOACH, a Churchwarden

DELIA, Daughter of the King of Thessaly
VENELIA, Betrothed to Erestus
ZANTIPPA, } Daughters of
CELANTA, } Lampriscus

A Friar; a Sexton, Voice from Well of Life, Ghost of Jack, Hostess; Harvesters; two Furies; Fiddlers

SCENE An English wood and Clunch's house on the edge of it]

Enter Antic, Frolic, and Fantastic

Ant How now, fellow Frolic! What, all amot?¹ Doth this sadness become thy madness? What though we have lost our way in the woods, yet never hang the head as though thou hadst no hope to live till to-morrow, for [5 Fantastic and I will warrant thy life to-night for twenty in the hundred

Fro Antic and Fantastic, as I am frolic franion, never in all my life was I so dead slain What, to lose our way in the wood, [10 without either fire or candle, so uncomfortable! *O cælum! O terra! O Maria! O Neptune!*

Fan Why makes thou it so strange, seeing Cupid hath led our young master to the fair lady, and she is the only saint that he hath [15 sworn to serve?

Fro What resteth, then, but we commit him to his wench, and each of us take his stand up in a tree, and sing out our ill fortune to the tune of "*O man in desperation*"?² [20

Ant Desperately spoken, fellow Frolic, in the dark, but seeing it falls out thus, let us rehearse the old proverb:

"Three merry men, and three merry men,
And three merry men be we; [25
I in the wood, and thou on the ground,
And Jack sleeps in the tree"

Fan Hush! a dog in the wood, or a wooden dog! O comfortable hearing! I had even as lief the chamberlain of the White Horse had [30 called me up to bed

Fro Either hath this trotting cur gone out of his circuit, or else are we near some village, which should not be far off, for I perceive the glimmering of a glow-worm, a candle, or a [35 cat's eye, my life for a halfpenny!

Enter [Clunch] a smith, with a lantern and candle

In the name of my own father, be thou ox or ass that appearest, tell us what thou art

Smith What am I? Why, I am Clunch the smith. What are you? What make you in [40 my terrtones at this time of the night?

Ant What do we make, dost thou ask? Why, we make faces for fear, such as if thy mortal eyes could behold, would make thee water the long seams of thy side slops, [45 smith

Fro And, in faith, sir, unless your hospitality do relieve us, we are like to wander, with a sorrowful heigh-ho, among the owlets and hobgoblins of the forest Good Vulcan, for [50 Cupid's sake that hath cozened us all, befriend us as thou mayst, and command us howsoever, wheresoever, whensoever, in whatsoever, for ever and ever

¹ Frolic: ('Franticke' Q) ² amot: dispirited ³⁻⁵ madness: levity ⁶⁻⁷ warrant . . . hundred: give you one chance in five of surviving ⁸ franion: scamp ⁹ O . . . Maria: O heaven! earth! seas! ¹⁰ O . . . desperation: a doleful ballad air ¹¹⁻¹⁷ (From a popular song) ¹⁸ wooden: (with pun on "wood," mad) ¹⁹ slops: loose breeches ²⁰ Vulcan: the god of smiths ²¹ cozened: deceived

Smith. Well, masters, it seems to me you [55
have lost your way in the wood, in considera-
tion whereof, if you will go with Clunch to his
cottage, you shall have house-room and a good
fire to sit by, although we have no bedding to
put you in 60

All. O blessed smith, O bountiful Clunch!

Smith. For your further entertainment, it
shall be as it may be, so and so

Here a dog bark

Hark! this is Ball my dog, that bids you
all welcome in his own language Come, [65
take heed for stumbling on the threshold —
Open door, Madge; take in guests

Enter old woman [Madge]

Madge. Welcome, Clunch, and good fellows
all, that come with my good man For my
good man's sake, come on, sit down, here is [70
a piece of cheese, and a pudding of my own
making

Ant. Thanks, gammer; a good example for
the wives of our town

Fro. Gammer, thou and thy good man [75
sit lovingly together, we come to chat, and
not to eat.

Smith. Well, masters, if you will eat noth-
ing, take away Come, what do we to pass
away the time? Lay a crab in the fire to [80
roast for lamb's-wool What, shall we have a
game at trump or ruff to drive away the time?
How say you?

Fan. This smith leads a life as merry as a
king with Madge his wife Surrah Frolic, I [85
am sure thou art not without some round or
other; no doubt but Clunch can bear his part.

Fro. Else think you me ill brought up, so
set to it when you will *They sing.*

SONG

Whenas the rye reach to the chin, 90
And chopcherry, chopcherry ripe within,
Strawberries swimming in the cream,
And school-boys playing in the stream;
Then, O, then, O, then, O, my true-love said,
Till that time come again 95
She could not live a maid

Ant. This sport does well; but methinks,
gammer, a merry winter's tale would drive
away the time trimly. Come, I am sure you are
not without a score. 100

Fan. I' faith, gammer, a tale of an hour
long were as good as an hour's sleep.

Fro. Look you, gammer, of the giant and
the king's daughter, and I know not what. I
have seen the day, when I was a little one, [105

you might have drawn me a mile after you with
such a discourse

Madge. Well, since you be so importunate,
my good man shall fill the pot and get him to
bed, they that ply their work must keep [110
good hours One of you go lie with him, he is a
clean-skinned man, I tell you, without either
spavin or wind-gall so I am content to drive
away the time with an old wives' winter's tale.

Fan. No better hay in Devonshire, o' [115
my word, gammer, I 'll be one of your audience.

Fro. And I another, that 's flat

Ant. Then must I to bed with the good man.

— *Bona nox*, gammer — Good night, Frolic

Smith. Come on, my lad, thou shalt take [120
thy unnatural rest with me

Exeunt Antic and the Smith.

Fro. Yet this vantage shall we have of them
in the morning, to be ready at the sight thereof
extempore

Madge. Now this bargain, my masters, [125
must I make with you, that you will say hum
and ha to my tale, so shall I know you are
awake.

Both. Content, gammer, that will we do

Madge. Once upon a time, there was a [130
king, or a lord, or a duke, that had a fair
daughter, the fairest that ever was, as white
as snow and as red as blood, and once upon a
time his daughter was stolen away, and he
sent all his men to seek out his daughter; [135
and he sent so long, that he sent all his men
out of his land

Fro. Who dressed his dinner, then?

Madge. Nay, either hear my tale, or kiss
my tail [140

Fan. Well said! On with your tale, gammer.

Madge. O Lord, I quite forgot! There was
a conjurer, and this conjurer could do any thing,
and he turned himself into a great dragon, and
carried the king's daughter away in his [145
mouth to a castle that he made of stone; and
there he kept her I know not how long, till at
last all the king's men went out so long that
her two brothers went to seek her O, I forget!
she (he, I would say,) turned a proper young [150
man to a bear in the night, and a man in the
day, and keeps by a cross that parts three
several ways; and he made his lady run mad
— Gods me bones, who comes here?

Enter the Two Brothers

Fro. Soft, gammer, here some come to [155
tell your tale for you.

Fan. Let them alone, let us hear what they
will say.

⁷⁰ gammer: dame ⁸¹ lamb's-wool: roasted apple mixed with ale ⁸² trump, ruff: ancient
varieties of whist ⁸³ round: choral song ¹²⁵ ready: dressed ¹³⁰ proper: handsome ¹³² keeps:
dwells (s e, the bear-man, Ereastus) ¹⁴⁰⁻¹⁴⁵ parts . . . ways: separates three different roads

1 *Bro.* Upon these chalky cliffs of Albion
We are arrived now with tedious toil, 160
And compassing the wide world round about,
To seek our sister, to seek fair Delia forth,
Yet cannot we so much as hear of her.

2 *Bro.* O fortune cruel, cruel and unkind!
Unkind in that we cannot find our sister, 165
Our sister, hapless in her cruel chance!
Soft! who have we here?

*Enter Senex [Erestus] at the cross, stooping
to gather*

1 *Bro* Now, father, God be your speed!
What do you gather there?

Erest. Hips and haws, and sticks and 170
straws, and things that I gather on the ground,
my son.

1 *Bro* Hips and haws, and sticks and straws!
Why, is that all your food, father?

Erest. Yea, son 175

2 *Bro* Father, here is an alms-penny for
me, and if I speed in that I go for, I will give
thee as good a gown of grey as ever thou diddest
wear

1 *Bro* And, father, here is another alms- 180
penny for me, and if I speed in my journey, I
will give thee a palmer's staff of ivory, and a
scallop-shell of beaten gold

Erest Was she fair?

2 *Bro* Ay, the fairest for white, and the 185
purest for red, as the blood of the deer, or the
driven snow

Erest Then hark well, and mark well, my
old spell

Be not afraid of every stranger,
Start not aside at every danger, 190

Things that seem are not the same;
Blow a blast at every flame,

For when one flame of fire goes out,
Then comes your wishes well about

If any ask who told you this good, 195
Say, the white bear of England's wood

1 *Bro* Brother, heard you not what the old
man said?

"Be not afraid of every stranger,
Start not aside for every danger,

Things that seem are not the same; 200
Blow a blast at every flame,

If any ask who told you this good,
Say, the white bear of England's wood."

2 *Bro* Well, if this do us any good,
Well fare the white bear of England's wood! 205

Exeunt [the Two Brothers]

Erest Now sit thee here, and tell a heavy
tale,

Sad in thy mood, and sober in thy cheer,

Here sit thee now, and to thyself relate
The hard mishap of thy most wretched state.
In Thessaly I liv'd in sweet content, 210

Until that fortune wrought my overthrow;
For there I wedded was unto a dame,

That liv'd in honour, virtue, love, and fame.
But Sacrapant, that cursed sorcerer,

Being besotted with my beauteous love, 215
My dearest love, my true betrothed wife,

Did seek the means to rid me of my life
But worse than this, he with his chanting spells

Did turn me straight unto an ugly bear;
And when the sun doth settle in the west, 220

Then I begin to don my ugly hide
And all the day I sit, as now you see,

And speak in riddles, all inspir'd with rage,
Seeming an old and miserable man,

And yet I am in April of my age. 225

Enter Venelia his lady, mad, and goes in again.

See where Venelia, my betrothed love,
Runs madding, all enrag'd, about the woods,
All by his cursed and enchanting spells —

Enter Lampriscus with a pot of honey

But here comes Lampriscus, my discontented
neighbour How now, neighbour! You 230
look toward the ground as well as I, you
muse on something

Lamp Neighbour, on nothing but on the
matter I so often moved to you If you do
anything for charity, help me, if for neigh- 235
bourhood or brotherhood, help me never was
one so cumbered as is poor Lampriscus, and
to begin, I pray receive this pot of honey, to
mend your fare

Erest Thanks, neighbour, set it down, 240
honey is always welcome to the bear And
now, neighbour, let me hear the cause of your
coming

Lamp I am, as you know, neighbour, a
man unmarried, and lived so unquietly 245
with my two wives, that I keep every year holy
the day wherein I burned them both the first
was on Saint Andrew's day, the other on
Saint Luke's

Erest And now, neighbour, you of this 250
country say, your custom is out But on with
your tale, neighbour

Lamp By my first wife, whose tongue
wearied me alive, and sounded in my ears
like the clapper of a great bell, whose talk 255
was a continual torment to all that dwelt by
her or lived nigh her, you have heard me say
I had a handsome daughter.

Erest True, neighbour.

188 scallop-shell: badge of a pilgrim 210 Thessaly: reputed land of witches 215 besotted:
infatuated 216 chanting: bewitching 224 moved: mentioned 226 Saint Andrew's day: Nov 30
228 Saint Luke's: Oct 18 231 custom: customary service or duty out: expired

Lamp. She it is that afflicts me with her [260
continual clamours, and hangs on me like a bur.
Poor she is, and proud she is, as poor as a
sheep new-shorn, and as proud of her hopes
as a peacock of her tail well-grown

Erest Well said, Lampriscus! You [265
speak it like an Englishman

Lamp. As curst as a wasp, and as froward
as a child new-taken from the mother's teat,
she is to my age as smoke to the eyes or as
vinegar to the teeth 270

Erest Holily praised, neighbour. As much
for the next

Lamp By my other wife I had a daughter
so hard-favoured, so foul and ill-faced, that I
think a grove full of golden trees, and the [275
leaves of rubies and diamonds, would not be a
dowry answerable to her deformity

Erest Well, neighbour, now you have spoke,
hear me speak Send them to the well for
the water of life, there shall they find [280
their fortunes unlooked for Neighbour, fare-
well. *Exit.*

Lamp Farewell, and a thousand! And now
goeth poor Lampriscus to put in execution this
excellent counsel. *Exit.* [285

Fro Why, thus goes round without a fiddling-
stick but, do you hear, gammer, was this the
man that was a bear in the night and a man
in the day?

Madge Ay, this is he, and this man [290
that came to him was a beggar, and dwelt upon
a green. But soft! who comes here? O, these
are the harvest-men Ten to one they sing a
song of mowing.

*Enter the Harvest-men a-singing, with this song
double repeated*

All ye that lovely lovers be, 295
Pray you for me
Lo, here we come a-sowing, a-sowing,
And sow sweet fruits of love;
In your sweet hearts well may it prove!

Exeunt.

*Enter Huanebango with his two-hand sword,
and Booby, the clown*

Fan Gammer, what is he? 300

Madge. O, this is one that is going to the
conjurer Let him alone; hear what he says

Huan Now, by Mars and Mercury, Jupiter
and Janus, Sol and Saturnus, Venus and Vesta,
Pallas and Proserpina, and by the honour [305

of my house, Polimackeroeplacidus, it is a
wonder to see what this love will make silly
fellows adventure, even in the wane of their
wits and infancy of their discretion Alas, my
friend! what fortune calls thee forth to seek [310
thy fortune among brazen gates, enchanted
towers, fire and brimstone, thunder and light-
ning? Beauty, I tell thee, is peerless, and she
precious whom thou affectest Do off these
desires, good countryman, good friend, run [315
away from thyself, and, so soon as thou canst,
forget her, whom none must inherit but he that
can monsters tame, labours achieve, riddles ab-
solve, loose enchantments, murder magic, and
kill conjuring, — and that is the great and [320
mighty Huanebango

Booby Hark you, sir, hark you First know
I have here the flurting feather, and have
given the parish the start for the long stock
now, sir, if it be no more but running [325
through a little lightning, and thunder, and
"riddle me, riddle me what's this?" I'll have
the wench from the conjurer, if he were ten
conjurers

Huan I have abandoned the court and [330
honourable company, to do my devoir against
this sore sorcerer and mighty magician if
this lady be so far as she is said to be, she
is mine, she is mine, *meus, mea, meum, in
contemptum omnium grammaticorum* 335

Booby. O falsum Latrum!

The fair maid is *minum*,
Cum apurtinantibus giletis and all

Huan If she be mine, as I assure myself
the heavens will do somewhat to reward [340
my worthiness, she shall be allied to none of
the meanest gods, but be invested in the most
famous stock of Huanebango, — Polimackeroe-
placidus my grandfather, my father Pergopo-
lineo, my mother Dionora de Sardima, [345
famously descended

Booby Do you hear, sir? Had not you a
cousin that was called Gusteceridis?

Huan Indeed, I had a cousin that some-
time followed the court unfortunately, and [350
his name Bustegusteceridis

Booby O Lord, I know him well! He is
the knight of the neat's-feet

Huan O, he loved no capon better! He hath
oftentimes deceived his boy of his dinner, [355
that was his fault, good Bustegusteceridis.

Booby Come, shall we go along?

²⁶⁷ curst: cross ²⁷⁵⁻²⁷⁶ grove . . . diamonds: (Cf *Arrasment of Paris*, II ii 40-46)
²⁸⁶⁻²⁸⁷ goes . . . stick: moves without urging ²⁹⁷⁻²⁹⁸ Lo . . . love: (Gummere suggests that these
lines should begin the song, and compares the reaping song, lines 623 ff.) ²⁹⁹ s d Booby: later
called Corebus ³⁰⁰ Polimackeroeplacidus: Polymachaeroplacidus, name of a soldier in the *Pseudolus* of
Plautus ³¹⁴ Do off: doff ³¹⁸⁻³¹⁹ absolve: solve ³¹⁹ loose: annul ³²¹ flurting: waving ³²⁴ given . . .
stock: started the fashion of long hose (?) ³⁴⁴⁻³⁴⁵ Pergopolineo: Pyrgopolinices, the braggart in
Miles Gloriosus by Plautus

[Enter Ereustus at the cross]

Soft! here is an old man at the cross, let us ask him the way thither. — Ho, you gaffer! 360
I pray you tell where the wise man the con-
jurer dwells

Huan Where that earthly goddess keepeth
her abode, the commander of my thoughts,
and fair mistress of my heart. 365

Erest Fair enough, and far enough from
thy fingering, son

Huan I will follow my fortune after mine
own fancy, and do according to mine own
discretion. 370

Erest Yet give something to an old man
before you go

Huan Father, methinks a piece of this cake
might serve your turn

Erest Yea, son 375

Huan Huanebango giveth no cakes for alms;
ask of them that give gifts for poor beggars —
Fair lady, if thou wert once shrined in this
bosom, I would buckler thee haratantara

Exit

Booby Father, do you see this man? 380
You little think he 'll run a mile or two for such
a cake, or pass for a pudding I tell you, father,
he has kept such a begging of me for a piece of
this cake! Whooh! he comes upon me with "a
superfantial substance, and the foison of 385
the earth," that I know not what he means
If he came to me thus, and said, "My friend
Booby," or so, why, I could spare him a piece
with all my heart, but when he tells me how
God hath enriched me above other fellows 390
with a cake, why, he makes me blind and deaf
at once. Yet, father, here is a piece of cake for
you, as hard as the world goes [Gives cake]

Erest. Thanks, son, but list to me,
He shall be deaf when thou shalt not see. 395
Farewell, my son things may so hit,
Thou mayst have wealth to mend thy wit

Booby Farewell, father, farewell, for I must
make haste after my two-hand sword that is
gone before

Exeunt omnes 400

Enter Sacrapant in his study

Sac The day is clear, the welkin bright and
grey,

The lark is merry and records her notes,
Each thing rejoiceth underneath the sky,
But only I, whom heaven hath in hate,
Wretched and miserable Sacrapant. 405

In Thessaly was I born and brought up,
My mother Meroe hight, a famous witch,
And by her cunning I of her did learn

To change and alter shapes of mortal men.
There did I turn myself into a dragon, 410
And stole away the daughter to the king.
Fair Delia, the mistress of my heart;
And brought her hither to revive the man
That seemeth young and pleasant to behold,
And yet is aged, crooked, weak, and numb. 415
Thus by enchanting spells I do deceive
Those that behold and look upon my face;
But well may I bid youthful years adieu.

Enter Delia with a pot in her hand

See where she comes from whence my sorrows
grew!

How now, fair Delia! where have you been? 420

Del At the foot of the rock for running
water, and gathering roots for your dinner, sir.

Sac Ah, Delia, fairer art thou than the
running water, yet harder far than steel or
adamant! 425

Del Will it please you to sit down, sir?

Sac Ay, Delia, sit and ask me what thou
wilt,

Thou shalt have it brought into thy lap

Del. Then, I pray you, sir, let me have the
best meat from the King of England's table, 430
and the best wine in all France, brought in by
the veriest knave in all Spain

Sac Delia, I am glad to see you so pleasant.
Well, sit thee down —

Spread, table, spread, 435
Meat, drunk, and bread,

Ever may I have

What I ever crave,

When I am spread,

For meat for my black cock, 440
And meat for my red

Enter a Friar with a chine of beef and a pot of wine

Here, Delia, will ye fall to?

Del Is this the best meat in England?

Sac Yea

Del What is it? 445

Sac A chine of English beef, meat for a
king and a king's followers

Del Is this the best wine in France?

Sac Yea

Del What wine is it? 450

Sac A cup of neat wine of Orleans, that
never came near the brewers in England

Del Is this the veriest knave in all Spain?

Sac Yea

Del What is he, a friar? 455

Sac Yea, a friar indefinite, and a knave
infinite

³⁶⁰ gaffer: old man ³⁷⁰ haratantara: (usually "taratantara") the sound of a trumpet ³⁸⁵ pass: care ³⁸⁸ superfantial: inexpressible ³⁹⁰ foison: plenty ³⁹⁵ as . . . goes: despite hard times ⁴⁰⁵ grey: blue ⁴⁰⁸ records: warbles ⁴¹¹ neat: pure

Del. Then, I pray ye, Sir Friar, tell me
before you go, which is the most greediest
Englishman? 460

Fri. The miserable and most covetous usurer

Sac. Hold thee there, friar *Exit Friar.*

But, soft!

Who have we here? *Delia*, away, begone!

Enter the Two Brothers

Delia, away! for beset are we —

But heaven nor hell shall rescue her for me 465

[*Exeunt Delia and Sacrapant.*]

1 *Bro* Brother, was not that *Delia* did
appear,

Or was it but her shadow that was here?

2 *Bro.* Sister, where art thou? *Delia*, come
again!

He calls, that of thy absence doth complain —

Call out, *Calypha*, that she may hear, 470

And cry aloud, for *Delia* is near

Echo Near.

1 *Bro* Near! O, where? Hast thou any
tidings?

Echo. Tidings

2 *Bro.* Which way is *Delia*, then, or that,
or this? 475

Echo. This

1 *Bro* And may we safely come where
Delia is?

Echo. Yes

2 *Bro* Brother, remember you the white
bear of England's wood? 480

"Start not aside for every danger,

Be not afraid of every stranger,

Things that seem are not the same "

1 *Bro* Brother, why do we not, then, cou-
rageously enter? 485

2 *Bro* Then, brother, draw thy sword and
follow me

*Enter [Sacrapant] the Conjuror: it lightens
and thunders, the 2. Brother falls down*

1 *Bro.* What, brother, dost thou fall?

Sac. Ay, and thou too, *Calypha*

Fall 1 Brother Enter Two Furies

Adeste, damones! Away with them

Go carry them straight to *Sacrapanto's* cell, 490
There in despair and torture for to dwell

[*Exeunt Furies with the Two Brothers*]

These are *Thenores'* sons of *Thessaly*,

That come to seek *Delia* their sister forth;

But, with a potion I to her have given,

My arts have made her to forget herself 495

He removes a turf, and shows a light in a glass

See here the thing which doth prolong my life.

With this enchantment I do any thing;

And till this fade, my skill shall still endure,
And never none shall break this little glass,
But she that's neither wife, widow, nor
maid. 500

Then cheer thyself; this is thy destiny,
Never to die but by a dead man's hand *Exit.*

*Enter Eumenides, the wandering knight, and
[Erestus] the old man at the cross*

Eum. Tell me, Time,

Tell me, just Time, when shall I *Delia* see?

When shall I see the loadstar of my life? 505

When shall my wand'ring course end with her
sight,

Or I but view my hope, my heart's delight?

[*Seeing Erestus*]

Father, God speed! If you tell fortunes, I

pray, good father, tell me mine

Erest Son, I do see in thy face 510

Thy blessed fortune work apace

I do perceive that thou hast wit,

Beg of thy fate to govern it,

For wisdom govern'd by advice,

Makes many fortunate and wise 515

Bestow thy alms, give more than all,

Till dead men's bones come at thy call

Farewell, my son! Dream of no rest,

Till thou repent that thou didst best

Exit Old Man.

Eum This man hath left me in a laby-
rinth. 520

He biddeth me give more than all,

"Till dead men's bones come at thy call";

He biddeth me dream of no rest,

Till I repent that I do best

[*Lies down and sleeps*]

*Enter Wiggen, Corebus, Churchwarden, and
Sexton*

Wig You may be ashamed, you whore- [525
son scald Sexton and Churchwarden, if you had
any shame in those shameless faces of yours, to
let a poor man lie so long above ground un-
buried A rot on you all, that have no more
compassion of a good fellow when he is gone! 530

Church What, would you have us to bury
him, and to answer it ourselves to the parish?

Sex Parish me no parishes, pay me my fees,
and let the rest run on in the quarter's ac-
counts, and put it down for one of your good [535
deeds, o' God's name! for I am not one that
curiously stands upon merits

Cor You whoreson, sodden-headed sheep's-
face, shall a good fellow do less service and
more honesty to the parish, and will you not, [540
when he is dead, let him have Christmas burial?

465 nor: ('or' Q) 480 *Adeste*: assist ('Adestes' Q) 504 s. d. *Corebus*: s.e., "Booby" 508 scald:
scurvy 521 *Church*: ('Simon' Q)

Wig Peace, Corebus! As sure as Jack was Jack, the frolic'st franian amongst you, and I, Wigger, his sweet sworn brother, Jack shall have his funerals, or some of them shall he [545 on God's dear earth for it, that 's once

Church. Wigger, I hope thou wilt do no more than thou dar'st answer

Wig Sir, sir, dare or dare not, more or less, answer or not answer, do this, or have this [550

Sex Help, help, help!

Wigger sels upon the parish with a pike-staff

Eumenides awakes and comes to them

Eum Hold thy hands, good fellow

Cor Can you blame him, sir, if he take Jack's part against this shake-rotten parish that will not bury Jack? 555

Eum Why, what was that Jack?

Cor Who, Jack, sir? Who, our Jack, sir? As good a fellow as ever trod upon neat's-leather

Wig Look you, sir, he gave fourscore [560 and nineteen mourning gowns to the parish when he died, and because he would not make them up a full hundred, they would not bury him was not this good dealing?

Church O Lord, sir, how he lies! He [565 was not worth a halfpenny, and drunk out every penny, and now his fellows, his drunken companions would have us to bury him at the charge of the parish. An we make many such matches, we may pull down the steeple, sell [570 the bells, and thatch the chancel! He shall lie above ground till he dance a galliard about the church-yard, for Steven Loach

Wig *Sic argumentaris, Domine* Loach! — "an we make many such matches, we may [575 pull down the steeple, sell the bells, and thatch the chancel!" — in good time, sir, and hang yourselves in the bell-ropes, when you have done *Domine opponens, præpono tibi hanc questionem*, whether will you have the [580 ground broken or your pates broken first? For one of them shall be done presently, and to begin mine, I 'll seal it upon your coxcomb

Eum Hold thy hands, I pray thee, good fellow, be not too hasty. 585

Cor. You capon's face, we shall have you turned out of the parish one of these days, with never a tatter to your arse, then you are in worse taking than Jack

Eum Faith, and he is bad enough. This [590 fellow does but the part of a friend, to seek to bury his friend! How much will bury him?

Wig Faith, about some fifteen or sixteen shillings will bestow him honestly.

Sex Ay, even thereabouts, sir. 595

Eum Here, hold it, then! — [*aside*] and I have left me but one poor three half-pence. Now do I remember the words the old man spake at the cross, "Bestow all thou hast," and this is all, "till dead men's bones comes [600 at thy call." — Here, hold it [*gives money*]; and so farewell

Wig God, and all good, be with you, sir! [*Exit Eumenides*] Nay, you cormorants, I 'll bestow one peal of Jack at mine own proper [605 costs and charges

Cor You may thank God the long staff and the bilbo-blade crossed not your coxcomb — Well, we 'll to the church-stile and have a pot, and so trill-hill 610

Church } Come, let 's go *Exeunt.*

Sex }
Fan But, hark you, gammer, methinks this Jack bore a great way in the parish

Madge O, this Jack was a marvellous [615 fellow! he was but a poor man, but very well beloved! You shall see anon what this Jack will come to

Enter the Harvest-men singing, with women in their hands

Fro Soft! who have we here? Our amorous harvesters 620

Fan Ay, ay, let us sit still, and let them alone

Here they begin to sing, the song doubled

Lo, here we come a-reaping, a-reaping,
To reap our harvest-fruit!

And thus we pass the year so long, 625
And never be we mute

Exeunt the Harvest-men.

Enter Huanebango and [a little later] Corebus, the clown

Fro Soft! who have we here?

Madge O, this is a choleric gentleman! All you that love your lives, keep out of the smell of his two-hand sword! Now goes he to the [630 conjurer

⁵⁴⁶ once: positive ⁵⁵⁰ have this: receive this (beating) ⁵⁶¹ s d parish: the parochial officers (This s d is printed in Q as part of Sexton's speech) ⁵⁶⁴ shake-rotten: ready to fall to pieces
⁵⁷⁰ matches: bargains ⁵⁷¹ thatch: replace the costly leaden roof with thatch ⁵⁷² galliard: lively dance
⁵⁷³ Steven Loach: the Churchwarden's name (but see note on 531) ⁵⁷⁴ Sic argumentaris: thus you reason
⁵⁷⁷ in . . . time: very well ⁵⁷⁹⁻⁵⁸⁰ Domine . . . questionem: "Master adversary, I put this question to you" (From the language of academic debate) ⁵⁸³ begin mine: open my argument
⁵⁸⁵ are: will be ⁵⁸⁹ taking: predicament ⁵⁹⁰ of: in honor of ⁵⁹⁹ church-stile: edge of church property ⁶¹⁰ trill-hill: the noise of liquor going down the throat ⁶²⁰ harvesters: ('haurest starres' Q)

Fan. Methinks the conjurer should put the fool into a juggling-box.

Huan. Fee, fa, fum,
Here is the Englishman, — 635
Conquer him that can, —
Came for his lady bright,
To prove himself a knight,
And win her love in fight.

Cor. Who-haw, Master Bango, are you [640 here? Hear you, you had best sit down here, and beg an alms with me

Huan. Hence, base cullion! Here is he that commandeth ingress and egress with his weapon, and will enter at his voluntary, whosoever [645 saith no

*A voice and flame of fire, Huanebango
falleth down*

Voice No

Madge So with that they kissed, and spoiled the edge of as good a two-hand sword as ever God put life in. Now goes Corebus in, spite [650 of the conjurer.

Enter [Sacrapant] the Conjurer and [Two Furies and] strike Corebus blind

Sac Away with him into the open fields,
To be a ravening prey to crows and kites
[*Huan* is carried out by the *Two Furies*]
And for this villain, let him wander up and down,

In naught but darkness and eternal night 655
Cor. Here hast thou slain Huan, a slashing knight,

And robbed poor Corebus of his sight *Exit.*

Sac. Hence, villain, hence! — Now I have unto Delia

Given a potion of forgetfulness,
That, when she comes, she shall not know her brothers 660

Lo, where they labour, like to country slaves,
With spade and mattock on this enchanted ground!

Now will I call her by another name,
For never shall she know herself again,
Until that Sacrapant hath breath'd his last. 665
See where she comes

Enter Delia

Come hither, Delia, take this goad, here hard
At hand two slaves do work and dig for gold
Gore them with this, and thou shalt have enough.
He gives her a goad.

Del Good sir, I know not what you mean 670

Sac [*aside*] She hath forgotten to be Delia,
But not forgot the same she should forget,

But I will change her name. —

Fair Berecynthia, so this country calls you,
Go ply these strangers, wench; they dig for gold.
Exit Sacrapant [675

Del O heavens, how
Am I beholding to this fair young man!
But I must ply these strangers to their work:
See where they come

Enter the Two Brothers in their shirts, with spades, digging

1 *Bro* O brother, see where Delia is! 680

2 *Bro.* O Delia,
Happy are we to see thee here!

Del. What tell you me of Delia, prating swains?

I know no Delia, nor know I what you mean
Ply you your work, or else you are like to smart 685

1 *Bro* Why, Delia, know'st thou not thy brothers here?

We come from Thessaly to seek thee forth,
And thou deceiv'st thyself, for thou art Delia

Del Yet more of Delia? Then take this, and smart [*Pricks them with the goad*]
What feign you shifts for to defer your labour? 690

Work, villains, work, it is for gold you dig

2 *Bro* Peace, brother, peace this vild chanter

Hath ravish'd Delia of her senses clean,
And she forgets that she is Delia

1 *Bro* Leave, cruel thou, to hurt the miserable — 695

Dig, brother, dig, for she is hard as steel.

Here they dig, and descry the light under a little hill

2 *Bro* Stay, brother, what hast thou descried?

Del Away, and touch it not, it is something that my lord hath hidden there

She covers it again.

Enter Sacrapant

Sac. Well said! thou plyest these pioners [700 well — Go get you in, you labouring slaves.

[*Exeunt the Two Brothers.*]
Come, Berecynthia, let us in likewise,
And hear the nightingale record her notes

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Zantippa, the curst daughter, to the Well with a pot in her hand

Zan Now for a husband, house, and home:
God send a good one or none, I pray God! 705
My father hath sent me to the well for the

643 cullion: rogue 644 voluntary: will 690 What: why shifts: tricks 692 vild: vile 700 Well said: well done pioners: miners

water of life, and tells me, if I give fair words,
I shall have a husband.

*Enter [Celantia,] the foul wench, to the Well
for water with a pot in her hand*

But here comes Celantia, my sweet sister. I'll
stand by and hear what she says 710

Cel My father hath sent me to the well for
water, and he tells me, if I speak fair, I shall
have a husband, and none of the worst Well,
though I am black, I am sure all the world
will not forsake me, and, as the old proverb 715
is, though I am black, I am not the devil

Zan. Marry-gup with a murrain, I know
wherefore thou speakest that but go thy ways
home as wise as thou cam'st, or I'll set thee
home with a wanian 720

*Here she strikes her pitcher against her
sister's, and breaks them both, and goes her way*

Cel. I think this be the curstest quean in the
world You see what she is, a little fair, but as
proud as the devil, and the veriest vixen that
lives upon God's earth. Well, I'll let her alone,
and go home and get another pitcher, and, 725
for all this, get me to the well for water *Exit*

*Enter two Furies out of the Conjuror's cell and
lays Huanebango by the Well of Life [and
then exeunt] Enter Zantippa with a pitcher
to the well*

Zan Once again for a husband, and, in
faith, Celantia, I have got the start of you, be-
like husbands grow by the well-side Now my
father says I must rule my tongue Why, 730
alas, what am I, then? A woman without a
tongue is as a soldier without his weapon
But I'll have my water, and be gone

*Here she offers to dip her pitcher in, and a Head
speaks in the well*

Head Gently dip, but not too deep,
For fear you make the golden beard to weep 735
Fair maiden, white and red,
Stroke me smooth, and comb my head,
And thou shalt have some cockell-bread

Zan What is this?
"Fair maiden, white and red, 740
Comb me smooth, and stroke my head,
And thou shalt have some cockell-bread"
"Cockell" callest thou it, boy? Faith, I'll
give you cockell-bread

*She breaks her pitcher upon his Head: then it
thunders and lightens, and Huanebango
rises up Huanebango is deaf and cannot
hear.*

Huan. Philida, phileridos, pamphilida, flo-
ruda, flortos 745
Dub dub-a-dub, bounce, quoth the guns, with
a sulphurous huff-snuff
Wak'd with a wench, pretty peat, pretty love,
and my sweet pretty pigsnie,
Just by thy side shall sit surnamed great
Huanebango

Safe in my arms will I keep thee, threat Mars
or thunder Olympus.

Zan [aside] Foh, what greasy groom 750
have we here? He looks as though he crept out
of the backside of the well, and speaks like a
drum persh'd at the west end

Huan O, that I might, — but I may not,
woe to my destiny therefore! —
Kiss that I clasp! but I cannot Tell me, my
destiny, wherefore? 755

Zan [aside] Whoop! now I have my dream
Did you never hear so great a wonder as this?
Three blue beans in a blue bladder, rattle,
bladder, rattle

Huan [aside] I'll now set my counte- 760
nance, and to her in prose, it may be, this rim-
ram-ruff is too rude an encounter — Let me,
fair lady, if you be at leisure, revel with your
sweetness, and rail upon that cowardly con-
juror, that hath cast me, or congealed me 765
rather, into an unkind sleep, and polluted my
carcass

Zan [aside] Laugh, laugh, Zantippa, thou
hast thy fortune, a fool and a husband under one.

Huan Truly, sweetheart, as I seem, 770
about some twenty years, the very April of
mine age

Zan [aside] Why, what a prating ass is this!

Huan Her coral lips, her crimson chin,
Her silver teeth so white within, 775
Her golden locks, her rolling eye,
Her pretty parts, let them go by,
Heigh-ho, hath wounded me,
That I must die this day to see!

Zan By Gogs-bones, thou art a flouting 780
knave "Her coral lips, her crimson chin"
ka, wilshaw!

Huan True, my own, and my own because

714 black: not fair 717 Marry-gup: common exclamation of disgust murrain: plague 720 wanian: vengeance 730 beard: ('birde' Q) 738 cockell-bread: bread moulded with special rites as a love charm 748 A hexameter in mock-Latin 746 bounce: boom! huff-snuff: bluster (parody of Stanyhurst's translation of Vergil, 1582) 747 pigsnie: sweetheart 748 surnamed . . . Huanebango: Huanebango the Great 748 perish'd: worn out 764 One of Gabriel Harvey's English hexameters 768-769 Three . . . rattle: (This nonsense is found also in the Alleyn MS of Greene's *Orlando Furioso*, lines 136-137) 768-769 rim-ram-ruff: ("rum, ram, ruf" is Chaucer's term for alliterative verse, Parson's Prol., 43) 769 under one: combined 783 ka: quoth he

mine, and mine because mine, ha, ha! Above a thousand pounds in possibility, and things [785 fitting thy desire in possession.

Zan. [*aside*] The sot thinks I ask of his lands. Lob be your comfort, and cuckold be your destiny! — Hear you, sir, an if you will have us, you had best say so betime. 790

Huan. True, sweetheart, and will royalize thy progeny with my pedigree. *Exeunt omnes*

Enter Eumenides, the wandering knight

Eum. Wretched Eumenides, still unfortunate,

Envi'd by fortune and forlorn by fate,
Here pine and die, wretched Eumenides, 795
Die in the spring, the April of my age!
Here sit thee down, repent what thou hast done:
I would to God that it were ne'er begun!

Enter [the Ghost of] Jack

Jack. You are well overtaken, sir

Eum. Who 's that? 800

Jack. You are heartily well met, sir

Eum. Forbear, I say, who is that which pincheth me?

Jack. Trusting in God, good Master Eumenides, that you are in so good health as [805 all your friends were at the making hereof, God give you good morrow, sir! Lack you not a neat, handsome, and cleanly young lad, about the age of fifteen or sixteen years, that can run by your horse, and, for a need, make [810 your mastership's shoes as black as ink? How say you, sir?

Eum. Alas, pretty lad, I know not how to keep myself, and much less a servant, my pretty boy; my state is so bad 815

Jack. Content yourself, you shall not be so ill a master but I'll be as bad a servant. Tut, sir, I know you, though you know not me. Are not you the man, sir, — deny it if you can, sir, — that came from a strange [820 place in the land of Catita, where Jack-an-apes flies with his tail in his mouth, to seek out a lady as white as snow and as red as blood? Ha, ha! have I touched you now?

Eum. [*aside*] I think this boy be a spirit. [825 — How know'st thou all this?

Jack. Tut, are not you the man, sir, — deny it if you can, sir, — that gave all the money you had to the burying of a poor man, and but one three-half-pence left in your [830 purse? Content you, sir, I'll serve you, that is flat

Eum. Well, my lad, since thou art so importunate, I am content to entertain thee, not

as a servant, but a copartner in my journey. [835 But whither shall we go? for I have not any money more than one bare three-half-pence

Jack. Well, master, content yourself, for if my divination be not out, that shall be spent at the next inn or alehouse we come [840 to for, master, I know you are passing hungry; therefore I'll go before and provide dinner until that you come, no doubt but you'll come fair and softly after.

Eum. Ay, go before, I'll follow thee 845

Jack. But do you hear, master? Do you know my name?

Eum. No, I promise thee, not yet

Jack. Why, I am Jack

Exit [Ghost of] Jack.

Eum. Jack! Why, be it so, then 850

Enter the Hostess and Jack, setting meat on the table, and Fiddlers come to play Eumenides walketh up and down, and will eat no meat

Host. How say you, sir? Do you please to sit down?

Eum. Hostess, I thank you, I have no great stomach

Host. Pray, sir, what is the reason your [855 master is so strange? Doth not this meat please him?

Jack. Yes, hostess, but it is my master's fashion to pay before he eats, therefore, a reckoning, good hostess 860

Host. Marry, shall you, sir, presently *Exit.*

Eum. Why, Jack, what dost thou mean? Thou knowest I have not any money, therefore, sweet Jack, tell me, what shall I do?

Jack. Well, master, look in your purse [865

Eum. Why, faith, it is a folly, for I have no money.

Jack. Why, look you, master, do so much for me

Eum. [*looking into his purse*] Alas, Jack, [870 my purse is full of money!

Jack. "Alas," master! does that word belong to this accident? Why, methinks I should have seen you cast away your cloak, and in a bravado danced a galliard round about [875 the chamber. Why, master, your man can teach you more wit than this

[*Re-enter Hostess*]

Come, hostess, cheer up my master

Host. You are heartily welcome; and if it please you to eat of a fat capon, a fairer [880 bird, a finer bird, a sweeter bird, a crisper bird, a neater bird, your worship never eat of.

⁷⁸⁸ Lob: country bumpkin ("Lob's pound" = jail) ⁷⁸⁹ an: ('and' Q) ⁸³³⁻⁸³⁴ importunate: ('importunate' Q)

⁸³⁴ entertain: employ

⁸⁵⁰ S D come: ('came' Q)

⁸⁶¹ presently: at once

Eum. Thanks, my fine, eloquent hostess

Jack. But hear you, master, one word by the way
Are you content I shall be halves 885
in all you get in your journey?

Eum. I am, Jack, here is my hand

Jack. Enough, master, I ask no more.

Eum. Come, hostess, receive your money,
and I thank you for my good entertain- 890
ment. [*Gives money*]

Host. You are heartily welcome, sir

Eum. Come, Jack, whither go we now?

Jack. Marry, master, to the conjurer's
presently 895

Eum. Content, Jack — Hostess, farewell
Exeunt omnes.

*Enter Corebus [blind], and Celanta, the foul
wench, to the Well for water*

Cor. Come, my duck, come! I have now got
a wife Thou art fair, art thou not?

Cel. My Corebus, the fairest alive, make
no doubt of that 900

Cor. Come, wench, are we almost at the well?

Cel. Ay, Corebus, we are almost at the well
now I'll go fetch some water, sit down while
I dip my picher in

Voice. Gently dip, but not too deep, 905
For fear you make the golden beard to weep

*A Head comes up with ears of corn, and she
combs them in her lap*

Fair maiden, white and red,
Comb me smooth, and stroke my head,
And thou shalt have some cockell-bread

[*Voice*] Gently dip, but not too deep, 910
For fear thou make the golden beard to weep

*A [Second] Head comes up full of gold, she
combs it into her lap*

Fair maid, white and red,
Comb me smooth, and stroke my head,
And every hair a sheaf shall be,
And every sheaf a golden tree 915

Cel. O, see, Corebus, I have comb'd a great
deal of gold into my lap, and a great deal of
corn!

Cor. Well said, wench! now we shall have
just enough God send us coiners to coin our 920
gold But come, shall we go home, sweetheart?

Cel. Nay, come, Corebus, I will lead you

Cor. So, Corebus, things have well hit,
Thou hast gotten wealth to mend thy wit

Exeunt.

*Enter [the Ghost of] Jack and [Eumenides]
the wandering knight*

Jack. Come away, master, come. 925

Eum. Go along, Jack, I'll follow thee. Jack,

they say it is good to go cross-legged, and say
his prayers backward; how sayest thou?

Jack. Tut, never fear, master, let me alone.
Here sit you still, speak not a word, and 930
because you shall not be enticed with his en-
chanting speeches, with this same word I'll
stop your ears and so, master, sit still, for I
must to the conjurer. *Exit [Ghost of] Jack.*

*Enter [Sacrapant] the Conjurer to the wan-
dering knight*

Sac. How now! What man art thou that
sits so sad? 935

Why dost thou gaze upon these stately trees
Without the leave and will of Sacrapant?

What, not a word but mum? Then, Sacra-
pant,

Thou art betray'd

*Enter [the Ghost of] Jack invisible, and taketh
off Sacrapant's wreath from his head, and
his sword out of his hand*

What hand invades the head of Sacrapant? 940
What hateful Fury doth envy my happy state?
Then, Sacrapant, these are thy latest days.

Alas, my veins are numb'd, my sinews shrink,
My blood is pierc'd, my breath fleeting away,
And now my timeless date is come to end! 945
He in whose life his actions hath been so foul,
Now in his death to hell descends his soul

He dieth

Jack. O, sir, are you gone? Now I hope
we shall have some other coil — Now, master,
how like you this? The conjurer he is 950
dead, and vows never to trouble us more Now
get you to your fair lady, and see what you can
do with her — Alas, he heareth me not all this
while, but I will help that

He pulls the wool out of his ears

Eum. How now, Jack! What news? 955

Jack. Here, master, take this sword, and
dig with it at the foot of this hill

He digs, and spies a light [in a glass].

Eum. How now, Jack! What is this?

Jack. Master, without this the conjurer
could do nothing, and so long as this light 960
lasts, so long doth his art endure, and thus
being out, then doth his art decay

Eum. Why, then, Jack, I will soon put out
this light

Jack. Ay, master, how? 965

Eum. Why, with a stone I'll break the glass,
and then blow it out

Jack. No, master, you may as soon break
the smith's anvil as this little vial, nor the
biggest blast that ever Boreas blew cannot 970
blow out this little light, but she that is neither

maid, wife, nor widow. Master, wind this horn, and see what will happen.

He winds the horn. Here enters Venelia, and breaks the glass, and blows out the light, and goeth in again

So, master, how like you this? This is she that ran madding in the woods, his betrothed 975 love that keeps the cross; and now, this light being out, all are restored to their former liberty. And now, master, to the lady that you have so long looked for.

He draweth a curtain, and there Delia sitteth asleep

Eum. God speed, fair maid, sitting 980 alone, — there is once God speed, fair maid, — there is twice. God speed, fair maid, — that is thrice

Del Not so, good sir, for you are by

Jack Enough, master, she hath spoke, 985 now I will leave her with you [*Exit*]

Eum Thou fairest flower of these western parts,

Whose beauty so reflecteth in my sight
As doth a crystal mirror in the sun,
For thy sweet sake I have cross'd the frozen Rhine; 990

Leaving fair Po, I sail'd up Danuby
As far as Saba, whose enhancing streams
Cuts twixt the Tartars and the Russians,
These have I cross'd for thee, fair Delia.
Then grant me that which I have su'd for long 995

Del Thou gentle knight, whose fortune is so good

To find me out and set my brothers free,
My faith, my heart, my hand I give to thee.

Eum Thanks, gentle madam, but here comes Jack, thank him, for he is the best 1000 friend that we have.

Enter [the Ghost of] Jack, with a head in his hand

How now, Jack! What hast thou there?

Jack Marry, master, the head of the conjurer.

Eum Why, Jack, that is impossible; 1005 he was a young man

Jack. Ah, master, so he deceived them that beheld him! But he was a miserable, old, and crooked man, though to each man's eye he seemed young and fresh; for, master, 1010 this conjurer took the shape of the old man that kept the cross, and that old man was in the likeness of the conjurer. But now, master, wind your horn.

He winds his horn. Enter Venelia, the Two Brothers, and [Erestus] he that was at the cross

Eum. Welcome, Erestus! welcome, fair Venelia! 1015

Welcome, Thelea and Calypha both!

Now have I her that I so long have sought;
So saith fair Delia, if we have your consent.

1 *Bro.* Valiant Eumenides, thou well deservest

To have our favours, so let us rejoice 1020

That by thy means we are at liberty

Here may we joy each in other's sight,

And this fair lady have her wandering knight

Jack So, master, now ye think you have done, but I must have a saying to you. 1025 You know you and I were partners, I to have half in all you got

Eum. Why, so thou shalt, Jack

Jack Why, then, master, draw your sword, part your lady, let me have half of her 1030 presently

Eum Why, I hope, Jack, thou dost but jest. I promised thee half I got, but not half my lady

Jack. But what else, master? Have 1035 you not gotten her? Therefore divide her straight, for I will have half; there is no remedy.

Eum Well, ere I will falsify my word unto my friend, take her all Here, Jack, I'll 1040 give her thee

Jack Nay, neither more nor less, master, but even just half

Eum Before I will falsify my faith unto my friend, I will divide her Jack, thou shalt 1045 have half

1 *Bro* Be not so cruel unto our sister, gentle knight

2 *Bro* O, spare fair Delia! She deserves no death 1050

Eum Content yourselves, my word is passed to him — Therefore prepare thyself, Delia, for thou must die

Del Then farewell, world! Adieu, Eumenides!

He offers to strike, and [the Ghost of] Jack slays him

Jack Stay, master, it is sufficient 1055 I have tried your constancy Do you now remember since you paid for the burying of a poor fellow?

Eum. Ay, very well, Jack

Jack. Then, master, thank that good 1060

990-993 (A close parody of four lines in scene 1 of Greene's *Orlando Furioso*) 1025 a . . . to: a settlement with 1087 since: when

deed for this good turn; and so God be with you all!

[*The Ghost of*] *Jack leaps down in the ground.*

Eum Jack, what, art thou gone? Then farewell, Jack!—

Come, brothers, and my beauteous Delia,

Erestus, and thy dear Venelia, 1065

We will to Thessaly with joyful hearts

All. Agreed. we follow thee and Delia.

Exeunt omnes [*except Frolic, Fantastic, and Madge*]

Fan. What, gammer, asleep?

Madge By the mass, son, 't is almost day, and my windows shuts at the cock's-crow. 1070

1071—1072 (Cf lines 613, 614)

Fro Do you hear, gammer? Methinks this Jack bore a great sway amongst them

Madge O, man, this was the ghost of the poor man that they kept such a coil to bury, and that makes him to help the wander- 1075 ing knight so much. But come, let us in we will have a cup of ale and a toast this morning, and so depart

Fan Then you have made an end of your tale, gammer? 1080

Madge Yes, faith: when this was done, I took a piece of bread and cheese, and came my way, and so shall you have, too, before you go, to your breakfast [*Exeunt*]

FINIS

1078 depart: part company

ENDIMION,
The Man in the
Moone.

Playd before the Queenes Ma-
iestie at Greenewich on Candlemas day
at night, by the Chyldren of
Paules,



AT LONDON,
Printed by I. Charlewood, for
the widdowe Broome.
1591.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL RECORD. The only early Quarto is that of 1591, which does not name the author (see facsimile of title-page). There is another text (essentially the same, except that it adds the dumb-show at the end of Act II and the three songs omitted in 1591) in the collective edition of six plays by Lyly, issued in 12mo by Edward Blount in 1632 with the title — *Six Court Comedies Often Presented and Acted before Queene Elizabeth, by the Children of her Maesties Chappell, and the Children of Paules. Written By the onely Rare Poet of that Tyme, the Witse, Comicall, Facetiously-Quickke, and vnparalell'd Iohn Lilly, Master of Arts.* The first play in this volume is *Endymion*.

Endymion was entered on the Register of the Stationers' Co., Oct. 4, 1591. — *mystres Broome Wydowe Late Wyfe of Willham Broome Entred for her copies vnder the hand of the Bishop of London: Three Comedies played before her maiestie by the Children of Paules th'one Called Endimion, th'other, Gallathea and th'other, Midas* xvij d

The printer appended to the Quarto of 1591 the following note to the reader: *Since the Plaies in Paules were dissolued, there are certaine Commedies come to my handes by chaunce, which were presented before her Maiestie at severall tymes by the children of Paules This is the first, and if in any place it shall dysplease, I will take more paines to perfect the next I referre it to thy indifferent iudgement to peruse, whome I woulde willinghe please. And if this may passe with thy good lyking, I will then goe forward to publish the rest. In the meane tyme, let this haue thy good worde for my better encouragement. Farewell.*

DATE AND STAGE PERFORMANCE The company of boy players attached to St Paul's Cathedral had been favorite entertainers of Queen Elizabeth's court during the early part of her reign. After a period of quiescence they again rose to prominence in the decade 1580–1590, with Lyly as their dramatist and the Earl of Oxford as their patron. The statement on the Quarto title-page concerning the royal performance agrees with the record of payment to Thomas Giles, Master of the Children of Paul's, for a play presented before the Queen at Greenwich Palace, Feb. 2 (Candlemas Day), 1588, and this doubtless dates *Endymion*.

STRUCTURE The division into acts and scenes is moulded on Latin precedent, and the stage directions are of the classical pattern employed also by Ben Jonson and by Marlowe in *Tamburlaine* at the head of each scene are listed the characters who take part in it in the order in which they speak or appear. The stage setting, however, is highly romantic. Places separated by vast distances (the lunar bank, castle in the desert, and fountain) were apparently represented by sections of the same simple platform stage — such as could be conveniently set up in Greenwich Palace — and a journey may be visualized by stepping across it (see IV. iii. 67–94). The treatment of time is that of a fairy tale.

PLOT AND ALLEGORY The fundamental story of Cynthia, the moon-goddess, and Endymion may have been borrowed from one of Lucian's *Dialogues of the Gods* (no. 11). Sir Tophas derives his name and mock-epic exploits from Chaucer's *Tale of Sir Thopas* in his constant hunger and his boastfulness he is a blend of the Latin parasite and braggart soldier. The main contemporary interest in *Endymion*, as in other plays by Lyly (e.g., *Sapho and Phao* and *Midas*) lay in its reference to persons and incidents of Elizabeth's court. Cynthia is the Queen, and Tellus — in her jealousy, her captivity in a desert castle (Tutbury), and her wiles — must have recalled Mary, Queen of Scots, who was beheaded in 1586. Endymion would naturally suggest the Earl of Leicester, and Eumenides, the good counsellor, Lyly's patron Burghley. Some favorable picture of the Earl of Oxford would be expected, and a case has been made out for him as Endymion; but consistent reproduction of actuality would have been impolitic, and the critics who have sought to find it have unduly disregarded the caveat in Lyly's Prologue to the play.

JOHN LYLY (1554–1606)

ENDYMION

THE MAN IN THE MOON

[DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ENDYMION, in love with Cynthia
EUMENIDES, his friend, in love with Semele
CORBITES, a Captain, in love with Tellus
PANELION, } Lords of Cynthia's Court
ZONTES, }
PYTHAGORAS, the Greek Philosopher
GYPTES, an Egyptian Soothsayer
GERON, an old man, husband to Dipsas
SIR TOPHAS, a Braggart
DARES, Page to Endymion
SAMIAS, Page to Eumenides

EPITON, Page to Sir Tophas
CYNTHIA, the Queen
TELLUS, in love with Endymion
FLOSCULA, her attendant
SEMELE, loved by Eumenides
SCINTILLA, } Waiting-maids
FAVILLA, }
DIPSAS, an old Enchantress
BAGOA, her servant

A Constable, Watchmen, Fairies, Three Ladies and an Old Man in the Dumb Show.

SCENE The gardens of Cynthia's palace, a grove with a bank of lunary, a castle in a desert place.]

THE PROLOGUE

MOST high and happy Princess, we must tell you a tale of the Man in the Moon, which, if it seem ridiculous for the method, or superfluous for the matter, or for the means incredible, for three faults we can make but one excuse it is a tale of the Man in the Moon.

It was forbidden in old time to dispute of Chimæra because it was a fiction we hope in our times none will apply pastimes, because they are fancies, for there liveth none under the sun that knows what to make of the Man in the Moon We present neither comedy, nor tragedy, nor story, nor anything but that whosoever heareth may say this Why, here is a tale of the Man in the Moon

Actus primus. Scæna prima.

Endymion, Eumenides

Endymion I find, Eumenides, in all things both variety to content, and satiety to glut, saving only in my affections, which are so staid, and withal so stately, that I can neither satisfy my heart with love, nor mine eyes with wonder [5] My thoughts, Eumenides, are stitched to the stars, which being as high as I can see, thou mayest imagine how much higher they are than I can reach.

Eum. If you be enamoured of anything [10] above the moon, your thoughts are ridiculous, for that things immortal are not subject to affections; if allured or enchanted with these transitory things under the moon, you show

yourself senseless to attribute such lofty [15] titles to such low trifles

End My love is placed neither under the moon nor above

Eum I hope you be not sotted upon the Man in the Moon 20

End No, but settled either to die or possess the moon herself

Eum Is Endymion mad, or do I mistake? Do you love the moon, Endymion? 25

End Eumenides, the moon

Eum There was never any so peevish to imagine the moon either capable of affection or shape of a mistress, for as impossible it is to make love fit to her humour, which no man knoweth, as a coat to her form, which con- [30] tinueth not in one bigness whilst she is measuring Cease off, Endymion, to feed so much upon

Pro¹ tale . . . Moon: a fable
events or persons 20 low: ('loue' Q)

5 apply pastimes: interpret the play as referring to actual
19 sotted: infatuated 20 peevish: foolish

fancies. That melancholy blood must be purged which draweth you to a dotage no less miserable than monstrous. 35

End. My thoughts have no veins, and yet unless they be let blood, I shall perish.

Eum. But they have vanities, which being reformed, you may be restored

End. O, fair Cynthia, why do others term thee unconstant whom I have ever found unmovable? Injurious time, corrupt manners, unkind men, who, finding a constancy not to be matched in my sweet mistress, have christened her with the name of wavering, waxing, and waning! Is she inconstant that keepeth a settled course, which, since her first creation, altereth not one minute in her moving? There is nothing thought more admirable or commendable in the sea than the ebbing and flowing, and shall the moon, from whom the sea taketh this virtue, be accounted fickle for increasing and decreasing? Flowers in their buds are nothing worth till they be blown, nor blossoms accounted till they be ripe fruit, and shall we then say they be changeable for that they grow from seeds to leaves, from leaves to buds, from buds to their perfection? Then, why be not twigs that become trees, children that become men, and mornings that grow to evenings, termed wavering, for that they continue not at one stay? Ay, but Cynthia, being in her fulness, decayeth, as not delighting in her greatest beauty, or withering when she should be most honoured. When malice cannot object anything, folly will, making that a vice which is the greatest virtue. What thing (my mistress excepted), being in the pride of her beauty and latter minute of her age, that waxeth young again? Tell me, Eumenides, what is he that having a mistress of ripe years and infinite virtues, great honours and unspeakable beauty, but would wish that she might grow tender again, getting youth by years, and never-decaying beauty by time, whose fair face neither the summer's blaze can scorch, nor winter's blast chap, nor the numbering of years breed altering of colours? Such is my sweet Cynthia, whom time cannot touch because she is divine, nor will offend because she is delicate. O Cynthia, if thou shouldst always continue at thy fulness, both gods and men would conspire to ravish thee. But thou, to abate the pride of our affections, dost detract from thy perfections, thinking it sufficient if once in a month we enjoy a glimpse of thy majesty, and then, to increase our griefs, thou dost decrease thy gleams, coming out of thy royal robes, wherewith thou dazzlest our eyes, down into thy swathe clouts, beguiling our eyes; and then — 90

Eum. Stay there, Endymion; thou that committest idolatry, wilt straight blaspheme, if thou be suffered. Sleep would do thee more good than speech: the moon heareth thee not, or if she do, regardeth thee not 95

End. Vain Eumenides, whose thoughts never grow higher than the crown of thy head! Why troublest thou me, having neither head to conceive the cause of my love or a heart to receive the impressions? Follow thou thine own fortunes, which creep on the earth, and suffer me to fly to mine, whose fall, though it be desperate, yet shall it come by daring. Farewell. *[Exit.]*

Eum. Without doubt Endymion is bewitched, otherwise in a man of such rare virtues there could not harbour a mind of such extreme madness. I will follow him, lest in this fancy of the moon he deprive himself of the sight of the sun. *Exit.*

Actus primus. Scæna secunda.

Tellus, Floscula

Tellus. Treacherous and most perjured Endymion! Is Cynthia the sweetness of thy life and the bitterness of my death? What revenge may be devised so full of shame as my thoughts are replenished with malice? Tell me, Floscula, if falseness in love can possibly be punished with extremity of hate? As long as sword, fire, or poison may be hired, no traitor to my love shall live unrevenged. Were thy oaths without number, thy kisses without measure, thy sighs without end, forged to deceive a poor credulous virgin, whose simplicity had been worth thy favour and better fortune? If the gods sit unequal beholders of injuries, or laughers at lovers' deceits, then let mischief be as well for- given in women as perjury winked at in men.

Flosc. Madam, if you would compare the state of Cynthia with your own, and the height of Endymion his thoughts with the meanness of your fortune, you would rather yield than contend, being between you and her no comparison, and rather wonder than rage at the greatness of his mind, being affected with a thing more than mortal.

Tellus. No comparison, Floscula? And why so? Is not my beauty divine, whose body is decked with fair flowers, and veins are vines, yielding sweet liquor to the duldest spirits; whose ears are corn, to bring strength, and whose hairs are grass, to bring abundance? Doth not frankincense and myrrh breathe out of my nostrils, and all the sacrifice of the gods breed in my bowels? Infinite are my creatures, without which neither thou, nor Endymion, nor any, could love or live. 35

Flosc. But know you not, fair lady, that Cynthia governeth all things? Your grapes would be but dry husks, your corn but chaff, and all your virtues vain, were it not Cynthia that preserveth the one in the bud and nourisheth the [40 other in the blade, and by her influence both comforteth all things, and by her authority commandeth all creatures. Suffer, then, Endymion to follow his affections, though to obtain her be impossible, and let him flatter himself in his [45 own imaginations, because they are immortal.

Tellus. Loath I am, Endymion, thou shouldst die, because I love thee well, and that thou shouldst live, it grieveth me, because thou lovest Cynthia too well. In these extremities, [50 what shall I do? Floscula, no more words, I am resolved. He shall neither live nor die.

Flosc. A strange practice, if it be possible.

Tellus. Yes, I will entangle him in such a sweet net that he shall neither find the means [55 to come out, nor desire it. All allurements of pleasure will I cast before his eyes, inasmuch that he shall slake that love which he now voweth to Cynthia, and burn in mine, of which he seemeth careless. In this languishing, be- [60 tween my amorous devices and his own loose desires, there shall such dissolute thoughts take root in his head, and over his heart grow so thick a skin, that neither hope of preferment, nor fear of punishment, nor counsel of the wisest, nor [65 company of the worthiest, shall alter his humour, nor make him once to think of his honour.

Flosc. A revenge incredible, and, if it may be, unnatural.

Tellus. He shall know the malice of a wo- [70 man to have neither mean nor end, and of a woman deluded in love to have neither rule nor reason. I can do it! I must! I will! All his virtues will I shadow with vices, his person (ah, sweet person!) shall he deck with such rich [75 robes as he shall forget it is his own person, his sharp wit (ah, wit too sharp that hath cut off all my joys!) shall he use in flattering of my face and devising sonnets in my favour. The prime of his youth and pride of his time shall be spent [80 in melancholy passions, careless behaviour, untamed thoughts, and unbridled affections.

Flosc. When this is done, what then? Shall it continue till his death, or shall he dote forever in this delight? [85

Tellus. Ah, Floscula, thou rendest my heart in sunder in putting me in remembrance of the end.

Flosc. Why, if this be not the end, all the rest is to no end. [90

Tellus. Yet suffer me to imitate Juno, who would turn Jupiter's lovers to beasts on the

earth, though she knew afterwards they should be stars in heaven.

Flosc. Affection that is bred by enchant- [95 ment is like a flower that is wrought in silk, — in colour and form most like, but nothing at all in substance or savour.

Tellus. It shall suffice me if the world talk that I am favoured of Endymion. [100

Flosc. Well, use your own will; but you shall find that love gotten with witchcraft is as unpleasant as fish taken with medicines unwholesome.

Tellus. Floscula, they that be so poor that [105 they have neither net nor hook will rather poison dough than pine with hunger, and she that is so oppress'd with love that she is neither able with beauty nor wit to obtain her friend, will rather use unlawful means than try un- [110 tolerable pains. I will do it. *Exit.*

Flosc. Then about it. Poor Endymion, what traps are laid for thee because thou honourest one that all the world wondereth at! And what plots are cast to make thee unfortunate that [115 studiest of all men to be the faithfulest! *Exit.*

Actus primus. Scena tertia.

Dares, Samias, Sir Tophas, Epton

Dares. Now our masters are in love up to the ears, what have we to do but to be in knavery up to the crowns?

Samias. Oh, that we had Sir Tophas, that brave squire, in the midst of our mirth, — *et* [15 *ecce autem*, "Will you see the Devil," —

Enter Sir Tophas [and Epton]

Top. Epi!

Epi. Here, sir.

Top. I brook not this idle humour of love, it tickleth not my liver, from whence the love- [10 mongers in former age seemed to infer they should proceed.

Epi. Love, sir, may lie in your lungs, — [15 *Aside*] and I think it doth, and that is the cause you blow and are so pursey.

Top. Tush, boy, I think it but some device of the poet to get money.

Epi. A poet? What 's that?

Top. Dost thou not know what a poet is?

Epi. No. [20

Top. Why, fool, a poet is as much as one should say — a poet. [*He observes Dares and Samias*] But soft, yonder be two wrens, shall I shoot at them?

Epi. They are two lads. [25

Top. Larks or wrens, I will kill them

⁸⁸ practice: plot ¹⁰⁸ medicines: poisoned dough-balls, cf line 107 Sc III s D. Sir Tophas and Epton enter by another door, a little after the others

Epi Larks! Are you blind? They are two little boys.

Top Birds or boys, they are both but a pittance for my breakfast; therefore have at [30 them, for their brains must, as it were, embroider my bolts.

Sam. Stay your courage, valiant knight, for your wisdom is so weary that it stayeth itself.

Dar. Why, Sir Tophas, have you for- [35 gotten your old friends?

Top. Friends? *Nego argumentum.*

Sam. And why not friends?

Top. Because *amicitia* (as in old annals we find) is *inter pares* Now, my pretty com- [40 panions, you shall see how unequal you be to me, but I will not cut you quite off, you shall be my half-friends for reaching to my middle, so far as from the ground to the waist I will be your friend. 45

Dar Learnedly But what shall become of the rest of your body, from the waist to the crown?

Top. My children, *quod supra vos nihil ad vos*; you must think the rest immortal, be- [50 cause you cannot reach it

Epi Nay, I tell ye my master is more than a man

Dar. And thou less than a mouse

Top But what be you two? 55

Sam I am Samias, page to Eumenides

Dar. And I Dares, page to Endymion

Top. Of what occupation are your masters?

Dar. Occupation, you clown! Why, they are honourable and warriors 60

Top Then are they my prentices

Dar. Thine! And why so?

Top. I was the first that ever devised war, and therefore by Mars himself given me for my arms a whole army, and thus I go, as you [65 see, clothed with artillery It is not silks, milk-sops, nor tissues, nor the fine wool of Ceres, but iron, steel, swords, flame, shot, terror, clamour, blood, and ruins, that rocks asleep my thoughts, which never had any other cradle [70 but cruelty Let me see, do you not bleed?

Dar. Why so?

Top. Commonly my words wound.

Sam What then do your blows?

Top. Not only wound, but also confound. [75

Sam. How darst thou come so near thy master, Epi? Sir Tophas, spare us.

Top You shall live: — you, Samias, because you are little, you, Dares, because you are no bigger; and both of you, because you are but [80

two, for commonly I kill by the dozen, and have forever every particular adversary a peculiar weapon.

Sam. May we know the use, for our better skill in war?

Top. You shall. Here is a burbolt for the [85 ugly beast the blackbird.

Dar. A cruel sight.

Top. Here is the musket for the untamed or, as the vulgar sort term it, the wild mallard.

Sam. O desperate attempt! 90

Epi. Nay, my master will match them.

Dar. Ay, if he catch them.

Top. Here is a spear and shield, and both necessary, the one to conquer, the other to subdue or overcome the terrible trout, which al- [95 though he be under the water, yet tying a string to the top of my spear and an engine of iron to the end of my line, I overthrow him, and then herein I put him

Sam O wonderful war! [*Aside*] Dares, [100 didst thou ever hear such a dolt?

Dar [*Aside*] All the better, we shall have good sport hereafter, if we can get leisure

Sam [*Aside*] Leisure! I will rather lose my master's service than his company! Look [105 how he struts [*To Sir Tophas*] But what is this? Call you it your sword?

Top No, it is my simitar; which I, by construction often studying to be compendious, call my smiter. 110

Dar. What, are you also learned, sir?

Top Learned? I am all Mars and Ars.

Sam Nay, you are all mass and ass

Top Mock you me? You shall both suffer, yet with such weapons as you shall make [115 choice of the weapon wherewith you shall perish Am I all a mass or lump? is there no proportion in me? Am I all ass? is there no wit in me? Epi, prepare them to the slaughter

Sam I pray, sir, hear us speak! We call [120 you mass, which your learning doth well understand is all man, for *mas, maris* is a man Then *as*, as you know, is a weight, and we for your virtues account you a weight.

Top The Latin hath saved your lives, the [125 which a world of silver could not have ransom'd I understand you, and pardon you.

Dar Well, Sir Tophas, we bid you farewell, and at our next meeting we will be ready to do you service 130

Top. Samias, I thank you. Dares, I thank you but especially I thank you both

Sam. [*Aside*] Wisely Come, next time we'll have some pretty gentlewomen with us to

³² bolts: blunt arrows ³⁷ *Nego argumentum*: I deny your argument ³⁸⁻⁴⁰ *amicitia . . . pares*: friendship is between equals ⁴⁰⁻⁴² *quod . . . vos*: what is above you does not concern you (cf. *Friar Bacon* and *Friar Bungay*, Sc. II 22-25) ⁴⁷ *Ceres*: 'Seres' (Bond), as Ceres was not goddess of flocks "Wool of Seres" would be "Chinese silk" ^{48, 47} *Eumenides, Endymion*: (transposed in Q, Blount) ⁷⁶ wound: ('confound' Q, Blount) ⁸⁶ burbolt: bird-bolt (cf. note on line 32)

walk, for without doubt with them he will 133
be very dainty.

Dar. Come, let us see what our masters
do; it is high time.

Exeunt [Samias and Dares]

Top Now will I march into the field,
where, if I cannot encounter with my foul 140
enemies, I will withdraw myself to the river,
and there fortify for fish, for there resteth no
minute free from fight. *Exit [with Epi]*

Actus primus. Scæna quarta.

Tellus, Floscula, [meeting] Dipsas

Tellus. Behold, Floscula, we have met with
the woman by chance that we sought for by
travail. I will break my mind to her without
ceremony or circumstance, lest we lose that
time in advice that should be spent in execu- 15
tion

Flosc. Use your discretion, I will in this case
neither give counsel nor consent, for there can-
not be a thing more monstrous than to force
affection by sorcery, neither do I imagine 10
anything more impossible

Tellus. Tush, Floscula, in obtaining of love,
what impossibilities will I not try? And for the
winning of Endymion, what impieties will I not
practise? *[To Dipsas.]* Dipsas, whom as 15
many honour for age as wonder at for cunning,
listen in few words to my tale, and answer in
one word to the purpose, for that neither my
burning desire can afford long speech, nor the
short time I have to stay many delays. Is it 20
possible by herbs, stones, spells, incantation, en-
chantment, exorcisms, fire, metals, planets, or
any practice, to plant affection where it is not,
and to supplant it where it is?

Dipsas. Fair lady, you may imagine that 25
these hoary hairs are not void of experience,
nor the great name that goeth of my cunning
to be without cause. I can darken the sun by
my skill and remove the moon out of her course,
I can restore youth to the aged and make 30
hills without bottoms, there is nothing that I
cannot do but that only which you would have
me do and therein I differ from the gods, that
I am not able to rule hearts, for were it in my
power to place affection by appointment, I 35
would make such evil appetites, such inordinate
lusts, such cursed desires, as all the world
should be filled both with superstitious heats
and extreme love.

Tellus. Unhappy Tellus, whose desires are 40
so desperate that they are neither to be con-
ceived of any creature, nor to be cured by any
art!

Dipsas. This I can: breed slackness in love,
though never root it out. What is he whom 45
you love, and what she that he honoureth?

Tellus. Endymion, sweet Endymion is he
that hath my heart, and Cynthia, too, too fair
Cynthia, the miracle of nature, of time, of for-
tune, is the lady that he delights in, and 50
dotes on every day, and dies for ten thousand
times a day

Dipsas. Would you have his love either by
absence or sickness aslaked? Would you that
Cynthia should mistrust him, or be jealous 55
of him without colour?

Tellus. It is the only thing I crave, that, see-
ing my love to Endymion, unspotted, cannot be
accepted, his truth to Cynthia, though it be un-
speakable, may be suspected. 60

Dipsas. I will undertake it, and overtake
him, that all his love shall be doubted of, and
therefore become desperate but this will wear
out with time that treadeth all things down but
truth. 65

Tellus. Let us go.

Dipsas. I follow.

Exeunt.

Actus secundus. Scæna prima.

Endymion, [later] Tellus

Endymion. O fair Cynthia! O unfortunate
Endymion! Why was not thy birth as high as
thy thoughts, or her beauty less than heavenly;
or why are not thine honours as rare as her
beauty, or thy fortunes as great as thy de- 15
serts? Sweet Cynthia, how wouldst thou be
pleased, how possessed? Will labours, patient
of all extremities, obtain thy love? There is no
mountain so steep that I will not climb, no mon-
ster so cruel that I will not tame, no action 10
so desperate that I will not attempt. Desirest
thou the passions of love, the sad and melan-
choly moods of perplexed minds, the not-to-be-
expressed torments of racked thoughts? Behold
my sad tears, my deep sighs, my hollow 15
eyes, my broken sleeps, my heavy countenance.
Wouldst thou have me vowed only to thy
beauty and consume every minute of time in
thy service? Remember my solitary life almost
these seven years. Whom have I entertained 20
but mine own thoughts and thy virtues? What
company have I used but contemplation? Whom
have I wondered at but thee? Nay, whom have
I not contemned for thee? Have I not crept
to those on whom I might have trodden, 25
only because thou didst shine upon them? Have
not injuries been sweet to me, if thou vouch-
safedst I should bear them? Have I not spent
my golden years in hopes, waxing old with

¹¹ aslaked: abated

¹² colour: reason, pretext

¹³ overtake: overcome

wishing, yet wishing nothing but thy love? [30
With Tellus, fair Tellus, have I dissembled,
using her but as a cloak for mine affections,
that others, seeing my mangled and disordered
mind, might think it were for one that loveth
me, not for Cynthia, whose perfection allow- [35
eth no companion nor comparison In the midst
of these distempered thoughts of mine thou art
not only jealous of my truth, but careless, sus-
picious, and secure; which strange humour mak-
eth my mind as desperate as thy conceits are [40
doubtful I am none of those wolves that bark
most when thou shinest brightest, but that fish
(thy fish, Cynthia, in the flood Araris) which
at thy waxing is as white as the driven snow,
and at thy waning as black as deepest dark- [45
ness I am that Endymion, sweet Cynthia, that
have carried my thoughts in equal balance with
my actions, being always as free from imagin-
ing ill as enterprising; that Endymion whose
eyes never esteemed anything fair but thy [50
face, whose tongue termed nothing rare but thy
virtues, and whose heart imagined nothing mir-
aculous but thy government; yea, that Endym-
ion, who, divorcing himself from the amiableness
of all ladies, the bravery of all courts, the [55
company of all men, hath chosen in a solitary
cell to live, only by feeding on thy favour, ac-
counting in the world — but thyself — nothing
excellent, nothing immortal thus mayst thou
see every vein, sinew, muscle, and artery of [60
my love, in which there is no flattery, nor
deceit, error, nor art But soft, here cometh
Tellus. I must turn my other face to her, like
Janus, lest she be as suspicious as Juno

*Enter Tellus [followed by Floscula
and Dipsas]*

Tellus. Yonder I espy Endymion I will [65
seem to suspect nothing, but soothe him, that
seeing I cannot obtain the depth of his love, I
may learn the height of his dissembling *Flos-
cula and Dipsas, withdraw yourselves out of
our sight, yet be within the hearing of our [70
saluting [Floscula and Dipsas withdraw]*
How now, Endymion, always solitary? No
company but your own thoughts, no friend but
melancholy fancies?

End You know, fair Tellus, that the [75
sweet remembrance of your love is the only
companion of my life, and thy presence, my
paradise, so that I am not alone when nobody
is with me, and in heaven itself when thou art
with me 80

Tellus. Then you love me, Endymion?

End. Or else I live not, Tellus.

Tellus Is it not possible for you, Endymion,
to dissemble?

End Not, Tellus, unless I could make me [as
a woman.

Tellus. Why, is dissembling joined to their
sex inseparable, as heat to fire, heaviness to
earth, moisture to water, thinness to air?

End. No, but found in their sex as com- [90
mon as spots upon doves, moles upon faces,
caterpillars upon sweet apples, cobwebs upon
fair windows

Tellus Do they all dissemble?

End All but one. 95

Tellus Who is that?

End I dare not tell; for if I should say you,
then would you imagine my flattery to be ex-
treme, if another, then would you think my
love to be but indifferent. 100

Tellus You will be sure I shall take no van-
tage of your words But, in sooth, Endymion,
without more ceremonies, is it not Cynthia?

End You know, Tellus, that of the gods we
are forbidden to dispute, because their dei- [105
ties come not within the compass of our reasons;
and of Cynthia we are allowed not to talk but
to wonder, because her virtues are not within
the reach of our capacities

Tellus Why, she is but a woman. 110

End No more was Venus

Tellus She is but a virgin

End No more was Vesta.

Tellus She shall have an end.

End So shall the world 115

Tellus Is not her beauty subject to time?

End No more than time is to standing still

Tellus Wilt thou make her immortal?

End No, but incomparable

Tellus Take heed, Endymion, lest like [120
the wrestler in Olympia, that striving to lift an
impossible weight catch'd an incurable strain,
thou, by fixing thy thoughts above thy reach,
fall into a disease without all recure. But I see
thou art now in love with Cynthia. 125

End No, Tellus, thou knowest that the
stately cedar, whose top reacheth unto the
clouds, never boweth his head to the shrubs
that grow in the valley, nor ivy, that clumbeth
up by the elm, can ever get hold of the [130
beams of the sun. Cynthia I honour in all humil-
ity, whom none ought or dare adventure to love,
whose affections are immortal, and virtues in-
finite. Suffer me, therefore, to gaze on the
moon, at whom, were it not for thyself, I [135
would die with wondering. *Exeunt*

^a fish: "The fish Scolopidus in the flood Araris at the waxing of the moon is as white as the driven snow and at the waning as black as the burnt coal" Lyly's *Euphues* (ed Croll and Clemons, p 74) The Arar is the Saône, and the story comes from a classical treatise on rivers falsely ascribed to Plutarch.

⁶⁶ soothe: beguile

*Actus secundus. Scæna secunda.**Dares, Samias, Scintilla, Favilla*

Dar Come, Samias, didst thou ever hear such a sighing, the one for Cynthia, the other for Semele, and both for moonshine in the water?

Sam Let them sigh, and let us sing How say you, gentlewomen, are not our masters too far in love?

Scint Their tongues, haply, are dipp'd to the root in amorous words and sweet discourses, but I think their hearts are scarce tipp'd on the side with constant desires

Dar How say you, Favilla, is not love a lurcher, that taketh men's stomachs away that they cannot eat, their spleen that they cannot laugh, their hearts that they cannot fight, their eyes that they cannot sleep, and leaveth nothing but livers to make nothing but lovers!

Favil Away, peevish boy, a rod were better under thy girdle than love in thy mouth! It will be a forward cock that croweth in the shell

Dar Alas, good old gentlewoman, how it becometh you to be grave!

Scint Favilla, though she be but a spark, yet is she fire

Favil And you, Scintilla, be not much more than a spark, though you would be esteemed a flame

Sam [*Aside to Dares*] It were good sport to see the fight between two sparks

Dar [*Aside to Samias*] Let them to it, and we will warm us by their words

Scint You are not angry, Favilla?

Favil That is, Scintilla, as you list to take it

Sam That, that!

Scint This it is to be matched with girls, who coming but yesterday from making of babies, would before to-morrow be accounted matrons

Favil I cry your matronship mercy Be- cause your pantables be higher with cork, therefore your feet must needs be higher in the insteps You will be mine elder because you stand upon a stool and I on the floor

Sam Good, good!

Dar [*To Samias*] Let them alone, and see with what countenance they will become friends

Scint Nay, you think to be the wiser, because you mean to have the last word

Sam. [*To Dares*.] Step between them lest they scratch. — In faith, gentlewomen, seeing

we came out to be merry, let not your jarring mar our jests, be friends. How say you?

Scint I am not angry, but it spited me to see how short she was

Favil I meant nothing till she would needs cross me

Dar Then, so let it rest.

Scint I am agreed

Favil And I Yet I never took anything so unkindly in my life

Scint 'Tis I have the cause, that never offered the occasion

Dar Excellent, and right like a woman

Sam A strange sight to see water come out of fire

Dar It is their property to carry in their eyes fire and water, tears and torches, and in their mouths honey and gall

Scint You will be a good one if you live. But what is yonder formal fellow?

Enter Sir Tophas [and Epiton]

Dar Sir Tophas, Sir Tophas, of whom we told you If you be good wenches, make as though you love him, and wonder at him

Favil We will do our parts

Dar But first let us stand aside, and let him use his garb, for all consisteth in his gracing. [*The four retire*]

Top Epi!

Epi At hand, sir

Top How liketh thou this martial life, where nothing but blood besprinkleth our bosoms? Let me see, be our enemies fat?

Epi Passing fat and I would not change this life to be a lord; and yourself passeth all comparison, for other captains kill and beat, and there is nothing you kill, but you also eat.

Top I will draw out their guts out of their bellies, and tear the flesh with my teeth, so mortal is my hate, and so eager my un-stanch'd stomach

Epi [*Aside*] My master thinks himself the valiantest man in the world if he kill a wren, so warlike a thing he accounteth to take away life, though it be from a lark

Top Epi, I find my thoughts to swell and my spirit to take wings, insomuch that I cannot continue within the compass of so slender combats

Favil This passeth!

Scint Why, is he not mad?

Sam No, but a little vainglorious

Top Epi!

Epi Sir

Top I will encounter that black and cruel

¹³ lurcher: thief ¹⁴ stomachs: appetites ¹⁵ spark: Latin favilla = glowing ash ¹⁶ babies: dolls
¹⁷ pantables: shoes ¹⁸⁻¹⁹ higher . . . insteps: more arrogant ²⁰ short: ill-tempered ²¹ use his garb:
 show his style ²² enemies: the trout, or larks, which Epiton is carrying ²³ passeth: exceeds belief

enemy that beareth rough and untewed locks upon his body, whose sire throweth down the strongest walls, whose legs are as many as both ours, on whose head are placed most horrible horns by nature as a defence from all harms [110]

Epi. What mean you, master, to be so desperate?

Top. Honour inciteth me, and very hunger compelleth me.

Epi. What is that monster? 115

Top. The monster *Ovis*. I have said, — let thy wits work

Epi. I cannot imagine it. Yet let me see, — a black enemy with rough locks It may be a sheep, and *Ovis* is a sheep His sire so [120 strong] a ram is a sheep's sire, that being also an engine of war. Horns he hath, and four legs, — so hath a sheep. Without doubt, this monster is a black sheep Is it not a sheep that you mean? 125

Top. Thou hast hit it that monster will I kill and sup with.

Sam. [*Aside*] Come, let us take him off. [*Samias, Dares, Favilla, and Scintilla come forward.*] Sir Tophas, all hail! 130

Top. Welcome, children, I seldom cast mine eyes so low as to the crowns of your heads, and therefore pardon me that I spake not all this while

Dar. No harm done Here be fair ladies [135 come to wonder at your person, your valour, your wit, the report whereof hath made them careless of their own honours, to glut their eyes and hearts upon yours

Top. Report cannot but injure me, for [140 that not knowing fully what I am, I fear she hath been a niggard in her praises

Scint. No, gentle knight, report hath been prodigal, for she hath left you no equal, nor herself credit, so much hath she told, yet no [145 more than we now see

Dar. [*Aside*] A good wench!

Favil. If there remain as much pity toward women as there is in you courage against your enemies, then shall we be happy, who, hear- [150 ing of your person, came to see it, and seeing it, are now in love with it

Top. Love me, ladies? I easily believe it, but my tough heart receiveth no impression with sweet words Mars may pierce it, [155 Venus shall not paint on it.

Favil. A cruel saying

Sam. [*Aside*] There 's a girl!

Dar. Will you cast these ladies away, and all for a little love? Do but speak kindly. 160

Top. There cometh no soft syllable within

my lips; custom hath made my words bloody and my heart barbarous That pelting word love, how waterish it is in my mouth; it carrieth no sound. Hate, horror, death, are [165 speeches that nourish my spirits. I like honey, but I care not for the bees, I delight in music, but I love not to play on the bagpipes, I can vouchsafe to hear the voice of women, but to touch their bodies, I disdain it as a thing [170 childish and fit for such men as can digest nothing but milk.

Scint. A hard heart! Shall we die for your love and find no remedy?

Top. I have already taken a surfeit. 175

Epi. Good master, pity them

Top. Pity them, Epi? No, I do not think that this breast shall be pestered with such a foolish passion. What is that the gentlewoman carrieth in a chain? 180

Epi. Why, it is a squirrel.

Top. A squirrel? O gods, what things are made for money!

Dar. Is not this gentleman over-wise?

Favil. I could stay all day with him, if [185 I feared not to be shent

Scint. Is it not possible to meet again?

Dar. Yes, at any time

Favil. Then let us hasten home.

Scint. Sir Tophas, the god of war deal [190 better with you than you do with the god of love

Favil. Our love we may dissemble, digest we cannot, but I doubt not but time will hamper you and help us 195

Top. I defy time, who hath no interest in my heart Come, Epi, let me to the battle with that hideous beast Love is pap, and hath no relish in my taste because it is not terrible

[*Exeunt Sir Tophas and Epi.*]

Dar. Indeed a black sheep is a perilous [200 beast, but let us in till another time

Favil. I shall long for that time *Exeunt.*

Actus secundus. Scæna tertia.

Endymion, [*secretly observed by*] *Dipsas*,
Bagoa

End. No rest, Endymion! Still uncertain how to settle thy steps by day or thy thoughts by night! Thy truth is measured by thy fortune, and thou art judged unfaithful because thou art unhappy I will see if I can beguile [5 myself with sleep, and if no slumber will take hold in my eyes, yet will I embrace the golden thoughts in my head, and wish to melt by musing, that as ebony, which no fire can scorch, is yet

¹⁰⁰ untewed: uncombed ¹⁰⁸ pelting: paltry ^{171, 188} digest: digest ¹⁸⁸ shent: reprov'd
⁹⁻¹⁰ ebony . . . savours: Lyly misunderstands Pliny, who states, in his *Natural History*, that ebony will burn with a pleasant odor

consumed with sweet savours, so my heart, [10
which cannot be bent by the hardness of fortune, may be bruised by amorous desires On yonder bank never grew anything but lunary, and hereafter I will never have any bed but that bank. O Endymion, Tellus was fair. But [15
what availeth beauty without wisdom? Nay, Endymion, she was wise But what availeth wisdom without honour? She was honourable, Endymion, belie her not Ay, but how obscure is honour without fortune Was she not for- [20
tunate whom so many followed? Yes, yes, but base is fortune without majesty Thy majesty, Cynthia, all the world knoweth and wondereth at, but not one in the world that can imitate it or comprehend it No more, Endymion Sleep [25
or die Nay, die, for to sleep, it is impossible, — and yet I know not how it cometh to pass, I feel such a heaviness both in mine eyes and heart that I am suddenly benumbed, yea, in every joint It may be weariness, for when [30
did I rest? It may be deep melancholy, for when did I not sigh? Cynthia! Ay, so; — I say, Cynthia! *He falls asleep.*

[*Enter Dipsas and Bagoa*]

Dipsas Little dost thou know, Endymion, when thou shalt wake, for hadst thou placed [35
thy heart as low in love as thy head lieth now in sleep, thou mightest have commanded Tellus, whom now, instead of a mistress, thou shalt find a tomb These eyes must I seal up by art, not nature, which are to be opened neither by [40
art nor nature Thou that layest down with golden locks shalt not awake until they be turned to silver hairs, and that chin on which scarcely appeareth soft down shall be filled with bristles as hard as broom Thou shalt sleep [45
out thy youth and flowering time, and become dry hay before thou knowest thyself green grass, and ready by age to step into the grave when thou wakest, that was youthful in the court when thou laidst thee down to sleep [50
The malice of Tellus hath brought this to pass, which if she could not have intreated of me by fair means, she would have commanded by menacing, for from her gather we all our simples to maintain our sorceries [*To Bagoa*] [55
Fan with this hemlock over his face, and sing the enchantment for sleep, whilst I go in and finish those ceremonies that are required in our art. Take heed ye touch not his face, for the fan is so seasoned that whoso it toucheth with [60

a leaf shall presently die, and over whom the wind of it breatheth, he shall sleep forever. *Exit Bagoa* Let me alone, I will be careful. What hap hadst thou, Endymion, to come under the hands of Dipsas? O fair En- [65
dymion, how it grieveth me that that fair face must be turned to a withered skin and taste the pangs of death before it feel the reward of love! I fear Tellus will repent that which the heavens themselves seemed to rue But I hear Dipsas [70
coming! I dare not repine, lest she make me pine, and rock me into such a deep sleep that I shall not awake to my marriage.

Enter Dipsas

Dipsas How now, have you finished?

Bagoa. Yea. 75

Dipsas Well then, let us in; and see that you do not so much as whisper that I did this, for if you do, I will turn thy hairs to adders and all thy teeth in thy head to tongues Come away, come away. *Exeunt.* [80

A DUMB SHOW

Music sounds *Three ladies enter: one with a knife and a looking-glass, who, by the procurement of one of the other two, offers to stab Endymion as he sleeps, but the third wrings her hands, lamenteth, offering still to prevent it, but dares [85
not At last, the first lady looking in the glass, casts down the knife* *Exeunt.*

*Enters an ancient man with books with three leaves, offers the same twice Endymion refuses He rendeth two, and offers the third, [90
where he stands awhile, and then Endymion offers to take it* *Exit [the Old Man]*

Actus tertius. Scæna prima.

Cynthia, three Lords [i.e. Eumenides, Corsiles, Zontes], Tellus [with Semele and Pantheon]

Cynthia Is the report true, that Endymion is stricken into such a dead sleep that nothing can either wake him or move him?

Eum Too true, madam, and as much to be pitied as wondered at 5

Tellus As good sleep and do no harm as wake and do no good

Cynth. What maketh you, Tellus, to be so short? The time was Endymion only was.

Eum It is an old saying, madam, that a [10

¹³ *lunary*: moon-wort, a fern "I have heard of an herb called Lunary, that being bound to the pulses of the sick, causeth nothing but dreams of weddings and dances" Lyly's *Sapho and Phao* (III iii 43-45)
¹⁴ *was*: i.e., *wast* ¹⁵⁻¹⁷ *sing . . . sleep*: evidently a song sung by Bagoa before the return of Dipsas (line 74) It has not been preserved ¹⁸ *presently*: immediately ¹⁹ *s d* *Dumb Show*: (visualizes the dreams which Endymion later reports to Cynthia, V i 100 ff Not in Q) ²⁰ *rendeth*: ('readeth' Blount. Cf. V. i. 138 ff.) ²¹ *only was*: was your one thought

waking dog doth afar off bark at a sleeping lion.

Sem. It were good, Eumenides, that you took a nap with your friend, for your speech begetteth to be heavy. 15

Eum. Contrary to your nature, Semele, which hath been always accounted light.

Cynth. What, have we here before my face these unseemly and malapert overthwarts! I will tame your tongues and your thoughts, 20 and make your speeches answerable to your duties, and your conceits fit for my dignity, else will I banish you both my person and the world

Eum. Pardon I humbly ask; but such is my unspotted faith to Endymion that whatsoever 25 seemeth a needle to prick his finger is a dagger to wound my heart

Cynth. If you be so dear to him, how happeneth it you neither go to see him, nor search for remedy for him? 30

Eum. I have seen him to my grief, and sought recure with despair, for that I cannot imagine who should restore him that is the wonder to all men Your Highness, on whose hands the compass of the earth is at command, though 35 not in possession, may show yourself both worthy your sex, your nature, and your favour, if you redeem that honourable Endymion, whose ripe years foretell rare virtues, and whose unmelloyed conceits promise ripe counsel 40

Cynth. I have had trial of Endymion, and conceive greater assurance of his age than I could hope of his youth.

Tellus. But timely, madam, crooks that tree that will be a cammock, and young it pricks 45 that will be a thorn, and therefore he that began without care to settle his life, it is a sign without amendment he will end it

Cynth. Presumptuous girl, I will make thy tongue an example of unrecoverable dis- 50 pleasure Corsites, carry her to the castle in the desert, there to remain and weave

Cors. Shall she work stories or poetries?

Cynth. It skilleth not which. Go to, in both, for she shall find examples infinite in either 55 what punishment long tongues have Eumenides, if either the soothsayers in Egypt, or the enchanters in Thessaly, or the philosophers in Greece, or all the sages of the world can find remedy, I will procure it; therefore, dispatch 60 with all speed: you, Eumenides, into Thessaly; you, Zontes, into Greece, because you are acquainted in Athens; you, Panelion, to Egypt, saying that Cynthia sendeth, and if you will, commandeth. 65

Eum. On bowed knee I give thanks, and with wings on my legs, I fly for remedy.

Zon. We are ready at your highness' command, and hope to return to your full content.

Cynth. It shall never be said that Cynthia, 70 whose mercy and goodness filleth the heavens with joys and the world with marvels, will suffer either Endymion or any to perish, if he may be protected

Eum. Your Majesty's words have been al- 75 ways deeds, and your deeds virtues. *Exeunt.*

Actus tertius. Scena secunda.

Corsites, Tellus

Cors. Here is the castle, fair Tellus, in which you must weave, till either time end your days, or Cynthia her displeasure I am sorry so fair a face should be subject to so hard a fortune, and that the flower of beauty, which is honoured 15 in courts, should here wither in prison.

Tellus. Corsites, Cynthia may restrain the liberty of my body, of my thoughts she cannot; and therefore do I esteem myself most free, though I am in greatest bondage. 10

Cors. Can you then feed on fancy, and subdue the malice of envy by the sweetness of imagination?

Tellus. Corsites, there is no sweeter music to the miserable than despair, and therefore 15 the more bitterness I feel, the more sweetness I find, for so vain were liberty, and so unwelcome the following of higher fortune, that I choose rather to pine in this castle than to be a prince in any other court 20

Cors. A humour contrary to your years and nothing agreeable to your sex, the one commonly allured with delights, the other always with sovereignty

Tellus. I marvel, Corsites, that you being 25 a captain, who should sound nothing but terror and suck nothing but blood, can find in your heart to talk such smooth words, for that it agreeth not with your calling to use words so soft as that of love 30

Cors. Lady, it were unfit of wars to discourse with women, into whose minds nothing can sink but smoothness, besides, you must not think that soldiers be so rough-hewn, or of such knotty mettle, that beauty cannot allure, 35 and you, being beyond perfection, enchant.

Tellus. Good Corsites, talk not of love, but let me to my labour The little beauty I have shall be bestowed on my loom, which I now mean to make my lover. 40

Cors. Let us in, and what favour Corsites can show, Tellus shall command

Tellus. The only favour I desire is now and then to walk. *Exeunt.*

¹⁰ malapert overthwarts: impertinent wranglings ⁴⁰ cammock: crooked stick ⁴⁴ skilleth: matters ⁴⁵ Thessaly: fabled abode of witches ⁵⁵ nothing agreeable: in no way suitable

*Actus tertius. Scæna tertia.**Sir Tophas and Epsilon**Tophas.* Epi¹*Epi.* Here, sir*Tophas.* Unrig me. Heigho!*Epi.* What 's that?*Tophas.* An interjection, whereof some are [5
of mourning: as *eho, vah**Epi.* I understand you not.*Tophas.* Thou seest me*Epi.* Ay*Tophas.* Thou hear'st me.*Epi.* Ay.*Tophas.* Thou feelest me*Epi.* Ay*Tophas.* And not understand'st me?*Epi.* No.*Tophas.* Then am I but three-quarters of a
noun substantive But alas, Epi, to tell thee
the troth, I am a noun adjective*Epi.* Why?*Tophas.* Because I cannot stand without [20
another*Epi.* Who is that?*Tophas.* Dipsas*Epi.* Are you in love?*Tophas.* No, but love hath, as it were, [25
milk'd my thoughts and drained from my heart
the very substance of my accustomed courage,
it worketh in my head like new wine, so as I
must hoop my sconce with iron, lest my head
break, and so I bewray my brains But, I [30
pray thee, first discover me in all parts, that I
may be like a lover, and then will I sigh and
die Take my gun and give me a gown *Cedant
arma togæ**Epi.* Here*Tophas.* Take my sword and shield and give
me beard-brush and scissors *Bella gerant ali
tu, Pars, semper ama**Epi.* Will you be trimm'd, sir?*Tophas.* Not yet; for I feel a contention [40
within me whether I shall frame the bodkin
beard or the bush But take my pike and give
me pen: *Dicere quæ puduit, scribere jussit amor**Epi.* I will furnish you, sir*Tophas.* Now, for my bow and bolts give [45
me ink and paper, for my smiter a pen-knife;

for

*Scalpellum, calami, atramentum, charta, libelli,
Sini semper studiis arma parata meis**Epi.* Sir, will you give over wars and play [50
with that bauble called love?*Tophas.* Give over wars? No, Epi, *Militat
omnis amans, et habet sua castra Cupido.**Epi.* Love hath made you very eloquent,
but your face is nothing fair*Tophas.* *Non formosus erat, sed erat facundus
Ulysses**Epi.* Nay, I must seek a new master if you
can speak nothing but verses*Tophas.* *Quicquid conabar dicere, versus* [60
erat Epi, I feel all Ovid *De Arte Amandi* lie
as heavy at my heart as a load of logs Oh,
what a fine, thin hair hath Dipsas! What a
pretty low forehead! What a tall and stately
nose! What little hollow eyes! What great [65
and goodly lips! How harmless she is, being
toothless, - - her fingers fat and short, adorned
with long nails like a bitter! In how sweet a
proportion her cheeks hang down to her breasts
like dugs and her paps to her waist like bags! [70
What a low stature she is, and yet what a great
foot she carrieth! How thrifty must she be in
whom there is no waist! How virtuous is she
like to be, over whom no man can be jealous!*Epi.* Stay, master, you forget yourself.*Tophas.* O Epi, even as a dish melteth by the
fire, so doth my wit increase by love*Epi.* Pithily, and to the purpose! But what,
begin you to nod?*Tophas.* Good Epi, let me take a nap, for [80
as some man may better steal a horse than an-
other look over the hedge, so divers shall be
sleepy when they would fainest take rest.*He sleeps.**Epi.* Who ever saw such a woodcock! Love
Dipsas! Without doubt all the world will [85
now account him valiant, that ventureth on her
whom none durst undertake But here cometh
two wags*Enter Dares and Samias**Sam.* Thy master hath slept his share*Dar.* I think he doth it because he would [90
not pay me my board-wages

¹ *eho, vah*: Sir Tophas' knowledge of grammar is derived from the famous Latin grammar published by Lyly's grandfather, William Lilly, in 1549 ²⁰ *bewray*: expose ²³⁻²⁴ *Cedant . . . togæ*: Let arms yield to the toga (*s e*, to civil life) ²⁷⁻²⁸ *Bella . . . ama*: Let others wage wars: do you, Pars, ever devote yourself to love ⁴¹⁻⁴² *bodkin . . . bush*: pointed beard or bushy one ⁴³ *Dicere . . . amor*: Love has bidden me write what I was ashamed to say ⁴⁶⁻⁴⁷ *Let pen-knife, pens, ink, paper, and books be always ready, the implements for my studies* ⁴⁹⁻⁵⁰ *Militat . . . Cupido*: Every lover is a soldier, and Cupid has his own camp ⁵⁶⁻⁵⁷ *Non . . . Ulysses*: Ulysses was not handsome, but he was eloquent ⁶⁰⁻⁶¹ *Quicquid . . . erat*: Whatever I tried to say was verse ⁶² *bitter*: old form of "bit-tern"; cf. i. 121 ⁶⁴ *woodcock*: simpleton

Sam. It is a thing most strange. and I think mine will never return, so that we must both seek new masters, for we shall never live by our manners. 95

Epi. If you want masters, join with me and serve Sir Tophas, who must needs keep more men, because he is toward marriage.

Sam. What, Epi, where 's thy master?

Epi. Yonder, sleeping in love. 100

Dar. Is it possible?

Epi. He hath taken his thoughts a hole lower, and saith, seeing it is the fashion of the world, he will vail bonnet to beauty.

Sam. How is he attired? 105

Epi. Lovely.

Dar. Whom loveth this amorous knight?

Epi. Dipsas

Sam. That ugly creature? Why, she is a fool, a scold, fat, without fashion, and quite without favour. 110

Epi. Tush, you be simple; my master hath a good marriage.

Dar. Good! As how?

Epi. Why, in marrying Dipsas he shall have every day twelve dishes of meat to his dinner, though there be none but Dipsas with him: four of flesh, four of fish, four of fruit. 115

Sam. As how, Epi?

Epi. For flesh these. woodcock, goose, bitter, and rail 120

Dar. Indeed, he shall not miss, if Dipsas be there.

Epi. For fish these crab, carp, lump, and pouting 125

Sam. Excellent, for of my word she is both crabbish, lumpish, and carping

Epi. For fruit these fretters, medlars, hartichokes, and lady-longings Thus you see he shall fare like a king, though he be but a beggar 130

Dar. Well, Epi, dine thou with him, for I had rather fast than see her face. But see, thy master is asleep, let us have a song to wake this amorous knight 135

Epi. Agreed

Sam. Content.

THE FIRST SONG

Epi. Here snores Tophas,

That amorous ass,

Who loves Dipsas, 140

With face so sweet,

Nose and chin meet

All three. { At sight of her each Fury skips
And flings into her lap their whips
Dar. Holla, holla in his ear 145

Sam. The witch, sure, thrust her fingers there

Epi. Cramp him, or wring the fool by th' nose

Dar. Or clap some burning flax to his toes.

Sam. What music 's best to wake him?

Epi. Bow-wow, let bandogs shake him! 150

Dar. Let adders hiss in 's ear,

Sam. Else earwigs wriggle there.

Epi. No, let him batten, when his tongue

Once goes, a cat is not worse strung 154

All three { But if he ope nor mouth nor eyes,
He may in time sleep himself wise.

Top. Sleep is a binding of the senses, love a loosing.

Epi. [Aside] Let us hear him awhile

Top. There appeared in my sleep a goodly owl, who, sitting upon my shoulder, cried "Twit, twit", and before mine eyes presented herself the express image of Dipsas I marvelled what the owl said, till at the last I perceived "Twit, twit," "To it, to it," only by contraction admonished by this vision to make account of my sweet Venus. 165

Sam. Sir Tophas, you have overslept yourself

Top. No, youth, I have but slept over my love 170

Dar. Love? Why, it is impossible that into so noble and unconquered a courage love should creep, having first a head as hard to pierce as steel, then to pass to a heart arm'd with a shirt of mail 175

Epi. Ay, but my master yawning one day in the sun, Love crept into his mouth before he could close it, and there kept such a tumbling in his body that he was glad to untruss the points of his heart and entertain Love as a stranger 180

Top. If there remain any pity in you, plead for me to Dipsas

Dar. Plead! Nay, we will press her to it [Aside to Samias] Let us go with him to Dipsas, and there shall we have good sport — But, Sir Tophas, when shall we go? For I find my tongue voluble, and my heart venturous, and all myself like myself 190

Sam. [Aside to Dares.] Come, Dares, let us not lose him till we find our masters, for as long as he liveth, we shall lack neither mirth nor meat.

Epi. We will travice Will you go, sir? 195

Top. I præ, sequar Exeunt.

108-109 taken . . . lower: come off his high horse 104 vail bonnet: take off his hat 106 lovely: like a lover 111 favour: good looks 138 fretters: a kind of apple (?) 139 lady-longings: a kind of apple 138 Song: (This and the later songs appear first in Blount) 140 bandogs: fierce dogs 150-151 untruss the points: untie the laces 166 travice: traverse, move away 166 I præ, sequar: You go first I will follow.

*Actus tertius. Scæna quarta.**Eumenides, Geron*

Eum. Father, your sad music being tuned on the same key that my hard fortune is, hath so melted my mind that I wish to hang at your mouth's end till my life end

Ger. These tunes, gentleman, have I been ¹⁵ accustomed with these fifty winters, having no other house to shroud myself but the broad heavens; and so familiar with me hath use made misery that I esteem sorrow my chiefest solace, and welcomest is that guest to me ¹⁰ that can rehearse the saddest tale or the bloodiest tragedy.

Eum. A strange humour. Might I inquire the cause?

Ger. You must pardon me if I deny to tell ¹⁵ it, for knowing that the revealing of griefs is, as it were, a renewing of sorrow, I have vowed therefore to conceal them, that I might not only feel the depth of everlasting discontentment, but despair of remedy But whence are you? ²⁰ What fortune hath thrust you to this distress?

Eum. I am going to Thessaly, to seek remedy for Endymion, my dearest friend, who hath been cast into a dead sleep almost these twenty years, waxing old and ready for the grave, ²⁵ being almost but newly come forth of the cradle.

Ger. You need not for recure travel far, for whoso can clearly see the bottom of this fountain shall have remedy for anything

Eum. That methinketh is impossible ³⁰ Why, what virtue can there be in water?

Ger. Yes, whosoever can shed the tears of a faithful lover shall obtain anything he would Read these words engraven about the brim

Eum. Have you known this by experience, ³⁵ or is it placed here of purpose to delude men?

Ger. I only would have experience of it, and then should there be an end of my misery, and then would I tell the strangest discourse that ever yet was heard ⁴⁰

Eum. Ah, Eumenides!

Ger. What lack you, gentleman, are you not well?

Eum. Yes, father, but a qualm that often cometh over my heart doth now take hold of ⁴⁵ me But did never any lovers come hither?

Ger. Lusters, but not lovers, for often have I seen them weep, but never could I hear they saw the bottom

Eum. Came there women also? ⁵⁰

Ger. Some

Eum. What did they see?

Ger. They all wept, that the fountain overflowed with tears, but so thick became the

water with their tears that I could scarce ⁵⁵ discern the brim, much less behold the bottom
Eum. Be faithful lovers so scant?

Ger. It seemeth so, for yet heard I never of any.

Eum. Ah, Eumenides, how art thou per- ⁶⁰ plexed! Call to mind the beauty of thy sweet mistress and the depth of thy never-dying affections How oft hast thou honoured her, not only without spot, but suspicion of falsehood! And how hardly hath she rewarded thee without ⁶⁵ cause or colour of despite. How secret hast thou been these seven years, that hast not, nor once darest not to name her, for disconten- ting her How faithful, that hast offered to die for her, to please her! Unhappy Eumenides! ⁷⁰

Ger. Why, gentleman, did you once love?

Eum. Once? Ay, father, and ever shall.

Ger. Was she unkind and you faithful?

Eum. She of all women the most froward, and I of all creatures the most fond ⁷⁵

Ger. You doted then, not loved, for affection is grounded on virtue, and virtue is never peevish, or on beauty, and beauty loveth to be praised

Eum. Ay, but if all virtuous ladies should ⁸⁰ yield to all that be loving, or all amiable gentlewomen entertain all that be amorous, their virtues would be accounted vices, and their beauties deformities, for that love can be but between two, and that not proceeding of him ⁸⁵ that is most faithful but most fortunate

Ger. I would you were so faithful that your tears might make you fortunate.

Eum. Yea, father, if that my tears clear not this fountain, then may you swear it is but a ⁹⁰ mere mockery

Ger. So saith every one yet that wept.

Eum. Ah, I faint, I die! Ah, sweet Semele, let me alone, and dissolve, by weeping, into water ⁹⁵ [*He gazes into the fountain*]

Ger. This affection seemeth strange if he see nothing, without doubt this dissembling passeth, for nothing shall draw me from the belief.

Eum. Father, I plainly see the bottom, ¹⁰⁰ and there in white marble engraven these words' *Ask one for all, and but one thing at all*

Ger. O fortunate Eumenides, (for so have I heard thee call thyself,) let me see I cannot discern any such thing I think thou drestest. ¹⁰⁵

Eum. Ah, father, thou art not a faithful lover, and therefore canst not behold it.

Ger. Then ask, that I may be satisfied by the event, and thyself blessed

Eum. Ask? So I will And what shall I ¹¹⁰ do but ask, and whom should I ask but Semele, the possessing of whose person is a pleasure that

¹⁰⁴ dissolve: i. e., let me dissolve ¹⁰⁵ belief: i. e., in the magical property of the fountain

cannot come within the compass of comparison; whose golden locks seem most curious when they seem most careless; whose sweet looks ¹¹¹⁵ seem most alluring when they are most chaste, and whose words the more virtuous they are, the more amorous they be accounted? I pray thee, Fortune, when I shall first meet with fair Semele, dash my delight with some light dis- ¹¹²⁰ grace, lest embracing sweetness beyond measure, I take a surfeit without recure. Let her practise her accustomed coyness that I may diet myself upon my desires; otherwise the fullness of my joys will diminish the sweetness, and ¹¹²⁵ I shall perish by them before I possess them

Why do I trifle the time in words? The least minute being spent in the getting of Semele is more worth than the whole world, therefore let me ask. What now, Eumenides! Whither ¹¹³⁰ art thou drawn? Hast thou forgotten both friendship and duty: care of Endymion, and the commandment of Cynthia? Shall he die in a leaden sleep because thou sleepest in a golden dream? Ay, let him sleep ever, so I slumber ¹¹³⁵ but one minute with Semele. Love knoweth neither friendship nor kindred. Shall I not hazard the loss of a friend for the obtaining of her for whom I would often lose myself? Fond Eumenides, shall the enticing beauty of a ¹¹⁴⁰ most disdainful lady be of more force than the rare fidelity of a tried friend? The love of men to women is a thing common and of course; the friendship of man to man infinite and immortal. Tush! Semele doth possess my love. Ay, ¹¹⁴⁵ but Endymion hath deserved it. I will help Endymion. I found Endymion unspotted in his truth. Ay, but I shall find Semele constant in her love. I will have Semele. What shall I do? Father, thy gray hairs are ambassadors of ¹¹⁵⁰ experience. Which shall I ask?

Ger. Eumenides, release Endymion, for all things, friendship excepted, are subject to fortune: love is but an eye-worm, which only tickleth the head with hopes and wishes, ¹¹⁵⁵ friendship the image of eternity, in which there is nothing movable, nothing mischievous. As much difference as there is between beauty and virtue, bodies and shadows, colours and life, so great odds is there between love and friend- ¹¹⁶⁰ ship

Love is a chameleon, which draweth nothing into the mouth but air, and nourisheth nothing in the body but lungs. Believe me, Eumenides, desire dies in the same moment that beauty ¹¹⁶⁵ sickens, and beauty fadeth in the same instant that it flourisheth. When adversities flow, then love ebbs; but friendship standeth stiffly in

storms. Time draweth wrinkles in a fair face, but addeth fresh colours to a fast friend, ¹¹⁷⁰ which neither heat, nor cold, nor misery, nor place, nor destiny, can alter or diminish. O friendship, of all things the most rare, and therefore most rare because most excellent, whose comforts in misery is always sweet, ¹¹⁷⁵ and whose counsels in prosperity are ever fortunate! Van love, that, only coming near to friendship in name, would seem to be the same or better in nature!

Eum. Father, I allow your reasons, and ¹¹⁸⁰ will therefore conquer mine own. Virtue shall subdue affections, wisdom lust, friendship beauty. Mistresses are in every place, and as common as hares in Athos, bees in Hybla, fowls in the air, but friends to be found ¹¹⁸⁵ are like the phoenix in Arabia, but one, or the philadelphi in Arays, never above two. I will have Endymion. Sacred fountain, in whose bowels are hidden divine secrets, I have increased your waters with the tears of un- ¹¹⁹⁰ spotted thoughts, and therefore let me receive the reward you promise. Endymion, the truest friend to me, and faithfulest lover to Cynthia, is in such a dead sleep that nothing can wake or move him ¹¹⁹⁵

Ger. Dost thou see anything?

Eum. I see in the same pillar these words: *When she whose figure of all is the perfectest, and never to be measured — always one, yet never the same, still inconstant, yet never wavering —* ¹²⁰⁰ *shall come and kiss Endymion in his sleep, he shall then rise, else never.* This is strange

Ger. What see you else?

Eum. There cometh over mine eyes either a dark mist, or upon the fountain a deep ¹²⁰⁵ thickness, for I can perceive nothing. But how am I deluded, or what difficult, nay impossible, thing is this?

Ger. Methinketh it easy

Eum. Good father, and how? ¹²¹⁰

Ger. Is not a circle of all figures the perfectest?

Eum. Yes

Ger. And is not Cynthia of all circles the most absolute? ¹²¹⁵

Eum. Yes.

Ger. Is it not impossible to measure her, who still worketh by her influence, never standing at one stay?

Eum. Yes ¹²²⁰

Ger. Is she not always Cynthia, yet seldom in the same bigness, always wavering in her waxing or waning, that our bodies might the better be governed, our seasons the dailier give their

¹¹⁹⁹ *Fond*: foolish ¹¹⁹⁴ *Athos*: ('Atho' Q, Blount. Lylly is probably referring to the classical Mt. Athos) ¹¹⁹⁷ *philadelphi*: the mock-orange (*Philadelphus hirsutus*), the blossoms of which grow in pairs (?) ¹¹⁹⁸ *Arays*: Aranjuez, where famous gardens had been laid out by Philip II (?)

increase; yet never to be removed from her [225 course, as long as the heavens continue theirs? *Eum.* Yes.

Ger Then who can it be but Cynthia, whose virtues being all divine must needs bring things to pass that be miraculous? Go, humble thy- [230 self to Cynthia, tell her the success, of which myself shall be a witness And thus assure thyself, that she that sent to find means for his safety will now work her cunning

Eum How fortunate am I, if Cynthia be [235 she that may do it!

Ger. How fond art thou, if thou do not believe it!

Eum I will hasten thither that I may entreat on my knees for succour, and embrace in [240 mine arms my friend

Ger I will go with thee, for unto Cynthia must I discover all my sorrows, who also must work in me a contentment

Eum May I now know the cause? [245

Ger That shall be as we walk, and I doubt not but the strangeness of my tale will take away the tediousness of our journey

Eum Let us go

Ger I follow *Exeunt* [250

Actus quartus. Scæna prima.

Tellus, [and later] Corsites

Tellus. I marvel Corsites giveth me so much liberty, — all the world knowing his charge to be so high and his nature to be most strange, — who hath so ill entreated ladies of great honour that he hath not suffered them to look out [5 of windows, much less to walk abroad It may be he is in love with me, for (Endymion, hard-hearted Endymion, excepted) what is he that is not enamour'd of my beauty? But what respectest thou the love of all the world? En- [10 dymion hates thee Alas, poor Endymion, my malice hath exceeded my love, and thy faith to Cynthia quenched my affections Quenched, Tellus? Nay, kindled them afresh, insomuch that I find scorching flames for dead embers, [15 and cruel encounters of war in my thoughts instead of sweet parleys Ah, that I might once again see Endymion! Accursed girl, what hope hast thou to see Endymion, on whose head already are grown gray hairs, and whose life [20 must yield to nature, before Cynthia end her displeasure Wicked Dipsas, and most devilish Tellus, the one for cunning too exquisite, the other for hate too intolerable! Thou wast commanded to weave the stories and poetries [25 wherein were showed both examples and punishments of tattling tongues, and thou hast only embroidered the sweet face of Endymion, de-

vices of love, melancholy imaginations, and what not, out of thy work, that thou shouldst [30 study to pick out of thy mind. But here cometh Corsites I must seem yielding and stout, full of mildness, yet tempered with a majesty, for if I be too flexible, I shall give him more hope than I mean, if too froward, enjoy less liberty [35 than I would Love him I cannot, and therefore will practise that which is most contrary to our sex, to dissemble

Enter Corsites

Cor Fair Tellus, I perceive you rise with the lark, and to yourself sung with the nightin- [40 gale

Tellus My lord, I have no playfellow but fancy, being barred of all company, I must question with myself, and make my thoughts my friends [45

Cor I would you would account my thoughts also your friends, for they be such as are only busied in wondering at your beauty and wisdom, and some such as have esteemed your fortune too hard, and divers of that kind [50 that offer to set you free, if you will set them free

Tellus There are no colours so contrary as white and black, nor elements so disagreeing as fire and water, nor anything so opposite as [55 men's thoughts and their words

Cor He that gave Cassandra the gift of prophesying, with the curse that, spake she never so true, she should never be believed, hath I think poisoned the fortune of men, [60 that uttering the extremities of their inward passions are always suspected of outward perjuries.

Tellus Well, Corsites, I will flatter myself and believe you What would you do to en- [65 joy my love?

Cor Set all the ladies of the castle free, and make you the pleasure of my life more I cannot do, less I will not

Tellus These be great words, and fit your [70 calling, for captains must promise things impossible But will you do one thing for all?

Cor Anything, sweet Tellus, that am ready for all

Tellus You know that on the lunar bank [75 sleepeth Endymion

Cor I know it

Tellus. If you will remove him from that place by force, and convey him into some obscure cave by policy, I give you here the [80 faith of an unspotted virgin that you only shall possess me as a lover, and in spite of malice have me for a wife

Cor Remove him, Tellus! Yes, Tellus, he

shall be removed, and that so soon as thou shalt as much commend my diligence as my force. I go.

Tellus. Stay, will yourself attempt it?

Cor. Ay, *Tellus*, as I would have none partaker of my sweet love, so shall none be partners of my labours. But I pray thee go at your best leisure, for *Cynthia* beginneth to rise, and if she discover our love, we both perish, for nothing pleaseth her but the fairness of virginity. All things must be not only without lust but without suspicion of lightness

Tellus. I will depart, and go you to *Endymion*

Cor. I fly, *Tellus*, being of all men the most fortunate *Exit.*

Tellus. Simple *Corsites*, I have set thee about a task, being but a man, that the gods themselves cannot perform for little dost thou know how heavy his head lies, how hard his fortune, but such shifts must women have to deceive men, and under colour of things easy, entreat that which is impossible; otherwise we should be cumbered with importunities, oaths, sighs, letters, and all implements of love, which to one resolved to the contrary are most loathsome. I will in, and laugh with the other ladies at *Corsites'* sweating *Exit.*

Actus quartus. Scœna secunda.

Samias, Dares, and [later] Epiion

Sam. Will thy master never awake?

Dar. No; I think he sleeps for a wager. But how shall we spend the time? *Sir Tophas* is so far in love that he pineth in his bed and cometh not abroad.

Sam. But here cometh *Epi* in a pelting chafe.

[*Enter Epiion*]

Epi. A pox of all false proverbs, and were a proverb a page, I would have him by the ears!

Sam. Why art thou angry?

Epi. Why? You know it is said, "The tide tarrieth no man."

Sam. True

Epi. A monstrous lie, for I was tied two hours, and tarried for one to unloose me.

Dar. Alas, poor *Epi*!

Epi. Poor! No, no, you base-conceited slaves, I am a most complete gentleman, although I be in disgrace with *Sir Tophas*.

Dar. Art thou out with him?

Epi. Ay, because I cannot get him a lodg-

ing with *Endymion*. He would fain take a nap for forty or fifty years

Dar. A short sleep, considering our long life.

Sam. Is he still in love?

Epi. In love? Why he doth nothing but make sonnets

Sam. Canst thou remember any one of his poems?

Epi. Ay, this is one:—

The beggar, Love, that knows not where to lodge,
At last within my heart, when I slept,

He crept,

I wak'd, and so my fancies began to fodge.

Sam. That 's a very long verse

Epi. Why, the other was short. The first is called from the thumb to the little finger, the second from the little finger to the elbow, and some he hath made to reach to the crown of his head, and down again to the sole of his foot. It is set to the tune of the black Saunce, *ratio est*, because *Dipsas* is a black saint.

Dar. Very wisely. But pray thee, *Epi*, how art thou complete, and being from thy master, what occupation wilt thou take?

Epi. Know, my hearts, I am an absolute *Microcosmus*, a petty world of myself. My library is my head, for I have no other books but my brains, my wardrobe on my back, for I have no more apparel than is on my body, my armory at my fingers' ends, for I use no other artillery than my nails, my treasure in my purse. *Sic omnia mea mecum porto.*

Dar. Good!

Epi. Know, sirs, my palace is pav'd with grass, and tiled with stars, for *Cælo legitur qui non habet urnam*,—he that hath no house must lie in the yard.

Sam. A brave resolution! But how wilt thou spend thy time?

Epi. Not in any melancholy sort; for mine exercise I will walk horses

Dar. Too bad!

Epi. Why, is it not said, "It is good walking when one hath his horse in his hand?"

Sam. Worse and worse! But how wilt thou live?

Epi. By angling. Oh, 't is a stately occupation to stand four hours in a cold morning, and to have his nose bitten with frost before his bait be mumbled with a fish

Dar. A rare attempt! But wilt thou never travel?

Epi. Yes, in a western barge, when with a

⁸⁸ as: that ⁸⁹ pelting chafe: bad humor ⁹⁰ fodge: move ⁴⁰⁻⁴¹ black Saunce: Black Sanctus, a hymn to St Satan ⁴² Know: ('No' Q, Blount) ⁴³ Sic . . . porto: I carry thus all my things with me ⁴⁴ Know: ('Now' Q, Blount) ⁴⁵⁻⁴⁷ Cælo . . . urnam: He is covered with the sky who does not have a burial urn.

good wind and lusty pugs, one may go ten [75 miles in two days

Sam. Thou art excellent at thy choice But what pastime wilt thou use? None?

Epi. Yes, the quickest of all.

Sam. What, dice?

Epi. No, when I am in haste, one-and-twenty games at chess, to pass a few minutes

Dar. A life for a little lord, and full of quickness.

Epi. Tush, let me alone! But I must [85 needs see if I can find where Endymion lieth, and then go to a certain fountain hard by, where they say faithful lovers shall have all things they will ask. If I can find out any of these, *Ego et magister meus erimus in tuto*, I [90 and my master shall be friends He is resolved to weep some three or four pailfuls to avoid the rheum of love that wambleth in his stomach.

Enter the Watch [i.e., Constable and two Watchmen]

Sam. Shall we never see thy master, Dares?

Dar. Yes, let us go now, for to-morrow [95 Cynthia will be there

Epi. I will go with you, — but how shall we see for the Watch?

Sam. Tush, let me alone! I'll begin to them. Masters, God speed you

1 *Watch.* Sir boy, we are all sped already

Epi. [Aside] So methinks, for they smell all of drink, like a beggar's beard

Dar. But I pray, sirs, may we see Endymion?

2 *Watch.* No, we are commanded in Cynthia's name, that no man shall see him

Sam. No man! Why, we are but boys

1 *Watch.* Mass, neighbours, he says true, for if I swear I will never drink my liquor by [110 the quart, and yet call for two pints, I think with a safe conscience I may carouse both

Dar. Pithily, and to the purpose

2 *Watch.* Tush, tush, neighbours, take me with you.

Sam. [Aside] This will grow hot

Dar. [Aside] Let them alone

2 *Watch.* If I say to my wife, "Wife, I will have no raisins in my pudding," she puts in currants; small raisins are raisins, and boys [120 are men even as my wife should have put no raisins in my pudding, so shall there no boys see Endymion

Dar. Learnedly

Epi. Let Master Constable speak, I think [125 he is the wisest among you

Master Constable. You know, neighbours, 't

is an old said saw, "Children and fools speak true."

All say. True!

Mast Const. Well, there you see the men be the fools, because it is provided from the children

Dar. Good

Mast Const. Then, say I, neighbours, [135 that children must not see Endymion, because children and fools speak true.

Epi. O wicked application!

Sam. Scurvily brought about!

1 *Watch.* Nay, he says true, and there- [140 fore till Cynthia have been here, he shall not be uncovered Therefore, away!

Dar. [Aside to *Sam* and *Epi.*] A watch, quoth you! A man may watch seven years for a wise word, and yet go without it. Their wits [145 are all as rusty as their bills — But come on, Master Constable, shall we have a song before we go?

Mast Const. With all my heart

THE SECOND SONG

Watch. Stand! Who goes there? [150 We charge you appear

'Fore our constable here,

In the name of the Man in the Moon

To us billmen relate

Why you stagger so late, [155

And how you come drunk so soon

Pages. What are ye, scabs?

Watch. The Watch;

This the Constable

Pages. A patch

Const. Knock 'em down unless they all stand:

If any run away [160

'T is the old watchman's play,

To reach him a bill of his hand

Pages. O gentlemen, hold,

Your gowns freeze with cold,

And your rotten teeth dance in your head; [165

Epi. Wine nothing shall cost ye;

Sam. Nor huge fires to roast ye,

Dar. Then soberly let us be led

Const. Come, my brown bills, we'll roar,

Bounce loud at tavern door, [170

Omnes. And i' th' morning steal all to bed

Exeunt

Actus quartus. Scena tertia.

Corstles solus. [Endymion lies asleep on the lunar bank]

Corstles. I am come in sight of the lunar bank Without doubt Tellus doteth upon me, and cunningly, that I might not perceive her love, she hath set me to a task that is done be-

⁷⁵ pugs: fellows ⁹⁰ *Ego . . . tuto*: I and my master shall be in safety ⁹⁸ wambleth: rumbleth

⁹⁹ see for: take measures about ¹¹⁴⁻¹¹⁵ take me with you: let me understand you ¹²² provided: i.e., divided (?) ¹⁴⁴ bills: halberts ¹⁵⁷ scabs: rogues ¹⁶⁸ patch: fool ¹⁶⁹ roar: swagger

fore it is begun. Endymion, you must change 15
your pillow, and if you be not weary of sleep, I
will carry you where at ease you shall sleep your
fill. It were good that without more ceremonies
I took him, lest being espied, I be entrapp'd, and
so incur the displeasure of Cynthia, who 110
commonly setteth watch that Endymion have
no wrong. *He lifts.*

What now, is your mastership so heavy, or are
you nail'd to the ground? Not stironewhit! Then
use all thy force, though he feel it and wake 115
What, stone-still? Turn'd, I think, to earth
with lying so long on the earth Didst not thou,
Corasites, before Cynthia, pull up a tree that
forty years was fastened with roots and
wreathed in knots to the ground? Didst not 120
thou, with main force, pull open the iron gates
which no ram or engine could move? Have my
weak thoughts made brawn-fallen my strong
arms, or is it the nature of love, or the quin-
tessence of the mind, to breed numbness or 125
litherness, or I know not what languishing
in my joints and sinews, being but the base
strings of my body? Or doth the remembrance
of Tellus so refine my spirits into a matter so
subtle and divine that the other fleshy parts 130
cannot work whilst they muse? Rest thyself,
rest thyself, nay, rent thyself in pieces, Cor-
sities, and strive, in spite of love, fortune, and
nature, to lift up this dulled body, heavier than
dead and more senseless than death 135

Enter Fairies

But what are these so fair fiends that cause
my hairs to stand upright and spirits to fall
down? Hags, — out alas, nymphs, I crave par-
don. Ay me, out! what do I hear!

*The Fairies dance, and with a song pinch
him, and he falleth asleep They
kiss Endymion and depart*

THE THIRD SONG BY FAIRIES

Omnes Pinch him, pinch him, black and blue,
Saucy mortals must not view 41
What the Queen of Stars is doing,
Nor pry into our fairy wooing
1 *Fairy* Pinch him blue,
2 *Fairy* And pinch him black, 45
3 *Fairy* Let him not lack
Sharp nails to pinch him blue and red,
Till sleep has rock'd his addle head
4 *Fairy* For the trespass he hath done, 50
Spots o'er all his flesh shall run
Kiss Endymion, kiss his eyes,
Then to our midnight heidegyes

Exeunt [Fairies]

[*Enter, at the side of the stage opposite Corsites, Cynthia, Floscula, Semele, Panelion, Zontes, Pythagoras, Gyles. [Corsites sleeps still.]*

Cynth You see, Pythagoras, what ridiculous
opinions you hold, and I doubt not but you are
now of another mind. 55

Pythag Madam, I plainly perceive that the
perfection of your brightness hath pierced
through the thickness that covered my mind,
inasmuch that I am no less glad to be re-
formed than ashamed to remember my 160
grossness

Gyles They are thrice fortunate that live in
your palace where truth is not in colours but
life, virtues not in imagination but execution

Cynth I have always studied to have rather 165
living virtues than painted gods, the body of
truth than the tomb But let us walk to En-
dymion, it may be it lieth in your arts to
deliver him, as for Eumenides, I fear he is
dead 170

Pythag I have alleged all the natural reasons
I can for such a long sleep

Gyles I can do nothing till I see him

Cynth Come, Floscula, I am sure you are
glad that you shall behold Endymion 175

Flosc I were blessed, if I might have him
recovered

Cynth Are you in love with his person?

Flosc No, but with his virtue

Cynth What say you, Semele? 80

Sem Madam, I dare say nothing for fear I
offend

Cynth Belike you cannot speak except you
be spiteful; but as good be silent as saucy
Panelion, what punishment were fit for 185
Semele, in whose speech and thoughts is only
contempt and sourness?

Panel I love not, madam, to give any judg-
ment, yet, sith Your Highness commandeth,
I think, to commit her tongue close prisoner 190
to her mouth

Cynth Agreed Semele, if thou speak this
twelvemonth, thou shalt forfeit thy tongue
Behold Endymion! Alas, poor gentleman,
hast thou spent thy youth in sleep, that once 195
vowed all to my service! Hollow eyes, gray
hairs, wrinkled cheeks, and decayed limbs! Is
it destiny or deceit that hath brought this
to pass? If the first, who could prevent thy
wretched stars? If the latter, I would I 200
might know thy cruel enemy I favoured thee,
Endymion, for thy honour, thy virtues, thy
affections; but to bring thy thoughts within
the compass of thy fortunes, I have seemed
strange, that I might have thee staid, and 205

⁸⁸ brawn-fallen: weak ⁸⁹ litherness: languor ⁹⁰ rent: rend; cf V iii 55 ⁹¹ heidegyes: dances
⁹² grossness: stupidity ⁹³⁻⁹⁴ walk to Endymion: The walk is indicated by crossing the stage; cf line 94.

now are thy days ended before my favour begin
But whom have we here? Is it not Corsites?

Zon. It is, but more like a leopard than a man

Cynth Awake him [*Zontes wakens Corsites*]
How now, Corsites, what make you here? ¹¹⁰
How came you deformed? Look on thy hands,
and then thou seest the picture of thy face

Cors. Miserable wretch, and accused! How
am I deluded! Madam, I ask pardon for my of-
fence, and you see my fortune deserveth pity ¹¹⁵

Cynth. Speak on, thy offence cannot deserve
greater punishment but see thou rehearse
the truth, else shalt thou not find me as thou
wishest me

Cors. Madam, as it is no offence to be in ¹²⁰
love, being a man mortal, so I hope can it be no
shame to tell with whom, my lady being heav-
enly Your Majesty committed to my charge fair
Tellus, whose beauty in the same moment took
my heart captive that I undertook to carry ¹²⁵
her body prisoner Since that time have I found
such combats in my thoughts between love
and duty, reverence and affection, that I could
neither endure the conflict, nor hope for the
conquest ¹³⁰

Cynth In love? A thing far unfitting the
name of a captain, and (as I thought) the
tough and unsmoothed nature of Corsites But
forth!

Cors. Feeling this continual war, I thought ¹³⁵
rather by parley to yield than by certain danger
to perish I unfolded to Tellus the depth of
my affections, and framed my tongue to utter a
sweet tale of love, that was wont to sound noth-
ing but threats of war She, too fair to be ¹⁴⁰
true and too false for one so fair, after a nice
denial, practised a notable deceit, commanding
me to remove Endymion from this cabin, and
carry him to some dark cave, which I seeking
to accomplish, found impossible, and so by ¹⁴⁵
faines or fiends have been thus handled

Cynth How say you, my lords, is not Tellus
always practising of some deceits? In sooth,
Corsites, thy face is now too foul for a lover,
and thine heart too fond for a soldier You ¹⁵⁰
may see when warriors become wantons how
their manners alter with their faces Is it not a
shame, Corsites, that having lived so long in
Mars his camp, thou shouldst now be rocked in
Venus' cradle? Dost thou wear Cupid's ¹⁵⁵
quiver at thy girdle and make lances of looks?
Well, Corsites, rouse thyself and be as thou
hast been; and let Tellus, who is made all of
love, melt herself in her own looseness.

Cors. Madam, I doubt not but to recover ¹⁶⁰
my former state, for Tellus' beauty never
wrought such love in my mind as now her deceit

hath despite, and yet to be revenged of a woman
were a thing than love itself more womanish.

Gyptes These spots, gentleman, are to be ¹⁶⁵
worn out, if you rub them over with this lun-
ary, so that in place where you received this
maim you shall find a medicine.

Cors I thank you for that The gods bless
me from love and these pretty ladies that ¹⁷⁰
haunt this green.

Flosc Corsites, I would Tellus saw your ami-
able face [*Semele laughs*]

Zont How spitefully Semele laugheth, that
dare not speak. ¹⁷⁵

Cynth Could you not stir Endymion with
that doubled strength of yours?

Cors Not so much as his finger with all my
force

Cynth Pythagoras and Gyptes, what ¹⁸⁰
think you of Endymion? What reason is to be
given, what remedy?

Pyth Madam, it is impossible to yield reason
for things that happen not in compass of nature.
It is most certain that some strange en- ¹⁸⁵
chantment hath bound all his senses.

Cynth What say you, Gyptes?

Gyptes With Pythagoras, that it is enchant-
ment, and that so strange that no art can undo
it, for that heaviness argueth a malice unre- ¹⁹⁰
movable in the enchantress, and that no power
can end it, till she die that did it, or the heavens
show some means more than miraculous

Flosc O Endymion, could spite itself devise a
mischief so monstrous as to make thee dead ¹⁹⁵
with life, and living, being altogether dead?
Where others number their years, their hours,
their minutes, and step to age by stairs, thou only
hast thy years and times in a cluster, being old
before thou rememb'rest thou wast young. ²⁰⁰

Cynth No more, Floscula, pity doth him no
good I would anything else might, and I vow
by the unspotted honour of a lady he should not
miss it But is this all, Gyptes, that is to be
done? ²⁰⁵

Gyptes All as yet It may be that either the
enchantress shall die or else be discovered if
either happen, I will then practise the utmost
of my art In the mean season, about this grove
would I have a watch, and the first living ²¹⁰
thing that toucheth Endymion to be taken

Cynth Corsites, what say you, will you
undertake this?

Cors Good madam, pardon me! I was over-
taken too late I should rather break into ²¹⁵
the midst of a main battle than again fall into
the hands of those fair babies

Cynth Well, I will provide others. Pythag-
oras and Gyptes, you shall yet remain in my

¹¹⁰ make: do ¹⁴⁰ cabin: natural cave or grotto
overcome (cf I. iv 61) ²¹⁷ babies: fauries

¹⁷⁰ ladies: s e, the fauries ²¹⁴⁻²¹⁵ overtaken:

court, till I hear what may be done in this ²²⁰ matter.

Pyth. We attend.

Cynth. Let us go in.

Exeunt.

Actus quintus. Scæna prima.

Samias, Dares

Sam. Eumenides hath told such strange tales as I may well wonder at them, but never believe them

Dar. The other old man, what a sad speech used he, that caused us almost all to weep ¹⁵ Cynthia is so desirous to know the experiment of her own virtue, and so willing to ease Endymion's hard fortune, that she no sooner heard the discourse but she made herself in a readiness to try the event ¹⁰

Sam. We will also see the event But whist! here cometh Cynthia with all her train Let us sneak in amongst them

Enter Cynthia, Floscula, Semele, [Eumenides,]

Panelon, etc

Cynth. Eumenides, it cannot sink into my head that I should be signified by that sa- ¹⁵ cred fountain, for many things are there in the world to which those words may be applied

Eum. Good madam, vouchsafe but to try; else shall I think myself most unhappy that I asked not my sweet mistress ²⁰

Cynth. Will you not yet tell me her name?

Eum. Pardon me, good madam, for if Endymion awake, he shall, myself have sworn never to reveal it

Cynth. Well, let us to Endymion I will ²⁵ not be so stately, good Endymion, not to stoop to do thee good; and if thy liberty consist in a kiss from me, thou shalt have it, and although my mouth hath been heretofore as untouched as my thoughts, yet now to recover thy life, ³⁰ though to restore thy youth it be impossible, I will do that to Endymion which yet never mortal man could boast of heretofore, nor shall ever hope for hereafter *She kisseth him.*

Eum. Madam, he beginneth to stir. ³⁵

Cynth. Soft, Eumenides, stand still.

Eum. Ah, I see his eyes almost open

Cynth. I command thee once again, stir not. I will stand behind him

Pan. What do I see? Endymion almost ⁴⁰ awake?

Eum. Endymion, Endymion, art thou deaf or dumb, or hath this long sleep taken away thy memory? Ah, my sweet Endymion, seest thou not Eumenides, thy faithful friend, thy faith- ⁴⁵ ful Eumenides, who for thy safety hath been

careless of his own content? Speak, Endymion! Endymion! Endymion!

End. Endymion? I call to mind such a name ⁵⁰

Eum. Hast thou forgotten thyself, Endymion? Then do I not marvel thou rememb'rest not thy friend. I tell thee thou art Endymion, and I Eumenides. Behold also Cynthia, by whose favour thou art awakened, and by whose ⁵⁵ virtue thou shalt continue thy natural course

Cynth. Endymion, speak, sweet Endymion! Knowest thou not Cynthia?

End. O heavens, whom do I behold? Fair Cynthia, divine Cynthia? ⁶⁰

Cynth. I am Cynthia, and thou Endymion.

End. "Endymion!" What do I hear? What, a gray beard, hollow eyes, withered body, decayed limbs, — and all in one night?

Eum. One night! Thou hast here slept ⁶⁵ forty years, — by what enchantress as yet it is not known, — and behold, the twig to which thou laid'st thy head is now become a tree. Callest thou not Eumenides to remembrance?

End. Thy name I do remember by the ⁷⁰ sound, but thy favour I do not yet call to mind, only divine Cynthia, to whom time, fortune, destiny, and death are subject, I see and remember, and in all humility I regard and reverence ⁷⁵

Cynth. You have good cause to remember Eumenides, who hath for thy safety forsaken his own solace

End. Am I that Endymion who was wont in court to lead my life, and in justs, tourneys, ⁸⁰ and arms, to exercise my youth? Am I that Endymion?

Eum. Thou art that Endymion, and I Eumenides: wilt thou not yet call me to remembrance? ⁸⁵

End. Ah, sweet Eumenides, I now perceive thou art he, and that myself have the name of Endymion, but that this should be my body I doubt, for how could my curled locks be turned to gray hairs and my strong body to a dying ⁹⁰ weakness, having waxed old, and not knowing it

Cynth. Well, Endymion, arise [*Endymion, trying to rise, sinks back*] A while sit down, for that thy limbs are stiff and not able to stay ⁹⁵ thee, and tell what hast thou seen in thy sleep all this while, — what dreams, visions, thoughts, and fortunes; for it is impossible but in so long time thou shouldest see things strange

End. Fair Cynthia, I will rehearse what ¹⁰⁰ I have seen, humbly desiring that when I exceed in length, you give me warning, that I may end, for to utter all I have to speak would

be troublesome, although haply the strangeness
may somewhat abate the tediousness 105

Cynth. Well, Endymion, begin.

End. Methought I saw a lady passing fair,
but very mischievous, who in the one hand carried
a knife with which she offered to cut my
throat, and in the other a looking-glass, 110
wherein seeing how ill anger became ladies, she
refrained from intended violence. She was accom-
panied with other damsels, one of which,
with a stern countenance, and as it were with
a settled malice engraven in her eyes, 115
provoked her to execute mischief, another,
with visage sad, and constant only in sorrow,
with her arms crossed, and watery eyes, seemed
to lament my fortune, but durst not offer to
prevent the force. I started in my sleep, 120
feeling my very veins to swell and my sinews
to stretch with fear, and such a cold sweat
bedewed all my body that death itself could not
be so terrible as the vision.

Cynth. A strange sight! Gyptes, at our 125
better leisure, shall expound it.

End. After long debating with herself, mercy
overcame anger, and there appeared in her
heavenly face such a divine majesty mingled
with a sweet mildness that I was ravished 130
with the sight above measure, and wished that I
might have enjoyed the sight without end, and
so she departed with the other ladies, of which
the one retained still an unmovable cruelty,
the other a constant pity 135

Cynth. Poor Endymion, how wast thou af-
frighted! What else?

End. After her, immediately appeared an
aged man with a beard as white as snow, car-
rying in his hand a book with three leaves, 140
and speaking, as I remember, these words:
"Endymion, receive this book with three
leaves, in which are contained counsels, poli-
cies, and pictures," and with that he offered me
the book, which I rejected, wherewith, 145
moved with a disdainful pity, he rent the first
leaf in a thousand shivers. The second time he
offered it, which I refused also; at which,
bending his brows, and pitching his eyes fast
to the ground, as though they were fixed 150
to the earth and not again to be removed, then
suddenly casting them up to the heavens, he
tore in a rage the second leaf, and offered the
book only with one leaf. I know not whether
fear to offend or desire to know some 155
strange thing moved me: I took the book, and
so the old man vanished.

Cynth. What diddest thou imagine was in
the last leaf?

End. There portray'd to life, with a cold 160
quaking in every joint, I beheld many wolves
barking at thee, Cynthia, who having ground
their teeth to bite, did with striving bleed
themselves to death. There might I see Ingrat-
itude with an hundred eyes gazing for bene- 165
fits, and with a thousand teeth gnawing on the
bowels wherein she was bred. Treachery stood
all clothed in white, with a smiling counte-
nance, but both her hands bathed in blood. Envy
with a pale and meagre face (whose body 170
was so lean that one might tell all her bones,
and whose garment was so totter'd that it was
easy to number every thread) stood shooting at
stars, whose darts fell down again on her
own face. There might I behold drones or 175
beetles — I know not how to term them —
creeping under the wings of a princely eagle,
who, being carried into her nest, sought there
to suck that vein that would have killed the
eagle. I mused that things so base should 180
attempt a fact so barbarous, or durst imagine
a thing so bloody. And many other things,
madam, the repetition whereof may at your
better leisure seem more pleasing, for bees sur-
feit sometimes with honey, and the gods are 185
glutted with harmony, and your highness may
be dulled with delight.

Cynth. I am content to be dieted, therefore,
let us in Eumenides, see that Endymion be well
tended, lest either eating immoderately or 190
sleeping again too long, he fall into a deadly
surfeit or into his former sleep. See this also be
proclaimed that whosoever will discover this
practice shall have of Cynthia infinite thanks
and no small rewards. *Exit [accompanied].* 195

Flosc. Ah, Endymion, none so joyful as
Floscula of thy restoring.

Eum. Yes, Floscula, let Eumenides be some-
what gladder, and do not that wrong to the
settled friendship of a man as to compare it 200
with the light affection of a woman. Ah, my
dear friend Endymion, suffer me to die with
gazing at thee.

End. Eumenides, thy friendship is immor-
tal and not to be concerned, and thy good 205
will, Floscula, better than I have deserved.
But let us all wait on Cynthia. I marvel Semele
speaketh not a word.

Eum. Because if she do, she loseth her
tongue 210

End. But how prospereth your love?

Eum. I never yet spake word since your
sleep.

End. I doubt not but your affection is old
and your appetite cold 215

147 shivers: pieces, fragments 160-182 Alluding to the plots against the Queen's life in the years
before the Armada 171 tell: count 179 totter'd: tattered, threadbare 181 fact: deed 188 dieted:
put on a ration 189-194 discover this practice: expose this plot

Eum. No, Endymion, thine hath made it stronger, and now are my sparks grown to flames and my fancies almost to frenzies: but let us follow, and within we will debate all this matter at large. *Exeunt.* [220]

Actus quintus. Scena secunda.

Sir Tophas, Epiion

Top. Epi, love hath jüstled my liberty from the wall, and taken the upper hand of my reason.

Epi. Let me then trip up the heels of your affection and thrust your good will into the gutter

Top. No, Epi, Love is a lord of misrule and keepeth Christmas in my corpe

Epi. No doubt there is good cheer. what dishes of delight doth his lordship feast you [10] withal?

Top. First, with a great platter of plum porridge of pleasure, wherein is stewed the mutton of mistrust.

Epi. Excellent love-pap 15

Top. Then cometh a pie of patience, a hen of honey, a goose of gall, a capon of care, and many other viands, some sweet and some sour, which proveth love to be, as it was said of in old years, *Dulce venenum* 20

Epi. A brave banquet!

Top. But, Epi, I pray thee feel on my chin, something pricketh me. What dost thou feel or see?

Epi. There are three or four little hairs. 25

Top. I pray thee call it my beard. How shall I be troubled when this young spring shall grow to a great wood!

Epi. Oh, sir, your chin is but a quiller yet; you will be most majestical when it is full- [30] fledged. But I marvel that you love Dipsas, that old crone

Top. *Agnosco veteris vestigia flammæ*, I love the smoke of an old fire

Epi. Why she is so cold that no fire can [35] thaw her thoughts

Top. It is an old goose, Epi, that will eat no oats, old kine will kick, old rats gnaw cheese, and old sacks will have much patching. I prefer an old coney before a rabbit-sucker, [40] and an ancient hen before a young chicken-peeper.

Epi [*Aside*] *Argumentum ab antiquitate*, my master loveth antique work.

Top. Give me a pippin that is withered [45] like an old wife!

Epi. Good, sir.

Top. Then, — a *contrario sequitur argumentum*, — give me a wife that looks like an old pippin. 50

Epi [*Aside*] Nothing hath made my master a fool but flat scholarship.

Top. Knowest thou not that old wine is best?

Epi. Yes.

Top. And thou knowest that like will to [55] like?

Epi. Ay.

Top. And thou knowest that Venus loved the best wine?

Epi. So 60

Top. Then I conclude that Venus was an old woman in an old cup of wine, for *est Venus in vinis, ignis in igne fuit*

Epi. O *lepidum caput*! O madcap master! You were worthy to win Dipsas, were she as [65] old again, for in your love you have worn the nap of your wit quite off and made it thread-bare. But soft, who comes here?

[*Enter Samias and Dares*]

Top. My solicitors

Sam. All hail, Sir Tophas, how feel you [70] yourself?

Top. Stately in every joint, which the common people term stiffness. Doth Dipsas stoop? Will she yield? Will she bend?

Dar. Oh, sir, as much as you would wish, [75] for her chin almost toucheth her knees

Epi. Master, she is bent, I warrant you

Top. What conditions doth she ask?

Sam. She hath vowed she will never love any that hath not a tooth in his head less [80] than she

Top. How many hath she?

Dar. One.

Epi. That goeth hard, master, for then you must have none 85

Top. A small request, and agreeable to the gravity of her years. What should a wise man do with his mouth full of bones like a charnel-house? The turtle true hath ne'er a tooth

Sam [*To Epi*] Thy master is in a notable [90] vein, that will lose his teeth to be like a turtle

Epi [*Aside*] Let him lose his tongue, too; I care not

Dar. Nay, you must also have no nails, for she long since hath cast hers 95

Top. That I yield too. What a quiet life

¹⁻² jüstled . . . wall: got the better of ⁷ lord of misrule: a person, often of inferior rank, who presided over the Christmas festivities at such places as the universities or the Inns of Court ¹⁸ love-pap: ('love lappe' Q. Blount) ²⁰ *Dulce venenum*: sweet poison ²²⁻²³ (Jesting at the boy-actor of Sir Tophas) ²⁷ spring: grove ²⁹ quiller: unfledged bird ³³ *Agnosco . . . flammæ*: I recognize the traces of an old flame ⁴⁰ coney: rabbit rabbit-sucker: sucking rabbit ⁶²⁻⁶³ *est . . . fut*: In wines there is Venus; there was fire in fire ⁶⁴ O . . . caput: O charming person ⁶⁵ turtle: turtle-dove

shall Dipsas and I lead when we can neither bite nor scratch! You may see, youths, how age provides for peace.

Sam. [*Aside*] How shall we do to make [100 him leave his love, for we never spake to her?

Dar. [*Aside*] Let me alone [*To Sir Tophas*] She is a notable witch, and hath turned her maid Bagoa to an aspen tree, for bewraying her secrets. 105

Top I honour her for her cunning, for now when I am weary of walking on two legs, what a pleasure may she do me to turn me to some goodly ass, and help me to four

Dar. Nay, then I must tell you the [110 troth Her husband, Geron, is come home, who this fifty years hath had her to wife

Top. What do I hear? Hath she an husband? Go to the sexton and tell him Desire is dead, and will him to dig his grave O [115 heavens, an husband! What death is agreeable to my fortune?

Sam. Be not desperate, and we will help you to find a young lady.

Top. I love no grissels; they are so brittle they will crack like glass, or so dainty that if they be touched they are straight of the fashion of wax, *animus majoribus instat*, I desire old matrons What a sight would it be to embrace one whose hair were as orient as [125 the pearl, whose teeth shall be so pure a watchet that they shall stain the truest turquoise, whose nose shall throw more beams from it than the fiery carbuncle, whose eyes shall be environ'd about with redness exceeding the deepest coral, and whose lips might compare with silver for the paleness! Such a one if you can help me to, I will by piecemeal curtail my affections towards Dipsas, and walk my swelling thoughts till they be cold 135

Epi Wisely provided How say you, my friends, will you angle for my master's cause?

Sam. Most willingly.

Dar. If we speed him not shortly, I will burn my cap We will serve him of the spades, [140 and dig an old wife out of the grave that shall be answerable to his gravity.

Top Youths, adieu, he that bringeth me first news, shall possess mine inheritance.

[*Exit Sir Tophas.*]

Dar. What, is thy master landed? 145

Epi Know you not that my master is *liber tenens*?

Sam What 's that?

Epi A freeholder. But I will after him.

Sam. And we to hear what news of Endymion for the conclusion. *Exeunt* 150

Actus quintus. Scæna tertia.

Panelon, Zonies

Pan. Who would have thought that Tellus, being so far by nature, so honourable by birth, so wise by education, would have entered into a mischief to the gods so odious, to men so detestable, and to her friend so malicious? 5

Zon If Bagoa had not bewrayed it, how then should it have come to light? But we see that gold and fair words are of force to corrupt the strongest men, and therefore able to work silly women like wax 10

Pan I marvel what Cynthia will determine in this cause

Zon. I fear, as in all causes — hear of it in justice, and then judge of it in mercy; for how can it be that she that is unwilling to punish [15 her deadliest foes with disgrace, will revenge injuries of her train with death?

Pan That old witch, Dipsas, in a rage, having understood her practice to be discovered, turned poor Bagoa to an aspen tree. But let [20 us make haste and bring Tellus before Cynthia, for she was coming out after us

Zon Let us go.

Exeunt.

Cynthia, Semele, Floscula, Dipsas, Endymion, Eumenides, [Geron, Pythagoras, Gypies, and Sir Tophas]

Cynth. Dipsas, thy years are not so many as thy vices, yet more in number than commonly [25 nature doth afford or justice should permit. Hast thou almost these fifty years practised that detested wickedness of witchcraft? Wast thou, so simple as for to know the nature of simples, of all creatures to be most sinful? Thou hast [30 threat'ned to turn my course awry and alter by thy damnable art the government that I now possess by the eternal gods, but know thou, Dipsas, and let all the enchanters know, that Cynthia, being placed for light on earth, is also [35 protected by the powers of heaven. Breathe out thou mayest words, gather thou mayest herbs, find out thou mayest stones agreeable to thine art; yet of no force to appal my heart in which courage is so rooted, and constant [40 persuasion of the mercy of the gods so grounded, that all thy witchcraft I esteem as weak as the world doth thy case wretched. This noble gentleman, Geron, once thy husband but now thy mortal hate, didst thou procure to live in [45 a desert, almost desperate, Endymion, the flower of my court and the hope of succeeding

¹²⁰ grissels: young girls ¹³⁵ animus . . . instat: My desire pursues older women. ¹³⁶ orient: whitish ¹³⁷ watchet: light blue ¹³⁹ speed him: aid him ¹⁴⁴ landed: possessed of land ¹⁴⁶⁻¹⁴⁷ liber tenens: a free man who holds property; pun on "libertine"

time, hast thou bewitched by art, before thou wouldest suffer him to flourish by nature

Dipsas. Madam, things past may be repented, not recalled: there is nothing so wicked that I have not done, nor anything so wished for as death. Yet among all the things that I committed, there is nothing so much tormenteth my rented and ransack'd thoughts as that in the prime of my husband's youth I divorced him by my devilish art; for which if to die might be amends, I would not live till tomorrow. If to live and still be more miserably would better content him, I would wish of all creatures to be the oldest and ugliest

Geron. Dipsas, thou hast made this difference between me and Endymion, that being both young, thou hast caused me to wake in melancholy, losing the joys of my youth, and him to sleep, not remembering youth

Cynth. Stay, here cometh Tellus; we shall now know all.

Enter Corsites, Tellus, Panson, etc

Cors. I would to Cynthia thou couldest make as good an excuse in truth as to me thou hast done by wit

Tellus. Truth shall be mine answer, and therefore I will not study for an excuse

Cynth. Is it possible, Tellus, that so few years should harbour so many mischiefs? Thy swelling pride have I borne, because it is a thing that beauty maketh blameless, which the more it exceedeth fairness in measure, the more it stretcheth itself in disdain. Thy devices against Corsites I smile at, for that wits, the sharper they are, the shrewder they are, but this unacquainted and most unnatural practice with a vile enchantress against so noble a gentleman as Endymion I abhor as a thing most malicious, and will revenge as a deed most monstrous And as for you, Dipsas, I will send you into the desert amongst wild beasts, and try whether you can cast lions, tigers, boars, and bears into as dead a sleep as you did Endymion, or turn them to trees, as you have done Bagoa. But tell me, Tellus, what was the cause of this cruel part, far unfitting thy sex, in which nothing should be but simpleness, and much disagreeing from thy face, in which nothing seemed to be but softness.

Tellus. Divine Cynthia, by whom I receive my life and am content to end it, I can neither excuse my fault without lying, nor confess it without shame. Yet were it possible that in so heavenly thoughts as yours there could fall such earthly motions as mine, I would then hope, if not to be pardoned without extreme punishment, yet to be heard without great marvel.

¹⁰ rented: torn ⁸¹ shrewder: more malicious
rôle ¹⁰¹ motions: impulses ¹⁰⁶ colour: gloss over

Cynth. Say on, Tellus, I cannot imagine any thing that can colour such a cruelty.

Tellus. Endymion, that Endymion, in the prime of his youth, so ravish'd my heart with love, that to obtain my desires I could not find means, nor to resist them reason. What was she that favoured not Endymion, being young, wise, honourable, and virtuous; besides, what metal was she made of (be she mortal) that is not affected with the spice, nay, infected with the poison of that not-to-be-expressed yet always-to-be-felt love, which breaketh the brains and never bruisseth the brow, consumeth the heart and never toucheth the skin, and maketh a deep scar to be seen before any wound at all be felt. My heart, too tender to withstand such a divine fury, yielded to love. Madam, I — not without blushing confess — yielded to love.

Cynth. A strange effect of love, to work such an extreme hate How say you, Endymion? All this was for love?

End. I say, madam, then the gods send me a woman's hate.

Cynth. That were as bad, for then by contrary you should never sleep. But on, Tellus; let us hear the end.

Tellus. Feeling a continual burning in all my bowels, and a bursting almost in every vein, I could not smother the inward fire, but it must needs be perceived by the outward smoke; and by the flying abroad of divers sparks, divers judged of my scalding flames Endymion, as full of art as wit, marking mine eyes, (in which he might see almost his own), my sighs, (by which he might ever hear his name sounded), aimed at my heart, in which he was assured his person was imprinted, and by questions wrung out that which was ready to burst out. When he saw the depth of my affections, he swore that mine in respect of his were as fumes to Aetna, valleys to Alps, ants to eagles, and nothing could be compared to my beauty but his love and eternity. Thus drawing a smooth shoe upon a crooked foot, he made me believe that (which all of our sex willingly acknowledge) I was beautiful, and to wonder (which indeed is a thing miraculous) that any of his sex should be faithful.

Cynth. Endymion, how will you clear yourself?

End. Madam, by mine own accuser
Cynth. Well, Tellus, proceed; but briefly, lest taking delight in uttering thy love, thou offend us with the length of it

Tellus. I will, madam, quickly make an end of my love and my tale. Finding continual

⁸¹⁻⁸² unacquainted: unheard of ⁸¹ part: act,
¹⁰⁹ resist: ('resite' Q; 'recite' Blount)

increase of my tormenting thoughts, and that the enjoying of my love made deeper wounds than the entering into it, I could find no means to ease my grief but to follow Endymion, and continually to have him in the object of mine eyes who had me slave and subject to his love. But in the moment that I feared his falsehood and tried myself most in mine affections, I found — ah, grief, even then I lost myself! — I found him in most melancholy and desperate terms, cursing his stars, his state, the earth, the heavens, the world, and all for the love of —
Cynth. Of whom? Tellus, speak boldly.

Tellus. Madam, I dare not utter, for fear to offend.

Cynth. Speak, I say; who dare take offence, if thou be commanded by Cynthia?

Tellus. For the love of Cynthia.

Cynth. For my love, Tellus? That were strange. Endymion, is it true?

End. In all things, madam, Tellus doth not speak false.

Cynth. What will this breed to in the end? Well, Endymion, we shall hear all

Tellus. I, seeing my hopes turned to mis- haps, and a settled dissembling towards me, and an unmovable desire to Cynthia, forgetting both myself and my sex, fell unto this unnatural hate; for knowing your virtues, Cynthia, to be immortal, I could not have an imagination to withdraw him; and finding mine own affections unquenchable, I could not carry the mind that any else should possess what I had pursued. For though in majesty, beauty, virtue, and dignity, I always humbled and yielded myself to Cynthia, yet in affections I esteemed myself equal with the goddesses, and all other creatures, according to their states, with myself, for stars to their bigness have their lights, and the sun hath no more, and little pitchers, when they can hold no more, are as full as great vessels that run over. Thus, madam, in all truth have I uttered the unhappiness of my love and the cause of my hate, yielding wholly to that divine judgment which never erred for want of wisdom or envied for too much partiality.

Cynth. How say you, my lords, to this matter? But what say you, Endymion, hath Tellus told troth?

End. Madam, in all things but in that she said I loved her and swore to honour her

Cynth. Was there such a time whenas for my love thou didst vow thyself to death, and in respect of it loathed thy life? Speak, Endymion; I will not revenge it with hate

End. The time was, madam, and is, and ever shall be, that I honoured your highness

above all the world, but to stretch it so far as to call it love I never durst. There hath none pleased mine eye but Cynthia, none delighted mine ears but Cynthia, none possessed my heart but Cynthia. I have forsaken all other fortunes to follow Cynthia, and here I stand ready to die, if it please Cynthia. Such a difference hath the gods set between our states that all must be duty, loyalty, and reverence; nothing (without it vouchsafe your highness) be termed love. My unspotted thoughts, my languishing body, my discontented life, let them obtain by princely favour that which to challenge they must not presume, only wishing of impossibilities, with imagination of which I will spend my spirits, and to myself, that no creature may hear, softly call it love, and if any urge to utter what I whisper, then will I name it honour. From this sweet contemplation if I be not driven, I shall live of all men the most content, taking more pleasure in mine aged thoughts than ever I did in my youthful actions.

Cynth. Endymion, this honourable respect of thine shall be christened love in thee, and my reward for it, favour. Persever, Endymion, in loving me, and I account more strength in a true heart than in a walled city. I have laboured to win all, and study to keep such as I have won, but those that neither my favour can move to continue constant, nor my offered benefits get to be faithful, the gods shall either reduce to truth, or revenge their treacheries with justice. Endymion, continue as thou hast begun, and thou shalt find that Cynthia shineth not on thee in vain

[*Endymion throws off the marks of old age.*]

End. Your highness hath blessed me, and your words have again restored my youth, methinks I feel my joints strong and these mouldy hairs to moult, and all by your virtue, Cynthia, into whose hands the balance that weigheth time and fortune are committed

Cynth. What, young again! Then it is pity to punish Tellus

Tellus. Ah, Endymion, now I know thee and ask pardon of thee; suffer me still to wish thee well

End. Tellus, Cynthia must command what she will

Flosc. Endymion, I rejoice to see thee in thy former estate

End. Good Floscula, to thee also am I in my former affections

Eum. Endymion, the comfort of my life, how am I ravished with a joy matchless, saving only the enjoying of my mistress.

100-101 could . . . him: could not imagine that I could withdraw him 102 carry the mind: bear to think 109 to: according to 243 Persever: persevere

Cynth. Endymion, you must now tell who Eumenides shrineth for his saint.

End. Semele, madam. 275

Cynth. Semele, Eumenides? Is it Semele, the very wasp of all women, whose tongue stingeth as much as an adder's tooth?

Eum. It is Semele, Cynthia, the possessing of whose love must only prolong my life. 280

Cynth. Nay, sith Endymion is restored, we will have all parties pleased. Semele, are you content after so long trial of his faith, such rare secrecy, such unspotted love, to take Eumenides? Why speak you not? Not a word? 285

End. Silence, madam, consents, that is most true.

Cynth. It is true, Endymion. Eumenides, take Semele; take her, I say.

Eum. Humble thanks, madam, now 290 only do I begin to live.

Sem. A hard choice, madam, either to be married if I say nothing, or to lose my tongue if I speak a word. Yet do I rather choose to have my tongue cut out than my heart distem- 295 pered: I will not have him.

Cynth. Speaks the parrot! She shall nod hereafter with signs. Cut off her tongue, nay her head, that having a servant of honourable birth, honest manners, and true love, will 300 not be persuaded.

Sem. He is no faithful lover, madam, for then would he have asked his mistress.

Ger. Had he not been faithful, he had never seen into the fountain, and so lost his friend 305 and mistress.

Eum. Thine own thoughts, sweet Semele, witness against thy words, for what hast thou found in my life but love? And as yet what have I found in my love but bitterness? 310 Madam, pardon Semele, and let my tongue ransom hers.

Cynth. Thy tongue, Eumenides! What, shouldst thou live wanting a tongue to blaze the beauty of Semele! Well, Semele, I will 315 not command love, for it cannot be enforced; let me entreat it.

Sem. I am content your highness shall command, for now only do I think Eumenides faithful, that is willing to lose his tongue for my 320 sake; yet loath, because it should do me better service. Madam, I accept of Eumenides.

Cynth. I thank you, Semele.

Eum. Ah, happy Eumenides, that hast a friend so faithful and a mistress so fair! 325 With what sudden mischief will the gods daunt this excess of joy? Sweet Semele, I live or die as thou wilt.

Cynth. What shall become of Tellus? Tellus,

you know Endymion is vowed to a service 330 from which death cannot remove him. Coristes casteth still a lovely look towards you. How say you, will you have your Coristes, and so receive pardon for all that is past?

Tellus. Madam, most willingly. 335

Cynth. But I cannot tell whether Coristes be agreed.

Cors. Ay, madam, more happy to enjoy Tellus than the monarchy of the world.

Eum. Why, she caused you to be pinched 340 with fairies.

Cors. Ay, but her fairness hath pinched my heart more deeply.

Cynth. Well, enjoy thy love. But what have you wrought in the castle, Tellus? 345

Tellus. Only the picture of Endymion.

Cynth. Then so much of Endymion as his picture cometh to, possess and play withal.

Cors. Ah, my sweet Tellus, my love shall be as thy beauty is, matchless. 350

Cynth. Now it resteth, Dipsas, that if thou wilt forswear that vile art of enchanting, Geron hath promised again to receive thee; otherwise, if thou be wedded to that wickedness, I must and will see it punished to the uttermost. 355

Dipsas. Madam, I renounce both substance and shadow of that most horrible and hateful trade, vowing to the gods continual penance, and to your highness obedience.

Cynth. How say you, Geron, will you 360 admit her to your wife?

Ger. Ay, with more joy than I did the first day, for nothing could happen to make me happy but only her forsaking that lewd and detestable course. Dipsas, I embrace thee. 365

Dipsas. And I thee, Geron, to whom I will hereafter recite the cause of these my first follies.

Cynth. Well, Endymion, nothing resteth now but that we depart. Thou hast my favour, 370 Tellus her friend; Eumenides in paradise with his Semele; Geron contented with Dipsas.

Top. Nay, soft, I cannot handsomely go to bed without Bagoa.

Cynth. Well, Sir Tophas, it may be there 375 are more virtues in me than myself knoweth of, for Endymion I awaked, and at my words he waxed young. I will try whether I can turn this tree again to thy true love.

Top. Turn her to a true love or false, so 380 she be a wench I care not.

Cynth. Bagoa, Cynthia putteth an end to thy hard fortunes; for, being turned to a tree for revealing a truth, I will recover thee again, if in my power be the effect of truth. 385

[*Bagoa recovers human shape*]

³⁰⁸ asked: s.e., asked for
mains ³⁶⁴ lewd: base

³⁰⁸ lost: s.e., would have lost

³²² lovely: loving

³²¹ resteth: re-

Top. Bagoa, a bots upon thee!

Cynth. Come, my lords, let us in. You, Gyptes and Pythagoras, if you can content yourselves in our court, to fall from vain follies of philosophers to such virtues as are here practised, [390 you shall be entertained according to your deserts, for Cynthia is no stepmother to strangers.

Pythag. I had rather in Cynthia's court spend ten years than in Greece one hour.

Gyptes. And I choose rather to live by [395 the sight of Cynthia than by the possessing of all Egypt.

Cynth. Then follow.

Eum. We all attend.

Exeunt.

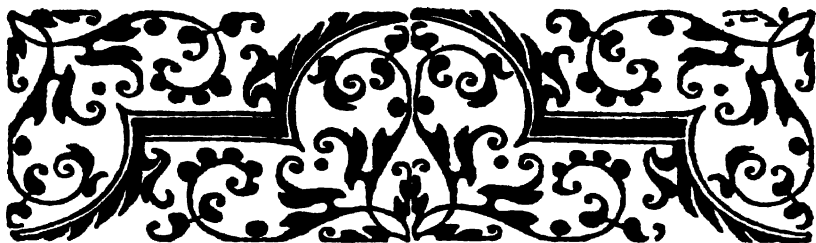
THE EPILOGUE

A MAN walking abroad, the Wind and Sun strove for sovereignty, the one with his blast, the other with his beams. The Wind blew hard, the man wrapped his garment about him harder: it blustered more strongly; he then girt it fast to him "I cannot prevail," said the Wind. The Sun, casting her crystal beams, began to warm the man, he unloosed his gown. Yet it shined brighter; he then put it off "I yield," said the Wind, "for if thou continue shining, he will also put off [5 his coat."

Dread Sovereign, the malicious that seek to overthrow us with threats, do but stiffen our thoughts, and make them sturdier in storms, but if Your Highness vouchsafe with your favourable beams to glance upon us, we shall not only stoop, but with all humility lay both our hands and hearts at Your Majesty's feet.

10

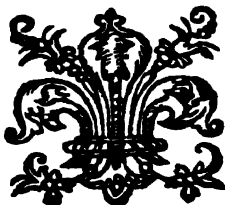
³⁸⁶ bots: plague (*ist*, worms)



THE
HONORABLE HISTORIE
of frier Bacon, and frier Bongay.

As it was plaid by her Maiesties seruants.

Made by *Robert Greene* Maister of Arts.



L O N D O N,

Printed for Edward White, and are to be sold at his shop, at
the little North dore of Poules, at the signe of
the Gun. 1594.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL RECORD. The earliest Quarto of *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay* appeared in 1594 with the statement that the play had been "made by Robert Greene, Master of Arts." Other editions followed in 1630 and 1655. The play had been entered on the Register of the Stationers' Co., May 14, 1594. — *Edward White. Entred for his Copie vnder th[e h]ands of bothe the wardens a booke entituled the Historie of ffryer Bacon and ffryer Bounsaye . . . vjd*

DATE AND STAGE PERFORMANCE. This play bears a relationship both in plot and in specific passages to Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*, and has formerly been conjectured to have been written about 1589 in order to compete with the latter by showing an English sorcerer who defeats his German rival. But we have no positive evidence for so early a date, nor is the priority of *Doctor Faustus* to *Friar Bacon* assured (cf. Introduction to *Doctor Faustus*). The emphasis on the establishment of peace in Queen Elizabeth's reign in Bacon's last speech must have been written after the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588, but this may be an addition written for a special performance before the Queen. The title-page of the first edition states that the play had been "plaid by her Maesties seruants." Henslowe records a revival of the play by Lord Strange's Men at the Rose on Feb. 19, 1592, and thereafter, and another revival in April, 1594, by the combined companies of the Queen's Men and Sussex's Men. The Admiral's Men revived the play once more for the Christmas festivities at Court in 1602. Thomas Middleton received five shillings for a prologue and an epilogue to be used at this performance. The title-page of the 1630 Quarto states that the play had been "lately plaid by the Prince Palatine his Seruants." As these players were the direct successors of the Admiral's Men, it is probable that the play had an occasional performance until the closing of the theatres.

STRUCTURE. The play belongs to the "chronicle history" type, presenting a series of interesting events without definite limitation of time, place, or action. Neither acts nor scenes are marked in the early texts, and the nature of the entertainment provided is (as commonly in Greene's plays) generously varied.

SOURCE. Greene's immediate source was a prose narrative called *The Famous History of Friar Bacon*. Although the earliest surviving edition of this tract is dated 1627, the composition of the book clearly belongs to a much earlier period. The Stationers' Register bears witness to the interest in magic and witchcraft, particularly as they were practised by Bacon and Doctor Faustus, which prevailed during the last decade of Greene's life. Mr. P. Z. Round has pointed out (*Modern Language Review*, 1926, pp. 19-23) the use made by Greene of Holinshed's Chronicle.

HISTORICAL BACKGROUND. Although professing to use the material of history, this play is actually almost pure fiction. Neither the Emperor of Germany (Frederick II) nor the King of Castile (Ferdinand III) ever made a visit to England, so far as is known. Prince Edward married Elinor of Castile some sixteen years before the Crusade referred to in the play, and he was represented by proxy at the wedding. He did not ever fight before the walls of Damascus, nor did he have any historical connection with Friar Bacon. The name of Vandermast is unknown in the annals of science and magic. Warren was normally known as Earl of Surrey, not of Sussex, and there is no record of any actual person to correspond to Margaret of Fressingfield.

ROBERT GREENE (1558–1592)

THE HONOURABLE HISTORY OF FRIAR BACON AND FRIAR BUNGAY

[DRAMATIS PERSONAE

KING HENRY III of England (1216–1272)
EDWARD, Prince of Wales, his son
FREDERICK, Emperor of Germany
KING OF CASTILE
EDWARD LACY, Earl of Lincoln
EDWARD [or JOHN] WARREN, Earl of Sussex
WILLIAM ERMSBY, a gentleman of the Court
RALPH SIMNELL, the Court Fool

JAQUES VANDERMAST, a German Conjurer
MILES, Friar Bacon's poor scholar

LAMBERT } Gentlemen of Suffolk
SERLSBY }
LAMBERT, Jr } Oxford Scholars,
SERLSBY, Jr } sons of the above
THOMAS and RICHARD Suffolk rustics

ROGER BACON, a Franciscan Friar (1215?–1292?)
BURDEN, MASON, and CLEMENT Doctors of
Oxford
FRIAR BUNGAY, a Suffolk Conjurer

PRINCESS ELINOR of Castile
MARGARET, daughter of the Keeper of Fressing-
field Park
JOAN, a Suffolk country wench

The Keeper of the Royal Park of Fressingfield, Suffolk, an Oxford Constable, the Hostess of the
Bell Inn, Henley, a Post, Lords, Countrymen, etc., a Devil; Spirit in shape of Hercules; a Dragon

SCENE The English Court, Fressingfield and Harleston in Suffolk, Oxford]

[SCENE I *Fressingfield*]

*Enter Prince Edward malcontented, with Lacy,
Earl of Lincoln, John Warren, Earl of
Sussex, and Ermsby, gentleman Ralph
Simnell, the King's Fool*

Lacy. Why looks my lord like a troubled
sky

When heaven's bright shine is shadow'd with a
fog?

Alate we ran the deer, and through the launds
Stripp'd with our nags the lofty frolic bucks
That scudded 'fore the teasers like the wind
Ne'er was the deer of merry Fressingfield
So lustily pull'd down by jolly mates,
Nor shar'd the farmers such fat venison,
So frankly dealt, this hundred years before,
Nor have I seen my lord more frolic in the
chase,
And now — chang'd to a melancholy dump.

War. After the prince got to the Keeper's
lodge,

And had been jocund in the house awhile,
Tossing off ale and milk in country cans,
Whether it was the country's sweet content, 15
Or else the bonny damsel fill'd us drink,

s. d. Prince Edward: ('Edward the First'
'Stripp'd': outstripped 'teasers: dogs used to
distributed 'stammel: coarse woolen cloth
'amort: dejected 'scab: rogue

That seem'd so stately in her stammel red,
Or that a qualm did cross his stomach then, —
But straight he fell into his passions

Erms Sirrah Ralph, what say you to your
master? 20

Shall he thus all amort live malcontent?

Ralph Hearest thou, Ned? — Nay, look if
he will speak to me!

P Edw What say'st thou to me, fool?

Ralph I prithee, tell me, Ned, art thou in 25
love with the Keeper's daughter?

P Edw How if I be, what then?

Ralph Why, then, sirrah, I'll teach thee
how to deceive Love

P Edw How, Ralph? 30

Ralph Marry, Sirrah Ned, thou shalt put on
my cap and my coat and my dagger, and I will
put on thy clothes and thy sword, and so thou
shalt be my fool

P Edw And what of this? 35

Ralph Why, so thou shalt beguile Love, for
Love is such a proud scab, that he will never
meddle with fools nor children Is not Ralph's
counsel good, Ned?

P Edw Tell me, Ned Lacy, didst thou mark
the maid, 40

How hvely in her country-weeds she look'd?

Q 1) 'Alate: of late launds: glades
rouse the game 'frankly dealt: generously

'Ralph: (spelled 'Raphe' regularly in Q 1)

A bonnier wench all Suffolk cannot yield. —
All Suffolk! nay, all England holds none such
Ralph Sirrah Will Ermsby, Ned is deceived.

Erms. Why, Ralph? 45

Ralph. He says all England hath no such,
and I say, and I'll stand to it, there is one better
in Warwickshire.

War. How provest thou that, Ralph?

Ralph. Why, is not the abbot a learned 50
man, and hath read many books, and thinkest
thou he hath not more learning than thou to
choose a bonny wench? Yes, I warrant thee,
by his whole grammar

Erms. A good reason, Ralph. 55

P. Edw. I tell thee, Lacy, that her sparkling
eyes

Do lighten forth sweet love's alluring fire;
And in her tresses she doth fold the looks
Of such as gaze upon her golden hair,
Her bashful white, mix'd with the morning's
red 60

Luna doth boast upon her lovely cheeks;
Her front is beauty's table, where she paints
The glories of her gorgeous excellence;
Her teeth are shelves of precious marguerites,
Richly enclos'd with ruddy coral cleeves 65
Tush, Lacy, she is Beauty's over-match,
If thou survey'st her curious imagery.

Lacy. I grant, my lord, the damsel is as fair
As simple Suffolk's homely towns can yield,
But in the court be quantier dames than she, 70
Whose faces are enrich'd with honour's taint,
Whose beauties stand upon the stage of Fame,
And vaunt their trophies in the Courts of Love

P. Edw. Ah, Ned, but hadst thou watch'd
her as myself,

And seen the secret beauties of the maid, 75
Their courtly coyness were but foolery.

Erms. Why, how watch'd you her, my lord?

P. Edw. Whenas she swept like Venus
through the house,

And in her shape fast folded up my thoughts,
Into the milk-house went I with the maid, 80
And there amongst the cream-bowls she did
shine

As Pallas 'mongst her princely huswifery
She turn'd her smock over her lily arms,
And div'd them into milk to run her cheese;
But, whiter than the milk, her crystal skin, 85
Checked with lines of azure, made her blush
That art or nature durst bring for compare
Ermsby, if thou hadst seen, as I did note it
well,

How Beauty play'd the huswife, how this girl,
Like Lucrece, laid her fingers to the work, 90

Thou wouldst, with Tarquin, hazard Rome
and all

To win the lovely maid of Fressingfield.

Ralph. Sirrah Ned, wouldst fain have her?

P. Edw. Ay, Ralph

Ralph. Why, Ned, I have laid the plot in 95
my head; thou shalt have her already.

P. Edw. I'll give thee a new coat, an thou
learn me that

Ralph. Why, Sirrah Ned, we'll ride to Ox-
ford to Friar Bacon. O, he is a brave scholar, 100
sirrah, they say he is a brave necromancer, that
he can make women of devils, and he can juggle
cats into costermongers

P. Edw. And how then, Ralph?

Ralph. Marry, sirrah, thou shalt go to 105
him* and because thy father Harry shall not
miss thee, he shall turn me into thee, and I'll
to the court, and I'll prince it out, and he shall
make thee either a silken purse full of gold, or
else a fine wrought smock. 110

P. Edw. But how shall I have the maid?

Ralph. Marry, sirrah, if thou be'st a silken
purse full of gold, then on Sundays she'll hang
thee by her side, and you must not say a word.
Now, sir, when she comes into a great 115
press of people, for fear of the cutpurse, on a
sudden she'll swap thee into her plackerd;
then, sirrah, being there, you may plead for
yourself.

Erms. Excellent policy! 120

P. Edw. But how if I be a wrought smock?

Ralph. Then she'll put thee into her chest
and lay thee into lavender, and upon some good
day she'll put thee on, and at night when you
go to bed, then being turned from a smock 125
to a man, you may make up the match.

Lacy. Wonderfully wisely counselled, Ralph.

P. Edw. Ralph shall have a new coat

Ralph. God thank you when I have it on my
back, Ned 130

P. Edw. Lacy, the fool hath laid a perfect
plot,

For-why our country Margaret is so coy,
And stands so much upon her honest points,
That marriage or no market with the maid.
Ermsby, it must be necromantic spells 135
And charms of art that must enchain her love,
Or else shall Edward never win the girl
Therefore, my wags, we'll horse us in the
morn,

And post to Oxford to this jolly friar:
Bacon shall by his magic do this deed. 140

War. Content, my lord; and that's a speedy
way

* front: brow table: tablet * marguerites: pearls * cleeves: cliffs * curious imagery:
rare appearance 70 quantier: more exquisite 71 honour's taint: marks of high breeding * made:
i.e., would have made * an thou: ('and' Q 1) 100 because: so that 117 swap: sweep plackerd:
placket 118 For-why: because 128 honest points: points of honour

To wean these headstrong puppies from the teat.

P. Edw. I am unknown, not taken for the prince,

They only deem us frolic courtiers,
That revel thus among our liege's game; 145

Therefore I have devis'd a policy
Lacy, thou know'st next Friday is Saint James',

And then the country flocks to Harleston fair;

Then will the Keeper's daughter frolic there,
And over-shine the troop of all the maids 150

That come to see and to be seen that day
Haunt thee disguis'd among the country-swains,
Feign th' art a farmer's son, not far from thence,

Espy her loves, and who she liketh best,
Cote him, and court her, to control the clown, 155

Say that the courtier tired all in green,
That help'd her handsomely to run her cheese,
And fill'd her father's lodge with venison,
Commends him, and sends fairings to herself
Buy something worthy of her parentage, 160
Not worth her beauty, for, Lacy, then the fair

Affords no jewel fitting for the maid
And when thou talk'st of me, note if she blush,

O, then she loves. but if her cheeks wax pale,
Disdain it is Lacy, send how she fares, 165
And spare no time nor cost to win her loves.

Lacy. I will, my lord, so execute this charge
As if that Lacy were in love with her.

P. Edw. Send letters speedily to Oxford of the news

Ralph. And, Sirrah Lacy, buy me a thou- 170
sand thousand million of fine bells

Lacy. What wilt thou do with them, Ralph?

Ralph. Marry, every time that Ned sighs for the Keeper's daughter, I'll tie a bell about him, and so within three or four days I will send 175 word to his father Harry that his son and my master Ned is become Love's morris-dance

P. Edw. Well, Lacy, look with care unto thy charge,

And I will haste to Oxford to the friar,
That he by art and thou by secret gifts 180
Mayst make me lord of merry Fressingfield.

Lacy. God send your honour your heart's desire

Exeunt.

[SCENE II. *Friar Bacon's Cell at Brasenose College*]

Enter Friar Bacon, with Miles his poor Scholar, with books under his arm, with them Burden, Mason, Clement, three Doctors

Bacon. Miles, where are you?

Miles. *Hic sum, doctissime et reverendissime doctor*

Bacon. *Attulisti nos libros meos de necromantia?* 5

Miles. *Ecce quam bonum et quam jucundum habitare libros in unum!*

Bacon. Now, masters of our academic state,
That rule in Oxford, viceroys in your place,
Whose heads contain maps of the liberal arts, 10
Spending your time in depth of learned skill,
Why flock you thus to Bacon's secret cell,
A friar newly stall'd in Brasenose?

Say what's your mind, that I may make reply.
Burd. Bacon, we hear that long we have suspect, 15

That thou art read in magic's mystery;
In pyromancy, to divine by flames;
To tell, by hydromantic, ebbs and tides;
By aeromancy to discover doubts,

To plain out questions, as Apollo did 20

Bacon. Well, Master Burden, what of all this?

Miles. Marry, sir, he doth but fulfil, by rehearsing of these names, the fable of the Fox and the Grapes, that which is above us pertains nothing to us 25

Burd. I tell thee, Bacon, Oxford makes report,

Nay, England, and the court of Henry says,
Th' art making of a brazen head by art,
Which shall unfold strange doubts and aphorisms,

And read a lecture in philosophy; 30

And, by the help of devils and ghostly fiends,
Thou mean'st, ere many years or days be past,
To compass England with a wall of brass.

Bacon. And what of this?

Miles. What of this, master! Why, he 35 doth speak mystically, for he knows, if your skill fail to make a brazen head, yet Mother Waters' strong ale will fit his turn to make him have a copper nose

Clem. Bacon, we come not grieving at thy skill, 40

But joying that our academy yields

¹⁴⁷ Saint James': St James' Day (July 25) ¹⁴⁸ cote: outstrip, surpass ¹⁴⁹ control: overcome
¹⁵⁰ thred: attired ¹⁵¹ fairings: gifts ¹⁵²⁻³ Here I am, most learned and reverend doctor ¹⁵⁴ Have
you brought us my books of necromancy? ¹⁵⁵ See how good and pleasant it is for books to dwell
together in one place (or in unity) (Cf Psalm cxxxiii 1) ¹⁵⁶ viceroys . . . place: with viceregal
authority ¹⁵⁷ stall'd: enstalled ¹⁵⁸ that . . . suspect: what . . . suspected ¹⁵⁹ hydromantic: divi-
nation by water ('Hadromaticke' Q 1) ¹⁶⁰ aeromancy: divination from the air ¹⁶¹ discover doubts:
solve difficulties ¹⁶² plain out: explain ¹⁶³ aphorisms: statements of scientific principles

A man suppos'd the wonder of the world;
 For if thy cunning work these miracles,
 England and Europe shall admire thy fame,
 And Oxford shall in characters of brass, 45
 And statues, such as were built up in Rome,
 Eternize Friar Bacon for his art

Mason. Then, gentle friar, tell us thy intent.

Bacon. Seeing you come as friends unto the friar,

Resolve you, doctors, Bacon can by books 50
 Make storming Boreas thunder from his cave,
 And dim fair Luna to a dark eclipse
 The great arch-ruler, potentate of hell,
 Trembles when Bacon bids him or his fiends
 Bow to the force of his pentagonon 55

What art can work, the frolic friar knows;
 And therefore will I turn my magic books,
 And strain out necromancy to the deep
 I have contriv'd and fram'd a head of brass
 (I made Belcephon hammer out the stuff), 60
 And that by art shall read philosophy,

And I will strengthen England by my skill,
 That if ten Cæsars liv'd and reign'd in Rome,
 With all the legions Europe doth contain,
 They should not touch a grass of English
 ground. 65

The work that Ninus rear'd at Babylon,
 The brazen walls fram'd by Semiramis,
 Carv'd out like to the portal of the sun,
 Shall not be such as rings the English strand
 From Dover to the market-place of Rye. 70

Burd. Is this possible?

Miles. I'll bring ye two or three witnesses.

Burd. What be those?

Miles. Marry, sir, three or four as honest
 devils and good companions as any be in hell 175

Mason. No doubt but magic may do much
 in this,

For he that reads but mathematic rules
 Shall find conclusions that avail to work
 Wonders that pass the common sense of men.

Burd. But Bacon roves a bow beyond his
 reach, 80

And tells of more than magic can perform,
 Thinking to get a fame by fooleries
 Have I not pass'd as far in state of schools,
 And read of many secrets? Yet to think
 That heads of brass can utter any voice, 85
 Or more, to tell of deep philosophy, —
 This is a fable Æsop had forgot

Bacon. Burden, thou wrong'st me in detract-
 ing thus,

Bacon loves not to stuff himself with lies.
 But tell me 'fore these doctors, if thou dare, 90
 Of certain questions I shall move to thee.

Burd. I will: ask what thou can.

Miles. Marry, sir, he'll straight be on your
 pick-pack, to know whether the feminine or
 the masculine gender be most worthy. 95

Bacon. Were you not yesterday, Master
 Burden, at Henley upon the Thames?

Burd. I was, what then?

Bacon. What book studied you there on all
 night? 100

Burd. I' none at all; I read not there a line.

Bacon. Then, doctors, Friar Bacon's art
 knows naught

Clem. What say you to this, Master Burden?
 Doth he not touch you?

Burd. I pass not of his frivolous speeches. 105

Miles. Nay, Master Burden, my master, ere
 he hath done with you, will turn you from a
 doctor to a dunce, and shake you so small, that
 he will leave no more learning in you than is in
 Balaam's ass 110

Bacon. Masters, for that learned Burden's
 skill is deep,

And sore he doubts of Bacon's cabalism,
 I'll show you why he haunts to Henley oft:

Not, doctors, for to taste the fragrant air,
 But there to spend the night in alchemy, 115

To multiply with secret spells of art,
 Thus private steals he learning from us all.

To prove my sayings true, I'll show you straight
 The book he keeps at Henley for himself

Miles. Nay, now my master goes to conjura-
 tion, take heed 121

Bacon. Masters, stand still, fear not, I'll
 show you but his book *Here he conjures*

Per omnes deos infernales, Belcephon!

*Enter a Woman with a shoulder of mutton on a
 spit, and a Devil*

Miles. O master, cease your conjuration, or
 you spoil all, for here 's a she-devil come 125
 with a shoulder of mutton on a spit You have
 marr'd the devil's supper, but no doubt he
 thinks our college fare is slender, and so hath
 sent you his cook with a shoulder of mutton, to
 make it exceed 130

Hostess. O, where am I, or what's become
 of me?

Bacon. What art thou?

Hostess. Hostess at Henley, mistress of the
 Bell.

Bacon. How camest thou here?

Hostess. As I was in the kitchen 'mongst the
 maids, 135

Spitting the meat 'gainst supper for my guests,
 A motion mov'd me to look forth of door:

⁴⁰ Resolve you: be assured ⁴⁵ pentagonon: the five-starred 'ray used in magic ('pentagoner'
 Q 1) ⁵⁰ roves . . . reach: shoots with a bow beyond his control ⁵⁵ fame: reputation ⁶⁰ pick-
 pack: pick-a-back, shoulders ¹⁰⁵ pass not of: care not for ¹¹⁵ cabalism: mystic art ¹²⁵ Per . . .
 infernales: by all the infernal gods ¹³⁰ guests: ('guesse' Qq) ¹³⁷ motion: impulse

No sooner had I pried into the yard,
But straight a whirlwind hoisted me from
thence,

And mounted me aloft unto the clouds 140
As in a trance, I thought nor feared naught,
Nor know I where or whither I was ta'en,
Nor where I am nor what these persons be

Bacon No? Know you not Master Burden?

Hostess O, yes, good sir, he is my daily
guest — 145

What, Master Burden! 't was but yesternight
That you and I at Henley play'd at cards

Burd. I know not what we did — A pox of
all conjuring friars!

Clem Now, jolly friar, tell us, is thus the book
That Burden is so careful to look on? 151

Bacon It is — But, Burden, tell me now,
Think'st thou that Bacon's necromantic skill
Cannot perform his head and wall of brass,
When he can fetch thine hostess in such
post? 155

Miles I'll warrant you, master, if Master
Burden could conjure as well as you, he would
have his book every night from Henley to study
on at Oxford.

Mason Burden, 160

What, are you mated by this frolic friar? —
Look how he droops, his guilty conscience
Drives him to bash, and makes his hostess
blush

Bacon. Well, mistress, for I will not have
you miss'd,

You shall to Henley to cheer up your guests 165
'Fore supper — Burden, bid her adieu,
Say farewell to your hostess 'fore she goes —
Sirrah, away, and set her safe at home

Hostess Master Burden, when shall we see
you at Henley? 170

Exeunt Hostess and the Devil

Burd The devil take thee and Henley too

Miles. Master, shall I make a good motion?

Bacon What's that?

Miles Marry, sir, now that my hostess is
gone to provide supper, conjure up another 175
spirit, and send Doctor Burden flying after

Bacon Thus, rulers of our academic state,
You have seen the friar frame his art by proof,
And as the college called Brazen-nose
Is under him, and he the master there, 180
So surely shall this head of brass be fram'd,
And yield forth strange and uncouth apho-
risms,

And hell and Hecate shall fail the friar,
But I will circle England round with brass

Miles So be it *ei nunc ei semper*, amen 185

Exeunt omnes

[SCENE III. *Harleston Fair*]

*Enter Margaret, the fair maid of Fressingfield,
with Thomas and Joan, and other clowns.
Lacy disguised in country apparel*

Thom By my troth, Margaret, here's a
weather is able to make a man call his father
"whoreson" — if this weather hold, we shall
have hay good cheap, and butter and cheese at
Harleston will bear no price. 5

Mar. Thomas, maids when they come to see
the fair

Count not to make a cope for dearth of hay;
When we have turn'd our butter to the salt,
And set our cheese safely upon the racks,
Then let our fathers price it as they please. 10
We country sluts of merry Fressingfield
Come to buy needless naughts to make us fine,
And look that young men should be frank this
day,

And court us with such fairings as they can
Phœbus is blithe, and frolic looks from heaven,
As when he courted lovely Semele, 16
Swearing the pedlars shall have empty packs,
If that fair weather may make chapmen buy.

Lacy But, lovely Peggy, Semele is dead,
And therefore Phœbus from his palace pries, 20
And, seeing such a sweet and seemly saint,
Shows all his glories for to court yourself

Mar This is a fairing, gentle sir, indeed,
To soothe me up with such smooth flattery,
But learn of me, your scoff's too broad be-
fore — 25

Well, Joan, our beauties must abide their jests;
We serve the turn in jolly Fressingfield

Joan Margaret, a farmer's daughter for a
farmer's son

I warrant you, the meanest of us both
Shall have a mate to lead us from the church.
But, Thomas, what's the news? What, in a
dump? 31

Give me your hand, we are near a pedlar's
shop;

Out with your purse, we must have fairings now
Thom Faith, Joan, and shall I'll bestow a
fairing on you, and then we will to the tavern, 35
and snap off a pint of wine or two.

*All this while Lacy whispers
Margaret in the ear.*

Mar Whence are you, sir? Of Suffolk? For
your terms
Are finer than the common sort of men.

Lacy. Faith, lovely girl, I am of Beccles by,
Your neighbour, not above six miles from
hence, 40

146 post: haste 161 mated: confounded 168 bash: be abashed 4 good cheap: at a low price
7 cope: bargain 11 sluts: girls 13 frank: generous 18 chapmen: shoppers 25 scoff: jest
broad before: barefaced

A farmer's son, that never was so quaint
But that he could do courtesy to such dames.
But trust me, Margaret, I am sent in charge
From him that revell'd in your father's house,
And fill'd his lodge with cheer and venison, 45
Tired in green. He sent you this rich purse,
His token that he help'd you run your cheese,
And in the milkhouse chatted with yourself.

Mar. To me?

Lacy. You forget yourself

Women are often weak in memory. 50

Mar. O, pardon, sir, I call to mind the man.
'T were little manners to refuse his gift,
And yet I hope he sends it not for love,
For we have little leisure to debate of that.

Joan What, Margaret! blush not, maids
must have their loves 55

Thom Nay, by the mass, she looks pale as if
she were angry.

Rich. Sirrah, are you of Beccles? I pray,
how doth Goodman Cob? My father bought a
horse of him. — I'll tell you, Margaret, 'a 60
were good to be a gentleman's jade, for of all
things the foul hilding could not abide a dung-
cart

Mar [*Aside*] How different is this farmer
from the rest
That erst as yet hath pleas'd my wand'ring
sight! 65

His words are witty, quickened with a smile,
His courtesy gentle, smelling of the court;
Facile and debonaire in all his deeds,
Proportion'd as was Paris, when, in grey,
He courted Cænon in the vale by Troy 70
Great lords have come and pleaded for my love:
Who but the Keeper's lass of Fressingfield?
And yet methinks this farmer's jolly son
Passeth the proudest that hath pleas'd mine
eye

But, Peg, disclose not that thou art in love, 75
And show as yet no sign of love to him,
Although thou well wouldst wish him for thy
love;

Keep that to thee till time doth serve thy turn,
To show the grief wherein thy heart doth
burn —

Come, Joan and Thomas, shall we to the
fair? — 80

You, Beccles man, will not forsake us now?

Lacy. Not whilst I may have such quaint
girls as you

Mar. Well, if you chance to come by Fress-
singfield,

Make but a step into the Keeper's lodge,
And such poor fare as woodmen can afford, 85

Butter and cheese, cream and fat venison,
You shall have store, and welcome therewithal.
Lacy. Gramercies, Peggy; look for me ere
long. *Exeunt omnes.*

[SCENE IV. *King Henry's Court*]

*Enter Henry the third, the Emperor, the King of
Castile, Elinor, his daughter, Jaques Van-
dermast, a German*

K. Hen. Great men of Europe, monarchs of
the west,

Ring'd with the walls of old Oceanus,
Whose lofty surge is like the battlements
That compass'd high-built Babel in with
towers,

Welcome, my lords, welcome, brave western
kings, 5

To England's shore, whose promontory cleaves
Shows Albion is another little world,
Welcome says English Henry to you all,
Chiefly unto the lovely Elinor,

Who dar'd for Edward's sake cut through the
seas, 10

And venture as Agenor's damsel through the
deep,

To get the love of Henry's wanton son.

K of Cast England's rich monarch, brave
Plantagenet,

The Pyren Mounts swelling above the clouds,
That ward the wealthy Castile in with walls, 15
Could not detain the beauteous Elinor;

But, hearing of the fame of Edward's youth,
She dar'd to brook Neptunus' haughty pride,
And bide the brunt of froward Æolus 19
Then may fair England welcome her the more.

Elin. After that English Henry by his lords
Had sent Prince Edward's lovely counterfiet,
A present to the Castile Elinor,

The comely portrait of so brave a man,
The virtuous fame discoursed of his deeds, 25
Edward's courageous resolution,
Done at the Holy Land 'fore Damas' walls,
Led both mine eye and thoughts in equal links
To like so of the English monarch's son,
That I attempted perils for his sake 30

Emp. Where is the prince, my lord?

K. Hen He posted down, not long since,
from the court,

To Suffolk side, to merry Framlingham,
To sport himself amongst my fallow deer;
From thence, by packets sent to Hampton-
house, 35

We hear the prince is ridden with his lords
To Oxford, in the academy there

⁴ quaint: fastidious ⁴⁰ You . . . yourself: (given to Margaret in Qq) ⁴⁵ hilding: worthless creature ⁴⁶ grey: the color of a shepherd's garb ⁴⁷ Gramercies: thanks ⁴⁸ surge is: ('surges' Qq.) ⁴⁹ Agenor's damsel: Europa ⁵⁰ Damas': Damascus ⁵¹ Framlingham: ('Fremingham' Qq) ⁵² Hampton-house: Hampton Court (built by Cardinal Wolsey in Henry VIII's reign)

To hear dispute amongst the learned men
But we will send forth letters for my son,
To will him come from Oxford to the court. 40

Emp. Nay, rather, Henry, let us, as we be,
Ride for to visit Oxford with our train.
Fain would I see your universities,
And what learn'd men your academy yields
From Hapsburg have I brought a learned clerk
To hold dispute with English orators 46
This doctor, surnam'd Jaques Vandermast,
A German born, pass'd into Padua,
To Florence and to fair Bolonia,
To Paris, Rheims, and stately Orleans, 50
And, talking there with men of art, put down
The chiefest of them all in aphorisms,
In magic, and the mathematic rules.
Now let us, Henry, try him in your schools

K. Hen. He shall, my lord, this motion likes
me well 55

We'll progress straight to Oxford with our
trains,

And see what men our academy brings —
And, wonder Vandermast, welcome to me
In Oxford shalt thou find a jolly friar
Call'd Friar Bacon, England's only flower 60
Set him but nonplus in his magic spells,
And make him yield in mathematic rules,
And for thy glory I will bind thy brows,
Not with a poet's garland made of bays,
But with a coronet of choicest gold 65
Whilst, then, we set to Oxford with our
troops,

Let's in and banquet in our English court

Exeunt.

[SCENE V. A Street in Oxford]

*Enter Ralph Symnell in [Prince] Edward's
apparel, [Prince] Edward, Warren,
Ermsby, disguised*

Ralph Where be these vagabond knaves,
that they attend no better on their master?

P. Edw. If it please your honour, we are all
ready at an inch

Ralph Sirrah Ned, I'll have no more post-
horse to ride on I'll have another fetch

Erms. I pray you, how is that, my lord?

Ralph Marry, sir, I'll send to the Isle of Ely
for four or five dozen of geese, and I'll have them
tied six and six together with whip-cord 110
Now upon their backs will I have a fair field-
bed with a canopy, and so, when it is my plea-
sure, I'll flee into what place I please. This will
be easy.

War. Your honour hath said well; but 115
shall we to Brasenose College before we pull
off our boots?

Erms Warren, well motion'd; we will to the
friar

Before we revel it within the town. —

Ralph, see you keep your countenance like a
prince 120

Ralph Wherefore have I such a company of
cutting knives to wait upon me, but to keep
and defend my countenance against all mine
enemies? Have you not good swords and buck-
lers? 125

Enter Bacon and Miles

Erms Stay, who comes here?

War Some scholar, and we'll ask him where
Friar Bacon is

Bacon Why, thou arrant dunce, shall I never
make thee good scholar? Doth not all the 130
town cry out and say, Friar Bacon's subsizar is
the greatest blockhead in all Oxford? Why,
thou canst not speak one word of true Latin.

Miles No, sir? yes What is this else? *Ego
sum tuus homo*, "I am your man". I warrant 135
you, sir, as good Tully's phrase as any is in
Oxford

Bacon Come on, sirrah, what part of speech
is *Ego*?

Miles *Ego*, that is "I", marry, *nomen* 140
substantivo

Bacon How prove you that?

Miles Why, sir, let him prove himself an 'a
will, I can be heard, felt, and understood

Bacon O gross dunce! *Here beat him.* 145

P. Edw. Come, let us break off this dispute
between these two -- Sirrah, where is Brase-
nose College?

Miles Not far from Coppersmith's Hall.

P. Edw. What, dost thou mock me? 50

Miles Not I, sir but what would you at
Brasenose?

Erms Marry, we would speak with Friar
Bacon

Miles Whose men be you? 55

Erms Marry, scholar, here's our master.

Ralph Sirrah, I am the master of these good
fellows, mayst thou not know me to be a lord
by my repanel? 59

Miles Then here's good game for the hawk;
for here's the master-fool and a covey of cox-
combs One wise man, I think, would spring
you all

P. Edw. Gog's wounds! Warren, kill him.

⁴⁶ *Hapsburg*: ('Hasburg' Qq) ⁴⁷ *wonder*: wondrous ⁴⁸ *Whilst*: until ⁴⁹ *set*: set out ('fit'
Q 1; 'sat' Q 2) ⁵⁰ *at an inch*: at any moment ⁵¹ *fetch*: trick ⁵² *cutting*: swaggering ⁵³ *sub-*
sizar: a student who received free board and tuition in return for menial services (A term used at
Cambridge, not at Oxford) ⁵⁴⁻⁵⁵ (Cf. Lyly, *Endymion*, III iii 8-17) ⁵⁶ *repanel*: error for
"apparel" ⁵⁷ *Gog's*: (by) God's

War. Why, Ned, I think the devil be in [65
my sheath; I cannot get out my dagger.

Erms. Nor I mine. 'Swounds, Ned, I think
I am bewitch'd.

Miles. A company of scabs! The proudest of
you all draw your weapon, if he can. — 70

[*Aside*]

See how boldly I speak, now my master is by
P. Edw. I strive in vain, but if my sword be
shut

And conjur'd fast by magic in my sheath,
Villain, here is my fist

Strike him a box on the ear

Miles. O, I beseech you conjure his hands [75
too, that he may not lift his arms to his head, for
he is light-fingered!

Ralph. Ned, strike him, I 'll warrant thee by
mine honour

Bacon. What means the English prince to
wrong my man? 80

P. Edw. To whom speak'st thou?

Bacon. To thee.

P. Edw. Who art thou?

Bacon. Could you not judge when all your
swords grew fast,

That Friar Bacon was not far from hence? 85

Edward, King Henry's son and Prince of Wales,
Thy fool disguis'd cannot conceal thyself
I know both Ermsby and the Sussex Earl.
Else Friar Bacon had but little skill.

Thou com'st in post from merry Fressing-
field, 90

Fast-fancied to the Keeper's bonny lass,
To crave some succour of the jolly friar,
And Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, hast thou left
To treat fair Margaret to allow thy loves 94
But friends are men, and love can baffle lords;
The earl both woos and courts her for him-
self

War. Ned, this is strange, the friar knoweth
all

Erms. Apollo could not utter more than this

P. Edw. I stand amaz'd to hear this jolly
friar

Tell even the very secrets of my thoughts —
But, learned Bacon, since thou know'st the
cause 101

Why I did post so fast from Fressingfield,
Help, friar, at a pinch, that I may have
The love of lovely Margaret to myself, 104
And, as I am true Prince of Wales, I 'll give
Living and lands to strength thy college state.

War. Good friar, help the prince in this

Ralph. Why, servant Ned, will not the friar
do it? Were not my sword glued to my scab-

bard by conjuration, I would cut off his [110
head, and make him do it by force.

Miles. In faith, my lord, your manhood and
your sword is all alike, they are so fast conjured
that we shall never see them

Erms. What, doctor, in a dump? Tush, help
the prince, 115

And thou shalt see how liberal he will prove

Bacon. Crave not such actions greater dumps
than these?

I will, my lord, strain out my magic spells,
For this day comes the earl to Fressingfield, 119
And 'fore that night shuts in the day with dark,
They 'll be betrothed each to other fast
But come with me, we 'll to my study straight,
And in a glass prospective I will show

What 's done this day in merry Fressingfield
P. Edw. Gramercies, Bacon, I will quite thy
pain 125

Bacon. But send your train, my lord, into
the town,

My scholar shall go bring them to their inn.

Meanwhile we 'll see the knavery of the earl

P. Edw. Warren, leave me: — and, Ermsby,
take the fool;

Let him be master, and go revel it, 130

Till I and Friar Bacon talk awhile

War. We will, my lord

Ralph. Faith, Ned, and I 'll lord it out till
thou comest I 'll be Prince of Wales over all
the black-pots in Oxford *Exeunt.* 135

[SCENE VI *Friar Bacon's Cell*]

[*Friar*] *Bacon and [Prince] Edward goes into
the study*

Bacon. Now, frolic Edward, welcome to my
cell,

Here tempers Friar Bacon many toys,
And holds this place his consistory-court,
Wherein the devils pleads homage to his words
Within this glass prospective thou shalt see 5
This day what 's done in merry Fressingfield
'Twixt lovely Peggy and the Lincoln Earl

P. Edw. Friar, thou glad'st me Now shall
Edward try

How Lacy meaneth to his sovereign lord

Bacon. Stand there and look directly in the
glass. 10

Enter Margaret and Friar Bungay

What sees my lord?

P. Edw. I see the Keeper's lovely lass
appear,

As brightsome as the paramour of Mars,

" Fast-fancied: tied by love " treat: entreat " glass prospective: a magical glass which
reflected distant or future events " quite: requite " black-pots: leathern ale-jugs Scene
VI s D (The shift of scene is effected by the stepping of Bacon and Edward from the outer to the
rear stage) " brightsome: ('bright-sunne' Qq)

Only attended by a jolly friar.

Bacon Sit still, and keep the crystal in your eye

Mar But tell me, Friar Bungay, is it true
That this fair courteous country swain,
Who says his father is a farmer nigh,
Can be Lord Lacy, Earl of Lincolnshire?

Bun Peggy, 't is true, 't is Lacy for my life,

Or else mine art and cunning both doth fail,
Left by Prince Edward to procure his loves,
For he in green, that help you run your cheese,
Is son to Henry and the Prince of Wales

Mar Be what he will, his lure is but for lust

But did Lord Lacy like poor Margaret,
Or would he deign to wed a country lass,
Friar, I would his humble handmaid be,
And for great wealth quite him with courtesy

Bun Why, Margaret, dost thou love him?

Mar His personage, like the pride of vaunting Troy,

Might well avouch to shadow Helen's rape:
His wit is quick and ready in conceit,
As Greece afforded in her chieftest prime
Courteous, ah friar, full of pleasing smiles!
Trust me, I love too much to tell thee more,
Suffice to me he 's England's paramour

Bun Hath not each eye that view'd thy pleasing face
Surnamed thee Fair Maid of Fressingfield?

Mar Yes, Bungay, and would God the lovely earl

Had that in *esse* that so many sought

Bun Fear not, the friar will not be behind
To show his cunning to entangle love

P Edw I think the friar courts the bonny wench,

Bacon, methinks he is a lusty churl

Bacon Now look, my lord

Enter Lacy [disguised as before]

P Edw Gog's wounds, Bacon, here comes Lacy!

Bacon Sit still, my lord, and mark the comedy

Bun Here's Lacy, Margaret; step aside awhile

Lacy Daphne, the damsel that caught Phœbus fast,

And lock'd him in the brightness of her looks,
Was not so beauteous in Apollo's eyes
As is fair Margaret to the Lincoln Earl.
Recant thee, Lacy, thou art put in trust.
Edward, thy sovereign's son, hath chosen thee,
A secret friend, to court her for himself,

And dar'st thou wrong thy prince with treachery?

Lacy, love makes no exception of a friend,
Nor deems it of a prince but as a man.

Honour bids thee control him in his lust;
His wooing is not for to wed the girl,
But to entrap her and beguile the lass.

Lacy, thou lov'st, then brook not such abuse,
But wed her, and abide thy prince's frown;
For better die than see her live disgrac'd.

Mar Come, friar, I will shake him from his dumps. — *[Comes forward]*

How cheer you, sir? A penny for your thought!
You're early up, pray God it be the near.

What, come from Beccles in a morn so soon?

Lacy Thus watchful are such men as live in love,

Whose eyes brook broken slumbers for their sleep

I tell thee, Peggy, since last Harleston fair

My mind hath felt a heap of passions

Mar A trusty man, that court it for your friend

Woo you still for the courtier all in green?

I marvel that he sues not for himself

Lacy Peggy,
I pleaded first to get your grace for him;
But when mine eyes survey'd your beauteous looks,

Love, like a wag, straight div'd into my heart,
And there did shrine the idea of yourself
Pity me, though I be a farmer's son,
And measure not my riches, but my love.

Mar You are very hasty; for to garden well,
Seeds must have time to sprout before they spring

Love ought to creep as doth the dial's shade,
For timely ripe is rotten too-too soon

Bun *[Coming forward]* Deus hic, room for a merry friar!

What, youth of Beccles, with the Keeper's lass?

'T is well, but tell me, hear you any news?

Mar No, friar What news?

Bun Hear you not how the pursuivants do post

With proclamations through each country-town?

Lacy For what, gentle friar? Tell the news

Bun Dwell'st thou in Beccles, and hear'st not of these news?

Lacy, the Earl of Lincoln, is late fled
From Windsor court, disguised like a swain,
And lurks about the country here unknown
Henry suspects him of some treachery,
And therefore doth proclaim in every way,
That who can take the Lincoln Earl shall have,

¹⁵ for: in place of ¹⁶ shadow: excuse ¹⁷ rape: ('cape' Qq) ¹⁸ near: nearer (to your purpose)
¹⁹ wag: mischievous child ²⁰ timely: prematurely ²¹ Deus hic: may God be here

Paid in the Exchequer, twenty thousand crowns
Lacy The Earl of Lincoln! Friar, thou art mad.

It was some other; thou mistak'st the man 105
 The Earl of Lincoln! Why, it cannot be

Mar Yes, very well, my lord, for you are he.
 The Keeper's daughter took you prisoner
 Lord *Lacy*, yield, I'll be your gaoler once.

P. Edw. How familiar they be, Bacon! 110

Bacon. Sit still, and mark the sequel of their loves

Lacy. Then am I double prisoner to thyself
 Peggy, I yield But are these news in jest?

Mar. In jest with you, but earnest unto me,
 For-why these wrongs do wring me at the heart 115

Ah, how these earls and noblemen of birth
 Flatter and feign to forge poor women's ill!

Lacy Believe me, lass, I am the Lincoln Earl;

I not deny but, tired thus in rags,

I liv'd disguis'd to win fair Peggy's love 120

Mar What love is there where wedding ends not love?

Lacy. I meant, fair girl, to make thee *Lacy's* wife

Mar I little think that earls will stoop so low

Lacy. Say, shall I make thee countess ere I sleep?

Mar. Handmaid unto the earl, so please himself, 125

A wife in name, but servant in obedience

Lacy The Lincoln Countess, for it shall be so.
 I'll plight the bands, and seal it with a kiss

P. Edw. Gog's wounds, Bacon, they kiss!

I'll stab them 130

Bacon. O, hold your hands, my lord, it is the glass!

P. Edw. Choler to see the traitors gree so well

Made me think the shadows substances

Bacon 'T were a long poniard, my lord, to reach between

Oxford and Fressingfield, but sit still and see more 135

Bun Well, Lord of Lincoln, if your loves be knit

And that your tongues and thoughts do both agree,

To avoid ensuing jars, I'll hamper up the match

I'll take my portage forth and wed you here

Then go to bed and seal up your desires 140

Lacy Friar, content — Peggy, how like you this?

Mar. What likes my lord is pleasing unto me.

115 tired: attired 128 jars: discord, quarrels hamper: fasten 138 portage: breviary 148 hand-
 fast: clasp 148 For: from 164 Bungay: ('Bacon' Qq)

Bun. Then hand-fast hand, and I will to my book.

Bacon What sees my lord now?

P. Edw. Bacon, I see the lovers hand in hand, 145

The friar ready with his portage there
 To wed them both then am I quite undone
 Bacon, help now, if e'er thy magic serv'd,
 Help, Bacon! Stop the marriage now,
 If devils or necromancy may suffice, 150
 And I will give thee forty thousand crowns

Bacon. Fear not, my lord, I'll stop the jolly friar

For mumbling up his orisons this day.

Lacy. Why speak'st not, Bungay? Friar, to thy book

Bungay is mute, crying, "Hud, hud"

Mar. How look'st thou, friar, as a man distraught? 155

Reft of thy senses, Bungay? Show by signs,
 If thou be dumb, what passions holdeth thee

Lacy. He's dumb indeed Bacon hath with his devils

Enchanted him, or else some strange disease
 Or apoplexy hath possess'd his lungs 160

But, Peggy, what he cannot with his book,

We'll 'twixt us both unite it up in heart

Mar Else let me die, my lord, a miscreant

P. Edw. Why stands Friar Bungay so amaz'd?

Bacon I have struck him dumb, my lord; and, if your honour please, 165

I'll fetch this Bungay straightway from Fressingfield,

And he shall dine with us in Oxford here.

P. Edw. Bacon, do that, and thou contentest me

Lacy Of courtesy, Margaret, let us lead the friar

Unto thy father's lodge, to comfort him 170
 With broths, to bring him from this hapless trance

Mar Or else, my lord, we were passing unkind

To leave the friar so in his distress.

Enter a Devil, and carry Bungay on his back.

O, help, my lord! a devil, a devil, my lord!
 Look how he carries Bungay on his back! 175

Let's hence, for Bacon's spirits be abroad.

Exeunt.

P. Edw. Bacon, I laugh to see the jolly friar
 Mounted upon the devil, and how the earl

Flees with his bonny lass for fear
 As soon as Bungay is at Brasenose, 180

And I have chatted with the merry friar,
 I will in post hie me to Fressingfield,

And quite these wrongs on Lacy ere 't be long.

Bacon. So be it, my lord, but let us to our dinner,

For ere we have taken our repast awhile, 185
We shall have Bungay brought to Brasenose

Exeunt

[SCENE VII. *The Regent-house at Oxford*]

Enter three doctors, Burden, Mason, Clement

Mason. Now that we are gather'd in the
Regent-house,

It fits us talk about the king's repair,
For he, trooped with all the western kings,
That lie alongst the Dantzic seas by east,
North by the clime of frosty Germany, 5
The Alman monarch, and the Saxon duke,
Castile and lovely Elinor with him,
Have in their gests resolv'd for Oxford town

Burd. We must lay plots of stately tragedies.
Strange comic shows, such as proud Roscius 10
Vaunted before the Roman emperors,
To welcome all the western potentates

Clem. But more, the king by letters hath
foretold

That Frederick, the Alman emperor,
Hath brought with him a German of esteem, 15
Whose surname is Don Jaques Vandermast,
Skillful in magic and those secret arts

Mason. Then must we all make suit unto
the friar,

To Friar Bacon, that he vouch this task,
And undertake to countervail in skill 20
The German, else there 's none in Oxford can
Match and dispute with learned Vandermast

Burd. Bacon, if he will hold the German
play,

Will teach him what an English friar can do
The devil, I think, dare not dispute with him 25

Clem. Indeed, Mas doctor, he displeasur'd
you,

In that he brought your hostess with her spit
From Henley, posting unto Brasenose

Burd. A vengeance on the friar for his pains!
But leaving that, let 's hie to Bacon straight, 30
To see if he will take this task in hand

Clem. Stay, what rumour is this? The town
is up in a mutiny What hurly-burly is this?

Enter a Constable, with Ralph, Warren, Ermsby
[*all three disguised as before*], and Miles

Cons. Nay, masters, if you were ne'er so
good, you shall before the doctors to answer 35
your misdemeanour

Burd. What 's the matter, fellow?

Cons. Marry, sir, here 's a company of
rufflers, that, drinking in the tavern, have made
a great brawl, and almost killed the vintner. 40

Miles. *Salve*, Doctor Burden!

This lubberly lurden,
Ill-shap'd and ill-faced,
Disdain'd and disgraced,
What he tells unto *vobis* 45

Mentitur de nobis

Burd. Who is the master and chief of this
crew?

Miles. *Ecce asinum mundi*

Figura rotundi, 50

Neat, sheat, and fine,
As brisk as a cup of wine

Burd. What are you?

Ralph. I am, father doctor, as a man would
say, the bell-wether of this company, these 55
are my lords, and I the Prince of Wales.

Clem. Are you Edward, the king's son?

Ralph. Sirrah Miles, bring hither the tapster
that drew the wine, and, I warrant, when they
see how soundly I have broke his head, 60
they 'll say 't was done by no less man than a
prince

Mason. I cannot believe that this is the
Prince of Wales

War. And why so, sir? 65

Mason. For they say the prince is a brave
and a wise gentleman

War. Why, and think'st thou, doctor, that
he is not so?

Dar'st thou detract and derogate from him,
Being so lovely and so brave a youth? 70

Erms. Whose face, shining with many a
sug'red smile,

Bewrays that he is bred of princely race.

Miles. And yet, master doctor,

To speak like a proctor,

And tell unto you 75

What is veriment and true;

To cease of this quarrel,

Look but on his apparel,

Then mark but my talis,

He is great Prince of Wallis, 80

The chief of our *gregis*,

And *filius regis*

Then 'ware what is done,

For he is Henry's white son

Ralph. Doctors, whose dotting night-caps 85
are not capable of my ingenious dignity, know
that I am Edward Plantagenet, whom if you

¹ *Regent-house*: meeting place of the governing board of the university ² *repair*: visit ³ *Saxon*: ('Scoon' Q 1) ⁴ *gests*: itinerary of a royal progress ⁵ *To . . . potentates*: (Qq give to Clement) ⁶ *vouch*: deign to do ⁷ *Will*: ('Weele' Qq) ⁸ *displeasur'd*: ('pleasur'd' Qq.) ⁹ *rumour*: noise ¹⁰ *rufflers*: bullies ¹¹ *Salve*: hail ¹² *lubberly lurden*: lazy, worthless fellow ¹³ *Mentitur de nobis*: he lies about us ¹⁴⁻¹⁵ *Ecce . . . rotundi*: Lo, the ass of the world, round in shape. ('Figura' Q 1) ¹⁶ *sheat*: trim ¹⁷ *gregis*: band ¹⁸ *filius regis*: king's son ¹⁹ *white*: darling

displease will make a ship that shall hold all your colleges, and so carry away the University with a fair wind to the Bankside in Southwark. [90 — How say'st thou, Ned Warren, shall I not do it?

War. Yes, my good lord, and, if it please your lordship, I will gather up all your old pantofles, and with the cork make you a [95 pinnacle of five-hundred ton, that shall serve the turn marvellous well, my lord.

Erms. And I, my lord, will have pioners to undermine the town, that the very gardens and orchards be carried away for your summer- [100 walks

Miles And I, with *scientia*
And great *diligentia*,

Will conjure and charm,
To keep you from harm, 105
That *utrum horum mavis*,
Your very great *navis*,
Like Barclay's ship,
From Oxford do skip
With colleges and schools, 110
Full-loaden with fools.
Quid dicis ad hoc,
Worshipful *Domine* Dawcock?

Clem Why, hare-brain'd courtiers, are you drunk or mad,

To taunt us up with such scurrility? 115
Deem you us men of base and light esteem,
To bring us such a fop for Henry's son? —
Call out the beadies and convey them hence
Straight to Bocardo let the roisters lie
Close clapp'd in bolts, until their wits be tame.

Erms. Why, shall we to prison, my lord? 121

Ralph. What say'st, Miles, shall I honour the prison with my presence?

Miles. No, no: out with your blades,
And hamper these jades; 125
Have a flurt and a crash,
Now play revel-dash,
And teach these sacerdos
That the Bocardos,
Like peasants and elves, 130
Are meet for themselves.

Mason To the prison with them, constable

War. Well, doctors, seeing I have sported me

With laughing at these mad and merry wags,
Know that Prince Edward is at Brasenose, 135
And thus, attired like the Prince of Wales,
Is Ralph, King Henry's only loved fool;
I, Earl of Sussex, and this Ermsby,
One of the privy-chamber to the king;

Who, while the prince with Friar Bacon stays,
Have revell'd it in Oxford as you see 141

Mason. My lord, pardon us, we knew not what you were

But courtiers may make greater scapes than these

Wilt please your honour dine with me to-day?

War. I will, Master doctor, and satisfy [145 the vintner for his hurt, only I must desire you to imagine him all this forenoon the Prince of Wales

Mason I will, sir

Ralph. And upon that I will lead the way, [150 only I will have Miles go before me, because I have heard Henry say that wisdom must go before majesty. *Exeunt omnes.*

[SCENE VIII. *Fressingfield*]

Enter Prince Edward with his poniard in his hand, Lacy, and Margaret

P. Edw. Lacy, thou canst not shroud thy traitorous thoughts,
Nor cover, as did Cassius, all his wiles,
For Edward hath an eye that looks as far
As Lynceus from the shores of Græcia
Did not I sit in Oxford by the friar, 5
And see thee court the maid of Fressingfield,
Sealing thy flattering fancies with a kiss?
Did not proud Bungay draw his portace forth,
And, joining hand in hand, had married you,
If Friar Bacon had not struck him dumb, 10
And mounted him upon a spirit's back,
That we might chat at Oxford with the friar?
Traitor, what answer'st? Is not all this true?

Lacy Truth all, my lord, and thus I make reply:

At Harleston fair, there courting for your grace,
Whenas mine eye survey'd her curious shape, 16
And drew the beauteous glory of her looks
To dive into the centre of my heart,
Love taught me that your honour did but jest,
That princes were in fancy but as men, 20
How that the lovely maid of Fressingfield
Was fitter to be Lacy's wedded wife
Than concubine unto the Prince of Wales.

P. Edw. Injurious Lacy, did I love thee more

Than Alexander his Hephæstion? 25
Did I unfold the passions of my love,
And lock them in the closet of thy thoughts?
Wert thou to Edward second to himself,
Sole friend, and partner of his secret loves?
And could a glance of fading beauty break 30

* pantofles: slippers (with cork soles) ** pioners: diggers 100 Barclay's ship: The Ship of Fools (Qq., 'Bartleta,' perhaps intentionally) 112 Quid . . . hoc: What do you say to this?
113 Bocardo: the prison in the old north gate of Oxford 115 flurt: flourish 118 sacerdos: priests (apparently for the rhyme) 118 Sussex: ('Essex' Qq.) 148 scapes: escapades 16 curious: rare
20 fancy: love ** passions: ('passion' Q 1)

Th' enchained fetters of such private friends?
Base coward, false, and too effeminate
To be corvial with a prince in thoughts!
From Oxford have I posted since I din'd,
To quite a traitor 'fore that Edward sleep. 35

Mar. 'T was I, my lord, not Lacy step awry:
For oft he su'd and courted for yourself,
And still woo'd for the courtier all in green;
But I, whom fancy made but over-fond,
Pleaded myself with looks as if I lov'd, 40
I fed mine eye with gazing on his face,
And still bewitch'd lov'd Lacy with my looks;
My heart with sighs, mine eyes pleaded with
tears,

My face held pity and content at once,
And more I could not cipher-out by signs, 45
But that I lov'd Lord Lacy with my heart
Then, worthy Edward, measure with thy mind
If women's favours will not force men fall,
If beauty, and if darts of piercing love,
Is not of force to bury thoughts of friends 50
P. Edw. I tell thee, Peggy, I will have thy
loves.

Edward or none shall conquer Margaret.
In frigates bottom'd with rich Sethin planks,
Topp'd with the lofty firs of Lebanon,
Stemm'd and incas'd with burnish'd ivory, 55
And over-laid with plates of Persian wealth,
Like Thetis shalt thou wanton on the waves,
And draw the dolphins to thy lovely eyes,
To dance lavoltas in the purple streams
Srens, with harps and silver psalteries, 60
Shall wait with music at thy frigate's stem,
And entertain fair Margaret with their lays
England and England's wealth shall wait on
thee,

Britain shall bend unto her prince's love,
And do due homage to thine excellence, 65
If thou wilt be but Edward's Margaret

Mar. Pardon, my lord if Jove's great royalty
Sent me such presents as to Danae,
If Phoebus, tired in Latona's webs,
Come courting from the beauty of his lodge, 70
The dulcet tunes of frolic Mercury, —
Not all the wealth heaven's treasury affords
Should make me leave Lord Lacy or his love

P. Edw. I have learn'd at Oxford, then, this
point of schools, —

Ablata causa, tollitur effectus. 75
Lacy, the cause that Margaret cannot love
Nor fix her liking on the English prince,
Take him away, and then the effects will fail.
Villain, prepare thyself; for I will bathe
My poniard in the bosom of an earl 80

Lacy. Rather than live, and miss fair Mar-
garet's love,

Prince Edward, stop not at the fatal doom,
But stab it home: end both my loves and life.

Mar. Brave Prince of Wales, honour'd for
royal deeds,

'T were sun to stain fair Venus' courts with
blood, 85

Love's conquests ends, my lord, in courtesy.

Spare Lacy, gentle Edward; let me die,

For so both you and he do cease your loves

P. Edw. Lacy shall die as traitor to his lord.

Lacy I have deserv'd it, Edward; act it
well 90

Mar. What hopes the prince to gain by
Lacy's death?

P. Edw. To end the loves 'twixt him and
Margaret

Mar. Why, thinks King Henry's son that
Margaret's love

Hangs in the uncertain balance of proud time?
That death shall make a discord of our
thoughts? 95

No, stab the earl, and, 'fore the morning sun
Shall vaunt him thrice over the lofty east,
Margaret will meet her Lacy in the heavens.

Lacy If aught betides to lovely Margaret
That wrongs or wrings her honour from con-
tent, 100

Europe's rich wealth nor England's monarchy
Shall not allure Lacy to over-live

Then, Edward, short my life, and end her loves.

Mar. Rid me, and keep a friend worth
many loves

Lacy Nay, Edward, keep a love worth
many friends 105

Mar. An if thy mind be such as fame hath
blaz'd,

Then, princely Edward, let us both abide

The fatal resolution of thy rage

Banish thou fancy and embrace revenge,

And in one tomb knit both our carcasses, 110
Whose hearts were linked in one perfect love.

P. Edw. [*Aside*] Edward, art thou that
famous Prince of Wales,

Who at Damasco beat the Saracens,

And brought'st home triumph on thy lance's
point?

And shall thy plumes by pull'd by Venus
down? 115

Is't princely to dissever lovers' leagues,

To part such friends as glory in their loves?

Leave, Ned, and make a virtue of this fault,

And further Peg and Lacy in their loves:

So in subduing fancy's passion, 120

Conquering thyself, thou gett'st the richest
spoil. —

Lacy, rise up Fair Peggy, here 's my hand

³³ corvial: equal ³⁴ Sethin: Shittim, acacia
³⁵ tired: attired ('tied' Qq) ³⁶ webs: fabrics
having been removed, the effect is removed "

³⁷ lavoltas: lively dances ³⁸ their: ('her' Qq.)
³⁹ lodge: i.e., palace of the sun ⁴⁰ "The cause
⁴¹ over-live: live after (her) ⁴² Rid: get rid of

The Prince of Wales hath conquer'd all his thoughts,

And all his loves he yields unto the earl.

Lacy, enjoy the maid of Fressingfield; 125

Make her thy Lincoln Countess at the church,

And Ned, as he is true Plantagenet,

Will give her to thee frankly for thy wife.

Lacy. Humbly I take her of my sovereign,

As if that Edward gave me England's right, 130

And rich'd me with the Albion diadem

Mar. And doth the English prince mean true?

Will he vouchsafe to cease his former loves,

And yield the title of a country maid

Unto Lord Lacy? 135

P. Edw. I will, fair Peggy, as I am true lord.

Mar. Then, lordly sir, whose conquest is as great,

In conquering love, as Cæsar's victories,

Margaret, as mild and humble in her thoughts

As was Aspasia unto Cyrus' self, 140

Yields thanks, and, next Lord Lacy, doth enshrine

Edward the second secret in her heart

P. Edw. Gramercy, Peggy. Now that vows are past,

And that your loves are not to be revolt,

Once, Lacy, friends again Come, we will post

To Oxford, for this day the king is there, 146

And brings for Edward Castile Elinor

Peggy, I must go see and view my wife

I pray God I like her as I lov'd thee

Beaside, Lord Lincoln, we shall hear dispute 150

'Twixt Friar Bacon and learned Vander-
mast

Peggy, we'll leave you for a week or two

Mar. As it please Lord Lacy, but love's foolish looks

Think footsteps miles and minutes to be hours

Lacy. I'll hasten, Peggy, to make short return — 155

But please your honour go unto the lodge,

We shall have butter, cheese, and venison,

And yesterday I brought for Margaret

A lusty bottle of neat claret-wine

Thus can we feast and entertain your grace 160

P. Edw. 'T is cheer, Lord Lacy, for an emperor,

If he respect the person and the place.

Come, let us in, for I will all this night

Ride post until I come to Bacon's cell.

Exeunt.

[SCENE IX. Oxford]

Enter [King] Henry, Emperor, Castile, Elinor, Vandermast, Bungay

Emp. Trust me, Plantagenet, these Oxford schools

Are richly seated near the river-side

The mountains full of fat and fallow deer,

The battling pastures laid with kine and flocks,

The town gorgeous with high-built colleges, 5

And scholars seemly in their grave attire,

Learned in searching principles of art —

What is thy judgment, Jacques Vandermast?

Van. That lordly are the buildings of the town, 9

Spacious the rooms, and full of pleasant walks; But for the doctors, how that they be learned,

It may be meanly, for aught I can hear

Bun I tell thee, German, Hapsburg holds none such,

None read so deep as Oxenford contains

There are within our academic state 15

Men that may lecture it in Germany

To all the doctors of your Belgic schools

K Hen Stand to him, Bungay, charm this Vandermast,

And I will use thee as a royal king

Van Wherein darest thou dispute with me? 20

Bun In what a doctor and a friar can

Van Before rich Europe's worthies put thou forth

The doubtful question unto Vandermast

Bun Let it be this, — Whether the spirits of pyromancy or geomancy be most predominant in magic? 25

Van I say, of pyromancy.

Bun And I, of geomancy

Van The cabalists that write of magic spells,

As Hermes, Melchie, and Pythagoras, 30

Affirm that, 'mongst the quadruplicity

Of elemental essence, *terra* is but thought

To be a *punctum* squared to the rest,

And that the compass of ascending elements

Exceed in bigness as they do in height; 35

Judging the concave circle of the sun

To hold the rest in his circumference

If, then, as Hermes says, the fire be great'st,

Purest, and only giveth shapes to spirits,

Then must these dæmones that haunt that place Be every way superior to the rest 41

Bun I reason not of elemental shapes,

¹⁴⁰ Aspasia, Cyrus: (from Plutarch's *Life of Artaxerxes*) ¹⁴⁵ secret: sanctuary ¹⁴⁶ to be: ('be' Q 1) ¹⁴⁷ revolt: overturned ¹⁴⁸ respect: consider ¹⁴⁹ battling: fattening ¹⁵⁰ laid: covered

¹⁵¹ Hermes: Hermes Trismegistus ¹⁵² Melchie: Porphyry, a neo-Platonist, author of a *Life of Pythagoras* and works on magic ¹⁵³ punctum: atom ¹⁵⁴ squared to: compared to

Nor tell I of the concave latitudes,
 Noting their essence nor their quality,
 But of the spirits that pyromancy calls, 45
 And of the vigour of the geomantic fiends
 I tell thee, German, magic haunts the ground,
 And those strange necromantic spells,
 That work such shows and wondering in the
 world,

Are acted by those geomantic spirits 50
 That Hermes calleth *terræ filii*

The fiery spirits are but transparent shades,
 That lightly pass as heralds to bear news,
 But earthly fiends, clos'd in the lowest deep,
 Dissever mountains, if they be but charg'd, 55
 Being more gross and massy in their power

Van Rather these earthly geomantic spirits
 Are dull and like the place where they remain;

For when proud Lucifer fell from the heavens,
 The spirits and angels that did sin with him, 60
 Retain'd their local essence as their faults,
 All subject under Luna's continent

They which offended less hang in the fire,
 And second faults did rest within the air,
 But Lucifer and his proud-hearted fiends 65
 Were thrown into the centre of the earth,

Having less understanding than the rest,
 As having greater sun and lesser grace
 Therefore such gross and earthly spirits do serve
 For jugglers, witches, and vild sorcerers, 70
 Whereas the pyromantic geni

Are mighty, swift, and of far-reaching power
 But grant that geomancy hath most force,
 Bungay, to please these mighty potentates,
 Prove by some instance what thy art can do 75

Bun I will

Emp Now, English Harry, here begins the
 game,

We shall see sport between these learned men
Van What wilt thou do?

Bun Show thee the tree, leav'd with refined
 gold, 80

Whereon the fearful dragon held his seat,
 That watch'd the garden call'd Hesperides,
 Subdu'd and won by conquering Hercules

Van Well done!

*Here Bungay conjures, and the tree appears
 with the dragon shooting fire*

K Hen What say you, royal lordings, to my
 friar? 85

Hath he not done a point of cunning skill?

Van Each scholar in the necromantic spells
 Can do as much as Bungay hath perform'd
 But as Alcmena's bastard raz'd this tree,
 So will I raise him up as when he liv'd, 90
 And cause him pull the dragon from his seat,

And tear the branches piecemeal from the root
 Hercules! *Prodi, prodi, Hercules!*

Hercules appears in his lion's skin.

Her *Quis me vult?*

Van Jove's bastard son, thou Libyan Hercules, 95

Pull off the sprigs from off the Hesperian tree,
 As once thou didst to win the golden fruit.

Her *Fiat*

[Here he begins to break the branches.]

Van Now, Bungay, if thou canst by magic
 charm

The fiend, appearing like great Hercules, 100
 From pulling down the branches of the tree,
 Then art thou worthy to be counted learned.

Bun I cannot

Van Cease, Hercules, until I give thee
 charge —

Mighty commander of this English isle, 105
 Henry, come from the stout Plantagenets,
 Bungay is learn'd enough to be a friar,

But to compare with Jaques Vandermast,
 Oxford and Cambridge must go seek their cells

To find a man to match him in his art. 110
 I have given non-plus to the Paduans,

To them of Sien, Florence, and Bologna,
 Rheims, Louvain, and far Rotterdam,

Frankfort, Lutetia, and Orleans

And now must Henry, if he do me right, 115
 Crown me with laurel, as they all have done.

Enter Bacon

Bacon All hail to this royal company,
 That sit to hear and see this strange dispute! —

Bungay, how stand'st thou as a man amaz'd?
 What, hath the German acted more than
 thou? 120

Van What art thou that questions thus?

Bacon Men call me Bacon

Van Lordly thou look'st, as if that thou
 wert learn'd,

Thy countenance as if science held her seat
 Between the circled arches of thy brows. 125

K Hen Now, monarchs, hath the German
 found his match

Emp Bestir thee, Jaques, take not now the
 foil,

Lest thou dost lose what foretime thou didst
 gain

Van Bacon, wilt thou dispute?

Bacon No, 130

Unless he were more learn'd than Vandermast
 For yet, tell me, what hast thou done?

Van Rais'd Hercules to ruin that tree
 That Bungay mounted by his magic spells.

Bacon Set Hercules to work 135

^a ground: ('grounds' Qq) ^m massy: heavy ^p Prodi: Come forth! ^q Quis me vult: Who
 wishes me? ^r Fiat: Let it be done ^s Lutetia: Paris ('Lutrech' Qq) ^t foil: defeat

Van. Now, Hercules, I charge thee to thy task;

Pull off the golden branches from the root.

Her. I dare not. See'st thou not great Bacon here,

Whose frown doth act more than thy magic can?

Van. By all the thrones, and dominations, 140
Virtues, powers, and mighty hierarchies,
I charge thee to obey to Vandermast

Her. Bacon, that bridles headstrong Bel-
cephon,

And rules Asmenoth, guider of the north,
Binds me from yielding unto Vandermast 145

K. Hen. How now, Vandermast! Have you met with your match?

Van. Never before was 't known to Vandermast

That men held devils in such obedient awe

Bacon doth more than art, or else I fail. 150

Emp. Why, Vandermast, art thou overcome? —

Bacon, dispute with him, and try his skill

Bacon. I come not, monarchs, for to hold dispute

With such a novice as is Vandermast;

I come to have your royalties to dine 155

With Friar Bacon here in Brasenose,

And, for this German troubles but the place,

And holds this audience with a long suspense,

I 'll send him to his academy hence — 159

Thou Hercules, whom Vandermast did raise,

Transport the German unto Hapsburg straight,

That he may learn by travail, 'gainst the spring,

More secret dooms and aphorisms of art.

Vanish the tree, and thou away with him!

Exit the spirit with Vandermast and the tree.

Emp. Why, Bacon, whither dost thou send him? 165

Bacon. To Hapsburg, there your highness at return

Shall find the German in his study safe.

K. Hen. Bacon, thou hast honour'd England with thy skill,

And made fair Oxford famous by thine art;

I will be English Henry to thyself 170

But tell me, shall we dine with thee to-day?

Bacon. With me, my lord; and while I fit my cheer,

See where Prince Edward comes to welcome you,

Gracious as the morning-star of heaven. *Exit*

Enter [Prince] Edward, Lacy, Warren, Ermsby

Emp. Is this Prince Edward, Henry's royal son? 175

How martial is the figure of his face!

Yet lovely and beset with amorets.

K. Hen. Ned, where hast thou been?

P. Edw. At Framlingham, my lord, to try your bucks

If they could scape the teasers or the toil. 180

But hearing of these lordly potentates

Landed, and progress'd up to Oxford town,

I posted to give entertain to them

Chief, to the Alman monarch, next to him,

And joint with him, Castile and Saxony 185

Are welcome as they may be to the English court.

Thus for the men but see, Venus appears,

Or one that overmatcheth Venus in her shape!

Sweet Elinor, beauty's high-swelling pride,

Rich nature's glory and her wealth at once, 190

Fair of all fairs, welcome to Albion,

Welcome to me, and welcome to thine own,

If that thou deign'st the welcome from myself

Elin. Martial Plantagenet, Henry's high-minded son,

The mark that Elinor did count her aim, 195

I lik'd thee 'fore I saw thee now I love,

And so as in so short a time I may,

Yet so as time shall never break that "so,"

And therefore so accept of Elinor

K of Cast. Fear not, my lord, this couple will agree, 200

If love may creep into their wanton eyes —

And therefore, Edward, I accept thee here,

Without suspense, as my adopted son

K Hen. Let me that joy in these consorting greets,

And glory in these honours done to Ned, 205

Yield thanks for all these favours to my son,

And rest a true Plantagenet to all.

Enter Miles with a cloth and trenchers and salt

Miles. *Salute, omnes reges,*

That govern your greges

In Saxony and Spain, 210

In England and in Alman!

For all this frolic rabble

Must I cover the table

With trenchers, salt, and cloth;

And then look for your broth 215

Emp. What pleasant fellow is this?

K Hen. 'Tis, my lord, Doctor Bacon's poor scholar

Miles [Aside.] My master hath made me

sewer of these great lords; and, God knows, 220

I am as serviceable at a table as a sow is under

an apple-tree. 'Tis no matter, their cheer shall

not be great, and therefore what skills where the

salt stand, before or behind? *[Exit.]*

¹⁶⁰ fail: am mistaken ¹⁶² spring: ('springs' Qq) ¹⁷⁷ amorets: love-kindling looks ¹⁸⁰ toil: trap ²⁰⁸ "Hail, all ye kings." ²⁰⁹ greges: people ²²⁰ sewer: servant who sets the table ²²² skills: matters

K. of Cast. These scholars knows more skill
in axioms, 225
How to use quips and sleights of sophistry,
Than for to cover courtly for a king.

*Enter Miles with a mess of pottage and broth,
and, after him, Bacon*

Miles. Spill, sir? why, do you think I never
carried twopenny chop before in my life? —
By your leave, *nobile decus*, 230
For here comes Doctor Bacon's *pecus*,
Being in his full age
To carry a mess of pottage

Bacon Lordings, admire not if your cheer
be this,
For we must keep our academic fare, 235
No riot where philosophy doth reign
And therefore, Henry, place these potentates,
And bid them fall unto their frugal cates.

Emp Presumptuous friar! What, scoff'st
thou at a king?

What, dost thou taunt us with thy peasants'
fare, 240

And give us cates fit for country swains? —
Henry, proceeds this jest of thy consent,
To twit us with a pittance of such price?

Tell me, and Frederick will not grieve thee long
K Hen By Henry's honour, and the royal
faith 245

The English monarch beareth to his friend,
I knew not of the friar's feeble fare,
Nor am I pleas'd he entertains you thus

Bacon Content thee, Frederick, for I
show'd the cates,

To let thee see how scholars use to feed, 250
How little meat refines our English wits —
Miles, take away, and let it be thy dinner.

Miles Marry, sir, I will
This day shall be a festival-day with me,
For I shall exceed in the highest degree.

Exit Miles.

Bacon I tell thee, monarch, all the German
peers 256

Could not afford thy entertainment such,
So royal and so full of majesty,
As Bacon will present to Frederick.

The basest waiter that attends thy cups 260
Shall be in honours greater than thyself,
And for thy cates, rich Alexandria drugs,
Fetch'd by carvels from Egypt's richest straits,
Found in the wealthy strand of Africa,
Shall royalize the table of my king; 265
Wines richer than th' Egyptian courtesan

Quaff'd to Augustus' kingly countermatch,
Shall be carous'd in English Henry's feasts,
Candy shall yield the richest of her canes;
Persia, down her Volga by canoes, 270
Send down the secrets of her spicery;
The Afric dates, myrobalans of Spain,
Conserves and suckets from Tiberias,
Cates from Judæa, choicer than the lamp
That fired Rome with sparks of gluttony, 275
Shall beautify the board for Frederick
And therefore grudge not at a friar's feast.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE X. *Fressingfield*]

*Enter two gentlemen, Lambert and Serlsby,
with the Keeper*

Lam Come, frolic Keeper of our liege's game,
Whose table spread hath ever venison
And jacks of wines to welcome passengers,
Know I 'm in love with jolly Margaret,
That overshines our damsels all the moon 5
Dark'neth the brightest sparkles of the night.
In Laxfield here my land and living lies:
I 'll make thy daughter jointer of it all,
So thou consent to give her to my wife,
And I can spend five hundred marks a-year 10

Ser I am the lands-lord, Keeper, of thy holds,
By copy all thy living lies in me,
Laxfield did never see me raise my due:
I will enfeof fair Margaret in all,
So she will take her to a lusty squire. 15

Keep. Now, courteous gentles, if the Keep-
er's gurl
Hath pleas'd the liking fancy of you both,
And with her beauty hath subdu'd your
thoughts,

'T is doubtful to decide the question
It joys me that such men of great esteem 20
Should lay their liking on this base estate,
And that her state should grow so fortunate
To be a wife to meaner men than you
But sith such squires will stoop to keeper's fee,
I will, to avoid displeasure of you both, 25
Call Margaret forth, and she shall make her
choice *Exit.*

Lam Content, Keeper, send her unto us.
Why, Serlsby, is thy wife so lately dead,
Are all thy loves so lightly passed over,
As thou canst wed before the year be out? 30

Ser I live not, Lambert, to content the dead,
Nor was I wedded but for life to her.
The grave ends and begins a married state

²²⁷ cover: set the table ²²⁹ twopenny chop: chopped meat in broth (?) ²⁴⁰ nobile decus: your noble grace ²⁴¹ pecus: beast ²⁴⁴ admire: wonder ²⁴⁵ with: ('with such' Qq) ²⁶² drugs: spices ²⁶³ carvels: small, fast ships ²⁶⁷ countermatch: rival (s.e. Antony) ²⁶⁹ Candy: Crete ²⁷⁴ myrobalans: a kind of plums ('mirables' Qq) ²⁷⁵ suckets: sweetmeats ²⁷⁶ lamp: lamprey (with pun) ² jacks: pitchers ^{passengers}: wayfarers ³ jointer: jointure or jointress ¹³ due: rents ²⁴ fee: estate ¹¹ grave: ('graves' Q 1)

Enter Margaret

Lam. Peggy, the lovely flower of all towns,
Suffolk's fair Helen, and rich England's star, 35
Whose beauty, tempered with her huswifery,
Makes England talk of merry Fressingfield!

Ser. I cannot trick it up with poesies,
Nor paint my passions with comparisons,
Nor tell a tale of Phœbus and his loves: 40
But this believe me, — Laxfield here is mine,
Of ancient rent seven hundred pounds a-year,
And if thou canst but love a country squire,
I will enfeoff thee, Margaret, in all.
I cannot flatter; try me, if thou please 45

Mar. Brave neighbouring squires, the stay
of Suffolk's clime,

A keeper's daughter is too base in gree
To match with men accounted of such worth.
But might I not displease, I would reply.

Lam. Say, Peggy, naught shall make us
discontent 50

Mar. Then, gentles, note that love hath
little stay,

Nor can the flames that Venus sets on fire
Be kindled but by fancy's motion
Then pardon, gentles, if a maid's reply
Be doubtful, while I have debated with my-
self, 55

Who, or of whom, love shall constrain me
like

Ser. Let it be me, and trust me, Margaret,
The meads environ'd with the silver streams,
Whose battling pastures fatt'neth all my flocks,
Yielding forth fleeces stapled with such wool 60
As Lempster cannot yield more finer stuff,
And forty kine with fair and burnish'd heads,
With strouting dugs that paggie to the ground,
Shall serve thy dairy, if thou wed with me

Lam. Let pass the country wealth, as flocks
and kine, 65

And lands that wave with Ceres' golden sheaves,
Filling my barns with plenty of the fields,
But, Peggy, if thou wed thyself to me,
Thou shalt have garments of embroid' red silk,
Lawns, and rich net-works for thy head-at-
ture: 70

Costly shall be thy fair habiliments,
If thou wilt be but Lambert's loving wife

Mar. Content you, gentles, you have pro-
fer'd fair,

And more than fits a country maid's degree,
But give me leave to counsel me a time, 75
For fancy blooms not at the first assault;
Give me but ten days' respite, and I will
reply,

Which or to whom myself affectionates.

Ser. Lambert, I tell thee, thou'rt importu-
nate;

Such beauty fits not such a base esquire. 80
It is for Serlsby to have Margaret.

Lam. Think'st thou with wealth to over-
reach me?

Serlsby, I scorn to brook thy country braves.
I dare thee, coward, to maintain this wrong,
At dint of rapier, single in the field 85

Ser. I'll answer, Lambert, what I have
avouch'd. —

Margaret, farewell, another time shall serve.

Exit Serlsby.

Lam. I'll follow. — Peggy, farewell to thy-
self,

Listen how well I'll answer for thy love.

Exit Lambert.

Mar. How Fortune tempers lucky haps with
frowns, 90

And wrongs me with the sweets of my delight!
Love is my bliss, and love is now my bale.

Shall I be Helen in my froward fates,
As I am Helen in my matchless hue,

And set rich Suffolk with my face afire? 95
If lovely Lacy were but with his Peggy,
The cloudy darkness of his bitter frown

Would check the pride of these aspiring squires
Before the term of ten days be expir'd,

Whenas they look for answer of their loves, 100
My lord will come to merry Fressingfield,

And end their fancies and their follies both
Till when, Peggy, be blithe and of good cheer.

Enter a Post with a letter and a bag of gold

Post. Fair lovely damsel, which way leads
this path?

How might I post me unto Fressingfield? 105
Which footpath leadeth to the Keeper's lodge?

Mar. Your way is ready, and this path is
right;

Myself do dwell hereby in Fressingfield,
And if the Keeper be the man you seek,

I am his daughter may I know the cause? 110

Post. Lovely, and once beloved of my lord, —
No marvel if his eye was lodg'd so low,

When brighter beauty is not in the heavens, —
The Lincoln Earl hath sent you letters here,

And, with them, just an hundred pounds in
gold. 115

Sweet, bonny wench, read them, and make
reply

Mar. The scrolls that Jove sent Danae,
Wrapp'd in rich closures of fine burnish'd gold,

Were not more welcome than these lines to me
Tell me, whilst that I do unrip the seals, 120

Lives Lacy well? How fares my lovely lord?

" daughter: ('daughters' Q 1) gree: degree " while: until " stapled . . . wool: of
such quality " Lempster: Leominster (in Herefordshire) " strouting: swelling paggie: hang
loosely " braves: boasts " froward: untoward; ('forward' Qq.)

Post. Well, if that wealth may make men to live well

[*The letter, and Margaret reads it.*]

Mar. The blooms of the almond-tree grow in a night, and vanish in a morn, the flies hæmere, fair Peggy, take life with the sun, ¹¹²⁵ and die with the dew, fancy that slippeth in with a gaze, goeth out with a wink, and too timely loves have ever the shortest length. I write this as thy grief, and my folly, who at Fressingfield lov'd that which time hath taught me to be but mean ¹¹³⁰ dainties Eyes are dissemblers, and fancy is but queasy, therefore know, Margaret, I have chosen a Spanish lady to be my wife, chief waiting-woman to the Princess Elnor, a lady fair, and no less fair than thyself, honourable and wealthy. In ¹¹³⁵ that I forsake thee, I leave thee to thine own liking, and for thy dowry I have sent thee an hundred pounds, and ever assure thee of my favour, which shall avail thee and thine much.

Farewell. Not thine, nor his own, ¹⁴⁰
Edward Lacy.

Fond Ate, doomer of bad-boding fates,
That wraps proud Fortune in thy snaky locks,
Didst thou enchant my birth-day with such stars
As light'ned mischief from their infancy? ¹⁴⁵
If heavens had vow'd, if stars had made decree,
To show on me their froward influence, —
If Lacy had but lov'd, heavens, hell, and all
Could not have wrong'd the patience of my mind

Post. It grieves me, daniel; but the earl is forc'd ¹⁵⁰

To love the lady by the king's command

Mar. The wealth combin'd within the English shelves,

Europe's commander, nor the English king,
Should not have mov'd the love of Peggy from her lord

Post. What answer shall I return to my lord? ¹⁵⁵

Mar. First, for thou cam'st from Lacy whom I lov'd, —

Ah, give me leave to sigh at every thought! —
Take thou, my friend, the hundred pound he sent,

For Margaret's resolution craves no dower
The world shall be to her as vanity, ¹⁶⁰
Wealth, trash, love, hate, pleasure, despair.

For I will straight to stately Framlingham,
And in the abbey there be shorn a nun,
And yield my loves and liberty to God.

Fellow, I give thee this, not for the news, ¹⁶⁵
For those be hateful unto Margaret,
But for th' art Lacy's man, once Margaret's love.

Post. What I have heard, what passions I have seen,

I 'll make report of them unto the earl.

Exit Post

Mar. Say that she joys his fancies be at rest, ¹⁷⁰

And prays that his misfortune may be hers

Exit.

[SCENE XI. Friar Bacon's Cell]

Enter Friar Bacon drawing the curtains with a white stick, a book in his hand, and a lamp lighted by him, and the Brazen Head, and Miles with weapons by him

Bacon. Miles, where are you?

Miles. Here, sir.

Bacon. How chance you tarry so long?

Miles. Think you that the watching of the Brazen Head craves no furniture? I warrant ¹⁵ you, sir, I have so armed myself that if all your devils come, I will not fear them an inch.

Bacon. Miles,

Thou know'st that I have dived into hell,
And sought the darkest palaces of fiends, ¹⁰

That with my magic spells great Belcephon

Hath left his lodge and kneeled at my cell,

The rafters of the earth rent from the poles,

And three-form'd Luna hid her silver looks,

Trembling upon her concave continent, ¹⁵

When Bacon read upon his magic book

With seven years' tossing necromantic charms,

Poring upon dark Hecat's principles,

I have fram'd out a monstrous head of brass,

That, by the enchanting forces of the devil, ²⁰

Shall tell out strange and uncouth aphorisms,

And girt fair England with a wall of brass

Bungay and I have watch'd these threescore

days,

And now our vital spirits crave some rest.

If Argus liv'd, and had his hundred eyes, ²⁵

They could not over-watch Phobor's night.

Now, Miles, in thee rests Friar Bacon's weal:

The honour and renown of all his life

Hangs in the watching of this Brazen Head;

Therefore I charge thee by the immortal God, ³⁰

That holds the souls of men within his fist,

This night thou watch; for ere the morning-star

Sends out his glorious glister on the north,

The head will speak then, Miles, upon thy life,

Wake me; for then by magic art I 'll work ³⁵

To end my seven years' task with excellence.

If that a wink but shut thy watchful eye,

Then farewell Bacon's glory and his fame!

Draw close the curtains, Miles now, for thy life,

Be watchful, and — *Here he falleth asleep.* ⁴⁰

¹¹²⁵ hæmere: ephemere ¹¹²⁷ timely: precocious ¹¹²⁸ queasy: fastidious ¹¹²⁹ shelves: coasts

¹¹³⁰ shorn: The cutting of a nun's hair was a symbol of renouncing the world. ¹¹³¹ furniture: equipment ¹¹³² uncouth: unknown

Miles. So; I thought you would talk yourself asleep anon, and 't is no marvel, for Bungay on the days, and he on the nights, have watched just these ten and fifty days now this is the night, and 't is my task, and no more Now, ¹⁴⁵ Jesus bless me, what a goodly head it is! and a nose! you talk of *nos autem glorificare*, but here 's a nose that I warrant may be called *nos autem popolare* for the people of the parish Well, I am furnished with weapons now, ¹⁵⁰ sir, I will set me down by a post, and make it as good as a watchman to wake me, if I chance to slumber. I thought, Goodman Head, I would call you out of your *memento*. (*Sit down and knock your head*) Passion o' God, I have al- ¹⁵⁵ most broke my pate! Up, Miles, to your task; take your brown-bill in your hand, here 's some of your master's hobgoblins abroad

With this a great noise The Head speaks.

The Brazen Head. Time is! ¹

Miles. Time is! Why, Master Brazen- ¹⁶⁰ head, have you such a capital nose, and answer you with syllables, "Time is"? Is this all my master's cunning, to spend seven years' study about "Time is"? Well, sir, it may be we shall have some better orations of it anon Well, ¹⁶⁵ I 'll watch you as narrowly as ever you were watch'd, and I 'll play with you as the night-ingle with the slow-worm, I 'll set a prick against my breast Now rest there, Miles Lord have mercy upon me, I have almost killed ¹⁷⁰ myself! [*A noise.*] Up, Miles, list how they rumble

The Brazen Head Time was! ¹

Miles. Well, Friar Bacon, you spent your seven-years' study well, that can make ¹⁷⁵ your head speak but two words at once, "Time was" Yea, marry, time was when my master was a wise man, but that was before he began to make the Brazen Head You shall lie while your arse ache, an your head speak no better ¹⁸⁰ Well, I will watch, and walk up and down, and be a peripatetic and a philosopher of Aristotle's stamp [*A noise*] What, a fresh noise? Take thy pistols in hand, Miles

Here the Head speaks, and a lightning flasheth forth, and a hand appears that breaketh down the Head with a hammer.

The Brazen Head. Time is past! ⁸⁵

Miles. Master, master, up! Hell 's broken loose! Your head speaks, and there 's such a thunder and lightning, that I warrant all Oxford is up in arms. Out of your bed, and take a brown-bill in your hand; the latter day is ¹⁹⁰ come.

Bacon. Miles, I come. O, passing warily watch'd!

Bacon will make thee next himself in love When spake the head?

Miles. When spake the head! Did not ¹⁹⁵ you say that he should tell strange principles of philosophy? Why, sir, it speaks but two words at a time.

Bacon. Why, villain, hath it spoken oft?

Miles. Oft! ay, marry, hath it, thrice; ¹⁰⁰ but in all those three times it hath uttered but seven words.

Bacon. As how?

Miles. Marry, sir, the first time he said, "Time is," as if Fabius Cumentator should ¹⁰⁵ have pronounced a sentence; the second time he said, "Time was", and the third time, with thunder and lightning, as in great choler, he said, "Time is past."

Bacon. 'T is past indeed Ah, villain! time ¹¹⁰ is past:

My life, my fame, my glory, all are past — Bacon, the turrets of thy hope are run'd down, Thy seven years' study lieth in the dust. Thy Brazen Head lies broken through a slave That watch'd, and would not when the head ¹¹⁵ did will —

What said the head first?

Miles. Even, sir, "Time is"

Bacon. Villain, if thou hadst call'd to Bacon then, If thou hadst watch'd, and wak'd the sleepy friar,

The Brazen Head had uttered aphorisms, ¹²⁰ And England had been circled round with brass

But proud Asmenoth, ruler of the north, And Demogorgon, master of the fates, Grudge that a mortal man should work so much Hell trembled at my deep-commanding ¹²⁵ spells,

Fiends frown'd to see a man their over-match, Bacon might boast more than a man might ¹³⁰ boast

But now the braves of Bacon hath an end, Europe's conceit of Bacon hath an end, His seven years' practice sorteth to ill end: ¹³⁵ And, villain, sith my glory hath an end, I will appoint thee to some fatal end Villain, avoid! get thee from Bacon's sight! Vagrant, go roam and range about the world, And perish as a vagabond on earth! ¹⁴⁰

Miles. Why, then, sir, you forbid me your service?

Bacon. My service, villain! with a fatal curse, That direful plagues and mischief fall on thee

¹⁴⁻⁵⁵ S D sit . . . head: (marginal note in Q 1, from prompt-copy) ¹⁷ brown-bill: halberd
¹⁰⁶ Cumentator: Cuncator, s e, Fabius Maximus ¹⁰⁸ the . . . time: (not in Qq) ¹³⁴ work: accomplish ¹³⁵ to . . . fatal: ('fatal to some' Qq)

Miles. 'T is no matter, I am against you with the old proverb, — The more the fox is ¹⁴⁰ cursed, the better he fares God be with you, sir. I'll take but a book in my hand, a wide-sleeved gown on my back, and a crowned cap on my head, and see if I can want promotion.

Bacon. Some fiend or ghost haunt on thy weary steps, ¹⁴⁵
Until they do transport thee quick to hell;
For Bacon shall have never merry day,
To lose the fame and honour of his Head.

Exeunt.

[SCENE XII At Court]

Enter Emperor, Castile, [King] Henry, Elinor, Edward, Lacy, Ralph

Emp. Now, lovely prince, the prime of Al-bion's wealth,
How fares the Lady Elinor and you?
What, have you courted and found Castile fit

To answer England in equivalence?
Will 't be a match 'twixt bonny Nell and thee?

P. Edw. Should Paris enter in the courts of Greece, ⁶

And not lie fetter'd in fair Helen's looks?
Or Phœbus scape those piercing amoretts
That Daphne glanced at his deity?

Can Edward, then, sit by a flame and freeze, ¹⁰
Whose heart puts Helen and fair Daphne down?
Now, monarchs, ask the lady if we gree

K Hen What, madam, hath my son found grace or no?

Elin Seeing, my lord, his lovely counterfeit,
And hearing how his mind and shape agreed, ¹⁵
I come not, troop'd with all this warlike train,
Doubting of love, but so affectionate
As Edward hath in England what he won in Spain

K of Cast A match, my lord; these wantons needs must love.

Men must have wives, and women will be wed ²⁰

Let 's haste the day to honour up the rites
Ralph Sirrah Harry, shall Ned marry Nell?

K Hen Ay, Ralph how then?

Ralph Marry, Harry, follow my counsel.
send for Friar Bacon to marry them, for he'll ²⁵
so conjure him and her with his necromancy,
that they shall love together like pig and lamb
whilst they live.

K of Cast. But hearest thou, Ralph, art thou content to have Elinor to thy lady? ³⁰

Ralph Ay, so she will promise me two things.

K. of Cast. What's that, Ralph?

Ralph. That she will never scold with Ned, nor fight with me — Sirrah Harry, I have put her down with a thing impossible. ³⁵

K Hen. What's that, Ralph?

Ralph. Why, Harry, didst thou ever see that a woman could both hold her tongue and her hands? No but when egg-pies grows on apple-trees, then will thy grey mare prove a bag- ⁴⁰
piper.

Emp. What says the Lord of Castile and the Earl of Lincoln, that they are in such earnest and secret talk?

K of Cast I stand, my lord, amazed at his talk, ⁴⁵

How he discourseth of the constancy
Of one surnam'd, for beauty's excellence,
The Fair Maid of merry Fressingfield.

K Hen 'T is true, my lord, 't is wondrous for to hear;

Her beauty passing Mars's paramour, ⁵⁰

Her virgin's right as rich as Vesta's was.

Lacy and Ned hath told me miracles

K of Cast What says Lord Lacy? Shall she be his wife?

Lacy Or else Lord Lacy is unfit to live —
May it please your highness give me leave to post ⁵⁵

To Fressingfield, I'll fetch the bonny girl,
And prove, in true appearance at the court,
What I have vouch'd often with my tongue

K Hen Lacy, go to the 'querrie of my stable,
And take such coursers as shall fit thy turn, ⁶⁰
Hie thee to Fressingfield, and bring home the lass,

And, for her fame flies through the English coast,

If it may please the Lady Elinor,
One day shall match your excellence and her.

Elin. We Castile ladies are not very coy; ⁶⁵
Your highness may command a greater boon.
And glad were I to grace the Lincoln Earl
With being partner of his marriage-day.

P Edw Gramercy, Nell, for I do love the lord,

As he that 's second to thyself in love. ⁷⁰

Ralph You love her? — Madam Nell, never believe him you, though he swears he loves you.

Elin. Why, Ralph?

Ralph Why, his love is like unto a tapster's glass that is broken with every touch; for ⁷⁵
he loved the fair maid of Fressingfield once out of all ho — Nay, Ned, never wink upon me; I care not, I.

K Hen Ralph tells all; you shall have a good secretary of him. — ⁸⁰

But, Lacy, haste thee post to Fressingfield;

¹⁴¹ cursed: with a pun on *coursed* ¹⁴² quick: alive ¹ prime: ('prince' Qq.) ¹³ gree: agree
¹⁰ As: that ²² for: because ⁷⁰ thyself: ('myself' Qq) ⁷⁶⁻⁷⁷ out . . . ho: excessively
⁸⁰ secretary: confidant

For ere thou hast fitted all things for her state,

The solemn marriage-day will be at hand.

Lacy. I go, my lord. *Exit Lacy.*

Emp. How shall we pass this day, my lord?^{as}

K. Hen. To horse, my lord; the day is passing fair,

We'll fly the partridge, or go rouse the deer. Follow, my lords; you shall not want for sport.

Exeunt.

[SCENE XIII. *Friar Bacon's Cell*]

Enter Friar Bacon with Friar Bungay to his cell

Bun. What means the friar that frolick'd it of late,

To sit as melancholy in his cell

As if he had neither lost nor won to-day?

Bacon. Ah, Bungay, my Brazen Head is spoil'd,

My glory gone, my seven years' study lost! 5
The fame of Bacon, bruted through the world,
Shall end and perish with this deep disgrace.

Bun. Bacon hath built foundation of his fame
So surely on the wings of true report,
With acting strange and uncouth miracles, 10
As this cannot infringe what he deserves

Bacon. Bungay, sit down, for by prospective skill

I find this day shall fall out ominous:
Some deadly act shall 'tide me ere I sleep,
But what and wherein little can I guess 15
My mind is heavy, whatsoe'er shall hap.

Enter two Scholars, sons to Lambert and Serlsby Knock

Bacon. Who 's that knocks?

Bun. Two scholars that desires to speak with you

Bacon. Bid them come in. —

Now, my youths, what would you have? 20

First Schol. Sir, we are Suffolk-men and neighbouring friends;

Our fathers in their countries lusty squires;
Their lands adjoin, in Cratfield mine doth dwell,
And his in Laxfield. We are college-mates,
Sworn brothers, as our fathers lives as friends.

Bacon. To what end is all this? 26

Second Schol. Hearing your worship kept within your cell

A glass prospective, wherein men might see
Whatso their thoughts or hearts' desire could wish,

We come to know how that our fathers fare. 30

¹ of: ('on' Qq)

¹⁰ My . . . hap: (Qq. give to Bungay)

²² Cratfield: ('Crackfield' Q 1)

³⁰ fathers live: ('father lueas' Q 1)

⁴¹ prize: risk

⁴⁴ meet, in: (not in Qq.)

⁴⁵ youngers:

young gentlemen

⁵¹ harm: come to harm

⁵⁴ event: outcome

⁵⁵ vney: bout

⁵⁶ ward:

parry

Bacon. My glass is free for every honest man.

Sit down, and you shall see ere long, how
Or in what state your friendly fathers live.
Meanwhile, tell me your names.

First Schol. Mine Lambert. 35

Second Schol. And mine Serlsby.

Bacon. Bungay, I smell there will be a tragedy

Enter Lambert and Serlsby with rapiers and daggers

Lam. Serlsby, thou hast kept thine hour like a man:

Th'art worthy of the title of a squire,
That durst, for proof of thy affection 40
And for thy mistress' favour, prize thy blood.
Thou know'st what words did pass at Fressingfield,

Such shameless braves as manhood cannot brook.

Ay, for I scorn to bear such piercing taunts,
Prepare thee, Serlsby; one of us will die 45

Ser. Thou see'st I single meet thee in the field,

And what I spake, I'll maintain with my sword.
Stand on thy guard, I cannot scold it out

An if thou kill me, think I have a son,
That lives in Oxford in the Broadgates-hall, 50

Who will revenge his father's blood with blood.

Lam. And, Serlsby, I have there a lusty boy,

That dares at weapon buckle with thy son,
And lives in Broadgates too, as well as thine
But draw thy rapier, for we'll have a bout 55

Bacon. Now, lusty youngers, look within the glass,

And tell me if you can discern your sires.

First Schol. Serlsby, 't is hard; thy father offers wrong,

To combat with my father in the field.

Second Schol. Lambert, thou leest, my father's is th' abuse, 60

And thou shalt find it, if my father harm.

Bun. How goes it, sirs?

First Schol. Our fathers are in combat hard by Fressingfield

Bacon. Sit still, my friends, and see the event.

Lam. Why stand'st thou, Serlsby? Doubt'st thou of thy life? 65

A vney, man! fair Margaret craves so much.

Ser. Then this for her.

First Schol. Ah, well thrust!

Second Schol. But mark the ward.

They fight and kill each other

Lam. O, I am slain! 70

Ser. And I, — Lord have mercy on me!

First Schol. My father slain! — Serisby, ward that.

Second Schol. And so is mine! — Lambert, I'll quite thee well

The two Scholars stab one another [and die].

Bun. O strange stratagem!

Bacon. See, friar, where the fathers both lie dead! — 75

Bacon, thy magic doth effect this massacre:

This glass prospective worketh many woes,
And therefore seeing these brave lusty Brutes,
These friendly youths, did perish by thine art,

End all thy magic and thine art at once. 80

The poniard that did end the fatal lives,
Shall break the cause efficient of their woes
So fade the glass, and end with it the shows
That necromancy did infuse the crystal with

He breaks the glass

Bun. What means learn'd Bacon thus to break his glass? 85

Bacon. I tell thee, Bungay, it repents me sore
That ever Bacon meddled in this art

The hours I have spent in pyromantic spells,
The fearful tossing in the latest night

Of papers full of necromantic charms, 90
Conjuring and adjuring devils and fiends,

With stole and alb and strange pentagonon,
The wresting of the holy name of God,

As Soter, Eloim, and Adonai,
Alpha, Manoth, and Tetragrammaton, 95

With praying to the five-fold powers of heaven,
Are instances that Bacon must be damn'd

For using devils to countervail his God —
Yet, Bacon, cheer thee, drown not in despair:

Sins have their salves, repentance can do much 100

Think Mercy sits where Justice holds her seat,
And from those wounds those bloody Jews did pierce,

Which by thy magic oft did bleed afresh,
From thence for thee the dew of mercy drops,

To wash the wrath of high Jehovah's ire, 105
And make thee as a new-born babe from sun —

Bungay, I'll spend the remnant of my life
In pure devotion, praying to my God

That he would save what Bacon vainly lost.
Exeunt.

[SCENE XIV. *Fressingfield*]

Enter Margaret in nun's apparel; Keeper, her father, and their Friend

Keeper. Margaret, be not so headstrong in these vows:

O, bury not such beauty in a cell,

That England hath held famous for the hue!
Thy father's hair, like to the silver blooms
That beautify the shrubs of Africa, 5
Shall fall before the dated time of death,
Thus to forgo his lovely Margaret

Mar. Ah, father, when the harmony of heaven

Soundeth the measures of a lively faith,
The vain illusions of this flattering world 10

Seems odious to the thoughts of Margaret.
I loved once, — Lord Lacy was my love;

And now I hate myself for that I lov'd,
And doted more on him than on my God;

For this I scourge myself with sharp repents 15
But now the touch of such aspiring sins

Tells me all love is lust but love of heavens;
That beauty us'd for love is vanity:

The world contains naught but alluring baits,
Pride, flattery, and inconstant thoughts. 20

To shun the pricks of death, I leave the world,
And vow to meditate on heavenly bliss,

To live in Framlingham a holy nun,
Holy and pure in conscience and in deed;

And for to wish all maids to learn of me 25
To seek heaven's joy before earth's vanity.

Friend. And will you, then, Margaret, be shorn a nun, and so leave us all?

Mar. Now farewell world, the engine of all woe!

Farewell to friends and father! Welcome Christ! 30

Adieu to dainty robes! This base attire
Better befits an humble munda to God

Than all the show of rich habiliments
Love — O love! and, with fond love, farewell

Sweet Lacy, whom I loved once so dear! 35
Ever be well, but never in my thoughts,

Lest I offend to think on Lacy's love
But even to that, as to the rest, farewell!

Enter Lacy, Warren, Ermsby, booted and spurred

Lacy. Come on, my wags, we're near the Keeper's lodge

Here have I oft walk'd in the watery meads, 40
And chatted with my lovely Margaret

War. Surrah Ned, is not this the Keeper?
Lacy. 'T is the same.

Erm. The old lecher hath gotten holy mut-
ton to him. a nun, my lord 45

Lacy. Keeper, how far'st thou? Holla, man, what cheer?

How doth Peggy, thy daughter and my love?
Keeper. Ah, good my lord! O, woe is me for Peg!

See where she stands clad in her nun's attire,
Ready for to be shorn in Framlingham; 50

She leaves the world because she left your love.

⁷⁰ Brutes: Britons, bloods ⁸¹ fatal: fated ⁸⁷ instances: reasons ⁴⁴⁻⁴⁵ mutton: a lewd woman

O, good my lord, persuade her if you can!

Lacy. Why, how now, Margaret! What, a malcontent?

A nun? What holy father taught you this,
To task yourself to such a tedious life 55
As die a maid? 'T were injury to me,
To smother up such beauty in a cell.

Mar. Lord Lacy, thinking of thy former miss,
How fond the prime of wanton years were spent

In love (O, fie upon that fond conceit, 60
Whose hap and essence hangeth in the eye!),
I leave both love and love's content at once,
Betaking me to Him that is true love,
And leaving all the world for love of Him

Lacy Whence, Peggy, comes this metamorphosis? 65

What, shorn a nun, and I have from the court
Posted with coursers to convey thee hence
To Windsor, where our marriage shall be kept!
Thy wedding-robcs are in the tailor's hands

Come, Peggy, leave these peremptory vows 70
Mar. Did not my lord resign his interest,
And make divorce 'twixt Margaret and him?

Lacy. 'T was but to try sweet Peggy's constancy.

But will fair Margaret leave her love and lord?

Mar. Is not heaven's joy before earth's fading bliss, 75

And life above sweeter than life in love?

Lacy. Why, then, Margaret will be shorn a nun?

Mar. Margaret hath made a vow which may not be revok'd.

War. We cannot stay, my lord; and if she be so strict,

Our leisure grants us not to woo afresh 80

Erms. Choose you, fair damsel, yet the choice is yours, —

Either a solemn nunnery or the court,
God or Lord Lacy Which contents you best,
To be a nun or else Lord Lacy's wife?

Lacy. A good motion — Peggy, your answer must be short 85

Mar. The flesh is frail my lord doth know it well,

That when he comes with his enchanting face,
Whatsoever betide, I cannot say him nay
Off goes the habit of a maiden's heart,
And, seeing fortune will, fair Framlingham, 90
And all the show of holy nuns, farewell!
Lacy for me, if he will be my lord

Lacy. Peggy, thy lord, thy love, thy husband.
Trust me, by truth of knighthood, that the king
Stays for to marry matchless Elinor, 95
Until I bring thee richly to the court,

That one day may both marry her and thee. —
How say'st thou, Keeper? Art thou glad of this?

Keep. As if the English king had given
The park and deer of Fressingfield to me. 100
Erms. I pray thee, my Lord of Sussex, why art thou in a brown study?

War. To see the nature of women, that be they never so near God, yet they love to die in a man's arms. 105

Lacy. What have you fit for breakfast? We have hied

And posted all this night to Fressingfield

Mar. Butter and cheese, and umbles of a deer,
Such as poor keepers have within their lodge.

Lacy. And not a bottle of wine? 110

Mar. We 'll find one for my lord

Lacy. Come, Sussex, let us in we shall have more,

For she speaks least, to hold her promise sure.

Exeunt

[SCENE XV]

Enter a Devil to seek Miles

Dev. How restless are the ghosts of hellish spirits,

When every charmer with his magic spells
Calls us from nine-fold-trenched Phlegethon,
To scud and over-scur the earth in post
Upon the speedy wings of swiftest winds! 5
Now Bacon hath rais'd me from the darkest deep,

To search about the world for Miles his man,
For Miles, and to torment his lazy bones
For careless watching of his Brazen Head
See where he comes O, he is mine! 10

Enter Miles with a gown and a corner-cap

Miles. A scholar, quoth you! marry, sir, I would I had been made a bottle-maker when I was made a scholar, for I can get neither to be a deacon, reader, nor schoolmaster, no, not the clerk of a parish Some call me dunce, 15 another saith, my head is as full of Latin as an egg's full of oatmeal Thus I am tormented, that the devil and Friar Bacon haunts me. — Good Lord, here 's one of my master's devils! I 'll go speak to him — What, Master Plu- 20 tus, how cheer you?

Dev. Dost thou know me?

Miles. Know you, sir! Why, are not you one of my master's devils, that were wont to come to my master, Doctor Bacon, at 25 Braenose?

Dev. Yes, marry, am I

Miles. Good Lord, Master Plutus, I have

⁵⁵ thy . . . miss: my former loss of you ⁶⁰ fond: foolish ¹⁰⁰ umbles: liver, kidneys, etc.
¹¹⁵ let us: ('lets' Q1) Sc XV (This scene cannot be definitely located) ¹⁰ s d corner-cap: academic cap

seen you a thousand times at my master's, and yet I had never the manners to make you ³⁰ drink But, sir, I am glad to see how conformable you are to the statute — I warrant you, he's as yeomanly a man as you shall see: mark you, masters, here 's a plain honest man, without welt or guard But I pray you, sir, ³⁵ do you come lately from hell?

Dev. Ay, marry: how then?

Miles. Faith, 't is a place I have desired long to see Have you not good tipping-houses there? May not a man have a lusty fire there, a ⁴⁰ pot of good ale, a pair of cards, a swinging piece of chalk, and a brown toast that will clap a white waistcoat on a cup of good drink?

Dev. All this you may have there.

Miles. You are for me, friend, and I am for ⁴⁵ you But I pray you, may I not have an office there?

Dev. Yes, a thousand What wouldst thou be?

Miles. By my troth, sir, in a place where I may profit myself. I know hell is a hot place, ⁵⁰ and men are marvellous dry, and much drink is spent there, I would be a tapster.

Dev. Thou shalt

Miles. There 's nothing lets me from going with you, but that 't is a long journey, and ⁵⁵ I have never a horse

Dev. Thou shalt ride on my back

Miles. Now surely here 's a courteous devil, that, for to pleasure his friend, will not stick to make a jade of himself — But I pray ⁶⁰ you, Goodman friend, let me move a question to you

Dev. What's that?

Miles. I pray you, whether is your pace a trot or an amble? ⁶⁵

Dev. An amble

Miles. 'T is well, but take heed it be not a trot: but 't is no matter, I 'll prevent it

Dev. What dost?

Miles. Marry, friend, I put on my spurs, ⁷⁰ for if I find your pace either a trot or else uneasy, I 'll put you to a false gallop, I 'll make you feel the benefit of my spurs

Dev. Get up upon my back

[*Miles mounts on the Devil's back*]

Miles. O Lord, here 's even a goodly mar- ⁷⁵ vel, when a man rides to hell on the devil's back!
Exeunt, roaring.

[SCENE XVI At Court]

Enter the Emperor with a pointless sword, next the King of Castile carrying a sword with a point, Lacy carrying the globe, Edward

Warren carrying a rod of gold with a dove on it, Ermsby with a crown and sceptre, the Queen with the Fair Maid of Fressingfield on her left hand, [King] Henry, [Prince Edward]; Bacon; with other Lords attending.

P. Edw. Great potentates, earth's miracles for state,

Think that Prince Edward humbles at your feet,

And, for these favours, on his martial sword

He vows perpetual homage to yourselves,

Yielding these honours unto Elnor ⁵

K. Hen. Gramercies, lordings, old Plantagenet,

That rules and sways the Albion diadem,

With tears discovers these conceived joys,

And vows requital, if his men-at-arms,

The wealth of England, or due honours done ¹⁰ To Elnor, may quite his favourites

But all this while what say you to the dames

That shine like to the crystal lamps of heaven?

Emp. If but a third were added to these two, They did surpass those gorgeous images ¹⁵

That gloried Ida with rich beauty's wealth.

Mar. 'T is I, my lords, who humbly on my knee

Must yield her orisons to mighty Jove

For lifting up his handmaid to this state,

Brought from her homely cottage to the court, ²⁰

And grac'd with kings, princes, and emperors,

To whom (next to the noble Lincoln Earl)

I vow obedience, and such humble love

As may a handmaid to such mighty men.

P. Eln. Thou martial man that wears the ²⁵ Almain crown,

And you the western potentates of might,

The Albion princess, English Edward's wife,

Proud that the lovely star of Fressingfield,

Fair Margaret, Countess to the Lincoln Earl, ³⁰

Attends on Elnor, — gramercies, lord, for her, —

'T is I give thanks for Margaret to you all,

And rest for her due bounden to yourselves

K. Hen. Seeing the marriage is solemnized,

Let 's march in triumph to the royal feast. —

But why stands Friar Bacon here so mute? ³⁵

Bacon. Repentant for the follies of my youth,

That magic's secret mysteries misled,

And joyful that this royal marriage

Portends such bliss unto this matchless realm.

K. Hen. Why, Bacon, ⁴⁰

What strange event shall happen to this land?

Or what shall grow from Edward and his queen?

Bacon. I find by deep prescience of mine art, Which once I temp'ed in my secret cell,

³¹⁻³² conformable . . . statute: *se*, in dress ³³ welt: trimmings ³⁴ guard: facings ³⁵ pair: pack ³⁶ swinging: huge ³⁷ white waistcoat: collar of froth ³⁸ those . . . images: the three goddesses of the choice of Paris. Cf. *Arrangement of Paris*, Act II, Sc 1

That here where Brute did build his Troynovant, 45

From forth the royal garden of a king
Shall flourish out so rich and fair a bud
Whose brightness shall deface proud Phœbus' flower,

And over-ahadow Albion with her leaves.
Till then Mars shall be master of the field, 50
But then the stormy threats of wars shall cease:
The horse shall stamp as careless of the pike,
Drums shall be turn'd to timbrels of delight,
With wealthy favours plenty shall enrich
The strand that gladdened wand'ring Brute to see, 55

And peace from heaven shall harbour in these leaves

That gorgeous beautifies this matchless flower:
Apollo's heliotropion then shall stoop,
And Venus' hyacinth shall vail her top;
Juno shall shut her gilliflowers up, 60

And Pallas' bay shall 'bash her brightest green,
Ceres' carnation, in consort with those,
Shall stoop and wonder at Diana's rose.

K. Hen. This prophecy is mystical. —
But, glorious commanders of Europa's love, 65
That makes fair England like that wealthy isle

Circled with Gihon and swift Euphrates,
In royalizing Henry's Albion
With presence of your princely mightiness, —
Let 's march: the tables all are spread, 70
And viands, such as England's wealth affords,
Are ready set to furnish out the boards.
You shall have welcome, mighty potentates:
It rests, to furnish up this royal feast,
Only your hearts be frolic; for the time 75
Craves that we taste of naught but jouissance.
Thus glories England over all the west.

Exeunt omnes.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.

⁴⁵ Brute: Brutus, the grandson of Æneas Troynovant: London ⁴⁷ ff The usual flattery of Queen Elizabeth ⁴⁸ timbrels: tambourines ⁴⁹ vail: lower ⁵¹ 'bash: abate ⁵⁷ swift: ('first' Qq) ⁷⁴ rests: remains furnish up: make complete ⁷⁵ Only: only that ⁷⁸ "He has won every vote who has mingled profit with pleasure" (Greene's favorite motto)

TRANSCRIPTION OF THOMAS KYD'S LETTER ON OPPOSITE PAGE

[The letter is in Kyd's autograph, but unsigned. Omitted letters given in italic]

Pleaseth it *your* honourable *Lordship* toching Marlowes monstrous opinions as I cannot but with an agreed conscience think on him or them so can I but *particularize* fewe in the respect of them that kept him greater company. Howbeit in discharg of dutie both towards God *your Lordships* & the world thus much haue I thought good breiflie to discover in all humblenes

Ffirst it was his custom when I knewe him first & as I heare saie he contynewd it, in table talk or otherwise to iest at the devine scriptures gybe at praiers, & stryve in argument to frustrate & confute what hath byn spoke or wrytt by prophets & such holie men

- 1 He wold report St John to be *our saviour* Christes Alexis I cover it wth reverence and trembling that is that Christ did loue him wth an extraordinary loue
- 2 That for me to wryte a poem of St paules conversion as I was determined he said wold be as if I shold go wryte a book of fast & loose, esterming paul a Jugler
- 3 That the prodigall Childs portion was but fower nobles he held his purse so neere the bottom in all pictures, and that it either was a iest or els fowr nobles then was thought a great patrimony not thinking it a *parable*
- 4 That things esteemed to be donn by devine power might haue aswell been don by observation of men all *which* he wold so sodenlie take slight occasion to slyp out as I & many others in regard of his other rashnes in attempting soden pryvie iniuries to men did ouerslypp though often reprehend him for it & for which god is my witnes aswell by my lords comaundment as in hatred of his Life & thoughts I left & did refraine his companie
He wold *perswade* wth men of qualitie to goe vnto the k of scotts whether I heare Royden is gon and where if he had lud he told me when I sawe him last he meant to be.

[illegible]

First it was his custom upon Fridayes to faste & at Egreus his
country he in full ball or otherwise to visit all the beate parishes
with alms; & then in evening to praye & confute with his
father or some of his prelates & some other

The most regular & frequent be. of these spots, the most frequent & the most
faint & the most frequent be. of these spots, the most frequent & the most

². Confirmando Fe... i periti de ... paulus conobitur ad ...
E... nota ho us qd fide go nante ai boch o' spate laqz ostentant
passi a Guglier.

3 That is provided that portion was but for noble of the
 part of us in bottom in all part and had the upper part of it
 or old for noble from road through a great part of the
 pillar

[illegible][illegible]

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL RECORD. *The Spanish Tragedy* was no less monumentally popular with the reading public than it was on the stage. On Oct. 6, 1592, the following entry was made on the Register of the Stationers' Co.: *Abell Ieffes Entred for his copie vnder thandes of master Hartwell and master Stirrop, a booke whiche is called the Spanishe tragedie of Don Horatio and Bellimperia* [sic] &c.

On Dec. 18 of the same year another record (cf Greg and Boswell, *Records of the Court of the Stationers' Company*, 1930, p. 44) declares that Abell Jeffes, mentioned above, and Edward White, had each offended against the laws of the company: Jeffes by publishing *Arden of Feversham*, the copyright of which belonged to White, and White by publishing *The Spanish Tragedy*, which belonged to Jeffes. The books so printed were confiscated by the company, and the printers fined.

The earliest extant quarto (technically an octavo) of *The Spanish Tragedy*, printed by Edward Allde for Edward White, bears no date, but asserts that it is "Newly corrected and amended of such grosse faults as passed in the first impression." This edition, of which only one copy is known to survive, is doubtless the one which was suppressed. Of the still earlier, and allegedly faultier, one issued by Jeffes we have no trace. In 1594 another edition was printed by Jeffes, "to be sold by Edward White", and on Aug. 13, 1599, Jeffes transferred his copyright to William White, who, after issuing an edition in that year, surrendered the copyright to Thomas Pavier, Aug. 14, 1600. In 1602 appeared, under the auspices of Pavier, but from the press of William White, a quarto which first contained the famous "additions" (see below). Another quarto has survived with the date 1602 on the title-page, but with a colophon dated 1603, and there were further editions in 1610 (colophon, 1611), 1615 (two issues), 1618, 1623 (two issues), and finally in 1633.

THE ADDITIONS On Sept. 25, 1601, and June 22, 1602, Philip Henslowe, in behalf of the Admiral's Men, made large payments to Ben Jonson for two sets of "adicyons" to a play referred to under the title of *Jeronimo*. Critics do not see Jonson's hand, however, in the remarkable additions which appear first in the 1602 Quarto, and which we here distinguish by the use of italic type. They are of surprising literary quality, surpassing the original play in this respect, but are not recognizably Jonsonian and probably date from 1597, when Henslowe produced a revival of the play, which he marked as "new" (See W. W. Greg, introduction to Malone Society reprint, 1925, and the Oxford Jonson, II. 238 f.)

DATE AND STAGE PERFORMANCE A somewhat blind reference in the Induction to Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* (1614) refers to *Jeronimo* along with *Titus Andronicus* as a play already twenty-five or thirty years old. This would give 1584-1589 as the period during which the tragedy first appeared, and the lack of any reference to the Armada among the allusions to Anglo-Spanish history in Hieronimo's masque (I v) suggests a date earlier than 1588. Probably 1586 is not far from correct. Professor T. W. Baldwin (*Modern Language Notes*, June, 1925, *Philological Quarterly*, July, 1927) argues that it cannot be later than the summer of 1585. The play was revived at the Rose Theatre by Strange's Men in 1592, and by the Admiral's at the same house in 1597, Ben Jonson acting the part of Hieronimo. Henslowe records in all twenty-nine performances. Another elaborate revival was doubtless undertaken in 1601-1602, in connection with the additions for which Jonson was paid, but detailed information for this period is lacking.

AUTHORSHIP. The early editions of *The Spanish Tragedy* are all anonymous, and none of the theatrical notices of the play mentions Kyd. We owe our knowledge of his authorship to Thomas Heywood, who quotes three lines (IV. i 86-88) in his *Apology for Actors*, 1612, with the words: "Therefore, M[aster] Kid, in his *Spanish Tragedy*, upon occasion presenting itself, thus writes"

STRUCTURE. The early quartos divide the play into four acts, but not into scenes. The third act alone is, however, as long as the other three combined, and it may be that the usual five-act division was Kyd's original intention. Many of the devices which he invented or derived from his predecessors in Senecan tragedy passed into the common stock of the Elizabethan theatre. Among them are the idyllic garden scene; the play within the play; the dumb-show, made by Kyd an integral part of the drama, and the careful articulation of the subplot.

SOURCES. Kyd's plot does not correspond with any sequence of events in the history of Spain and Portugal. The time of action is thought of as the very recent past, the conflict in which Andrea lost his life being identifiable with the Battle of Alcantara in 1580. The form of the play is derived from the tragedies of Seneca (two of which are divided like this into four acts). Kyd retained the Senecan chorus, ghost, and spectacular peculiarities of plot, but gave them new vitality. The character of Lorenzo reflects the contemporary conception of Machiavelli's teachings. (The facsimile reproduces Kyd's letter about Marlowe, discovered by F. K. Brown in 1921.)

THOMAS KYD (1558–1594)

THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

[DRAMATIS PERSONAE

GHOST OF ANDREA, a Spanish Nobleman, }
REVENGE, his Companion, } Chorus

PEDRINGANO, Bel-imperia's Servant
CHRISTOPHIL, her Guard
SERBERINE, Balthazar's Servant

KING OF SPAIN

DON CYPRIAN, DUKE OF CASTILE, his Brother

LORENZO, Castile's Son

HIERONIMO, Marshal of Spain

HORATIO, his Son

DON BAZULTO, an Old Man

VICEROY OF PORTUGAL

BALTHAZAR, his Son

DON PEDRO, the Viceroy's Brother

ALEXANDRO, } Portuguese Noblemen

VILLUPPO, }

BEL-IMPERIA, Daughter of Castile
ISABELLA, Wife of Hieronimo

(In the Additions)

BAZARDO, a Painter

PEDRO, } Servants of Hieronimo
JAQUES, }

A Spanish General; Portuguese Ambassador, Deputy, Lorenzo's Page, Isabella's Maid;
Messenger, Hangman, Citizens, Figures in Dumb-show; Officers, Watchmen,
Torch-bearers, and other attendants

SCENE · Spain and Portugal]

ACTUS PRIMUS

[SCENE I INDUCTION]

*Enter the Ghost of Andrea, and with him
Revenge*

Ghost. When this eternal substance of my
soul

Did live imprison'd in my wanton flesh,
Each in their function serving other's need,
I was a courtier in the Spanish court.

My name was Don Andrea, my descent, 5
Though not ignoble, yet inferior far

To gracious fortunes of my tender youth·
For there in prime and pride of all my years,

By duteous service and deserving love,
In secret I possess'd a worthy dame, 10

Which hight sweet Bel-imperia by name.

But in the harvest of my summer joys
Death's winter nipp'd the blossoms of my bliss,

Forcing divorce betwixt my love and me.

For in the late conflict with Portingale 15
My valour drew me into danger's mouth,

Till life to death made passage through my
wounds

When I was slain, my soul descended straight

To pass the flowing stream of Acheron;
But churlish Charon, only boatman there, 20

Said that, my rites of burial not perform'd,

I might not sit amongst his passengers.

Ere Sol had slept three nights in Thetis' lap,

And slak'd his smoking chariot in her flood,

By Don Horatio, our knight marshal's son, 25

My funerals and obseques were done.

Then was the ferryman of hell content

To pass me over to the slimy strand,

That leads to fell Avernus' ugly waves

There, pleasing Cerberus with honey'd speech, 30

I pass'd the perils of the foremost porch.

Not far from hence, amidst ten thousand souls,

Sat Minos, Æacus, and Rhadamanth;

To whom no sooner 'gan I make approach,

To crave a passport for my wand'ring ghost, 35

But Minos, in graven leaves of lottery,

Drew forth the manner of my life and death.

"This knight," quoth he, "both liv'd and died
in love,

And for his love tried fortune of the wars;

And by war's fortune lost both love and life." 40

"Why then," said Æacus, "convey him hence,

To walk with lovers in our fields of love,

And spend the course of everlasting time

Under green myrtle-trees and cypress shades."

¹¹ hight: was called ¹⁵ Portingale: Portugal ¹⁸⁻⁴⁰ (Cf Æneid, Bk VI) ³⁰ Avernus: a
noisome lake in southern Italy, identified with the entrance to Hell and hence Hell itself ⁴⁰ leaves
of lottery: books of fate

"No, no," said Rhadamanth, "it were not well, 45

With loving souls to place a martialist.
He died in war, and must to martial fields,
Where wounded Hector lives in lasting pain,
And Achilles' Myrmidons do scour the plain "
Then Minos, mildest censor of the three, 50
Made this device to end the difference:
"Send him," quoth he, "to our infernal king,
To doom him as best seems his majesty."
To this effect my passport straight was drawn
In keeping on my way to Pluto's court, 55
Through dreadful shades of ever-glooming night,

I saw more sights than thousand tongues can tell,

Or pens can write, or mortal hearts can think.
Three ways there were that on the right-hand side

Was ready way unto the 'foresaid fields, 60
Where lovers live and bloody martialists;
But either sort contain'd within his bounds
The left-hand path, declining fearfully,
Was ready downfall to the deepest hell,
Where bloody Furies shakes their whips of steel, 65

And poor Ixion turns an endless wheel;
Where users are chok'd with melting gold,
And wantons are embrac'd with ugly snakes,
And murderers groan with never-killing wounds,
And perjur'd wights scalded in boiling lead, 70
And all foul sins with torments overwhelm'd
'Twixt these two ways I trod the middle path,
Which brought me to the fair Elysian green,
In midst whereof there stands a stately tower,
The walls of brass, the gates of adamant. 75
Here finding Pluto with his Proserpine,
I show'd my passport, humbled on my knee;
Whereat fair Proserpine began to smile,
And begg'd that only she might give my doom.
Pluto was pleas'd, and seal'd it with a kiss. 80
Forthwith, Revenge, she rounded thee in th' ear,

And bade thee lead me through the gates of horn,

Where dreams have passage in the silent night
No sooner had she spoke, but we were here —
I wot not how — in twinkling of an eye 85

Revenge. Then know, Andrea, that thou art arriv'd

Where thou shalt see the author of thy death,
Don Balthazar, the prince of Portingale,

Depriv'd of life by Bel-imperia.
Here sit we down to see the mystery, 90
And serve for Chorus in this tragedy

[SCENE II. *The Court of Spain*]

Enter Spanish King, General, Castile, Hieronimo

King. Now say, lord General, how fares our camp?

Gen. All well, my sovereign hege, except some few

That are deceas'd by fortune of the war.

King. But what portends thy cheerful countenance,

And posting to our presence thus in haste? 5
Speak, man, hath fortune given us victory?

Gen. Victory, my hege, and that with little loss.

King. Our Portingals will pay us tribute then?

Gen. Tribute and wonted homage therewithal

King. Then bless'd be heaven and guider of the heavens, 10

From whose fair influence such justice flows

Cast O multum dilecte Deo, tibi militat æther,

Et conjuratæ curvato poplite gentes

Succumbunt recti soror est victoria juris

King. Thanks to my loving brother of Castile 15

But, General, unfold in brief discourse

Your form of battle and your war's success,

That, adding all the pleasure of thy news

Unto the height of former happiness,

With deeper wage and greater dignity 20
We may reward thy blissful chivalry

Gen. Where Spain and Portingale do jointly knit

Their frontiers, leaning on each other's bound,
There met our armies in their proud array;

Both furnish'd well, both full of hope and fear, 25

Both menacing alike with daring shows,

Both vaunting sundry colours of device,
Both cheerly sounding trumpets, drums, and fifes,

Both raising dreadful clamours to the sky,
That valleys, hills, and rivers made rebound, 30

And heaven itself was frighted with the sound.
Our battles both were pitch'd in squadron form,

⁴⁶ martialist: warlike man ⁵⁰ censor: judge
its ⁵¹ rounded: whispered ⁵² gates of horn: gates of Sleep ('Hor' Q 1, 2, 'Horror' Q 3, etc.)
⁵³ Chorus: interpreter (as in Greek tragedy) ⁵⁴⁻⁵⁶ O . . . juris: O much beloved of God, the heavens
fight for thee, and the conspiring nations fall on bended knee; victory is the sister of just law.
(Adapted from Claudian. The Latin passages in the play were printed very incorrectly in the quartos
They are given as corrected by modern editors) ⁵⁷ colours of device: insignia on standards ⁵⁸ re-
bound: re-echo ⁵⁹ battles: battle-lines pitch'd: drawn up

Each corner strongly fenc'd with wings of shot,
But ere we join'd and came to push of pike,
I brought a squadron of our readiest shot 35
From out our rearward to begin the fight
They brought another wing t' encounter us
Meanwhile, our ordnance play'd on either side,
And captains strove to have their valours
tried.

Don Pedro, their chief horsemen's colonel, 40
Did with his cornet bravely make attempt
To break the order of our battle ranks.
But Don Rogero, worthy man of war,
March'd forth against him with our musketeers,
And stopp'd the malice of his fell approach 45
While they maintain hot skirmish to and fro,
Both battles join, and fall to handy-blows,
Their violent shot resembling th' ocean's rage,
When, roaring loud, and with a swelling tide,
It beats upon the rampiers of huge rocks, 50
And gapes to swallow neighbour-bounding
lands

Now, while Bellona rageth here and there,
Thick storms of bullets ran like winter's hail,
And shiver'd lances dark'd the troubled air

Pede pes el cuspide cuspis, 55

Arma sonant armis, vir pelturque viro.

On every side drop captains to the ground,
And soldiers, some ill-maim'd, some slain out-
right

Here falls a body sund' red from his head,
There legs and arms lie bleeding on the grass, 60
Mingled with weapons and unbowl'd steeds,
That scattering overspread the purple plain
In all this turmoil, three long hours and more,
The victory to neither part inclin'd,
Till Don Andrea, with his brave lancers, 65
In their main battle made so great a breach,
That, half dismay'd, the multitude retir'd
But Balthazar, the Portingales' young prince,
Brought rescue, and encourag'd them to stay
Here-hence the fight was eagerly renew'd, 70
And in that conflict was Andrea slain,
Brave man at arms, but weak to Balthazar
Yet while the prince, insulting over him,
Breath'd out proud vaunts, sounding to our
reproach,

Friendship and hardy valour join'd in one 75
Prick'd forth Horatio, our knight marshal's son,
To challenge forth that prince in single fight
Not long between these twain the fight endur'd,
But straight the prince was beaten from his
horse,

And forc'd to yield him prisoner to his foe 80
When he was taken, all the rest they fled,

And our carbines pursu'd them to the death,
Till, Phœbus waving to the western deep,
Our trumpeters were charg'd to sound retreat
King Thanks, good lord General, for these
good news, 85

And for some argument of more to come,
Take this, and wear it for thy sovereign's sake
Gives him his chain

But tell me now, hast thou confirm'd a peace?
Gen No peace, my liege, but peace con-
ditional,

That if with homage tribute be well paid, 90
The fury of your forces will be stay'd.

And to this peace their viceroy hath subscrib'd,
Gives the King a paper.

And made a solemn vow that, during life,
His tribute shall be truly paid to Spain.

King These words, these deeds, become thy
person well 95

But now, knight marshal, frolic with thy king,
For 't is thy son that wins this battle's prize.

Hier Long may he live to serve my sover-
eign liege,

And soon decay, unless he serve my liege.

King. Nor thou, nor he, shall die without
reward. *A tucket afar off* 100

What means this warning of this trumpet's
sound?

Gen This tells me that your grace's men of
war,

Such as war's fortune hath reserv'd from death,
Come marching on towards your royal seat,
To show themselves before your majesty; 105
For so I gave in charge at my depart
Whereby by demonstration shall appear
That all, except three hundred or few more,
Are safe return'd, and by their foes enrich'd.

*The Army enters, Balthazar, between Lo-
renzo and Horatio, captive*

King A gladsome sight! I long to see them
here *They enter and pass by.* 110

Was that the warlike prince of Portingale,
That by our nephew was in triumph led?

Gen It was, my liege, the prince of Portin-
gale

King But what was he that on the other
side

Held him by th' arm, as partner of the prize? 115

Hier. That was my son, my gracious sover-
eign,

Of whom though from his tender infancy
My loving thoughts did never hope but well,
He never pleas'd his father's eyes till now,

³⁵ shot: musketeers ³⁴ push of pike: fighting at close quarters ⁴¹ cornet: wing of an army
⁴⁷ handy-blows: hand-to-hand fighting ⁵⁰ rampiers: ramparts ⁵⁵⁻⁵⁶ Pede . . . viro: Foot to
foot and lance to lance, arms clash on arms, and man is assailed by man ⁷⁰ Here-hence: Henceforth
⁷⁹ to: i. e., compared to ⁷⁸ insulting: exulting contemptuously ⁷⁹ Prick'd: spurred ⁸⁰ waving:
declining ¹⁰⁰ S D tucket: flourish of trumpets

Nor fill'd my heart with over-cloying joys. 120
King. Go, let them march once more about these walls,

That, staying them, we may confer and talk
 With our brave prisoner and his double guard.
[Exit a messenger.]

Hieronimo, it greatly pleaseth us
 That in our victory thou have a share, 125
 By virtue of thy worthy son's exploit.

Enter again

Bring hither the young prince of Portingale:
 The rest march on, but, ere they be dismiss'd,
 We will bestow on every soldier
 Two ducats, and on every leader ten, 130
 That they may know our largess welcomes them. *Exeunt all but [the King], Balthazar, Lorenzo [and] Horatio.*

Welcome, Don Balthazar! welcome, nephew!
 And thou, Horatio, thou art welcome too.
 Young prince, although thy father's hard mis-
 deeds,

In keeping back the tribute that he owes, 135
 Deserve but evil measure at our hands,
 Yet shalt thou know that Spain is honourable.

Bal. The trespass that my father made in
 peace
 Is now controll'd by fortune of the wars,
 And cards once dealt, it boots not ask why
 so. 140

His men are slain, a weakening to his realm,
 His colours seiz'd, a blot unto his name;
 His son distress'd, a cor'sive to his heart.
 These punishments may clear his late offence.

King. Ay, Balthazar, if he observe this
 truce, 145

Our peace will grow the stronger for these wars.
 Meanwhile live thou, though not in liberty,
 Yet free from bearing any servile yoke,
 For in our hearing thy deserts were great,
 And in our sight thyself art gracious 150

Bal. And I shall study to deserve this grace.

King. But tell me — for their holding makes
 me doubt —

To which of these twain art thou prisoner?

Lor. To me, my liege.

Hor. To me, my sovereign.

Lor. This hand first took his courser by the
 reins. 155

Hor. But first my lance did put him from
 his horse

Lor. I seiz'd his weapon, and enjoy'd it first

Hor. But first I forc'd him lay his weapons
 down.

King. Let go his arm, upon our privilege
Let him go.

Say, worthy prince, to whether did'st thou
 yield? 160

Bal. To him in courtesy, to this perforce.
 He spake me fair, this other gave me strokes;
 He promis'd life, this other threat'ned death;
 He won my love, this other conquer'd me,
 And, truth to say, I yield myself to both 165

Hier. But that I know your grace for just
 and wise,

And might seem partial in this difference,
 Enforc'd by nature and by law of arms
 My tongue should plead for young Horatio's
 right

He hunted well that was a lion's death, 170
 Not he that in a garment wore his skin,
 So hares may pull dead lions by the beard.

King. Content thee, marshal, thou shalt
 have no wrong,

And, for thy sake, thy son shall want no right
 Will both abide the censure of my doom? 175

Lor. I crave no better than your grace
 awards.

Hor. Nor I, although I sit beside my right
King. Then by my judgment, thus your
 strife shall end

You both deserve, and both shall have reward
 Nephew, thou took'st his weapon and his
 horse: 180

His weapons and his horse are thy reward
 Horatio, thou didst force him first to yield.
 His ransom therefore is thy valour's fee,
 Appoint the sum, as you shall both agree.
 But, nephew, thou shalt have the prince in
 guard, 185

For thine estate best fitteth such a guest:
 Horatio's house were small for all his train.
 Yet, in regard thy substance passeth his,
 And that just guerdon may befall desert,
 To him we yield the armour of the prince 190
 How likes Don Balthazar of this device?

Bal. Right well, my liege, if this proviso
 were,

That Don Horatio bear us company,
 Whom I admire and love for chivalry.

King. Horatio, leave him not that loves
 thee so. — 195

Now let us hence to see our soldiers paid,
 And feast our prisoner as our friendly guest
Exeunt.

[SCENE III *The Court of Portugal*]

Enter Viceroy, Alexandro, Villuppo

Vic. Is our ambassador despatch'd for Spain?

Alex. Two days, my liege, are past since his
 depart

¹³⁹ controll'd: overmastered, held in check ¹⁴⁸ cor'sive: corrosive ¹⁶⁰ whether: which of the
 two ¹⁶¹ him: s.e. Lorenzo ¹⁷⁵ censure: decision ¹⁸⁰ doom: judgment ¹⁷⁷ sit beside: fail of
¹⁸⁸ in regard: inasmuch as

Vic. And tribute-payment gone along with him?

Alex. Ay, my good lord

Vic. Then rest we here awhile in our unrest, 5

And feed our sorrows with some inward sighs,
For deepest cares break never into tears.
But wherefore sit I in a regal throne?
This better fits a wretch's endless moan

Falls to the ground

Yet this is higher than my fortunes reach, 10
And therefore better than my state deserves

Ay, ay, this earth, image of melancholy,
Seeks him whom fates adjudge to misery
Here let me lie, now am I at the lowest

Qui jacet in terra, non habet unde cadat 15

In me consumpsit vires fortuna nocendo,

Nil superest ul jam possit obesse magis

Yes, Fortune may bereave me of my crown
Here, take it now let Fortune do her worst,
She will not rob me of this sable weed 20

O no, she envies none but pleasant things
Such is the folly of despightful chance!

Fortune is blind, and sees not my deserts,
So is she deaf, and hears not my laments,
And could she hear, yet is she wilful-mad, 25

And therefore will not pity my distress
Suppose that she could pity me, what then?

What help can be expected at her hands
Whose foot is standing on a rolling stone,

And mind more mutable than fickle winds? 30
Why wail I, then, where 's hope of no redress?

O yes, complaining makes my grief seem less
My late ambition hath dustain'd my faith,

My breach of faith occasion'd bloody wars,
Those bloody wars have spent my treasure, 35

And with my treasure my people's blood,
And with their blood, my joy and best belov'd,

My best belov'd, my sweet and only son
O, wherefore went I not to war myself?

The cause was mine, I might have died for both 40

My years were mellow, his but young and green;
My death were natural, but his was forc'd

Alex. No doubt, my liege, but still the prince survives.

Vic. Survives! Ay, where?

Alex. In Spain, a prisoner by mischance of war 45

Vic. Then they have slain him for his father's fault

Alex. That were a breach to common law of arms

Vic. They reckon no laws that meditate revenge

Alex. His ransom's worth will stay from foul revenge.

Vic. No; if he liv'd, the news would soon be here 50

Alex. Nay, evil news fly faster still than good.

Vic. Tell me no more of news, for he is dead

Vil. My sovereign, pardon the author of ill news,

And I'll bewray the fortune of thy son.

Vic. Speak on, I'll guerdon thee, whate'er it be 55

Mine ear is ready to receive ill news;
My heart grown hard 'gainst mischief's battery.

Stand up, I say, and tell thy tale at large.

Vil. Then hear that truth which these mine eyes have seen

When both the armies were in battle join'd, 60
Don Balthazar, amidst the thickest troops,

To win renown did wondrous feats of arms.
Amongst the rest, I saw him, hand to hand,

In single fight with their lord-general,
Till Alexandro, that here counterfeits 65

Under the colour of a duteous friend,
Discharg'd his pistol at the prince's back

As though he would have slain their general:
But therewithal Don Balthazar fell down;

And when he fell, then we began to fly: 70
But, had he liv'd, the day had sure been ours

Alex. O wicked forgery! O traitorous miscreant!

Vic. Hold thou thy peace! But now, Vil-luppo, say,

Where then became the carcase of my son?

Vil. I saw them drag it to the Spanish tents.

Vic. Ay, ay, my nightly dreams have told me this — 76

Thou false, unkind, unthankful, traitorous beast,

Wherein had Balthazar offended thee,
That thou shouldst thus betray him to our foes?

Was't Spanish gold that bleared so thine eyes 80
That thou couldst see no part of our deserts?

Perchance, because thou art Terceira's lord,
Thou hadst some hope to wear this diadem,

If first my son and then myself were slain.
But thy ambitious thought shall break thy neck 85

Ay, this was it that made thee spill his blood,
Take the crown and put it on again.

But I'll now wear it till thy blood be spilt.

Alex. Vouchsafe, dread sovereign, to hear me speak

15-17 *Qui . . . magis*: He who lies on the ground has not whence he may fall. Against me fortune has consumed her power of doing harm. Nothing remains that now can hurt me more! 20 *weed*: garment 22 *is*: (not in Qq) 23 *dustain'd*: sullied 24 *bewray*: reveal 26 *Where then became*: What then became of 28 *Terceira*: an important island in the Azores

Vic. Away with him! His sight is second hell.

Keep him till we determine of his death: 90
[*They take him out.*]

If Balthazar be dead, he shall not live.

Villuppo, follow us for thy reward.

Exit Viceroy.

Vis. Thus have I with an envious, forged tale
Deceiv'd the king, betray'd mine enemy,
And hope for guerdon of my villainy. *Exit.* 95

[SCENE IV. *The Court of Spain*]

Enter Horatio and Bel-imperia

Bel. Signior Horatio, this is the place and hour,

Wherein I must entreat thee to relate
The circumstance of Don Andrea's death,
Who, living, was my garland's sweetest flower,
And in his death hath buried my delights 5

Hor. For love of him and service to yourself,
I will refuse this heavy doleful charge,

Yet tears and sighs, I fear, will hinder me.
When both our armies were enjoin'd in fight,

Your worthy chevalier amidst the thick'st, 10
For glorious cause still aiming at the fairest,
Was at the last by young Don Balthazar

Encount'ring hand to hand Their fight was
long,

Their hearts were great, their clamours menac-
ing,

Their strength alike, their strokes both dan-
gerous 15

But wrathful Nemesis, that wicked power,
Envyng at Andrea's praise and worth,

Cut short his life, to end his praise and worth.
She, she herself, disguis'd in armour's mask —

As Pallas was before proud Pergamus — 20
Brought in a fresh supply of halberdiers,
Which paunch'd his horse, and ding'd him to

the ground

Then young Don Balthazar with ruthless rage,
Taking advantage of his foe's distress,

Did finish what his halberdiers begun, 25
And left not, till Andrea's life was done

Then, though too late, incens'd with just re-
morse,

I with my band set forth against the prince,
And brought him prisoner from his halberdiers

Bel. Would thou hadst slain him that so
slew my love! 30

But then was Don Andrea's carcase lost?

Hor. No, that was it for which I chiefly
strove,

Nor stepp'd I back till I recover'd him
I took him up, and wound him in mine arms;

And welding him unto my private tent, 35
There laid him down, and dew'd him with my

tears,
And sigh'd and sorrow'd as became a friend.

But neither friendly sorrow, sighs, nor tears
Could win pale Death from his usurped right.

Yet this I did, and less I could not do 40
I saw him honoured with due funeral.

This scarf I pluck'd from off his lifeless arm,
And wear it in remembrance of my friend

Bel. I know the scarf. would he had kept it
still!

For had he liv'd, he would have kept it still, 45
And worn it for his Bel-imperia's sake,

For 't was my favour at his last depart
But now wear thou it both for him and me,

For after him thou hast deserv'd it best.
But for thy kindness in his life and death, 50

Be sure, while Bel-imperia's life endures,
She will be Don Horatio's thankful friend

Hor. And, madam, Don Horatio will not
slack

Humbly to serve fair Bel-imperia
But now, if your good liking stand thereto, 55

I 'll crave your pardon to go seek the prince,
For so the duke, your father, gave me charge.

Exit.

Bel. Ay, go, Horatio, leave me here alone;
For solitude best fits my cheerless mood

Yet what avails to wail Andrea's death, 60
From whence Horatio proves my second love?

Had he not lov'd Andrea as he did,
He could not sit in Bel-imperia's thoughts.

But how can love find harbour in my breast
Till I revenge the death of my belov'd? 65

Yes, second love shall further my revenge!
I 'll love Horatio, my Andrea's friend,

The more to spite the prince that wrought his
end;

And where Don Balthazar, that slew my love,
Himself now pleads for favour at my hands, 70

He shall, in rigour of my just disdain,
Reap long repentance for his murderous deed.

For what was 't else but murderous cowardice,
So many to oppress one valiant knight,

Without respect of honour in the fight? 75
And here he comes that murd'ring my delight

Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar

Lor. Sister, what means this melancholy
walk?

Bel. That for a while I wish no company.
Lor. But here the prince is come to visit you

Bel. That argues that he lives in liberty 80
Bel. No, madam, but in pleasing servitude

Bel. Your prison then, belike, is your conceit.

¹ circumstance: particulars ² will: will not ³ paunch'd: stabbed in the belly ⁴ ding'd:
knocked down ⁵ incens'd: inflamed ⁶ remorse: regret, pity ⁷ welding: carrying (archaic
form of "wielding") ⁸ oppress: overpower ⁹ conceit: fancy

Bal. Ay, by conceit my freedom is enthrall'd

Bel. Then with conceit enlarge yourself again

Bal. What, if conceit have laid my heart to gage? ⁸⁵

Bel. Pay that you borrow'd, and recover it.

Bal. I die, if it return from whence it lies.

Bel. A heartless man, and live? A miracle!

Bal. Ay, lady, love can work such miracles

Lor. Tush, tush, my lord! let go these am-
bagages, ⁹⁰

And in plain terms acquaint her with your love

Bel. What boots complaint, when there's no
remedy?

Bal. Yes, to your gracious self must I com-
plain,

In whose fair answer lies my remedy,

On whose perfection all my thoughts attend, ⁹⁵

On whose aspect mine eyes find beauty's bower,

In whose translucent breast my heart is lodg'd

Bel. Alas, my lord, these are but words of
course,

And but devis'd to drive me from this place

She, in going in, lets fall her glove, which

Horatio, coming out, takes up

Hor. Madam, your glove ¹⁰⁰

Bel. Thanks, good Horatio, take it for thy
pains

Bal. Signior Horatio stoop'd in happy time!

Hor. I reap'd more grace than I deserv'd or
hop'd

Lor. My lord, be not dismay'd for what is
past

You know that women oft are humorous ¹⁰⁵

These clouds will overblow with little wind,

Let me alone, I'll scatter them myself

Meanwhile, let us devise to spend the time

In some delightful sports and revelling.

Hor. The king, my lords, is coming hither
straight, ¹¹⁰

To feast the Portugall ambassador;

Things were in readiness before I came

Bal. Then here it fits us to attend the king,
To welcome hither our ambassador, ¹¹⁴

And learn my father and my country's health

[SCENE V *The Same*]

*Enter the Banquet, Trumpets, the King, and
Ambassador*

King. See, lord Ambassador, how Spain en-
treats

Their prisoner Balthazar, thy viceroy's son
We pleasure more in kindness than in wars.

Amb. Sad is our king, and Portugale la-
ments,

Supposing that Don Balthazar is slain. ⁵

Bal. So am I slain, by beauty's tyranny.

You see, my lord, how Balthazar is slain:

I frolic with the Duke of Castile's son,

Wrapp'd every hour in pleasures of the court,

And grac'd with favours of his majesty. ¹⁰

King. Put off your greetings, till our feast
be done,

Now come and sit with us, and taste our cheer.

Sit to the banquet.

Sit down, young prince, you are our second
guest,

Brother, sit down, and, nephew, take your
place

Signior Horatio, wait thou upon our cup, ¹⁵

For well thou hast deserv'd to be honour'd.

Now, lordings, fall to. Spain is Portugal,

And Portugal is Spain, we both are friends;

Tribute is paid, and we enjoy our right

But where is old Hieronimo, our marshal? ²⁰

He promis'd us, in honour of our guest,

To grace our banquet with some pompous jest.

*Enter Hieronimo, with a drum, three knights,
each his scutcheon, then he fetches three
kings, they take their crowns and them
captive*

Hieronimo, this masque contents mine eye,

Although I sound not well the mystery

Hier. The first arm'd knight, that hung his
scutcheon up, ²⁵

*He takes the scutcheon and gives it
to the King*

Was English Robert, Earl of Gloucester,

Who, when King Stephen bore sway in Albion,

Arriv'd with five and twenty thousand men

In Portugale, and by success of war

Enforc'd the king, then but a Saracen, ³⁰

To bear the yoke of the English monarchy

King. My lord of Portugale, by this you see
That which may comfort both your king and
you,

And make your late discomfort seem the less.

But say, Hieronimo, what was the next? ³⁵

Hier. The second knight, that hung his
scutcheon up, *He doth as he did before*

Was Edmund, Earl of Kent in Albion,

When English Richard wore the diadem.

⁸⁵ enlarge: set free ⁹⁰ to gage: as a pledge ⁹⁵ ambagages: circumlocutions ¹⁰⁰ words of course: ceremonial phrases ¹⁰⁵ devis'd: ('deuse' Q 1-2) ¹¹⁰ humorous: capricious ¹¹⁴ entreats: treats ¹¹⁵ pompous: stately ¹²⁰ English Robert: Robert of Gloucester seems never to have been in Portugal. Some Englishmen, however, did take part in the capture of Lisbon in 1147. ¹²⁵ Edmund: Edmund Langley, Earl of Kent, went to Portugal during the reign of Richard II, not to attack the king but to aid him against the Spaniards. He was created Duke of York four years later (1385) for his services against the Scots

He came likewise, and razed Lisbon walls,
And took the King of Portingale in fight; 40
For which and other such-like service done
He after was created Duke of York.

King. This is another special argument,
That Portingale may deign to bear our yoke,
When it by little England hath been yok'd. 45
But now, Hieronimo, what were the last?

Hier. The third and last, not least, in our
account, *Doing as before.*

Was, as the rest, a valiant Englishman,
Brave John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster,
As by his scutcheon plainly may appear. 50
He with a puissant army came to Spain,
And took our King of Castile prisoner

Amb. This is an argument for our viceroy
That Spain may not insult for her success,
Since English warriors likewise conquer'd
Spain, 55

And made them bow their knees to Albion.

King. Hieronimo, I drink to thee for this
device,

Which hath pleas'd both the ambassador and
me:

Pledge me, Hieronimo, if thou love the king.

Takes the cup of Horatio.

My lord, I fear we sit but over-long, 60
Unless our dainties were more delicate;
But welcome are you to the best we have
Now let us in, that you may be despatch'd
I think our council is already set.

Exeunt omnes.

[*Chorus*]

Andrea. Come we for this from depth of un-
derground, 65
To see him feast that gave me my death's
wound?

These pleasant sights are sorrow to my soul:
Nothing but league, and love, and banqueting?

Revenge. Be still, Andrea, ere we go from
hence,

I'll turn their friendship into fell despite, 70
Their love to mortal hate, their day to night,
Their hope unto despair, their peace to war,
Their joys to pain, their bliss to misery

ACTUS SECUNDUS

[*SCENE I. The Palace of Don Cyprian*]

Enter Lorenzo and Balhazar

Lor. My lord, though Bel-imperia seem thus
coy,
Let reason hold you in your wonted joy.

⁴⁰ John of Gaunt: John of Gaunt led an army to Spain in 1386-1387. He claimed the throne of Castile, but failed to capture the king and was finally forced to withdraw. He later married his daughter to the heir to the Castilian throne. ³⁻⁴ (From Son 47 of Watson's *Hecatompathia* [1582] Cf *Much Ado*, I i 271) ⁴ haggard: untamed ⁵ beauty's: ('beauteous' Qq.) ⁶ Vien qui presto: Come here quickly (Italian). ⁶⁷ conveyance: secret agency

In time the savage bull sustains the yoke,
In time all haggard hawks will stoop to lure,
In time small wedges cleave the hardest oak, 5
In time the flint is pierc'd with softest shower,
And she in time will fall from her disdain,
And rue the sufferance of your friendly pain.

Bal. No, she is wilder, and more hard withal,
Than beast, or bird, or tree, or stony wall. 10
But wherefore blot I Bel-imperia's name?
It is my fault, not she, that merits blame.

My feature is not to content her sight,
My words are rude and work her no delight.
The lines I send her are but harsh and ill, 15
Such as do drop from Pan and Marsyas' quill.
My presents are not of sufficient cost,
And being worthless, all my labour's lost

Yet might she love me for my valiancy.
Ay, but that's sland' red by captivity 20
Yet might she love me to content her sire.

Ay, but her reason masters his desire
Yet might she love me as her brother's friend.
Ay, but her hopes aim at some other end

Yet might she love me to uprear her state 25
Ay, but perhaps she hopes some nobler mate
Yet might she love me as her beauty's thrall:

Ay, but I fear she cannot love at all

Lor. My lord, for my sake leave these ecsta-
sies,

And doubt not but we'll find some remedy 30
Some cause there is that lets you not be lov'd,
First that must needs be known, and then re-

mov'd
What, if my sister love some other knight?

Bal. My summer's day will turn to winter's
night

Lor. I have already found a stratagem 35
To sound the bottom of this doubtful theme.
My lord, for once you shall be rul'd by me;
Hinder me not, whate'er you hear or see.

By force or fair means will I cast about
To find the truth of all this question out. 40
Ho, Pedringano!

Ped. Signior!
Lor. *Vien qui presto*

Enter Pedringano

Ped. Hath your lordship any service to
command me?

Lor. Ay, Pedringano, service of import;
And — not to spend the time in trifling words —

Thus stands the case: it is not long, thou
know'st, 45

Since I did shield thee from my father's wrath,
For thy conveyance in Andrea's love,

For which thou wert adjudg'd to punishment.
I stood betwixt thee and thy punishment,
And since, thou know'st how I have favour'd
thee. 50

Now to these favours will I add reward,
Not with fair words, but store of golden coin,
And lands and living join'd with dignities,
If thou but satisfy my just demand
Tell truth, and have me for thy lasting friend 55

Ped. Whate'er it be your lordship shall demand,

My bounden duty bids me tell the truth,
If case it lie in me to tell the truth

Lor Then, Pedringano, this is my demand:
Whom loves my sister Bel-imperia? 60
For she repositeth all her trust in thee.
Speak, man, and gain both friendship and reward.

I mean, whom loves she in Andrea's place?

Ped Alas, my lord, since Don Andrea's death

I have no credit with her as before, 65
And therefore know not, if she love or no

Lor Nay, if thou dally, then I am thy foe,
Draws his sword

And fear shall force what friendship cannot win

Thy death shall bury what thy life conceals,
Thou diest for more esteeming her than me 70

Ped. O, stay, my lord!

Lor Yet speak the truth, and I will guerdon thee.

And shield thee from whatever can ensue,
And will conceal whate'er proceeds from thee
But if thou dally once again, thou diest. 75

Ped If madam Bel-imperia be in love —

Lor. What, villain! Ifs and ands?

Offer to kill him

Ped O, stay, my lord! She loves Horatio
Balthazar starts back

Lor What, Don Horatio, our knight marshal's son?

Ped Even him, my lord 80

Lor. Now say but how know'st thou he is her love,

And thou shalt find me kind and liberal.
Stand up, I say, and fearless tell the truth.

Ped. She sent him letters, which myself perus'd,

Full-fraught with lines and arguments of love, 85
Preferring him before Prince Balthazar

Lor Swear on this cross that what thou say'st is true,

And that thou wilt conceal what thou hast told.

Ped I swear to both, by him that made us all.

Lor. In hope thine oath is true, here 's thy reward, 90

But if I prove thee perjurd and unjust,
This very sword whereon thou took'st thine oath

Shall be the worker of thy tragedy.

Ped What I have said is true, and shall — for me —

Be still conceal'd from Bel-imperia. 95

Besides, your honour's liberality
Deserves my duteous service, even till death.

Lor. Let this be all that thou shalt do for me

Be watchful when and where these lovers meet,

And give me notice in some secret sort. 100

Ped I will, my lord.

Lor. Then shalt thou find that I am liberal.
Thou know'st that I can more advance thy state

Than she, be therefore wise, and fail me not.
Go and attend her, as thy custom is, 105
Lest absence make her think thou dost amiss.

Exit Pedringano.

Why so *iam armis quam ingenio*
Where words prevail not, violence prevails;
But gold doth more than either of them both.
How likes Prince Balthazar this stratagem? 110

Bal Both well and ill, it makes me glad and sad

Glad, that I know the hinderer of my love;
Sad, that I fear she hates me whom I love:
Glad, that I know on whom to be reveng'd;
Sad, that she'll fly me, if I take revenge 115
Yet must I take revenge, or die myself,
For love resisted grows impatient.

I think Horatio be my destin'd plague
First, in his hand he brandished a sword,
And with that sword he fiercely waged war, 120
And in that war he gave me dangerous wounds,
And by those wounds he forced me to yield,
And by my yielding I became his slave
Now in his mouth he carries pleasing words,
Which pleasing words do harbour sweet conceits, 125

Which sweet conceits are lim'd with sly deceits,
Which sly deceits smooth Bel-imperia's ears,
And through her ears dive down into her heart,
And in her heart set him, where I should stand.
Thus hath he ta'en my body by his force, 130
And now by sleight would captivate my soul,
But in his fall I'll tempt the destinies,
And either lose my life, or win my love.

Lor Let's go, my lord, your staying stays revenge

Do you but follow me, and gain your love: 135
Her favour must be won by his remove *Exeunt.*

⁸⁶ If: in ⁸⁷ S D, ⁷⁷ S D (added in 1602 and later Qq) ⁸⁷ cross: sword-hilt ¹⁰⁷ tam
... ingenio: as much by arms as by cunning

[SCENE II. *The Same*]*Enter Horatio and Bel-imperia*

Hor. Now, madam, since by favour of your love
Our hidden smoke is turn'd to open flame,
And that with looks and words we feed our thoughts

(Two chief contents, where more cannot be had);
Thus, in the midst of love's fair blandishments, s
Why show you sign of inward languishments?

Pedringano sheweth all to the Prince and Lorenzo, placing them in secret.

Bel My heart, sweet friend, is like a ship at sea,

She wisheth port, where, riding all at ease,
She may repair what stormy times have worn,
And leaning on the shore, may sing with joy 10
That pleasure follows pain, and bliss annoy.
Possession of thy love is th' only port,
Wherein my heart, with fears and hopes long toss'd,

Each hour doth wish and long to make resort,
There to repair the joys that it hath lost, 15
And, sitting safe, to sing in Cupid's choir
That sweetest bliss is crown of love's desire

Ballhazar [and Lorenzo] above

Bal. O sleep, mine eyes, see not my love profan'd,

Be deaf, my ears, hear not my discontent,
Die, heart, another joys what thou deserv'st 20
Lor Watch still, mine eyes, to see this love disjoin'd,

Heard still, mine ears, to hear them both lament;
Live, heart, to joy at fond Horatio's fall.

Bel Why stands Horatio speechless all this while?

Hor. The less I speak, the more I meditate. 25

Bel. But whereon dost thou chiefly meditate?

Hor. On dangers past, and pleasures to ensue

Bal. On pleasures past, and dangers to ensue

Bel. What dangers and what pleasures dost thou mean?

Hor. Dangers of war, and pleasures of our love 30

Lor Dangers of death, but pleasures none at all

Bel. Let dangers go, thy war shall be with me,

But such a warring as breaks no bond of peace

Speak thou fair words, I 'll cross them with fair words;

Send thou sweet looks, I 'll meet them with sweet looks; 35

Write loving lines, I 'll answer loving lines;
Give me a kiss, I 'll countercheck thy kiss.

Be this our warring peace, or peaceful war.

Hor. But, gracious madam, then appoint the field,

Where trial of this war shall first be made 40
Bal Ambitious villain, how his boldness grows!

Bel Then be thy father's pleasant bower the field,

Where first we vow'd a mutual amity
The court were dangerous, that place is safe

Our hour shall be, when Vesper guns to rise, 45
That summons home distressful travellers

There none shall hear us but the harmless birds;
Happily the gentle nightingale

Shall carol us asleep, ere we be ware,
And, singing with the prickle at her breast, 50

Tell our delight and mirthful dalliance
Till then each hour will seem a year and more

Hor But, honey-sweet and honourable love,
Return we now into your father's sight,

Dangerous suspicion waits on our delight 55
Lor. Ay, danger mix'd with jealous despite

Shall send thy soul into eternal night *Exeunt.*

[SCENE III *The Court of Spain*]

Enter King of Spain, Portingale Ambassador, Don Cyprian, etc.

King Brother of Castile, to the prince's love
What says your daughter Bel-imperia?

Cyp Although she coy it, as becomes her kind,

And yet dissemble that she loves the prince,
I doubt not, I, but she will stoop in time 5

And were she froward, which she will not be,
Yet herein shall she follow my advice,

Which is to love him, or forgo my love

King Then, lord Ambassador of Portingale,
Advise thy king to make this marriage up, 10

For strengthening of our late-confirmed league,
I know no better means to make us friends

Her dowry shall be large and liberal
Besides that she is daughter and half-heir

Unto our brother here, Don Cyprian, 15
And shall enjoy the moiety of his land,

I 'll grace her marriage with an uncle's gift,
And this it is in case the match go forward,

The tribute which you pay, shall be releas'd,
And if by Balthazar she have a son, 20

He shall enjoy the kingdom after us.

¹⁷ s. d. above: on the upper stage ³⁰ joys: enjoys ³² fond: infatuated, foolish ⁴⁵ Vesper: the evening star ⁴⁶ travellers: (meaning both "wanderers" and "laborers") ⁵ coy it: affect shyness

Amb. I'll make the motion to my sovereign
liege,

And work it, if my counsel may prevail

King. Do so, my lord, and if he give consent,
I hope his presence here will honour us, 25
In celebration of the nuptial day;

And let himself determine of the time

Amb. Will 't please your grace command
me aught beside?

King. Commend me to the king, and so
farewell

But where 's Prince Balthazar to take his
leave? 30

Amb. That is perform'd already, my good
lord

King. Amongst the rest of what you have in
charge,

The prince's ransom must not be forgot

That 's none of mine, but his that took him
prisoner,

And well his forwardness deserves reward. 35
It was Horatio, our knight marshal's son

Amb. Between us there 's a price already
pitch'd,

And shall be sent with all convenient speed

King. Then once again farewell, my lord

Amb. Farewell, my lord of Castile, and the
rest *Exit* 40

King. Now, brother, you must take some
little pains

To win fair Bel-imperia from her will
Young virgins must be ruled by their friends

The prince is amiable, and loves her well,
If she neglect him and forgo his love, 45

She both will wrong her own estate and ours
Therefore, whiles I do entertain the prince

With greatest pleasure that our court affords,
Endeavour you to win your daughter's thought.

If she give back, all this will come to naught. 50
Exeunt.

[SCENE IV *Hieronimo's Garden*]

Enter Horatio, Bel-imperia, and Pedringano

Hor. Now that the night begins with sable
wings

To overcloud the brightness of the sun,
And that in darkness pleasures may be done,

Come, Bel-imperia, let us to the bower,
And there in safety pass a pleasant hour 5

Bel. I follow thee, my love, and will not back,
Although my fainting heart controls my soul

Hor. Why, make you doubt of Pedringano's
faith?

Bel. No, he is as trusty as my second self —
Go, Pedringano, watch without the gate, 10

And let us know if any make approach

Ped. [*Aside.*] Instead of watching, I'll de-
serve more gold

By fetching Don Lorenzo to this match.

Exit Pedringano.

Hor. What means my love?

Bel. I know not what myself;
And yet my heart foretells me some mischance. 15

Hor. Sweet, say not so, fair fortune is our
friend,

And heavens have shut up day to pleasure us.
The stars, thou see'st, hold back their twinkling

shine,

And Luna hides herself to pleasure us.

Bel. Thou hast prevail'd; I'll conquer my
misdoubt, 20

And in thy love and counsel drown my fear.
I fear no more, love now is all my thoughts

Why sit we not? for pleasure asketh ease.

Hor. The more thou sitt'st within these leafy
bowers,

The more will Flora deck it with her flowers 25

Bel. Ay, but if Flora spy Horatio here,
Her jealous eye will think I sit too near.

Hor. Hark, madam, how the birds record by
night,

For joy that Bel-imperia sits in sight

Bel. No, Cupid counterfeits the nightun-
gale, 30

To frame sweet music to Horatio's tale

Hor. If Cupid sing, then Venus is not far.

Ay, thou art Venus, or some fairer star

Bel. If I be Venus, thou must needs be Mars,
And where Mars reigneth, there must needs be

wars 35
Hor. Then thus begin our wars. put forth
thy hand,

That it may combat with my ruder hand

Bel. Set forth thy foot to try the push of
mine

Hor. But first my looks shall combat against
thine

Bel. Then ward thyself I dart this kiss at
thee 40

Hor. Thus I retort the dart thou threw'st at
me

Bel. Nay then, to gain the glory of the field,
My twining arms shall yoke and make thee

yield

Hor. Nay then, my arms are large and
strong withal

Thus elms by vines are compass'd, till they
fall 45

Bel. O, let me go; for in my troubled eyes
Now may'st thou read that life in passion

dies
Hor. O, stay a while, and I will die with
thee,

²⁵ work: accomplish ⁴⁰ thought: ('thoughts' early Qq) ⁵⁰ give back: refuse ⁷ con-
trols: is in conflict with ²⁸ record: sing ³⁸ wars: ('warre' Qq)

So shalt thou yield, and yet have conquer'd me.

Bel. Who 's there, Pedringano? We are betray'd! 50

Enter Lorenzo, Balthazar, Serberne, Pedringano, disguised

Lor. My lord, away with her, take her aside.—

O, sir, forbear your valour is already tried
Quickly despatch, my masters

They hang him in the arbour.

Hor. What, will you murder me?

Lor. Ay, thus, and thus these are the fruits of love. *They stab him.*

Bel. O, save his life, and let me die for him! 55
O, save him, brother, save him, Balthazar.

I lov'd Horatio; but he lov'd not me.

Bal. But Balthazar loves Bel-imperia.

Lor. Although his life were still ambitious, proud,

Yet is he at the highest now he is dead. 60

Bel Murder! murder! Help, Hieronimo, help!

Lor Come, stop her mouth, away with her. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE V. *The Same*]

Enter Hieronimo in his shirt, &c

Hier What outcries pluck me from my naked bed,
And chill my throbbing heart with trembling fear,

Which never danger yet could daunt before?
Who calls Hieronimo? Speak, here I am
I did not slumber, therefore 't was no dream 5
No, no, it was some woman cried for help,
And here within this garden did she cry,
And in this garden must I rescue her —
But stay, what murd'rous spectacle is this?
A man hang'd up and all the murderers gone! 10
And in my bower, to lay the guilt on me!
This place was made for pleasure, not for death
He cuts him down

Those garments that he wears I oft have seen —
Alas, it is Horatio, my sweet son!

O no, but he that whilom was my son! 15
O, was it thou that call'dst me from my bed?
O speak, if any spark of life remain

I am thy father Who hath slain my son?
What savage monster, not of human kind,
Hath here been glutted with thy harmless blood, 20

And left thy bloody corpse dishonoured here,
For me, amidst these dark and deathful shades,
To drown thee with an ocean of my tears?

O heavens, why made you night to cover sin?
By day this deed of darkness had not been 25
O earth, why didst thou not in time devour
The vild profaner of this sacred bower?
O poor Horatio, what hadst thou misdone,
To leese thy life, ere life was new begun?
O wicked butcher, whatsoe'er thou wert, 30
How could thou strangle virtue and desert?
Ay me most wretched, that have lost my joy.
In leesing my Horatio, my sweet boy!

Enter Isabella

Isab My husband's absence makes my heart to throb. —

Hieronimo! 35

Hier. Here, Isabella, help me to lament;
For sighs are stopp'd, and all my tears are spent.

Isab. What world of grief! my son Horatio!
O, where 's the author of this endless woe?

Hier. To know the author were some ease of grief. 40

For in revenge my heart would find relief

Isab Then is he gone? and is my son gone too?

O, gush out, tears, fountains and floods of tears,
Blow, sighs, and raise an everlasting storm;
For outrage fits our cursed wretchedness 45

[*Ay me, Hieronimo, sweet husband, speak!*]

Hier He supp'd with us to-night, frolic and merry.

*And said he would go visit Balthazar
At the duke's palace: there the prince doth lodge.
He had no custom to stay out so late 50
He may be in his chamber, some go see
Rodrigo, ho!*

Enter Pedro and Jaques

Isab Ay me, he raves! — Sweet Hieronimo!

Hier True, all Spain takes note of it
Besides, he is so generally belov'd, 55

*His majesty the other day did grace him
With waiting on his cup these be favours,
Which do assure me he cannot be short-liv'd.*

Isab Sweet Hieronimo!

Hier I wonder how this fellow got his clothes! —
Sirrah, sirrah, I'll know the truth of all 61

*Jaques, run to the Duke of Castile's presently,
And bid my son Horatio to come home*

*I and his mother have had strange dreams to-night.
Do ye hear me, sir?*

Jaques. Ay, sir

Hier. Well, sir, be gone 65
Pedro, come hither, know'st thou who this is?

Ped Too well, sir

Hier Too well! Who, who is it? Peace, Isabella!

Nay, blush not, man.

²² these: ('this' Qq.) ²⁷ vild: vile ³⁰ leese: lose ⁴⁵ outrage: outcry ⁴⁶⁻⁵¹ (First passage of additions)

Ped. *It is my lord Horatio.*

Hier. *Ha, ha, St. James! but this doth make me laugh,* 70

That there are more deluded than myself.

Ped. *Deluded?*

Hier. *Ay*

I would have sworn myself, within this hour,

That this had been my son Horatio:

His garments are so like. 75

Ha! are they not great persuasions?

Isab. *O, would to God it were not so!*

Hier. *Were not, Isabella? Dost thou dream it is?*

Can thy soft bosom entertain a thought

That such a black deed of mischief should be done 80

On one so pure and spotless as our son?

Away, I am ashamed

Isab. *Dear Hieronimo,*

Cast a more serious eye upon thy grief,

Weak apprehension gives but weak belief

Hier. *It was a man, sure, that was hang'd up here,* 85

A youth, as I remember I cut him down

If it should prove my son now after all —

Say you? say you? — Light! lend me a taper,

Let me look again — O God!

Confusion, mischief, torment, death and hell, 90

Drop all your stings at once in my cold bosom.

That now is stiff with horror kill me quickly!

Be gracious to me, thou infective night,

And drop this deed of murder down on me,

Gird in my waste of grief with thy large darkness, 95

And let me not survive to see the light

May put me in the mind I had a son

Isab. *O sweet Horatio! O my dearest son!*

Hier. *How strangely had I lost my way to grief!*

Sweet, lovely rose, ill-pluckt before thy time, 100

Fair, worthy son, not conquer'd, but betray'd,

I'll kiss thee now, for words with tears are stay'd

Isab. *And I'll close up the glasses of his sight,*

For once these eyes were only my delight

Hier. *See'st thou this handkercher besmear'd with blood?* 105

It shall not from me, till I take revenge

See'st thou those wounds that yet are bleeding fresh?

I'll not entomb them, till I have reveng'd

Then will I joy amidst my discontent,

Till then my sorrow never shall be spent 110

Isab. *The heavens are just; murder cannot be hid*

Time is the author both of truth and right,

And time will bring this treachery to light

Hier. *Meanwhile, good Isabella, cease thy plaints,*

Or, at the least, dissemble them awhile: 115

So shall we sooner find the practice out,

And learn by whom all this was brought about

Come, Isabel, now let us take him up,

They take him up

And bear him in from out this cursed place

I'll say his dirge; singing fits not this case. 120

O aliquis mihi quas pulchrum ver educat herbas,

Hieronimo sets his breast unto his sword.

Misceat, et nostro delur medicina dolori,

Aut, si qui faciunt annorum oblivia, succos

Præbeat, ipse melam magnum quæcunque per orbem

Gramina Sol pulchras effert in huminis oras, 125

Ipsæ bibam quicquid meditatur saga veneni,

Quicquid et herbarum vi cæca nenia necit!

Omnia perpelas, lethum quoque, dum semel omnis

Noster in extinctio moriatur pectore sensus. —

Ergo tuos oculos nunquam, mea vita, videbo, 130

Ei tua perpetuus sepelivit lumina somnus?

Emoriar tecum sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras. —

At tamen abstineam proprolo cedere letho,

Ne mortem vindicta tuam iam nulla sequatur

Here he throws it from him and

bears the body away.

[Chorus]

Andrea. *Brought'st thou me hither to increase my pain?* 135

I look'd that Balthazar should have been slain;

But 't is my friend Horatio that is slain,

And they abuse fair Bel-imperia,

On whom I doted more than all the world,

Because she lov'd me more than all the world.

Revenge Thou talk'st of harvest, when 141

the corn is green:

The end is crown of every work well done;

The sickle comes not, till the corn be ripe.

Be still; and ere I lead thee from this place,

I'll show thee Balthazar in heavy case. 145

⁸⁰ infective: infectious ¹⁰⁰ stay'd: ('stain'd' early Qq) ¹⁰⁴ only my: i.e., my only ¹²¹⁻¹²⁴ O, let someone mix for me the herbs which lovely spring brings forth, and let medicine be given to our pain; or let him provide potions, if any cause forgetfulness of years May I myself reap throughout the great earth whatever plants Sol brings forth in the fair realms of light. May I drink whatever poison the diviner contrives and whatever of herbs of dark power her incantation unites. Let me endure all things, even death, provided that all our feeling may die at once in a heart that is dead. Shall I then never again see your eyes, my life? And has eternal sleep buried your light? Let me die with you! so, so would I go to the shades below! And yet I shall refrain from yielding to a hasty death lest then no revenge should follow your death

ACTUS TERTIUS

[SCENE I. *The Court of Portugal*]*Enter Viceroy of Portingale, Nobles, Villuppo*

Vic. Infortunate condition of kings,
 Seated amidst so many helpless doubts!
 First we are plac'd upon extremest height,
 And oft supplanted with exceeding hate,
 But ever subject to the wheel of chance; 5
 And at our highest never joy we so
 As we both doubt and dread our overthrow.
 So striveth not the waves with sundry winds
 As Fortune toileth in the affairs of kings,
 That would be fear'd, yet fear to be belov'd, 10
 Sith fear or love to kings is flattery
 For instance, lordings, look upon your king,
 By hate deprived of his dearest son,
 The only hope of our successive line.

Nob. I had not thought that Alexandro's
 heart 15
 Had been envenom'd with such extreme hate;
 But now I see that words have several works,
 And there's no credit in the countenance

Vil No; for, my lord, had you beheld the
 train
 That feigned love had colour'd in his looks, 20
 When he in camp consorted Balthazar,
 Far more inconstant had you thought the sun,
 That hourly coasts the centre of the earth,
 Than Alexandro's purpose to the prince
Vic. No more, Villuppo, thou hast said
 enough, 25
 And with thy words thou slay'st our wounded
 thoughts
 Nor shall I longer dally with the world,
 Procrastinating Alexandro's death.
 Go, some of you, and fetch the traitor forth,
 That, as he is condemned, he may die. 30

Enter Alexandro with a Nobleman and halberts

Nob. In such extremes will nought but pa-
 tience serve.

Alex But in extremes what patience shall I
 use?

Nor discontented it me to leave the world,
 With whom there nothing can prevail but
 wrong.

Nob Yet hope the best

Alex 'T is heaven is my hope 35
 As for the earth, it is too much infect
 To yield me hope of any of her mould

Vic. Why linger ye? Bring forth that daring
 fiend,
 And let him die for his accursed deed.

Alex. Not that I fear the extremity of
 death 40

(For nobles cannot stoop to servile fear)
 Do I, O king, thus discontented live
 But this, O this, torments my labouring soul,
 That thus I die suspected of a sin
 Whereof, as heavens have known my secret
 thoughts, 45

So am I free from this suggestion

Vic. No more, I say! to the tortures!
 When?

Bind him, and burn his body in those flames,
They bind him to the stake.

That shall prefigure those unquenched fires
 Of Phlegethon, prepared for his soul 50
Alex My guiltless death will be aveng'd on
 thee,

On thee, Villuppo, that hath malic'd thus,
 Or for thy meed hast falsely me accus'd

Vil. Nay, Alexandro, if thou menace me,
 I'll lend a hand to send thee to the lake 55
 Where those thy words shall perish with thy
 works,

Injurious traitor! monstrous homicide!

Enter Ambassador

Amb Stay, hold a while,
 And here — with pardon of his majesty —
 Lay hands upon Villuppo

Vic. Ambassador, 60
 What news hath urg'd this sudden entrance?

Amb Know, sovereign lord, that Balthazar
 doth live

Vic What say'st thou? Liveth Balthazar,
 our son?

Amb Your highness' son, Lord Balthazar,
 doth live,

And, well entreated in the court of Spain, 65
 Humbly commends him to your majesty
 These eyes beheld; and these my followers,
 With these, the letters of the king's commends,
Gives him letters.

Are happy witnesses of his highness' health

The King looks on the letters, and proceeds

Vic "Thy son doth live, your tribute is re-
 ceiv'd, 70

Thy peace is made, and we are satisfied
 The rest resolve upon as things propos'd
 For both our honours and thy benefit."

Amb These are his highness' farther articles.
He gives him more letters

Vic Accursed wretch, to intimate these
 ill 75

Against the life and reputation

Of noble Alexandro! Come, my lord, unbind
 him. —

⁴ hate: ('heat' Q 1, 2) ⁷ doubt: fear, suspect

¹⁰ coasts: circles ¹³ infect: infected ¹⁷ When: an expression of impatience ²² malic'd: mali-
 ciously plotted ⁶⁰ commends: commendations

Let him unbind thee, that is bound to death,
To make a quital for thy discontent.

They unbind him.

Alex. Dread lord, in kindness you could do
no less 80

Upon report of such a damned fact;
But thus we see our innocence hath sav'd
The hopeless life which thou, Villuppo, sought
By thy suggestions to have massacred

Vic Say, false Villuppo, wherefore didst
thou thus 85

Falsely betray Lord Alexandro's life?
Him whom thou know'st that no unkindness
else

But even the slaughter of our dearest son
Could once have mov'd us to have miscon-
ceiv'd.

Alex Say, treacherous Villuppo, tell the
king: 90

Wherein hath Alexandro us'd thee ill?

Vil Rent with remembrance of so foul a
deed,

My guilty soul submits me to thy doom,
For not for Alexandro's injuries,
But for reward and hope to be preferr'd, 95
Thus have I shamelessly hazarded his life.

Vic Which, villain, shall be ransom'd with
thy death,

And not so mean a torment as we here
Devis'd for him who, thou said'st, slew our son,
But with the bitterest torments and extremes
That may be yet invented for thine end 101

Alexandro seems to entreat

Entreat me not, go, take the traitor hence

Exit Villuppo.

And, Alexandro, let us honour thee
With public notice of thy loyalty —
To end those things articulated here 105
By our great lord, the mighty King of Spain,
We with our council will deliberate.
Come, Alexandro, keep us company. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE II *The Court of Spain*]

Enter Hieronimo

Hier. O eyes! no eyes, but fountains fraught
with tears,

O life! no life, but lively form of death,
O world! no world, but mass of public wrongs,
Confus'd and fill'd with murder and misdeeds!
O sacred heavens! if this unhallow'd deed, 5
If this inhuman and barbarous attempt,
If this incomparable murder thus
Of mine, but now no more my son,
Shall unreveal'd and unrevenge'd pass,
How should we term your dealings to be just, 10

If you unjustly deal with those that in your
justice trust?

The night, sad secretary to my moans,
With direful visions wake my vexed soul,
And with the wounds of my distressful son
Solicit me for notice of his death. 15

The ugly fiends do sally forth of hell,
And frame my steps to unfrequented paths,
And fear my heart with fierce inflamed thoughts,
The cloudy day my discontents records,
Early begins to register my dreams, 20
And drive me forth to seek the murderer.

Eyes, life, world, heavens, hell, night, and day,
See, search, shew, send some man, some mean,
that may — *A letter falleth.*

What 's here? a letter? Tush! it is not so! —
A letter written to Hieronimo! *Red ink.* 25

"For want of ink, receive this bloody writ.
Me hath my hapless brother hid from thee;
Revenge thyself on Balthazar and him.

For these were they that murdered thy son.
Hieronimo, revenge Horatio's death, 30
And better fare than Bel-imperia doth "

What means this unexpected miracle?
My son slain by Lorenzo and the prince!

What cause had they Horatio to malign?
Or what might move thee, Bel-imperia, 35
To accuse thy brother, had he been the mean?

Hieronimo, beware! — thou art betray'd,
And to entrap thy life this train is laid

Advise thee therefore, be not credulous:
This is devised to endanger thee, 40
That thou, by this, Lorenzo shouldst accuse,

And he, for thy dishonour done, should draw
Thy life in question and thy name in hate.

Dear was the life of my beloved son,
And of his death behoves me be reveng'd, 45
Then hazard not thine own, Hieronimo,

But live t' effect thy resolution
I therefore will by circumstances try,

What I can gather to confirm this writ,
And, heark'ning near the Duke of Castile's 50
house,

Close, if I can, with Bel-imperia,
To listen more, but nothing to bewray.

Enter Pedringano

Now, Pedringano!

Ped Now, Hieronimo!

Hier. Where 's thy lady?

Ped. I know not, here 's my lord.

Enter Lorenzo

Lor How now, who 's this? Hieronimo?

Hier. My lord. 55

Ped He asketh for my lady Bel-imperia.

⁷⁹ quital: requital ⁸⁰ kindness: nature ⁸¹ fact: deed ⁸² wherein: ('Or wherein' Qq.) ⁸³ pre-
ferr'd: advanced ⁸⁴ mean: moderate ⁸⁵ articulated: set forth in articles ⁸⁶ secretary: confi-
dant ⁸⁷ fear: affright ⁸⁸ train: snare, trap ⁸⁹ circumstances: indirect methods ⁹⁰ Close: meet

Lor. What to do, Hieronimo? The duke,
my father, hath
Upon some disgrace awhile remov'd her hence;
But, if it be aught I may inform her of,
Tell me, Hieronimo, and I'll let her know it. 60

Hier. Nay, nay, my lord, I thank you; it
shall not need.

I had a suit unto her, but too late,
And her disgrace makes me unfortunate.

Lor. Why so, Hieronimo? Use me.

Hier. O no, my lord, I dare not; it must
not be. 65

I humbly thank your lordship.

[*Hier.* Who? You, my lord?

I reserve your favour for a greater honour;

This is a very toy, my lord, a toy

Lor. All's one, Hieronimo, acquaint me with
it.

Hier. I' faith, my lord, it is an idle thing; 70
I must confess I ha' been too slack, too tardy,
Too remiss unto your honour

Lor. How now, Hieronimo?

Hier. In troth, my lord, it is a thing of nothing.

The murder of a son, or so —
A thing of nothing, my lord!']

Lor. Why then, farewell. 75

Hier. My grief no heart, my thoughts no
tongue can tell. *Exit.*

Lor. Come hither, Pedringano, see'st thou
this?

Ped. My lord, I see it, and suspect it too.

Lor. This is that damned villain Serberine
That hath, I fear, reveal'd Horatio's death 80

Ped. My lord, he could not, 't was so lately
done,

And since he hath not left my company.

Lor. Admit he have not, his condition's
such,

As fear or flattering words may make him false.
I know his humour, and therewith repent 85

That e'er I us'd him in this enterprise

But, Pedringano, to prevent the worst,

And 'cause I know thee secret as my soul,

Here, for thy further satisfaction, take thou
this, *Gives him more gold*

And hearken to me — thus it is devis'd: 90

This night thou must (and, prithee, so re-
solve)

Meet Serberine at Saint Luigi's Park —
Thou know'st 't is here hard by behind the
house,

There take thy stand, and see thou strike him
sure,

For die he must, if we do mean to live. 95

Ped. But how shall Serberine be there, my
lord?

Lor. Let me alone; I'll send to him to meet
The prince and me, where thou must do this
deed.

Ped. It shall be done, my lord, it shall be
done;

And I'll go arm myself to meet him there. 100

Lor. When things shall alter, as I hope they
will,

Then shalt thou mount for this; thou know'st
my mind. *Exit Pedringano.*

Che le Ieron!

Enter Page

Page. My lord?

Lor. Go, sirrah,

To Serberine, and bid him forthwith meet
The prince and me at Saint Luigi's Park, 105
Behind the house; this evening, boy!

Page. I go, my lord.

Lor. But, sirrah, let the hour be eight
o'clock:

Bid him not fail.

Page. I fly, my lord. *Exit.*

Lor. Now to confirm the complot thou hast
cast

Of all these practices, I'll spread the watch, 110
Upon precise commandment from the king,

Strongly to guard the place where Pedringano
This night shall murder hapless Serberine

Thus must we work that will avoid distrust;
Thus must we practise to prevent mishap, 115

And thus one ill another must expulse.
This sly enquiry of Hieronimo

For Bel-imperia breeds suspicion,
And this suspicion bodes a further ill

As for myself, I know my secret fault, 120
And so do they; but I have dealt for them.

They that for coin their souls endangered,
To save my life, for coin shall venture theirs;

And better it's that base companions die
Than by their life to hazard our good haps 125

Nor shall they live, for me to fear their faith:
I'll trust myself, myself shall be my friend;

For die they shall, —
Slaves are ordained to no other end. *Exit.*

[SCENE III. Saint Luigi's Park]

Enter Pedringano, with a pistol

Ped. Now, Pedringano, bid thy pistol hold,
And hold on, Fortune! once more favour me;

Give but success to mine attempting spirit,
And let me shift for taking of mine aim.

60-75 Who . . . lord: (Second passage of additions, replacing lines 65, 66) 85 humour: disposition
88 Saint Luigi's: ('S Luigs' early Qq) 108 Che le Ieron: (?) 'Chi (qui), il ladrone', Here, thief!
109 cast: devised 110 practices: tricks 114 that: that which 124 companions: fellows 125 haps:
fortunes

Here is the gold: this is the gold propos'd, 5
 It is no dream that I adventure for,
 But Pedringano is possess'd thereof
 And he that would not strain his conscience
 For him that thus his liberal purse hath
 stretch'd,
 Unworthy such a favour, may he fail, 10
 And, wishing, want, when such as I prevail
 As for the fear of apprehension,
 I know, if need should be, my noble lord
 Will stand between me and ensuing harms,
 Besides, this place is free from all suspect 15
 Here therefore will I stay and take my stand.

Enter the Watch

1 *Watch*. I wonder much to what intent it is
 That we are thus expressly charg'd to watch
 2 *Watch*. 'T is by commandment in the
 king's own name
 3 *Watch*. But we were never wont to watch
 and ward 20
 So near the duke his brother's house before
 2 *Watch*. Content yourself, stand close,
 there 's somewhat in 't

Enter Serberine

Ser. Here, Serberine, attend and stay thy
 page;
 For here did Don Lorenzo's page appoint
 That thou by his command shouldst meet with
 him. 25
 How fit a place — if one were so dispos'd —
 Methinks this corner is to close with one.
Ped Here comes the bird that I must seize
 upon
 Now, Pedringano, or never, play the man!
Ser I wonder that his lordship stays so
 long, 30
 Or wherefore should he send for me so late?
Ped For this, Serberine! — and thou shalt
 ha 't *Shoots the dag.*
 So, there he lies; my promise is perform'd

The Watch

1 *Watch*. Hark, gentlemen, this is a pistol
 shot.
 2 *Watch*. And here 's one slain; — stay the
 murderer. 35
Ped Now by the sorrows of the souls in
 hell, *He strives with the Watch.*
 Who first lays hand on me, I 'll be his priest
 3 *Watch*. Sirrah, confess, and therein play
 the priest,
 Why hast thou thus unkindly kill'd the man?
Ped. Why? Because he walk'd abroad so
 late. 40

3 *Watch*. Come, sir, you had been better
 kept your bed,
 Than have committed this misdeed so late.

2 *Watch*. Come, to the marshal's with the
 murderer!

1 *Watch*. On to Hieronimo's! help me here
 To bring the murd' red body with us too. 45

Ped. Hieronimo? Carry me before whom
 you will.

Whate'er he be, I 'll answer him and you;
 And do your worst, for I defy you all. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE IV. *The Palace of Don Cyprian*]

Enter Lorenzo and Ballhazar

Bal How now, my lord, what makes you
 rise so soon?

Lor Fear of preventing our mishaps too
 late

Bal What mischief is it that we not mis-
 trust?

Lor. Our greatest ills we least mistrust, my
 lord,

And unexpected harms do hurt us most 5

Bal Why, tell me, Don Lorenzo, tell me,
 man,

If aught concerns our honour and your own

Lor. Nor you, nor me, my lord, but both in
 one,

For I suspect — and the presumption 's great —
 That by those base confederates in our fault 10
 Touching the death of Don Horatio,
 We are betray'd to old Hieronimo.

Bal Betray'd, Lorenzo? Tush! it cannot
 be

Lor A guilty conscience, urged with the
 thought

Of former evils, easily cannot err. 15

I am persuaded — and dissuade me not —

That all 's revealed to Hieronimo.

And therefore know that I have cast it thus: —

Enter Page

But here 's the page. How now? what news
 with thee?

Page. My lord, Serberine is slain.

Bal. Who? Serberine, my man?

Page. Your highness' man, my lord

Lor. Speak, page, who murdered him? 21

Page. He that is apprehended for the fact.

Lor. Who?

Page. Pedringano.

Bal. Is Serberine slain, that lov'd his lord
 so well?

Injurious villain, murderer of his friend! 25

Lor Hath Pedringano murdered Serberine?

¹⁵ suspect: suspicion ²⁵ s d dag: pistol ²⁷ be his priest: be present at his death, murder him
²⁸ unkindly: with unnatural cruelty ³ mistrust: suspect

My lord, let me entreat you to take the pains
To exasperate and hasten his revenge
With your complaints unto my lord the king.
This their dissension breeds a greater doubt 30

Bal. Assure thee, Don Lorenzo, he shall die,
Or else his highness hardly shall deny.
Meanwhile I'll haste the marshal-sessions,
For die he shall for this his damned deed.

Exit Balhazar.

Lor. Why so, this fits our former policy, 35
And thus experience bids the wise to deal.
I lay the plot, he prosecutes the point.
I set the trap, he breaks the worthless twigs,
And sees not that wherewith the bird was
lim'd

Thus hopeful men, that mean to hold their
own, 40

Must look like fowlers to their dearest friends.
He runs to kill whom I have help to catch,
And no man knows it was my reaching fatch.

'T is hard to trust unto a multitude,
Or any one, in mine opinion, 45
When men themselves their secrets will reveal.

Enter a Messenger with a letter

Boy!

Page. My lord

Lor. What 's he?

Mes I have a letter to your lordship.

Lor. From whence?

Mes From Pedringano that 's imprisoned

Lor So he is in prison then?

Mes Ay, my good lord 50

Lor. What would he with us? — He writes
us here,

To stand good lord, and help him in distress —
Tell him I have his letters, know his mind,
And what we may, let him assure him of
Fellow, begone; my boy shall follow thee 55

Exit Messenger

This works like wax; yet once more try thy
wits —

Boy, go, convey this purse to Pedringano,
Thou know'st the prison, closely give it him,
And be advis'd that none be there about.

Bid him be merry still, but secret; 60
And though the marshal-sessions be to-day,
Bid him not doubt of his delivery

Tell him his pardon is already sign'd,
And thereon bid him boldly be resolv'd.

For, were he ready to be turned off -- 65
As 't is my will the uttermost be tried —

Thou with his pardon shalt attend him still
Show him this box, tell him his pardon 's in 't;

But open 't not, an if thou lov'st thy life,
But let him wisely keep his hopes unknown 70
He shall not want while Don Lorenzo lives.
Away!

Page. I go, my lord, I run

Lor. But, surrah, see that this be cleanly
done. *Exit Page.*

Now stands our fortune on a tickle point,
And now or never ends Lorenzo's doubts. 75

One only thing is uneffected yet,
And that 's to see the executioner

But to what end? I list not trust the air
With utterance of our pretence therein,

For fear the privy whisp'ring of the wind 80
Convey our words amongst unfriendly ears,
That lie too open to advantages

E quel che voglio io, nessun lo sa,
Intendo io. quel mi basterà *Exit.*

[SCENE V. A Street]

Enter Boy with the box

Boy My master hath forbidden me to look
in this box; and, by my troth, 't is likely, if he
had not warned me, I should not have had so
much idle time, for we men's-kind in our mi-
nority are like women in their uncertainty: [5
that they are most forbidden, they will soonest
attempt so I now — By my bare honesty,
here 's nothing but the bare empty box! Were it
not sin against secrecy, I would say it were a
piece of gentlemanlike knavery I must go [10
to Pedringano, and tell him his pardon is in
this box, nay, I would have sworn it, had I not
seen the contrary I cannot choose but smile
to think how the villain will flout the gallows,
scorn the audience, and descant on the [15
hangman, and all presuming of his pardon from
hence Will 't not be an odd jest for me to stand
and grace every jest he makes, pointing my
finger at this box, as who would say, "Mock on,
here 's thy warrant" Is 't not a scurvy jest [20
that a man should jest himself to death? Alas!
poor Pedringano, I am in a sort sorry for thee,
but if I should be hanged with thee, I cannot
weep *Exit*

[SCENE VI A Court of Justice]

Enter Hieronimo and the Deputy

Hier Thus must we toil in other men's ex-
tremes,

That know not how to remedy our own,
And do them justice, when unjustly we,
For all our wrongs, can compass no redress.

²⁸ exasperate: make more severe ²⁹ his: *se*, upon him ³⁰ hardly . . . deny: shall resist with difficulty ³¹ prosecutes the point: directs the blow ³² lim'd: caught ³³ reaching fatch: deep-laid stratagem ³⁴ closely: secretly ³⁵ turned off: hanged ³⁶ cleanly: cleverly ³⁷ tickle: critical, precarious ³⁸ pretence: intention ³⁹⁻⁴⁰ E . . . basterà: And what I want, nobody knows I understand, that will suffice me (Ital) ⁴¹ descant: comment

But shall I never live to see the day, 5
 That I may come, by justice of the heavens,
 To know the cause that may my cares allay?
 This toils my body, this consumeth age,
 That only I to all men just must be,
 And neither gods nor men be just to me 10
Dep. Worthy Hieronimo, your office asks
 A care to punish such as do transgress.
Hier So is 't my duty to regard his death
 Who, when he liv'd, deserv'd my dearest blood.
 But come, for that we came for let 's begin, 15
 For here lies that which bids me to be gone.

*Enter Officers, Boy, and Pedringano, with a
 letter in his hand, bound*

Dep. Bring forth the prisoner, for the court
 is set

Ped Gramercy, boy, but it was time to
 come,

For I had written to my lord anew
 A nearer matter that concerneth him, 20
 For fear his lordship had forgotten me
 But sith he hath rememb'ed me so well —
 Come, come, come on, when shall we to this
 gear?

Hier Stand forth, thou monster, murderer
 of men,
 And here, for satisfaction of the world, 25
 Confess thy folly, and repent thy fault,
 For there 's thy place of execution

Ped This is short work Well, to your
 marshalship
 First I confess — nor fear I death therefore —
 I am the man, 't was I slew Serberne 30
 But, sir, then you think this shall be the place,
 Where we shall satisfy you for this gear?

Dep Ay, Pedringano

Ped Now I think not so
Hier. Peace, impudent, for thou shalt find
 it so,

For blood with blood shall, while I sit as
 judge, 35
 Be satisfied, and the law discharg'd
 And though myself cannot receive the like,
 Yet will I see that others have their right
 Despatch the fault 's approved and confess'd,
 And by our law he is condemn'd to die 40

Hangm. Come on, sir, are you ready?

Ped To do what, my fine, officious knave?

Hangm To go to this gear

Ped O sir, you are too forward: thou
 wouldst fain furnish me with a halter, to 45
 disfurnish me of my habit So I should go out
 of this gear, my raiment, into that gear, the
 rope But, hangman, now I spy your knavery,
 I'll not change without boot, that 's flat

Hangm. Come, sir. 50

Ped. So, then, I must up?

Hangm No remedy.

Ped. Yes, but there shall be for my coming
 down

Hangm Indeed, here 's a remedy for that. 55

Ped How? Be turn'd off?

Hangm Ay, truly Come, are you ready?
 I pray, sir, despatch, the day goes away

Ped What, do you hang by the hour? If
 you do, I may chance to break your old 60
 custom.

Hangm Faith, you have reason, for I am
 like to break your young neck

Ped Dost thou mock me, hangman? Pray
 God, I be not preserved to break your knave's
 pate for this 66

Hangm Alas, sir! you are a foot too low to
 reach it, and I hope you will never grow so high
 while I am in the office

Ped Sirrah, dost see yonder boy with 70
 the box in his hand?

Hangm What, he that points to it with his
 finger?

Ped Ay, that companion

Hangm I know him not, but what of 75
 him?

Ped Dost thou think to live till his old
 doublet will make thee a new truss?

Hangm Ay, and many a fair year after, to
 truss up many an honest man than either 80
 thou or he

Ped What hath he in his box, as thou
 think'st?

Hangm Faith, I cannot tell, nor I care not
 greatly, methinks you should rather hearken 85
 to your soul's health

Ped Why, sirrah, hangman, I take it that
 that is good for the body is likewise good for
 the soul and it may be, in that box is balm for
 both 90

Hangm Well, thou art even the merriest
 piece of man's flesh that e'er groan'd at my
 office door!

Ped Is your roguery become an office with
 a knave's name? 95

Hangm Ay, and that shall all they witness
 that see you seal it with a thief's name

Ped I prithee, request this good company to
 pray with me

Hangm Ay, marry, sir, this is a good
 motion My masters, you see here 's a good
 fellow 102

Ped Nay, nay, now I remember me, let
 them alone till some other time, for now I have
 no great need 105

Hier I have not seen a wretch so impu-
 dent

²² gear: business ²⁹ approved: proved ⁴⁶ habit: (The clothes of the criminal were a perquis-
 site of the hangman)

O monstrous times, where murder 's set so
light,
And where the soul, that should be shrin'd in
heaven,
Solely delights in interdicted things,
Still wand'ring in the thorny passages, 110
That intercepts itself of happiness
Murder! O bloody monster! God forbid
A fault so foul should 'scape unpunished.
Despatch, and see this execution done! —
This makes me to remember thee, my son.

Exit Hieronimo.

Ped. Nay, soft, no haste 116

Dep. Why, wherefore stay you? Have you
hope of life?

Ped. Why, ay!

Hangm. As how?

Ped. Why, rascal, by my pardon from the
king

Hangm. Stand you on that? Then you shall
off with this *He turns him off*

Dep. So, executioner; — convey him hence,
But let his body be unburied 122

Let not the earth be choked or infect
With that which heaven contemns, and men
neglect. *Exeunt*

[SCENE VII *Hieronimo's House*]

Enter Hieronimo

Hier. Where shall I run to breathe abroad
my woes,

My woes, whose weight hath wearied the earth?
Or mine exclams, that have surcharg'd the air
With ceaseless plaints for my deceased son?
The blust'ring winds, conspiring with my
words, 5

At my lament have mov'd the leafless trees,
Disrob'd the meadows of their flow'ring green,
Made mountains marsh with spring-tides of my
tears,

And broken through the brazen gates of hell
Yet still tormented is my tortur'd soul 10

With broken sighs and restless passions,
That, winged, mount, and, hovering in the air,
Beat at the windows of the brightest heavens,
Soliciting for justice and revenge

But they are plac'd in those imperial heights, 15
Where, countermur'd with walls of diamond,
I find the place impregnable; and they
Resist my woes, and give my words no way.

Enter Hangman with a letter

Hangm. O lord, sir! God bless you, sir! the
man, sir, Petergade, sir, he that was so full 20
of merry conceits —

Hier. Well, what of him?

Hangm. O lord, sir, he went the wrong way,
the fellow had a fair commission to the contrary.
Sir, here is his passport, I pray you, sir, we 25
have done him wrong.

Hier. I warrant thee, give it me

Hangm. You will stand between the gallows
and me?

Hier. Ay, ay.

Hangm. I thank your lordship's worship 30
Exit Hangman.

Hier. And yet, though somewhat nearer me
concerns,

I will, to ease the grief that I sustain,
Take truce with sorrow while I read on this
"My lord, I write, as mine extremes requir'd,
That you would labour my delivery 35

If you neglect, my life is desperate,
And in my death I shall reveal the troth.

You know, my lord, I slew him for your sake,
And was confederate with the prince and you,
Won by rewards and hopeful promises, 40

I help to murder Don Horatio too" —
Help he to murder mine Horatio?

And actors in th' accused tragedy
Wast thou, Lorenzo? Balthazar, and thou?

Of whom my son, my son, deserv'd so well? 45
What have I heard, what have mine eyes be-
held?

O sacred heavens, may it come to pass
That such a monstrous and detested deed,
So closely smother'd, and so long conceal'd,
Shall thus by this be venged or reveal'd? 50

Now see I what I durst not then suspect,
That Bel-imperia's letter was not feign'd
Nor feigned she, though falsely they have
wrong'd

Both her, myself, Horatio, and themselves
Now may I make compare 'twixt hers and this,
Of every accident I ne'er could find 56

Till now, and now I feelingly perceive
They did what heaven unpunish'd would not
leave

O false Lorenzo! are these thy flattering looks?
Is this the honour that thou didst my son? 60

And Balthazar — bane to thy soul and me! —
Was this the ransom he reserv'd thee for?

Woe to the cause of these constrained wars!
Woe to thy baseness and captivity, 65

Woe to thy birth, thy body, and thy soul,
Thy cursed father, and thy conquer'd self!

And bann'd with bitter execrations be
The day and place where he did pity thee!

But wherefore waste I mine unfruitful words,
When naught but blood will satisfy my woes? 70

I will go plain me to my lord the king,

¹¹¹ intercepts . . . of: cuts itself off from ¹²⁴ heaven: ('heavens' Q 1) ¹⁵ imperial: (The meaning "empyreal" is included.) ¹⁸ countermur'd: doubly walled ²⁰ lordship's: ('L.' Qq.)
²⁴ write: Manly emends to writ

And cry aloud for justice through the court,
Wearing the flints with these my wither'd feet,
And either purchase justice by entreats,
Or ture them all with my revenging threats 75

Exit.

[SCENE VIII. *The Same*]

Enter Isabella and her Maid

Isab So that you say this herb will purge
the eye,
And this, the head? —

Ah! — but none of them will purge the heart!
No, there 's no medicine left for my disease,
Nor any physick to recure the dead 5

She runs lunatic.

Horatio O, where 's Horatio?

Maid Good madam, affright not thus your-
self

With outrage for your son Horatio
He sleeps in quiet in the Elysian fields

Isab Why, did I not give you gowns and
goodly things, 10

Bought you a whistle and a whiptalk too,
To be revenged on their villaines?

Maid Madam, these humours do torment
my soul

Isab My soul — poor soul, thou talk'st of
things

Thou know'st not what — my soul hath silver
wings, 15

That mounts me up unto the highest heavens,
To heaven? Ay, there sits my Horatio,

Back'd with a troop of fiery Cherubins,
Dancing about his newly healed wounds,

Singing sweet hymns and chanting heavenly
notes, 20

Rare harmony to greet his innocence,
That died, ay died, a mirror in our days

But say, where shall I find the men, the mur-
derers,

That slew Horatio? Whither shall I run
To find them out that murdered my son? 25

Exeunt.

[SCENE IX *The Palace of Don Cyprian*]

Bel-imperia at a window

Bel What means this outrage that is off'red
me?

Why am I thus sequest'red from the court?

No notice! Shall I not know the cause

Of these my secret and suspicious ill's?

Accurs'd brother, unkind murderer, 5

Why bend'st thou thus thy mind to martyr me?

Hieronimo, why wrnt I of thy wrongs,

¹¹ whiptalk: handle of a whip ¹⁴ talk'st: (Q 1623, 'talks,' early Qq) ⁴ these: (Q 1633, 'this,' early Qq) ⁶ bend'st: (Q 1623, 'tends,' early Qq) ¹³ apply me: adapt myself ⁹ policy: stratagem ¹⁰ smooth: beguile ¹⁵ soothe me up: confirm what I say ²⁰ stand on terms: haggle over conditions ²² extremes: extremities ^{company}: companion (?), presence (?)

Or why art thou so slack in thy revenge?

Andrea, O Andrea! that thou sawest

Me for thy friend Horatio handled thus, 10

And him for me thus causeless murdered! —

Well, force perforce, I must constrain myself

To patience, and apply me to the time,

Till heaven, as I have hop'd, shall set me free

Enter Christophil

Chris Come, madam Bel-imperia, this may
not be *Exeunt* 15

[SCENE X. *The Same*]

Enter Lorenzo, Bailhazar, and the Page

Lor Boy, talk no further, thus far
things go well

Thou art assur'd that thou sawest him dead?

Page Or else, my lord, I live not

Lor That 's enough

As for his resolution in his end,
Leave that to him with whom he sojourns
now 5

Here, take my ring and give it Christophil,

And bid him let my sister be enlarg'd,

And bring her hither straight — *Exit Page*

Thus that I did was for a policy,

To smooth and keep the murder secret, 10

Which, as a nine-days' wonder, being o'erblown,

My gentle sister will I now enlarge

Bal And time, Lorenzo, for my lord the
duke,

You heard, enquired for her yester-night.

Lor Why, and my lord, I hope you heard
me say 15

Sufficient reason why she kept away,

But that 's all one My lord, you love her?

Bal Ay.

Lor Then in your love beware, deal cun-
ningly

Salve all suspicions, only soothe me up,

And if she hap to stand on terms with us — 20

As for her sweetheart and concealment so —

Jest with her gently, under feigned jest

Are things conceal'd that else would breed un-
rest

But here she comes

Enter Bel-imperia

Now, sister, —

Bel Sister? No!

Thou art no brother, but an enemy, 25

Else wouldst thou not have us'd thy sister so:

First, to affright me with thy weapons drawn,

And with extremes abuse my company,

And then to hurry me, like whirlwind's rage,

Amidst a crew of thy confederates, 30
And clap me up where none might come at me,
Nor I at any to reveal my wrongs
What madding fury did possess thy wits?
Or wherein is 't that I offended thee?

Lor Advise you better, Bel-imperia, 35
For I have done you no disparagement,
Unless, by more discretion than deserv'd,
I sought to save your honour and mine own.

Bel. Mine honour? Why, Lorenzo, wherein
is 't

That I neglect my reputation so 40
As you, or any, need to rescue it?

Lor. His highness and my father were re-
solv'd

To come confer with old Hieronimo
Concerning certain matters of estate
That by the viceroy was determined 45

Bel. And wherein was mine honour touch'd
in that?

Bal Have patience, Bel-imperia; hear the
rest

Lor. Me, next in sight, as messenger they
sent

To give him notice that they were so nigh
Now when I came, consorted with the prince, 50
And unexpected in an arbour there
Found Bel-imperia with Horatio —

Bel How then?

Lor Why, then, remembering that old dis-
grace,

Which you for Don Andrea had endur'd, 55
And now were likely longer to sustain,
By being found so meanly accompanied,

Thought rather—for I knew no readier mean—
To thrust Horatio forth my father's way

Bal. And carry you obscurely somewhere
else, 60

Lest that his highness should have found you
there

Bel. Even so, my lord? And you are witness
That this is true which he entreateth of?

You, gentle brother, forg'd this for my sake,
And you, my lord, were made his instrument? 65

A work of worth, worthy the noting too!
But what 's the cause that you conceal'd me
since?

Lor Your melancholy, sister, since the news
Of your first favourite Don Andrea's death,
My father's old wrath hath exasperate 70

Bal. And better was 't for you, being in dis-
grace,

To absent yourself, and give his fury place

Bel. But why had I no notice of his ire?

Lor. That were to add more fuel to your fire,
Who burnt like Ætna for Andrea's loss 75

Bel. Hath not my father, then, inquir'd for
me?

Lor. Sister, he hath, and thus excus'd I thee.
He whispereth in her ear.

But Bel-imperia, see the gentle prince,
Look on thy love, behold young Balthazar,
Whose passions by thy presence are increas'd; 80
And in whose melancholy thou may'st see
Thy hate, his love; thy flight, his following thee

Bel. Brother, you are become an orator —
I know not, I, by what experience —

Too politic for me, past all compare, 85
Since last I saw you, but content yourself.

The prince is meditating higher things

Bal 'T is of thy beauty, then, that conquers
kings;

Of those thy tresses, Ariadne's twines,
Wherewith my liberty thou hast surpris'd, 90

Of that thine ivory front, my sorrow's map,
Wherein I see no haven to rest my hope

Bel. To love and fear, and both at once, my
lord,

In my conceit, are things of more import
Than women's wits are to be busied with 95

Bal 'T is I that love

Bel Whom?

Bal Bel-imperia.

Bel But I that fear

Bal Whom?

Bel Bel-imperia.

Lor. Fear yourself?

Bel. Ay, brother

Lor. How?

Bel As those
That what they love are loath and fear to lose

Bal Then, fair, let Balthazar your keeper
be 100

Bel No, Balthazar doth fear as well as we
Et tremulo metus pavidum junxere timorem —
Est vanum stolidæ proditiōis opus

Lor Nay, and you argue things so cun-
ningly,

We'll go continue this discourse at court 105

Bal Led by the loadstar of her heavenly
looks,

Wends poor oppressed Balthazar,
As o'er the mountains walks the wanderer,
Uncertain to effect his pilgrimage. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE XI A Street]

*Enter two Portingales, and Hieronimo meets
them*

1 *Port.* By your leave, sir

[*Hier.* 'T is neither as you think, nor as you
think,

³⁰ forg'd: devised ³¹ front: forehead ³² conceit: opinion 100, 100 Et . . . opus: And I
feared to add trembling fear to a quaking man; vain is the work of stupid treachery. 2-48 (Third
passage of additions)

*Nor as you think, you 're wide all.
These slippers are not mine, they were my son Horatio's*

*My son? and what 's a son? A thing begot 5
Within a pair of minutes — thereabout,
A lump bred up in darkness, and doth serve
To ballace these light creatures we call women,
And, at nine months' end, creeps forth to light
What is there yet in a son, 10
To make a father dote, rave, or run mad?
Being born, it pouts, cries, and breeds teeth
What is there yet in a son? He must be fed,
Be taught to go, and speak Ay, or yet
Why might not a man love a calf as well? 15
Or melt in passion o'er a frisking kid,
As for a son? Methinks, a young bacon,
Or a fine little smooth horse-coll,
Should move a man as much as doth a son
For one of these, in very little time, 20
Will grow to some good use, whereas a son,
The more he grows in stature and in years,
The more unsquar'd, unbevell'd, he appears,
Reckons his parents among the rank of fools,
Strikes care upon their heads with his mad riots, 25
Makes them look old before they meet with
age*

*This is a son! — And what a loss were this,
Consider'd truly? — O, but my Horatio
Grew out of reach of these insatiable humours
He lov'd his loving parents, 30
He was my comfort, and his mother's joy,
The very arm that did hold up our house
Our hopes were stor'd up in him,
None but a damned murderer could hate him
He had not seen the back of nineteen year, 35
When his strong arm unhors'd
The proud Prince Balhazar, and his great mind,
Too full of honour, took him us to mercy,
That valiant, but ignoble Portingale!
Well, heaven is heaven still! 40
And there is Nemesis, and Furies,
And things call'd whips,
And they sometimes do meet with murderers
They do not always scape, that 's some comfort
Ay, ay, ay, and then time steals on, 45
And steals, and steals, till violence leaps forth
Like thunder wrapp'd in a ball of fire,
And so doth bring confusion to them all]
Good leave have you nay, I pray you go,
For I 'll leave you, if you can leave me so. 50*

2 Port Pray you, which is the next way to my lord the duke's?

Hier The next way from me

1 Port To his house, we mean.

Hier O, hard by: 't is yon house that you see.

2 Port You could not tell us if his son were there?

Hier. Who, my Lord Lorenzo?

1 Port Ay, sir
He goeth in at one door and comes out at another

Hier O, forbear! 55
For other talk for us far fitter were.
But if you be importunate to know
The way to him, and where to find him out,
Then list to me, and I 'll resolve your doubt.
There is a path upon your left-hand side 60
That leadeth from a guilty conscience
Unto a forest of distrust and fear —
A darksome place, and dangerous to pass
There shall you meet with melancholy thoughts,
Whose baleful humours if you but uphold, 65
It will conduct you to despair and death —
Whose rocky cliffs when you have once beheld,
Within a hury dale of lasting night,
That, kindled with the world's iniquities,
Doth cast up filthy and detested fumes: — 70
Not far from thence, where murderers have built
A habitation for their cursed souls,
There, in a brazen cauldron, fix'd by Jove,
In his fell wrath, upon a sulphur flame,
Yourselves shall find Lorenzo bathing hum 75
In boiling lead and blood of innocents

1 Port Ha, ha, ha!

Hier Ha, ha, ha! Why, ha, ha, ha, ha! Fare-
well, good ha, ha, ha! *Exit.*

2 Port Doubtless this man is passing lunatic,
Or imperfection of his age doth make him dote
Come, let's away to seek my lord the duke 81
Exeunt

[SCENE XII *The Court of Spain*]

*Enter Hieronimo, with a poniard in one hand
and a rope in the other*

Hier Now, sir, perhaps I come and see the
king,
The king sees me, and fain would hear my
suit
Why, is not this a strange and seld-seen thing,
That standers-by with toys should strike me
mute?

Go to, I see their shifts, and say no more. 5
Hieronimo, 't is time for thee to trudge.
Down by the dale that flows with purple gore
Standeth a fiery tower, there sits a judge
Upon a seat of steel and molten brass,
And 'twixt his teeth he holds a fire-brand, 10
That leads unto the lake where hell doth stand
Away, Hieronimo! to him be gone,
He 'll do thee justice for Horatio's death.

' wide: far from the truth ' ballace: ballast
bevell'd: unpolished ' us: (the "ethical" dative)
' seld-seen: seldom seen, rare

' go: walk ' unsquar'd: uneven un-
' next: nearest ' S. D. He: i.e., Hieronimo

Turn down this path: thou shalt be with him
straight,
Or this, and then thou need'st not take thy
breath 15

This way or that way? — Soft and fair, not
so.

For if I hang or kill myself, let's know
Who will revenge Horatio's murder then?

No, no! fie, no! pardon me, I'll none of that
He flings away the dagger and haller.

Thus way I'll take, and this way comes the
king. *He takes them up again* 20

And here I'll have a fling at him, that's flat,
And, Balthazar, I'll be with thee to bring,

And thee, Lorenzo! Here's the king — nay,
stay,

And here, ay here — there goes the hare away

Enter King, Ambassador, Castile, and Lorenzo

King Now show, ambassador, what our
viceroi saith' 25

Hath he receiv'd the articles we sent?

Hier Justice, O justice to Hieronimo

Lor Back! see'st thou not the king is busy?

Hier O, is he so?

King Who is he that interrupts our busi-
ness?

Hier Not I. [*Aside.*] Hieronimo, beware!
go by, go by! 30

Amb. Renowned King, he hath receiv'd and
read

Thy kingly proffers, and thy promis'd league,
And, as a man extremely over-joy'd

To hear his son so princely entertain'd,
Whose death he had so solemnly bewail'd, 35

This for thy further satisfaction

And kingly love he kindly lets thee know
First, for the marriage of his princely son

With Bel-imperia, thy beloved niece,
The news are more delightful to his soul, 40

Than myrrh or incense to the offended heavens
In person, therefore, will he come himself,

To see the marriage rites solemnized,
And, in the presence of the court of Spain,

To knit a sure inexplicable band 45
Of kingly love and everlasting league

Betwixt the crowns of Spain and Portingale
There will he give his crown to Balthazar,

And make a queen of Bel-imperia

King Brother, how like you this our vice-
roy's love? 50

Cast. No doubt, my lord, it is an argument
Of honourable care to keep his friend,

And wondrous zeal to Balthazar his son;
Nor am I least indebted to his grace,

That bends his liking to my daughter thus. 55
Amb. Now last, dread lord, here hath his

highness sent
(Although he send not that his son return)

His ransom due to Don Horatio
Hier Horatio! who calls Horatio?

King. And well rememb'ed thank his maj-
esty. 60

Here, see it given to Horatio
Hier Justice, O, justice, justice, gentle king!

King. Who is that? Hieronimo?

Hier. Justice, O, justice! O my son, my son!
My son, whom nought can ransom or redeem! 65

Lor Hieronimo, you are not well-advis'd
Hier Away, Lorenzo, hinder me no more;

For thou hast made me bankrupt of my bliss
Give me my son! you shall not ransom him!

Away! I'll rip the bowels of the earth, 70
He diggeth with his dagger

And ferry over to th' Elysian plains,
And bring my son to show his deadly wounds.

Stand from about me!
I'll make a pickaxe of my poniard,

And here surrender up my marshalship, 75
For I'll go marshal up the fiends in hell,

To be avenged on you all for this
King What means this outrage?

Will none of you restrain his fury?
Hier. Nay, soft and fair! you shall not need
to strive 80

Needs must he go that the devils drive *Exit*
King What accident hath happ'd Hier-
onimo?

I have not seen him to demean him so
Lor My gracious lord, he is with extreme
pride, 85

Conceiv'd of young Horatio his son,
And covetous of having to himself

The ransom of the young prince Balthazar,
Distract, and in a manner lunatic

King Believe me, nephew, we are sorry for't.
This is the love that fathers bear their sons 90

But, gentle brother, go give to him this gold,
The prince's ransom, let him have his due

For what he hath, Horatio shall not want,
Haply Hieronimo hath need thereof

Lor But if he be thus helplessly distract, 95
'T is requisite his office be resign'd,

And given to one of more discretion
King We shall increase his melancholy so.

'T is best that we see further in it first,
Till when, ourself will execute the place 100

And, brother, now bring in the ambassador,
That he may be a witness of the match

'Twixt Balthazar and Bel-imperia,

¹⁴ this path: i.e., the poniard ¹⁵ this: the rope ²² be . . . bring: bring you to your senses
²⁴ there . . . away: usually "There the matter ends"; here, perhaps, "There is the beginning of the
chase" ³⁰ go by: go unnoticed ⁴⁴ inexplicable: inextricable ('inexorable' Q 1) ¹⁰⁰ exe-
cute: ('exempt' Q 1)

And that we may prefix a certain time.
 Wherein the marriage shall be solemnized, 105
 That we may have thy lord, the viceroy, here
Amb. Therein your highness highly shall
 content
 His majesty, that longs to hear from hence
King On, then, and hear you, lord ambassa-
 dor — *Exeunt*

[SCENE XIIIA. *Hieronimo's Garden*][*Enter Jaques and Pedro*]

Jaq. I wonder, *Pedro*, why our master thus
 At midnight sends us with our torches' light,
 When man and bird and beast are all at rest,
 Save those that watch for rape and bloody murder
Ped O *Jaques*, know thou that our master's
 mind 5
 Is much distraught, since his *Horatio* died,
 And — now his aged years should sleep in rest,
 His heart in quiet — like a desperate man,
 Grows lunatic and childish for his son
 Sometimes, as he doth at his table sit, 10
 He speaks as if *Horatio* stood by him,
 Then starting in a rage, falls on the earth,
 Cries out, "*Horatio! Where is my Horatio?*"
 So that with extreme grief and cutting sorrow
 There is not left in him one inch of man 15
 See, where he comes

Enter *Hieronimo*

Hier I pry through every crevice of each wall,
 Look on each tree, and search through every brake,
 Beat at the bushes, stamp our grandam earth,
 Dive in the water, and stare up to heaven, 20
 Yet cannot I behold my son *Horatio* —
 How now, who's there? — *Sprites! Sprites!*

Ped We are your servants that attend you, sir*Hier* What make you with your torches in the dark?*Ped* You bid us light them, and attend you here 25*Hier* No, no, you are decew'd! not I, — you are decew'd!

Was I so mad to bid you light your torches now?
 Light me your torches at the mid of noon,
 Whenas the sun-god rides in all his glory,
 Light me your torches then

Ped Then we burn daylight. 30*Hier.* Let it be burnt, Night is a murderous slut,

That would not have her treasons to be seen,
 And yonder pale-fac'd *Hecate* there, the moon,
 Doth give consent to that is done in darkness,
 And all those stars that gaze upon her face, 35
 Are aglets on her sleeve, pins on her train,
 And those that should be powerful and divine,
 Do sleep in darkness when they most should shine

Ped Provoke them not, fair sir, with tempting words.*The heavens are gracious, and your miseries 40*
And sorrow makes you speak you know not what

Hier Villain, thou liest! and thou dost naught
 But tell me I am mad Thou liest, I am not mad!
 I know thee to be *Pedro*, and he *Jaques*
 I'll prove it to thee, and were I mad, how could 45
 I?

Where was she that same night when my *Horatio*
 Was murd'rd? She should have shone search
 thou the book

*Had the moon shone, in my boy's face there was a kind of grace,**That I know — nay, I do know — had the murderer seen him,*

His weapon would have fall'n and cut the earth, 50
Had he been fram'd of naught but blood and death.
Alack! when mischief doth it knows not what,
What shall we say to mischief?

Enter *Isabella**Isab* Dear *Hieronimo*, come in a-doors;
 O, seek not means so to increase thy sorrow. 55*Hier* Indeed, *Isabella*, we do nothing here.*I do not cry ask *Pedro*, and ask *Jaques*,**Not I indeed, we are very merry, very merry.**Isab* How? be merry here, be merry here?*Is not this the place, and this the very tree, 60*
*Where my *Horatio* died, where he was murdered?**Hier* Was — do not say what let her weep it out*This was the tree, I set it of a kernel**And when our hot Spain could not let it grow,**But that the infant and the human sap 65**Began to wither, duly twice a morning**Would I be sprinkling it with fountain-water.**At last it grew and grew, and bore and bore,**Till at the length**It grew a gallow, and did bear our son, 70**It bore thy fruit and mine — O wicked, wicked plant!*

One knocks within at the door.

*See, who knocks there**Ped* It is a painter, sir*Hier* Bid him come in, and paint some comfort,*For surely there's none lives but painted comfort**Let him come in! — One knows not what may chance 75*

God's will, that I should set this tree! — but even so
Masters ungrateful servants rear from naught,
And then they hate them that did bring them up.

Enter the Painter

Paint God bless you, sir.

Sc XIIIa (The entire scene is the fourth passage of additions) 21 make: do 30 burn daylight:
 waste time 22 *Hecate*: ('Hee-cat' Qq) 23 aglets: metal ornaments

- Hier *Wherefore? Why, thou scornful villain?* 80
How, where, or by what means should I be blessed?
 Isab *What wouldst thou have, good fellow?*
 Paint. *Justice, madam.*
 Hier. *O ambitious beggar!*
Wouldst thou have that that lives not in the world?
 Why, all the undelved mines cannot buy 85
An ounce of justice!
'T is a jewel so inestimable I tell thee,
God hath engross'd all justice in his hands,
And there is none but what comes from him
 Paint. *O, then I see*
That God must right me for my murd' red son. 90
 Hier. *How, was thy son murdered?*
 Paint. *Ay, sir, no man did hold a son so dear.*
 Hier. *What, not as thine? That's a lie,*
As massy as the earth I had a son
Whose least unvalued hair did weigh 95
A thousand of thy sons and he was murdered
 Paint. *Alas, sir, I had no more but he*
 Hier. *Nor I, nor I: but this same one of mine*
Was worth a legion. But all is one
 Pedro, Jaques, go in a-doors, Isabella, go, 100
And this good fellow here and I
Will range this hideous orchard up and down,
Like to two lions reaved of their young
Go in a-doors, I say.
 Exeunt [Isab, etc.]
 The painter and he sits down.
 Come, let's talk wisely now.
 Was thy son murdered?
 Paint. *Ay, sir*
 Hier. *So was mine* 105
How dost take it? Art thou not sometimes mad?
Is there no tricks that comes before thine eyes?
 Paint. *O Lord, yes, sir*
 Hier. *Art a painter? Canst paint me a tear,*
or a wound, a groan, or a sigh? Canst paint 110
me such a tree as this?
 Paint. *Sir, I am sure you have heard of my painting*
my name's Bazar do
 Hier. *Bazar do! Afore God, an excellent fellow.*
Look you, sir, do you see? I'd have you 115
paint me for my gallery, in your oil-colours matted,
and draw me five years younger than I am
— do ye see, sir, let five years go, let them go like
the marshal of Spain — my wife Isabella standing
by me, with a speaking look to my son Horatio, 120
which should extend to this or some such-like purpose.
"God bless thee, my sweet son," and my
hand leaning upon his head, thus, sir, do you see?
May it be done?
 Paint. *Very well, sir.* 125
 Hier. *Nay, I pray, mark me, sir. Then, sir,*
would I have you paint me this tree, this very tree.
Canst paint a doleful cry?
 Paint. *Seemingly, sir.*
 Hier. *Nay, it should cry, but all is one* 130
Well, sir, paint me a youth run through and
through with villains' swords, hanging upon this
tree. Canst thou draw a murderer?
 Paint. *I'll warrant you, sir, I have the pattern*
of the most notorious villains that ever lived in 135
all Spain
 Hier. *O, let them be worse, worse stretch thine*
art, and let their beards be of Judas his own colour,
and let their eye-brows jutty over in any case ob-
serve that. Then, sir, after some violent noise, 140
bring me forth in my shirt, and my gown under
mine arm, with my torch in my hand, and my
sword reared up, thus — and with these words:
"What noise is this? Who calls Hieronimo?"
May it be done? 145
 Paint. *Yea, sir*
 Hier. *Well, sir, then bring me forth, bring me*
through alley and alley, still with a distracted coun-
tenance going along, and let my hair heave up my
night-cap Let the clouds scowl, make the 150
moon dark, the stars extinct, the winds blowing, the
bells tolling, the owl shrieking, the toads croaking,
the minutes jarring, and the clock striking twelve
And then at last, sir, starting, behold a man hang-
ing, and tottering and tottering, as you know the 155
wind will wave a man, and I with a trice to cut
him down And looking upon him by the advan-
tage of my torch, find it to be my son Horatio.
There you may show a passion, there you may
show a passion! Draw me like old Priam of 160
Troy, crying, "The house is a-fire, the house is
a-fire, as the torch over my head!" Make me curse,
make me rave, make me cry, make me mad, make
me well again, make me curse hell, invoke heaven,
and in the end leave me in a trance — and so forth
 Paint. *And is this the end?* 166
 Hier. *O no, there is no end, the end is death*
and madness! As I am never better than when I
am mad, then methinks I am a brave fellow, then
I do wonders, but reason abuseth me, and 170
there's the torment, there's the hell At the last, sir,
bring me to one of the murderers, were he as strong
as Hector, thus would I tear and drag him up and
down.
 He beats the painter in, then comes
 out again, with a book in his
 hand]

⁹⁴ massy: heavy ¹⁰⁸ reaved: robbed ¹⁰⁷ tricks: illusory appearances ¹¹¹ tree: ('tear'
 Q 1602-1603) ¹¹⁶ for: (not in Qq) ¹¹⁷ matted: dulled ¹²¹ extend: portend ¹²⁹ seemingly:
 in semblance ¹³⁹ jutty over: project ¹⁴⁸ alley: garden-walk ¹⁵³ jarring: ticking ¹⁵⁹ show:
 (not in Qq)

[SCENE XIII. *Hieronimo's House*]*Enter Hieronimo, with a book in his hand**Hier. Vindicta mihi!*

Ay, heaven will be reveng'd of every ill;
 Nor will they suffer murder unrepaid
 Then stay, Hieronimo, attend their will:
 For mortal men may not appoint their time! 's
 "*Per scelus semper tutum est sceleribus iter*"
 Strike, and strike home, where wrong is off'red
 thee,

For evils unto ills conductors be,
 And death's the worst of resolution
 For he that thinks with patience to contend 10
 To quiet life, his life shall easily end. —
 "*Fata si miseros juvant, habes salutem,
 Fata si vitam negant, habes sepulcrum*".

If destiny thy miseries do ease,
 Then hast thou health, and happy shalt thou be;
 If destiny deny thee life, Hieronimo, 16
 Yet shalt thou be assured of a tomb,
 If neither, yet let this thy comfort be.

Heaven covereth him that hath no burial
 And to conclude, I will revenge his death! 20
 But how? Not as the vulgar wits of men,
 With open, but inevitable ills,

As by a secret, yet a certain mean,
 Which under kindness will be cloaked best
 Wise men will take their opportunity, 25
 Closely and safely fitting things to time.

But in extremes advantage hath no time,
 And therefore all times fit not for revenge
 Thus therefore will I rest me in unrest,
 Dissembling quiet in unquietness, 30

Not seeming that I know their villainies,
 That my simplicity may make them think
 That ignorantly I will let all slip,
 For ignorance, I wot, and well they know,
Remedium malorum versis est 35

Nor aught avails it me to menace them,
 Who, as a wintry storm upon a plain,
 Will bear me down with their nobility
 No, no, Hieronimo, thou must enjoin
 Thine eyes to observation, and thy tongue 40
 To milder speeches than thy spirit affords,
 Thy heart to patience, and thy hands to rest,
 Thy cap to courtesy, and thy knee to bow,
 Till to revenge thou know when, where, and
 how. *A noise within.*

How now, what noise? What coil is that you
 keep? 45

Enter a Servant

Serv. Here are a sort of poor petitioners
 That are importunate, and it shall please you,
 sir,

That you should plead their cases to the king.
Hier That I should plead their several ac-
 tions?

Why, let them enter, and let me see them. 50

Enter three Citizens and an Old Man

1 *Cit.* So, I tell you this for learning and
 for law,

There is not any advocate in Spain
 That can prevail, or will take half the pain
 That he will, in pursuit of equity.

Hier Come near, you men, that thus im-
 portune me — 55

[*Aside*] Now must I bear a face of gravity;
 For thus I us'd, before my marshalship,
 To plead in causes as corregidor. —
 Come on, sirs, what's the matter?

2 *Cit* Sir, an action.

Hier Of battery?

1 *Cit* Mine of debt. *Hier* Give place. 60

2 *Cit* No, sir, mine is an action of the case.

3 *Cit* Mine an *ejectioe firmæ* by a lease.

Hier Content you, sirs, are you deter-
 mined

That I should plead your several actions?

1 *Cit* Ay, sir, and here's my declaration. 65

2 *Cit* And here is my band

3 *Cit* And here is my lease.

They give him papers.

Hier But wherefore stands yon silly man so
 mute,

With mournful eyes and hands to heaven up-
 rear'd?

Come hither, father, let me know thy cause.

Senex O worthy sir, my cause, but slightly
 known, 70

May move the hearts of warlike Myrmidons,
 And melt the Corsic rocks with ruthful tears.

Hier Say, father, tell me, what's thy suit?

Senex No, sir, could my woes

Give way unto my most distressful words,
 Then should I not in paper, as you see, 75

With ink bewray what blood began in me.

Hier What's here? "The humble supplica-
 tion

Of Don Bazulto for his murd'red son "

¹ *Vindicta mihi*: Vengeance is mine! ⁶ *Per . . . iter*: The safe way to further crimes is always
 through crime ⁹ Resolute action can at worst end in death ¹²⁻¹³ (Translated in the next four
 lines) ²¹ Not with open, but inevitable (because secret) injuries (?) ²⁴ *kindship*: kindness ³⁰ *Dis-*
sembling: pretending ³⁵ *Remedium . . . est*: is a futile remedy for ills ³⁸ *nobility*: high rank

⁴⁰ *coil*: disturbance ⁴⁸ *sort*: group ⁴⁷ and: if, an ⁴⁸ *corregidor*: advocate (strictly, magistrate)
⁶¹ *action of the case*: an action for redress of wrongs not specially provided against by law ⁶² *ejec-*
tione firmæ: a writ to eject a tenant ('firma' Qq) ⁶⁶ *band*: bond ⁶⁷ *silly*: simple, unlearned

⁷² *Corsic*: of Corsica

Senex. Ay, sir.

Hier. No, sir, it was my murd' red son:
O my son, my son, O my son Horatio! 80
But mine, or thine, Bazulto, be content.
Here, take my handkercher and wipe thine eyes,
Whiles wretched I in thy mishaps may see
The lively portrait of my dying self

He draweth out a bloody napkin.

O no, not this; Horatio, this was thine, 85
And when I dy'd it in thy dearest blood,
This was a token 'twixt thy soul and me,
That of thy death revenged I should be.
But here, take this, and this — what, my
purse? —

Ay, this, and that, and all of them are thine, 90
For all as one are our extremities.

1 *Cit.* O, see the kindness of Hieronimo!

2 *Cit.* This gentleness shows him a gentle-
man.

Hier. See, see, O see thy shame, Hieronimo!
See here a loving father to his son! 95
Behold the sorrows and the sad laments,
That he delivereth for his son's decease!
If love's effects so strives in lesser things,
If love enforce such moods in meaner wits,
If love express such power in poor estates, 100
Hieronimo, whenas a raging sea,
Toss'd with the wind and tide, o'erturneth then
The upper billows, course of waves to keep,
Whilst lesser waters labour in the deep,
Then sham'st thou not, Hieronimo, to neglect
The sweet revenge of thy Horatio? 106
Though on this earth justice will not be found,
I'll down to hell, and in this passion
Knock at the dismal gates of Pluto's court,
Getting by force, as once Alcides did, 110
A troop of Furies and tormenting hags
To torture Don Lorenzo and the rest
Yet lest the triple-headed porter should
Deny my passage to the slimy strand,
The Thracian poet thou shalt counterfeit. 115
Come on, old father, be my Orpheus,
And if thou canst no notes upon the harp,
Then sound the burden of thy sore heart's grief,
Till we do gain that Proserpine may grant
Revenge on them that murdered my son 120
Then will I rent and tear them, thus and thus,
Shivering their limbs in pieces with my teeth.

Tear the papers

1 *Cit.* O sir, my declaration!

Exit Hieronimo, and they after

2 *Cit.* Save my bond!

Enter Hieronimo

2 *Cit.* Save my bond!

3 *Cit.* Alas, my lease! it cost me ten pound,
And you, my lord, have torn the same. 126

Hier. That cannot be, I gave it never a
wound.

Show me one drop of blood fall from the same!
How is it possible I should slay it then?

Tush, no, run after, catch me if you can. 130

*Exeunt all but the Old Man. Ba-
zulto remains till Hieronimo
enters again, who, slaring him
in the face, speaks.*

Hier. And art thou come, Horatio, from the
depth,

To ask for justice in this upper earth,
To tell thy father thou art unreveng'd,
To wring more tears from Isabella's eyes,
Whose lights are dimm'd with over-long la-
ments? 135

Go back, my son, complain to Æacus,
For here's no justice, gentle boy, begone,
For justice is exiled from the earth:
Hieronimo will bear thee company
Thy mother cries on righteous Rhadamanth 140
For just revenge against the murderers

Senex. Alas, my lord, whence springs this
troubled speech?

Hier. But let me look on my Horatio
Sweet boy, how art thou chang'd in death's
black shade!

Had Proserpine no pity on thy youth, 145
But suffer'd thy fair crimson-colour'd spring
With wither'd winter to be blasted thus?
Horatio, thou art older than thy father
Ah, ruthless fate, that favour thus transforms!

Baz. Ah, my good lord, I am not your young
son 150

Hier. What, not my son? Thou then a Fury
art,

Sent from the empty kingdom of black night
To summon me to make appearance
Before grim Minos and just Rhadamanth,
To plague Hieronimo that is remiss, 155
And seeks not vengeance for Horatio's death

Baz. I am a grieved man, and not a ghost,
That came for justice for my murder'd son

Hier. Ay, now I know thee, now thou nam'st
thy son

Thou art the lively image of my grief, 160
Within thy face my sorrows I may see

Thy eyes are gumm'd with tears, thy cheeks
are wan,

Thy forehead troubled, and thy mutt'ring lips
Murmur sad words abruptly broken off
By force of windy sighs thy spirit breathes; 165
And all this sorrow riseth for thy son.
And selfsame sorrow feel I for my son
Come in, old man, thou shalt to Isabel.

101-104 (A difficult passage, probably corrupt. None of the emendations suggested is satisfactory.)
108 o'erturneth: ('oretur' early Qq) 117 canst: knowest 131 rent: rend 140 fate: ('Father'
Qq) favour: appearance 149 thy: (so Qq 1623-1633; Q 1, etc., 'my')

Lean on my arm: I thee, thou me, shalt stay,
And thou, and I, and she will sing a song, 170
Three parts in one, but all of discords fram'd —.
Talk not of chords, but let us now be gone,
For with a cord Horatio was slain. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE XIV. *The Court of Spain*]

Enter King of Spain, the Duke, Viceroy, and Lorenzo, Balthazar, Don Pedro, and Bel-imperia

King. Go, brother, it is the Duke of Castile's cause,

Salute the Viceroy in our name.

Cast. I go

Vic. Go forth, Don Pedro, for thy nephew's sake,

And greet the Duke of Castile

Ped. It shall be so

King. And now to meet these Portuguese 5
For as we now are, so sometimes were these,
Kings and commanders of the western Indies
Welcome, brave Viceroy, to the court of Spain,
And welcome all his honourable train!
'T is not unknown to us for why you come, 10
Or have so kingly cross'd the seas.

Sufficeth it, in thus we note the troth
And more than common love you lend to us
So is it that mine honourable niece
(For it beseems us now that it be known) 15
Already is betroth'd to Balthazar

And by appointment and our consdescent
To-morrow are they to be married
To this intent we entertain thyself,
Thy followers, their pleasure, and our peace 20
Speak, men of Portugale, shall it be so?
If ay, say so, if not, say flatly no

Vic. Renowned King, I come not, as thou think'st,

With doubtful followers, unresolved men,
But such as have upon thine articles 25
Confirm'd thy motion, and contented me.

Know, sovereign, I come to solemnize
The marriage of thy beloved niece,
Fair Bel-imperia, with my Balthazar, —
With thee, my son, whom sith I live to see, 30
Here take my crown, I give it her and thee,
And let me live a solitary life,

In ceaseless prayers,
To think how strangely heaven hath thee pre-
serv'd

King. See, brother, see, how nature strives
in him! 35

Come, worthy Viceroy, and accompany
Thy friend with thine extremities,
A place more private fits this princely mood

Vic. Or here, or where your highness thinks
it good. *Exeunt all but Castile and Lorenzo*

Cast. Nay, stay, Lorenzo, let me talk with
you. 40

See'st thou this entertainment of these kings?

Lor. I do, my lord, and joy to see the same.

Cast. And knowest thou why this meeting is?

Lor. For her, my lord, whom Balthazar doth
love,

And to confirm their promis'd marriage. 45

Cast. She is thy sister?

Lor. Who, Bel-imperia? Ay,

My gracious lord, and this is the day,

That I have long'd so happily to see.

Cast. Thou wouldst be loath that any fault
of thine

Should intercept her in her happiness? 50

Lor. Heavens will not let Lorenzo err so
much

Cast. Why then, Lorenzo, listen to my
words

It is suspected, and reported too,

That thou, Lorenzo, wrong'st Hieronimo,

And in his suits towards his majesty 55

Still keep'st him back, and seeks to cross his
suit

Lor. That I, my lord —?

Cast. I tell thee, son, myself have heard it
said,

When, to my sorrow, I have been ashamed
To answer for thee, though thou art my son. 60

Lorenzo, know'st thou not the common love

And kindness that Hieronimo hath won

By his deserts within the court of Spain?

Or see'st thou not the king my brother's care

In his behalf, and to procure his health? 65

Lorenzo, shouldst thou thwart his passions,

And he exclaim against thee to the king,

What honour were 't in this assembly,

Or what a scandal were 't among the kings

To hear Hieronimo exclaim on thee? 70

Tell me -- and look thou tell me truly too —
Whence grows the ground of this report in
court?

Lor. My lord, it lies not in Lorenzo's power
To stop the vulgar, liberal of their tongues.

A small advantage makes a water-breach, 75

And no man lives that long contenteth all

Cast. Myself have seen thee busy to keep
back

Him and his supplications from the king.

Lor. Yourself, my lord, hath seen his pas-
sions,

That ill beseem'd the presence of a king. 80

And, for I pitied him in his distress,

I held him thence with kind and courteous
words

As free from malice to Hieronimo

As to my soul, my lord

¹⁷ *condescent*: consent ²⁵ *Renowned*: famed ⁵⁷ *extremities*: unrestrained emotion ⁷⁵ *ad-
vantage*: occasion *water-breach*: burst of water through a dike

Cast. Hieronimo, my son, mistakes thee then. ⁸⁵

Lor. My gracious father, believe me, so he doth

But what's a silly man, distract in mind
To think upon the murder of his son?

Alas! how easy is it for him to err!

But for his satisfaction and the world's, ⁹⁰

'T were good, my lord, that Hieronimo and I
Were reconcil'd, if he misconster me

Cast. Lorenzo, thou hast said, it shall be so.

Go one of you, and call Hieronimo

Enter Balthazar and Bel-imperia

Bal. Come, Bel-imperia, Balthazar's content, ⁹⁵

My sorrow's ease and sovereign of my bliss,

Sith heaven hath ordain'd thee to be mine

Disperse those clouds and melancholy looks,

And clear them up with those thy sun-bright eyes,

Wherein my hope and heaven's fair beauty lies. ¹⁰⁰

Bel My looks, my lord, are fitting for my love,

Which, new-begun, can show no brighter yet

Bal New-kindled flames should burn as morning sun

Bel. But not too fast, lest heat and all be done.

I see my lord my father.

Bal Truce, my love; ¹⁰⁵

I will go salute him

Cast. Welcome, Balthazar,

Welcome, brave prince, the pledge of Castile's peace!

And welcome, Bel-imperia! — How now, girl?

Why com'st thou sadly to salute us thus?

Content thyself, for I am satisfied. ¹¹⁰

It is not now as when Andrea liv'd;

We have forgotten and forgiven that,

And thou art graced with a happier love. —

But, Balthazar, here comes Hieronimo,

I'll have a word with him. ¹¹⁵

Enter Hieronimo and a Servant

Hier And where's the duke?

Serv Yonder

Hier Even so. —

What new device have they devised, trow?

Pocas palabras! mild as the lamb!

Is 't I will be reveng'd? No, I am not the man.

Cast Welcome, Hieronimo ¹²⁰

Lor Welcome, Hieronimo.

Bal Welcome, Hieronimo

Hier. My lords, I thank you for Horatio.

Cast. Hieronimo, the reason that I sent
To speak with you, is this.

Hier What, so short? ¹²⁵

Then I'll be gone, I thank you for 't.

Cast. Nay, stay, Hieronimo! — go call him, son.

Lor. Hieronimo, my father craves a word with you

Hier With me, sir? Why, my lord, I thought you had done.

Lor No; [*Aside*] would he had!

Cast Hieronimo, I hear ¹³⁰

You find yourself aggrieved at my son,

Because you have not access unto the king,

And say 't is he that intercepts your suits

Hier Why, is not this a miserable thing, my lord?

Cast Hieronimo, I hope you have no cause,
And would be loath that one of your deserts ¹³⁶

Should once have reason to suspect my son,

Considering how I think of you myself.

Hier Your son Lorenzo! Whom, my noble lord?

The hope of Spain, mine honourable friend? ¹⁴⁰
Grant me the combat of them, if they dare

Draws out his sword

I'll meet him face to face, to tell me so!

These be the scandalous reports of such

As loves not me, and hate my lord too much

Should I suspect Lorenzo would prevent ¹⁴⁵

Or cross my suit, that lov'd my son so well?

My lord, I am asham'd it should be said

Lor. Hieronimo, I never gave you cause

Hier My good lord, I know you did not

Cast There then pause; ¹⁵⁰

And for the satisfaction of the world,

Hieronimo, frequent my homely house,

The Duke of Castile, Cyprian's ancient seat;

And when thou wilt, use me, my son, and it:

But here, before Prince Balthazar and me,

Embrace each other, and be perfect friends ¹⁵⁵

Hier Ay, marry, my lord, and shall

Friends, quoth he? See, I'll be friends with you all

Specialty with you, my lovely lord,

For divers causes it is fit for us

That we be friends the world is suspicious, ¹⁶⁰

And men may think what we imagine not

Bal. Why, this is friendly done, Hieronimo

Lor And that I hope old grudges are forgot

Hier What else? It were a shame it should not be so

Cast Come on, Hieronimo, at my request; ¹⁶⁵

Let us treat your company to-day. *Exeunt*

Hier Your lordship's to command. — Pah! keep your way.

Chi mi fa più carezze che non suole,

Tradito mi ha, o tradir mi vuole. *Exit.*

⁸⁵ misconster: misunderstand ¹⁰⁵ no: (not in Q 1) ¹¹⁷ trow: do you suppose? ¹¹⁸ Pocas palabras: few words (Spanish; a stock phrase) ¹²⁰ Chi . . . vuole: He who caresses me more than usual has betrayed me or hopes to betray me. (Ital)

[Chorus]

Enter Ghost and Revenge

Ghost. Awake, Erichtho! Cerberus, awake!
Solicit Pluto, gentle Proserpine! 171
To combat, Acheron and Erebus!
For ne'er, by Styx and Phlegethon in hell,
O'er-ferried Charon to the fiery lakes
Such fearful sights, as poor Andrea sees 175
Revenge, awake!

Revenge Awake? For why?

Ghost. Awake, Revenge, for thou art ill-
advise'd

To sleep away what thou art warn'd to watch!

Revenge. Content thyself, and do not trouble
me

Ghost Awake, Revenge, if love — as love
hath had — 180

Have yet the power or prevalence in hell!

Hieronimo with Lorenzo is join'd in league,

And intercepts our passage to revenge

Awake, Revenge, or we are woe-begone!

Revenge Thus worldlings ground what they
have dream'd upon 185

Content thyself, Andrea though I sleep,

Yet is my mood soliciting their souls

Sufficeth thee that poor Hieronimo

Cannot forget his son Horatio

Nor dies Revenge, although he sleep awhile, 190

For in unquiet, quietness is feign'd,

And slumb'ring is a common worldly wile

Behold, Andrea, for an instance, how

Revenge hath slept, and then imagine thou,

What 't is to be subject to destiny 195

Enter a Dumb Show

Ghost Awake, Revenge, reveal this mystery

Revenge The two first the nuptial torches
bore

As brightly burning as the mid-day's sun,

But after them doth Hymen hie as fast,

Clothed in sable and a saffron robe, 200

And blows them out, and quencheth them with
blood,

As discontent that things continue so

Ghost Sufficeth me, thy meaning's under-
stood,

And thanks to thee and those infernal powers

That will not tolerate a lover's woe 205

Rest thee, for I will sit to see the rest

Revenge Then argue, not, for thou hast thy
request *Exeunt.*

ACTUS QUARTUS

[SCENE I *The Palace of Don Cyprian*]*Enter Bel-imperia and Hieronimo*

Bel Is this the love thou bear'st Horatio?
Is this the kindness that thou counterfeits?
Are these the fruits of thine incessant tears?

Hieronimo, are these thy passions,
Thy protestations and thy deep laments, 5
That thou wert wont to weary men withal?
O unkind father! O deceitful world!

With what excuses canst thou show thyself
From this dishonour and the hate of men,
Thus to neglect the loss and life of him 10

Whom both my letters and thine own belief

Assures thee to be causeless slaughtered?

Hieronimo, for shame, Hieronimo,

Be not a history to after-times

Of such ingratitude unto thy son. 15

Unhappy mothers of such children then!

But monstrous fathers to forget so soon

The death of those whom they with care and
cost

Have tend'red so, thus careless should be lost.

Myself, a stranger in respect of thee, 20

So lov'd his life, as still I wish their deaths.

Nor shall his death be unreveng'd by me,

Although I bear it out for fashion's sake,

For here I swear, in sight of heaven and earth,
Shouldst thou neglect the love thou shouldst
retain, 25

And give it over and devise no more,

Myself should send their hateful souls to hell

That wrought his downfall with extremest
death

Hier But may it be that Bel-imperia

Vows such revenge as she hath deign'd to say? 30

Why, then I see that heaven applies our drift,

And all the saints do sit soliciting

For vengeance on those cursed murderers.

Madam, 't is true, and now I find it so,

I found a letter, written in your name, 35

And in that letter, how Horatio died

Pardon, O pardon, Bel-imperia,

My fear and care in not believing it;

Nor think I thoughtless think upon a mean

To let his death be unreveng'd at full 40

And here I vow — so you but give consent,

And will conceal my resolution —

I will ere long determine of their deaths

That causeless thus have murdered my son.

Bel. Hieronimo, I will consent, conceal, 45

171—175 This passage is corrupt in the early quartos and Schick's emendations, given here, are not wholly satisfactory 174 O'er-ferried: ('Nor ferried' Q 1) 175 sees: ('see' Q 1) 178 what: te, the time during which 185 ground: build (upon) 187 mood: anger 9 (Preceded in Qq by 'With what dishonour and the hate of men,' duplicating parts of 8 and 9 A line has probably been lost.) 20 bear it out: pretend 21 applies our drift: furthers our intention 22 care: undue caution

And aught that may effect for thine avail,
Join with thee to revenge Horatio's death

Hier. On, then; whatsoever I devise,
Let me entreat you, grace my practices,
For-why the plot's already in mine head. 50
Here they are.

Enter Balhazar and Lorenzo

Bal. How now, Hieronimo?
What, courting Bel-imperia?

Hier. Ay, my lord;
Such courting as, I promise you,
Shall hath my heart, but you, my lord, have hers.

Lor. But now, Hieronimo, or never, 55
We are to entreat your help

Hier. My help?
Why, my good lords, assure yourselves of me;
For you have given me cause, — ay, by my
faith have you!

Bal. It pleas'd you, at the entertainment of
the ambassador,

To grace the king so much as with a show. 60
Now, were your study so well furnished,
As, for the passing of the first night's sport,
To entertain my father with the like,
Or any such-like pleasing motion,
Assure yourself, it would content them well 65

Hier. Is this all?

Bal. Ay, this is all.

Hier. Why then, I'll fit you, say no more.
When I was young, I gave my mind
And plied myself to fruitless poetry;
Which though it profit the professor naught, 70
Yet is it passing pleasing to the world

Lor. And how for that?

Hier. Marry, my good lord, thus. —
And yet methinks, you are too quick with us —
When in Toledo there I studied,
It was my chance to write a tragedy, — 75
See here, my lords — *He shows them a book.*

Which, long forgot, I found this other day
Now would your lordships favour me so much
As but to grace me with your acting it —
I mean each one of you to play a part — 80
Assure you, it will prove most passing strange,
And wondrous plausible to that assembly

Bal. What, would you have us play a tragedy?

Hier. Why, Nero thought it no disparagement,
And kings and emperors have ta'en delight 85
To make experience of their wits in plays.

Lor. Nay, be not angry, good Hieronimo;
The prince but ask'd a question

Bal. In faith, Hieronimo, and you be in
earnest,
I'll make one.

Lor. And I another. 90

Hier. Now, my good lord, could you entreat
Your sister Bel-imperia to make one?
For what's a play without a woman in it?

Bel. Little entreaty shall serve me, Hieronimo,

For I must needs be employ'd in your play 95

Hier. Why, this is well I tell you, lordings,
It was determined to have been acted
By gentlemen and scholars too,
Such as could tell what to speak

Bal. And now
It shall be play'd by princes and courtiers, 100
Such as can tell how to speak
If, as it is our country manner,
You will but let us know the argument

Hier. That shall I roundly. The chronicles
of Spain

Record this written of a knight of Rhodes 105
He was betroth'd, and wedded at the length,
To one Perseda, an Italian dame,
Whose beauty ravish'd all that her beheld,
Especially the soul of Soliman,
Who at the marriage was the chiefest guest 110
By sundry means sought Soliman to win
Perseda's love, and could not gain the same.
Then 'gan he break his passions to a friend,
One of his bashaws, whom he held full dear.
Her had this bashaw long solicited, 115
And saw she was not otherwise to be won,
But by her husband's death, this knight of
Rhodes,

Whom presently by treachery he slew
She, stirr'd with an exceeding hate therefore,
As cause of this slew Soliman, 120
And, to escape the bashaw's tyranny,
Did stab herself and this the tragedy

Lor. O excellent!

Bel. But say, Hieronimo,
What then became of him that was the bashaw?

Hier. Marry, thus mov'd with remorse of
his misdeeds, 125

Ran to a mountain-top, and hung himself

Bal. But which of us is to perform that part?

Hier. O, that will I, my lords, make no
doubt of it

I'll play the murderer, I warrant you,

For I already have conceited that 130

Bal. And what shall I?

Hier. Great Soliman, the Turkish emperor.

Lor. And I?

Hier. Erastus, the knight of Rhodes.

Bel. And I?

Hier. Perseda, chaste and resolute.
And here, my lords, are several abstracts
drawn, 135

⁵⁰ For-why: because ⁶⁰ motion: puppet show ⁷⁰ professor: practitioner ⁸⁵ plausible:
worthy of applause ⁹⁰ and: if ¹⁰⁴ roundly: thoroughly ¹¹⁵ break: make known ¹¹⁴ bashaws:
pashas ¹²⁵ this: this is ¹³⁰ conceited: imagined, thought out ¹³⁵ abstracts: individual parts

For each of you to note your parts,
And act it, as occasion 's off'red you.
You must provide a Turkish cap,
A black mustachio and a falchion;

Gives a paper to Balhazar.

You with a cross, like to a knight of Rhodes, 140
Gives another to Lorenzo

And, madam, you must atture yourself

He giveth Bel-imperia another

Like Phoebe, Flora, or the huntress,
Which to your discretion shall seem best
And as for me, my lords, I'll look to one,
And, with the ransom that the Viceroy sent, 145
So furnish and perform this tragedy,
As all the world shall say, Hieronimo
Was liberal in gracing of it so

Bal. Hieronimo, methinks a comedy were
better

Hier. A comedy? 150

Fie! comedies are fit for common wits,
But to present a kingly troop withal,
Give me a stately-written tragedy,
Tragedia cothurnata, fitting kings,
Containing matter, and not common things 155
My lords, all this must be performed,
As fitting for the first night's revelling
The Italian tragedians were so sharp of wit,
That in one hour's meditation
They would perform anything in action 160

Lor. And well it may, for I have seen the
like

In Paris 'mongst the French tragedians.

Hier. In Paris' mass' and well remembered'
There's one thing more that rests for us to do

Bal. What's that, Hieronimo? Forget not
anything 165

Hier. Each one of us

Must act his part in unknown languages,
That it may breed the more variety.

As you, my lord, in Latin, I in Greek,
You in Italian, and for because I know 170
That *Bel-imperia* hath practis'd the French,
In courtly French shall all her phrases be

Bal. You mean to try my cunning then,
Hieronimo?

Bal. But this will be a mere confusion
And hardly shall we all be understood 175

Hier. It must be so, for the conclusion
Shall prove the invention and all was good
And I myself in an oration,
And with a strange and wondrous show besides,
That I will have there behind a curtain, 180
Assure yourself, shall make the matter known,
And all shall be concluded in one scene,
For there's no pleasure ta'en in tediousness

Bal. [*Aside to Lorenzo*] How like you this?

Lor.

Why, thus my lord

We must resolve to soothe his humours up 185

Bal. On then, Hieronimo, farewell till soon

Hier. You'll ply this gear?

Lor.

I warrant you

Exeunt all but Hieronimo.

Why so.

Hier.

Now shall I see the fall of Babylon,
Wrought by the heavens in this confusion.
And if the world like not this tragedy, 190
Hard is the hap of old Hieronimo *Exit.*

[SCENE II. *Hieronimo's Garden*]

Enter Isabella with a weapon

Isab. Tell me no more! — O monstrous
homicides!

Since neither piety nor pity moves
The king to justice or compassion,
I will revenge myself upon this place,
Where thus they murdered my beloved son 5

She cuts down the arbour.

Down with these branches and these loathsome
boughs

Of this unfortunate and fatal pine!
Down with them, Isabella, rent them up,
And burn the roots from whence the rest is
sprung!

I will not leave a root, a stalk, a tree, 10

A bough, a branch, a blossom, nor a leaf,

No, not an herb within this garden-plot, —

Accursed complot of my misery!

Fruitless for ever may this garden be,

Barren the earth, and blissless whosoever 15

Imagines not to keep it unmanur'd!

An eastern wind, commix'd with noisome airs,

Shall blast the plants and the young saplings,

The earth with serpents shall be pestered,

And passengers, for fear to be infected, 20

Shall stand aloof, and, looking at it, tell

"There, murd' red, died the son of Isabel"

Ay, here he died, and here I him embrace

See, where his ghost solicits with his wounds

Revenge on her that should revenge his death 25

Hieronimo, make haste to see thy son,

For sorrow and despair hath cited me

To hear Horatio plead with Rhadamanth.

Make haste, Hieronimo, to hold excus'd

Thy negligence in pursuit of their deaths 30

Whose hateful wrath bereav'd him of his breath.

Ah, nay, thou dost delay their deaths,

Forgives the murderers of thy noble son,

And none but I bestir me — to no end!

And as I curse this tree from further fruit, 35

So shall my womb be cursed for his sake;

And with this weapon will I wound the breast,

¹⁴⁰ huntress: Diana ¹⁴⁴ *Tragedia cothurnata*: stately tragedy ¹⁶¹ may: may be true ¹⁸⁸ soothe

... up: humour him ¹⁶³ complot: accomplice (usually conspiracy) ¹⁶⁴ unmanur'd: uncultivated

²⁰ passengers: travellers ²⁹ hold excus'd: make excuses for

The hapless breast, that gave Horatio suck
She stabs herself.

[SCENE III. *The Palace of Don Cyprian*]

Enter Hieronimo, he knocks up the curtain.

Enter the Duke of Castile

Cast. How now, Hieronimo, where's your fellows,

That you take all this pain?

Hier. O sir, it is for the author's credit,
 To look that all things may go well
 But, good my lord, let me entreat your grace, s
 To give the king the copy of the play:
 This is the argument of what we show.

Cast. I will, Hieronimo.

Hier. One thing more, my good lord.

Cast. What's that?

Hier. Let me entreat your grace 10
 That, when the train are pass'd into the gallery,
 You would vouchsafe to throw me down the
 key.

Cast. I will, Hieronimo. *Exit Castile.*

Hier. What, are you ready, Balthazar?
 Bring a chair and a cushion for the king. 15

Enter Balthazar, with a chair

Well done, Balthazar! hang up the title:
 Our scene is Rhodes What, is your beard on?

Bal. Half on, the other is in my hand

Hier. Despatch for shame, are you so long?
Exit Balthazar

Bethink thyself, Hieronimo, 20
 Recall thy wits, recount thy former wrongs
 Thou hast receiv'd by murder of thy son,
 And lastly, not least! how Isabel,
 Once his mother and thy dearest wife,
 All woe-begone for him, hath slain herself 25
 Behoves thee then, Hieronimo, to be reveng'd!
 The plot is laid of dire revenge:
 On, then, Hieronimo, pursue revenge;
 For nothing wants but acting of revenge!
Exit Hieronimo.

[SCENE IV. *The Same*]

*Enter Spanish King, Viceroy, the Duke of
 Castile, and their train*

King Now, Viceroy, shall we see the tragedy
 Of Solman, the Turkish emperor,
 Perform'd of pleasure by your son the prince,
 My nephew Don Lorenzo, and my niece.

Vic. Who? Bel-imperia?

King Ay, and Hieronimo, our marshal, s
 At whose request they deign to do 't themselves.
 These be our pastimes in the court of Spain.
 Here, brother, you shall be the bookkeeper.
 This is the argument of that they show.

He giveth him a book

*Gentlemen, this play of Hieronimo, in 10
 sundry languages, was thought good to be set down
 in English, more largely, for the easier under-
 standing to every public reader.*

Enter Balthazar, Bel-imperia, and Hieronimo

Bal. *Bashaw, that Rhodes is ours, yield heav-
 ens the honour,*

And holy Mahomet, our sacred prophell 15

And be thou grac'd with every excellence

That Soliman can give, or thou desire

But thy desert in conquering Rhodes is less

Than in reserving this fair Christian nymph,

Perseda, blissful lamp of excellence, 20

Whose eyes compel, like powerful adamant,

The warlike heart of Soliman to wait

King See, Viceroy, that is Balthazar, your
 son,

That represents the emperor Soliman

How well he acts his amorous passion! 25

Vic. Ay, Bel-imperia hath taught him that.

Cast That's because his mind runs all on
 Bel-imperia

Hier Whatever joy earth yields, betide your
 majesty

Bal Earth yields no joy without Perseda's
 love

Hier Let then Perseda on your grace attend 30

Bal She shall not wait on me, but I on her

Drawn by the influence of her lights, I yield

But let my friend, the Rhodian knight, come forth.

Erasto, dearer than my life to me,

That he may see Perseda, my beloved 35

Enter Erasto

King. Here comes Lorenzo. look upon the
 plot,

And tell me, brother, what part plays he?

Bel Ah, my Erasto, welcome to Perseda.

Lor Thrice happy is Erasto that thou livest,

Rhodes' loss is nothing to Erasto's joy, 40

With his Perseda lives, his life survives.

Bal Ah, bashaw, here is love betwixt Erasto

And fair Perseda, sovereign of my soul

Hier Remove Erasto, mighty Soliman,

And then Perseda will be quickly won 45

Bal. Erasto is my friend, and while he lives,

Perseda never will remove her love

Hier. Let not Erasto live to grieve great Sol-
 man

Bal Dear is Erasto in our princely eye.

Hier. But if he be your rival, let him die. 50

Bal Why, let him die! — so love commandeth
 me.

Yet grieve I that Erasto should so die

Hier. Erasto, Soliman saluteh thee,

*And lets thee wit by me his highness' will,
Which is, thou shouldst be thus employ'd*

Bel.

Erasto! See, Soliman, Erasto's slain!

Bal. Yet liveth Soliman to comfort thee.

*Fair queen of beauty, let not favour die,
But with a gracious eye behold his grief
That with Perseda's beauty is increas'd,* 60
If by Perseda his grief be not releas'd

*Bel Tyrant, desist soliciting vain suits,
Relentless are mine ears to thy laments,
As thy butcher is pitiless and base,
Which seiz'd on my Erasto, harmless knight* 65
*Yet by thy power thou thinkest to command,
And to thy power Perseda doth obey,
But, were she able, thus she would revenge
Thy treacheries on thee, ignoble prince.*

Stab him

Ay me! 55

And on herself she would be thus reveng'd 70

Stab herself

*King Well said! — Old marshal, this was
bravely done!*

Hier. But Bel-imperia plays Perseda well!

*Vic Were this in earnest, Bel-imperia,
You would be better to my son than so.*

King But now what follows for Hieronimo? 75

Hier. Marry, this follows for Hieronimo.

*Here break we off our sundry languages,
And thus conclude I in our vulgar tongue
Haply you think — but bootless are your
thoughts —*

That this is fabulously counterfeit, 80
*And that we do as all tragedians do, —
To die to-day, for fashioning our scene,
The death of Ajax or some Roman peer,
And in a minute starting up again,
Revive to please tomorrow's audience.* 85
*No, princes, know I am Hieronimo,
The hopeless father of a hapless son,
Whose tongue is tun'd to tell his latest tale,
Not to excuse gross errors in the play
I see, your looks urge instance of these words; 90
Behold the reason urging me to this!*

Shows his dead son

*See here my show, look on this spectacle!
Here lay my hope, and here my hope hath end,
Here lay my heart, and here my heart was slain,
Here lay my treasure, here my treasure lost; 95
Here lay my bliss, and here my bliss bereft.
But hope, heart, treasure, joy, and bliss,
All fled, fail'd, died, yea, all decay'd with this
From forth these wounds came breath that gave
me life;*

*They murd'ring me that made these fatal
marks.* 100

*The cause was love, whence grew this mortal
hate,*

The hate, Lorenzo and young Balthazar;

The love, my son to Bel-imperia.

But night, the coverer of accursed crimes,

*With pitchy silence hush'd these traitors'
harms,* 105

And lent them leave, for they had sorted leisure

To take advantage in my garden-plot

Upon my son, my dear Horatio.

There merciless they butcher'd up my boy,

*In black, dark night, to pale, dim, cruel
death* 110

*He shrieks I heard — and yet, methinks, I
hear —*

His dismal outcry echo in the air.

With soonest speed I hasted to the noise,

*Where hanging on a tree I found my son,
Through-girt with wounds, and slaught'ring as
you see* 115

And griev'd I, think you, at this spectacle?

Speak, Portuguese, whose loss resembles mine:

If thou canst weep upon thy Balthazar,

'T is like I wail'd for my Horatio

And you, my lord, whose reconciled son 120

March'd in a net, and thought himself unseen,

And rated me for brainsick lunacy,

With "God amend that mad Hieronimo!" —

How can you brook our play's catastrophe?

And here behold this bloody handkercher, 125

Which at Horatio's death I weeping dipp'd

Within the river of his bleeding wounds —

It as propitious, see, I have reserv'd,

And never hath it left my bloody heart,

Soliciting remembrance of my vow 130

With these, O, these accursed murderers

Which now perform'd, my heart is satisfied.

And to this end the bashaw I became

That might revenge me on Lorenzo's life,

Who therefore was appointed to the part, 135

And was to represent the knight of Rhodes,

That I might kill him more conveniently.

So, Viceroy, was this Balthazar, thy son,

That Soliman which Bel-imperia,

In person of Perseda, murdered, 140

Solely appointed to that tragic part

That she might slay him that offended her

Poor Bel-imperia miss'd her part in this:

*For though the story saith she should have
died,*

Yet I of kindness, and of care to her, 145

Did otherwise determine of her end,

But love of him whom they did hate too much

Did urge her resolution to be such.

And, princes, now behold Hieronimo,

Author and actor in this tragedy, 150

Bearing his latest fortune in his fist,

⁶¹ Perseda his: ('Persedaes' Qq)

⁸⁰ urge instance: demand proof

¹⁰⁶ sorted: chosen

¹¹⁵ Through-girt: pierced through ¹²¹ net: t e, transparent disguise

And will as resolute conclude his part,
As any of the actors gone before
And, gentles, thus I end my play;
Urge no more words: I have no more to say 155

He runs to hang himself.

King. O hearken, Viceroy! Hold, Hieronimo!

Brother, my nephew and thy son are slain!

Vic. We are betray'd, my Balthazar is slain!

Break ope the doors; run, save Hieronimo

They break in and hold Hieronimo.

Hieronimo, do but inform the king of these events, 160

Upon mine honour, thou shalt have no harm

Hier. Viceroy, I will not trust thee with my life,

Which I this day have offer'd to my son.

Accursed wretch!

Why stay'st thou him that was resolv'd to die? 165

King. Speak, traitor! damned, bloody murderer, speak!

For now I have thee, I will make thee speak

Why hast thou done this undeserving deed?

Vic. Why hast thou murdered my Balthazar?

Cast. Why hast thou butcher'd both my children thus? 170

Hier. O, good words!

As dear to me was my Horatio

As yours, or yours, or yours, my lord, to you

My guiltless son was by Lorenzo slain,

And by Lorenzo and that Balthazar 175

Am I at last revenged thoroughly,

Upon whose souls may heavens be yet aveng'd

With greater far than these afflictions

Cast. But who were thy confederates in this?

Vic. That was thy daughter Bel-imperia, 180
For by her hand my Balthazar was slain.

I saw her stab him

King. Why speak'st thou not?

Hier. What lesser liberty can kings afford
Than harmless silence? Then afford it me

Sufficieth, I may not, nor I will not tell thee 185

King. Fetch forth the tortures traitor as thou art,

I'll make thee tell

Hier. Indeed,

Thou may'st torment me as his wretched son

Hath done in murthering my Horatio,

But never shalt thou force me to reveal 190

The thing which I have vow'd inviolate

And therefore, in despite of all thy threats,

Pleas'd with their deaths, and eas'd with their revenge,

First take my tongue, and afterwards my heart.

He bites out his tongue.

[*Hier.* But are you sure they are dead?

Cast. Ay, slave, too sure. 195

Hier. What, and yours too?

Vic. Ay, all are dead, not one of them survive.

Hier. Nay, then I care not, come, and we shall be friends,

Let us lay our heads together

See, here's a goodly moose will hold them all 200

Vic. O damned devil, how secure he is!

Hier. Secure? Why, dost thou wonder at it?

I tell thee, Viceroy, this day I have seen revenge,

And in that sight am grown a prouder monarch,

Than ever sat under the crown of Spain 205

Had I as many lives as there be stars,

As many heavens to go to, as those lives,

I'd give them all, ay, and my soul to boot,

But I would see thee ride in this red pool

Cast. Speak, who were thy confederates in this?

Vic. That was thy daughter Bel-imperia, 211

For by her hand my Balthazar was slain.

I saw her stab him

Hier. O, good words!

As dear to me was my Horatio, 215

As yours, or yours, or yours, my lord, to you.

My guiltless son was by Lorenzo slain,

And by Lorenzo and that Balthazar

Am I at last revenged thoroughly,

Upon whose souls may heavens be yet reveng'd 220

With greater far than these afflictions.

Methinks, since I grew inward with revenge,

I cannot look with scorn enough on death

King. What, dost thou mock us, slave? —

Bring tortures forth

Hier. Do, do, do and meantime I'll torture you 225

You had a son, as I take it, and your son

Should ha' been married to your daughter ha, was't not so? —

You had a son too, he was my liege's nephew;

He was proud and politic, had he liv'd,

He might ha' come to wear the crown of Spain, 230

I think 't was so — 't was I that kill'd him,

Look you, this same hand, 't was it that stabb'd

His heart — do you see this hand? —

For one Horatio, if you ever knew him

A youth, one that they hang'd up in his father's garden, 235

One that did force your valiant son to yield,

While your more valiant son did take him prisoner.

Vic. Be deaf, my senses, I can hear no more

King. Fall, heaven, and cover us with thy sad ruins

Cast. Roll all the world within thy pucky cloud. 240

¹⁵⁵ doors: i.e., of the gallery ¹⁶⁰ undeserving: undeserved ¹⁹⁵⁻²⁰⁴ (Fifth passage of additions, replacing ll 171-194) ²⁰¹ secure: unconcerned ²²² inward: intimate ²²⁶ You: (To the Viceroy) ²²⁷ your: (To Castile) ²³⁶ your: (To the Viceroy) ²³⁷ your: (To Castile)

Hier. *Now do I applaud what I have acted*
Nunc iners cadat manus!

Now to express the rupture of my part, —

First take my tongue, and afterward my heart

He bites out his tongue]

King O monstrous resolution of a wretch! 245

See, Viceroy, he hath bitten forth his tongue,

Rather than to reveal what we requir'd

Cast. Yet can he write

King And if in this he satisfy us not,

We will devise th' extremest kind of death 250

That ever was invented for a wretch

Then he makes signs for a knife to mend his pen

Cast O, he would have a knife to mend his pen.

Vic Here, and advise thee that thou write the troth

King Look to my brother! save Hieronimo!

He with a knife slabs the Duke and himself

What age hath ever heard such monstrous deeds? 255

My brother, and the whole succeeding hope

That Spain expected after my decease!

Go, bear his body hence, that we may mourn

The loss of our beloved brother's death,

That he may be entomb'd whate'er befall 260

I am the next, the nearest, last of all

Vic And thou, Don Pedro, do the like for us

Take up our hapless son, untimely slain,

Set me with him, and he with woeful me,

Upon the main-mast of a ship unmann'd, 265

And let the wind and tide haul me along

To Scylla's barking and untamed gulf,

Or to the loathsome pool of Acheron,

To weep my want for my sweet Balthazar

Spain hath no refuge for a Portingale 270

The trumpets sound a dead march, the

King of Spain mourning after his

brother's body, and the King of Portingale

bearing the body of his son

[Chorus]

Enter Ghost and Revenge

Ghost. Ay, now my hopes have end in their effects,

When blood and sorrow finish my desires

Horatio murder'd in his father's bower,

Vild Serberne by Pedringano slain,

False Pedringano hang'd by quaint device, 5

Fair Isabella by herself misdane;

Prince Balthazar by Bel-imperia stabb'd,

The Duke of Castile and his wicked son

Both done to death by old Hieronimo;

My Bel-imperia fall'n as Dido fell, 10

And good Hieronimo slain by himself.

Ay, these were spectacles to please my soul!

Now will I beg at lovely Proserpine

That, by the virtue of her princely doom,

I may consort my friends in pleasing sort, 15

And on my foes work just and sharp revenge.

I'll lead my friend Horatio through those fields,

Where never-dying wars are still inur'd;

I'll lead fair Isabella to that train,

Where pity weeps, but never feeleth pain; 20

I'll lead my Bel-imperia to those joys,

That vestal virgins and fair queens possess;

I'll lead Hieronimo where Orpheus plays,

Adding sweet pleasure to eternal days

But say, Revenge, for thou must help, or

none, 25

Against the rest how shall my hate be shown?

Rev This hand shall hale them down to

deepest hell,

Where none but Furies, bugs, and tortures

dwel

Ghost Then, sweet Revenge, do this at my

request

Let me be judge, and doom them to unrest. 30

Let loose poor Tityus from the vulture's gripe,

And let Don Cypran supply his room,

Place Don Lorenzo on Ixion's wheel,

And let the lover's endless pains surcease

(Juno forgets old wrath, and grants him ease);

Hang Balthazar about Chimera's neck, 36

And let him there bewail his bloody love,

Requing at our joys that are above,

Let Serberne go roll the fatal stone,

And take from Sisypheus his endless moan, 40

False Pedringano, for his treachery,

Let him be dragg'd through boiling Acheron,

And there live, dying still in endless flames,

Blaspheming gods and all their holy names

Rev Then haste we down to meet thy friends

and foes 45

To place thy friends in ease, the rest in woes,

For here though death hath end their misery,

I'll there begin their endless tragedy

Exeunt

FINIS

²⁴⁵ Nunc . . . manus: Now let my hand fall idle iners cadat: ('mors caede' or 'mers caeae'
Qq) ²⁴⁶ King: (before l 255 in Qq) ²⁴⁷ gulf: (Qq 1623-1633, 'greefe' other Qq) ¹ effects:
consummation ² Vild: vile ³ at: at the hands of ⁴ consort: associate with ⁵ inur'd: car-
ried on ⁶ bugs: bugbears ⁷ supply . . . room: take his place ⁸ him: s.e., Ixion ⁹ hath
end: hath ended ('doth end' Q 1623)

Tamburlaine

the Great.

Who, from a Scythian Shepheard,
by his rare and woonderfull Conquests,
became a most puissant and migh-
tye Monarque.

And (for his tyranny, and terrour in
Warre) was tearmed,

The Scourge of God.

Deuided into two Tragicall Dis-
courses, as they were sundrie times
shewed vpon Stages in the Citie
of London.

By the right honozable the Lord
Admyrall, his seruantes.

Now first, and newlie published.

Benj. Aylb.



L O N D O N.

Printed by Richard Ihones: at the signe
of the Rose and Crowne neere Hol-
borne Bridge. 1590.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL RECORD. Both parts of *Tamburlaine* (of which only the first is here reprinted) were entered on the Stationers' Register, Aug 14, 1590: — "xij die Augusti / Richard Jones / Entred unto him for his Copeny / The twooe commicall discourses of Tomberleyn the Cilhan shep- parde / vnder the handes of Master Abraham Hartewell, and the Wardens yd" Four early editions appeared, dated 1590, 1593 or 1592 (the last figure is defaced in the only known copy), 1597, and 1605-1606. These are all strictly octavos rather than quartos, but in the footnotes of the present edition have been referred to by the usual symbol "Q." The play was not again printed for over two hundred years.

AUTHORSHIP. The authorship of *Tamburlaine* is not indicated in any of the early editions, and Marlowe's responsibility for it is not more than strongly implied in any of the contemporary references that have been discovered. But the internal evidence is so strongly in his favor that the skepticism which was current in the early nineteenth century has no support today.

DATE AND STAGE HISTORY. A reference to "daring God out of heauen with that Atheist *Tam- burlian*" in Robert Greene's *Perimedes* (which was licensed March 29, 1588) seems to be pointed especially at a passage in the second part of *Tamburlaine*, and since the prologue to the second part says definitely that that play was composed in consequence of the success of Part I, the evidence that Part II was on the stage by March, 1588, indicates 1587 as the latest date for the production of Part I. Sir Edmund Chambers has recently (*London Times Lit Sup*, Aug 28, 1930) discovered another allusion which would indicate that Part II was being acted as early as Nov., 1587. This was the year in which Marlowe left Cambridge and in which he was also engaged in some unexplained services to the state. It is quite possible that the first part was written at Cambridge or during the poet's travels abroad. As the title-page informs us, it was produced by the Lord Admiral's Servants, the company of Edward Alleyn, "upon stages in the City of London," — probably in the innyards for which the extreme simplicity of its staging made it well suited.

Henslowe's Diary records a revival by the Admiral's men at the Rose, Aug 28, 1594, which brought him the large sum of £3 11s. Between then and Nov 12, 1595, Part I was given fifteen times, and during the last eleven months of the period most often in conjunction with the second part, on consecutive days. The fustian of the noisier passages was much ridiculed by critical writers, but the large number of parodies and allusions, down to the closing of the theatres in 1642, attest the play's popular vogue. If we can believe Charles Saunders, who produced a play on the same theme in 1681, Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* had been acted at the Cockpit or Phoenix private theatre (which opened in 1617), where the *Jew of Malta* was also produced, but by Saunders' time *Tamburlaine* had been so forgotten that "not a book-seller in London, or scarce the players themselves who acted it formerly, could call [it] to remembrance."

STRUCTURE *Tamburlaine*, especially the first part, looks like the work of an author to whom the Latin drama is more familiar and attractive than the Elizabethan. It is meticulously divided into acts and scenes and shows Senecan influence also in the emphasis on declamation, the stressing of gory or lurid details, and the scorn of comic intermixture. The stage contemplated is a simple platform such as would serve a college performance, no particular use being made in Part I of the balcony and rear-stage which Marlowe employed so cleverly in later dramas.

SOURCES Accounts of the meteoric career of the Mongolian emperor Timur (1336-1405) could have been found by Marlowe in a great variety of places. The learning on this subject has been admirably summarized by Miss Ellis-Fermor in her edition of the play (1930). A chapter in Fortescue's *Forest*, translated from the Spanish of Pedro Mexia and twice printed (1571, 1576), probably first attracted the poet to the subject. This he seems to have supplemented from the Latin accounts of Perondinus (*Magni Tamerlanis Scytharum Imperatoris Vita*, 1553) and others. The romantic and amatory elements are mainly Marlowe's independent contribution, and in his treatment of the Persians he writes much more as a student of Herodotus than as a reader of mediæval chronicles. Conspicuous in the list of his sources stands the newly published atlas of Ortelius (*Theatrum Orbis Terrarum*, 1584), whose maps of Asia and Africa were diligently scrutinized by the poet for sonorous place-names and geographical inspiration. Finally Marlowe tapped freely all the store of classic myth, astronomy, and "physic" which he had laid up in his student days.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (1564–1593)

TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT

[THE FIRST PART

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

MYCETES, King of Persia
 COSROE, his Brother
 ORTYGIUS, }
 CENEUS, } Persian Lords and Captains
 MEANDER, }
 MENAPHON, }
 THERIDAMAS, }
 TAMBURLAINE, a Scythian Shepherd
 TEHELLES, } his Followers
 USUMCASANE, }
 BAJAZETH, Emperor of the Turks
 KING OF ARABIA
 KING OF FEZ

KING OF MOROCCO
 KING OF ARGIER (Algiers)
 SOLDAN OF EGYPT
 GOVERNOR OF DAMASCUS
 AGYDAS, }
 MAGNETES, } Median Lords
 CAPOLIN, an Egyptian Captain
 PHILEMUS, a Messenger

ZENOCRATE, Daughter of the Soldan of Egypt
 ANIPPE, her Maid
 ZABINA, Wife of Bajazeth
 EBEA, her Maid

Virgins of Damascus, Bassoes, Lords, Citizens, Moors, Soldiers, and Attendants]

THE PROLOGUE

FROM jiggling veins of rhyming mother wits,
 And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,
 We'll lead you to the stately tent of war,
 Where you shall hear the Scythian Tamburlaine
 Threat'ning the world with high astounding terms,
 And scourging kingdoms with his conquering sword
 View but his picture in this tragic glass,
 And then applaud his fortunes as you please

Actus 1. Scæna 1.

*Mycetes, Cosroe, Meander, Theridamas,
 Ortygius, Ceneus, [Menaphon,] with others*

Myc Brother Cosroe, I find myself aggriev'd,
 Yet insufficient to express the same,
 For it requires a great and thund'ring speech
 Good brother, tell the cause unto my lords,
 I know you have a better wit than I 5
Cos Unhappy Persia! — that in former age
 Hast been the seat of mighty conquerors,
 That, in their prowess and their policies,
 Have triumph'd over Afric and the bounds
 Of Europe, where the sun dares scarce appear 10
 For freezing meteors and congealed cold, —
 Now to be rul'd and governed by a man
 At whose birthday Cynthia with Saturn join'd,
 And Jove, the Sun, and Mercury denied

To shed their influence in his fickle brain! 15
 Now Turks and Tartars shake their swords at thee,

Meaning to mangle all thy provinces
Myc Brother, I see your meaning well enough,

And through your planets I perceive you think
 I am not wise enough to be a king; 20
 But I refer me to my noblemen

That know my wit, and can be witnesses.
 I might command you to be slain for this:
 Meander, might I not?

Meand Not for so small a fault, my sov-
 ereign lord 25

Myc I mean it not, but yet I know I might.
 Yet live, yea, live, Mycetes wills it so
 Meander, thou, my faithful counsellor,
 Declare the cause of my conceived grief,
 Which is, God knows, about that Tamburlaine,

Prol ¹ jiggling: proper to the "jig," ballad-drama ² insufficient: unable ³ policies: diplomacy
⁴ Cynthia . . . Saturn: the moon and the planet Saturn, which exerted malign influences on the
 horoscope ⁵ their: ('his' Qq) ⁶ thee: Persia

That, like a fox in midst of harvest time, 31
 Doth prey upon my flocks of passengers,
 And, as I hear, doth mean to pull my plumes.
 Therefore 't is good and meet for to be wise.

Meand. Oft have I heard your majesty
 complain 35

Of Tamburlaine, that sturdy Scythian thief,
 That robs your merchants of Persepolis
 Treading by land unto the Western Isles,
 And in your confines with his lawless train
 Daily commits incivil outrages, 40
 Hoping (misled by dreaming prophecies)
 To reign in Asia, and with barbarous arms
 To make himself the monarch of the East,
 But ere he march in Asia, or display
 His vagrant ensign in the Persian fields, 45
 Your grace hath taken order by Theridamas,
 Charg'd with a thousand horse, to apprehend
 And bring him captive to your highness' throne.

Myc. Full true thou speak'st, and like thy-
 self, my lord,

Whom I may term a Damon for thy love: 50
 Therefore 't is best, if so it like you all,
 To send my thousand horse incontinent
 To apprehend that paltry Scythian
 How like you this, my honourable lords?
 Is it not a kingly resolution? 55

Cos. It cannot choose, because it comes from
 you.

Myc. Then hear thy charge, valiant Theri-
 damas,

The chiefest captain of Mycetes' host,
 The hope of Persia, and the very legs
 Whereon our state doth lean as on a staff, 60
 That holds us up, and foils our neighbour foes
 Thou shalt be leader of this thousand horse,
 Whose foaming gall with rage and high disdain
 Have sworn the death of wicked Tamburlaine
 Go frowning forth; but come thou smiling
 home, 65

As did Sir Paris with the Grecian dame
 Return with speed — time passeth swift away,
 Our life is frail, and we may die to-day

Ther. Before the moon renew her borrow'd
 light,

Doubt not, my lord and gracious sovereign, 70
 But Tamburlaine and that Tartarian rout
 Shall either perish by our warlike hands,
 Or plead for mercy at your highness' feet

Myc. Go, stout Theridamas! thy words are
 swords, 74

And with thy looks thou conquerest all thy foes

I long to see thee back return from thence,
 That I may view these milk-white steeds of mine
 All loaden with the heads of killed men,
 And from their knees even to their hoofs below
 Beasmear'd with blood, that makes a dainty
 show 80

Ther. Then now, my lord, I humbly take my
 leave

Myc. Theridamas, farewell! ten thousand
 times *Exit [Theridamas]*

Ah, Menaphon, why stay'st thou thus behund,
 When other men press forward for renown?
 Go, Menaphon, go into Scythia, 85
 And foot by foot follow Theridamas.

Cos. Nay, pray you let him stay, a greater
 [trust]

Fits Menaphon than warring with a thief
 Create him Prorex of all Africa,
 That he may win the Babylonians' hearts 90
 Which will revolt from Persian government,
 Unless they have a wiser king than you

Myc. "Unless they have a wiser king than
 you!"

These are his words, Meander, set them down
Cos. And add this to them — that all Asia 95
 Lament to see the folly of their king

Myc. Well, here I swear by this my royal
 seat, —

Cos. You may do well to kiss it then [*Aside*]

Myc. Emboss'd with silk as best beeseems
 my state,

To be reveng'd for these contemptuous words
 Oh, where is duty and allegiance now? 101

Fled to the Caspian or the Ocean main?

What shall I call thee? Brother? — No, a foe,
 Monster of nature! Shame unto thy stock!

That dar'st presume thy sovereign for to mock!
 Meander, come I am abus'd, Meander 106

*Exit [with Meander, &c.] Manent Cosroe
 and Menaphon*

Men. How now, my lord? What, mated and
 amaz'd

To hear the king thus threaten like himself!

Cos. Ah, Menaphon, I pass not for his
 threats,

The plot is laid by Persian noblemen 110
 And captains of the Median garrisons
 To crown me Emperor of Asia.

But this it is that doth excruciate
 The very substance of my vexed soul —

To see our neighbours, that were wont to
 quake 115

²²⁻²³ flocks . . . plumes: (The suggestion in Mycetes' foolish figure is that the "passengers" and he himself are geese) ²⁷ Persepolis: capital of ancient Persia (superseded by Shiraz and Ispahan in Middle Ages) ²⁸ Treading: ('Trading' Q2) ²⁹ Western Isles: British Isles ⁴⁰ incivil: riotous ⁴¹ dreaming: productive of vain dreams ⁴⁷ Charg'd with: put in command of ⁴⁸ incontinent: at once ⁴⁹ choose: be otherwise ⁵¹ rout: rabble ⁵⁷ trust: (word omitted Qq) ⁵⁸ Prorex: viceroy all: (not in Q 1-3) ⁶⁰ Babylonians': (Cairo and Babylon were sometimes confused) ¹⁰⁸ s D. Manent: remain on the stage ¹⁰⁷ mated: cast down ¹⁰⁹ pass: care ¹¹⁵ see: see how

And tremble at the Persian monarch's name,
Now sits and laughs our regiment to scorn,
And that which might resolve me into tears,
Men from the farthest equinoctial line 119
Have swarm'd in troops into the Eastern India,
Lading their ships with gold and precious stones,
And made their spoils from all our provinces

Men. This should entreat your highness to
rejoice,

Since Fortune gives you opportunity
To gain the title of a conqueror 125
By curing of this maimed empery
Afric and Europe bordering on your land,
And continent to your dominions,
How easily may you, with a mighty host,
Pass into Græcia, as did Cyrus once, 130
And cause them to withdraw their forces home,
Lest you subdue the pride of Christendom

[*Trumpet within*]

Cos But, Menaphon, what means this trumpet's sound?

Men Behold, my lord! Ortygius and the
rest,
Bringing the crown to make you Emperor. 135

*Enter Ortygius and Ceneus, bearing a crown,
with others*

Orty Magnificent and mighty Prince Cosroe,
We, in the name of other Persian states
And commons of this mighty monarchy,
Present thee with th' imperial diadem

Cen The warlike soldiers and the gentlemen,
That heretofore have fill'd Persepolis 141
With Afric captains taken in the field,
Whose ransom made them march in coats of
gold,

With costly jewels hanging at their ears,
And shining stones upon their lofty crests, 145
Now living idle in the walled towns,
Wanting both pay and martial discipline,
Begin in troops to threaten civil war,
And openly exclaim against the king
Therefore, to stay all sudden mutinies, 150
We will invest your highness Emperor,
Whereat the soldiers will conceive more joy
Than did the Macedonians at the spoil
Of great Darius and his wealthy host

Cos Well, since I see the state of Persia
droop 155

And languish in my brother's government,
I willingly receive th' imperial crown,
And vow to wear it for my country's good,
In spite of them shall malice my estate.

Orty And in assurance of desir'd success, 160
We here do crown thee monarch of the East,
Emperor of Asia and of Persia,
Great Lord of Media and Armenia;
Duke of Africa and Albania,
Mesopotamia and of Parthia, 165
East India and the late-discovered isles;
Chief Lord of all the wide, vast Euxine sea,
And of the ever-raging Caspian lake.

Long live Cosroe, mighty Emperor!

Cos And Jove may never let me longer live
Than I may seek to gratify your love, 171
And cause the soldiers that thus honour me
To triumph over many provinces!
By whose desires and discipline in arms
I doubt not shortly but to reign sole king, 175
And with the army of Theridamas,
(Whither we presently will fly, my lords)
To rest secure against my brother's force.

Orty We knew, my lord, before we brought
the crown,

Intending your investion so near 180
The residence of your despised brother,
The lords would not be too exasperate
To injure or suppress your worthy title,
Or, if they would, there are in readiness
Ten thousand horse to carry you from hence,
In spite of all suspected enemies. 186

Cos I know it well, my lord, and thank you
all

Orty Sound up the trumpets, then. God
save the King! [*Trumpets sound.*] *Exeunt.*

Actus 1. Scæna 2.

*Tamburlaine leading Zenocrate Techelles, Usum-
casane, [Agda, Magneles and] other Lords,
and Soldiers, laden with treasure*

Tamb Come, lady, let not this appal your
thoughts,

The jewels and the treasure we have ta'en
Shall be reserv'd, and you in better state,
Than if you were arriv'd in Syria,
Even in the circle of your father's arms, 5
The mighty Soldan of Egyptia

Zeno Ah, shepherd! pity my distressed
plight,

(If, as thou seemst, thou art so mean a man,)
And seek not to enrich thy followers
By lawless rapine from a silly maid, 10
Who travelling with these Median lords
To Memphis, from my uncle's country of
Media,

¹¹⁷ sits, laughs: (plurals) ¹¹⁸ regiment: rule ¹¹⁹ resolve: dissolve ¹²⁰ equinoctial: equatorial
(men from the distant equator) ¹²¹ continent: contiguous ¹²² Græcia: possessions of the Greek
Emperor at Constantinople ¹²³ pride of Christendom: Constantinople ¹²⁴ states: dignitaries
¹²⁵ them: those who ¹²⁶ Jove may: may Jove ¹²⁷ and: ('of' Qq) ¹²⁸ investion: investiture
¹²⁹ reserv'd: safeguarded in better state: better honored ¹³⁰ of Media: (Perhaps this should end
previous line and "Median" be omitted)

Where all my youth I have been governed,
Have pass'd the army of the mighty Turk,
Bearing his privy signet and his hand 15
To safe conduct us thorough Africa.

Mag. And since we have arriv'd in Scythia,
Beades rich presents from the puissant Cham,
We have his highness' letters to command
Aid and assistance, if we stand in need. 20

Tamb. But now you see these letters and
commands

Are countermanded by a greater man,
And through my provinces you must expect
Letters of conduct from my mightiness,
If you intend to keep your treasure safe. 25
But, since I love to live at liberty,
As easily may you get the Soldan's crown
As any prizes out of my precinct,
For they are friends that help to wean my state
Till men and kingdoms help to strengthen it, 30
And must maintain my life exempt from servitude —

But, tell me, madam, is your grace betroth'd?
Zeno. I am, my lord — for so you do im-
port

Tamb. I am a lord, for so my deeds shall
prove.

And yet a shepherd by my parentage 35
But, lady, this fair face and heavenly hue
Must grace his bed that conquers Asia,
And means to be a terror to the world,
Measuring the limits of his empery
By east and west, as Phoebus doth his course 40
Lie here, ye weeds that I disdain to wear!
This complete armour and this curtle-axe
Are adjuncts more beseeming Tamburlaine
And, madam, whatsoever you esteem
Of this success and loss unvalued, 45
Both may invest you Empress of the East,
And these that seem but silly country swains
May have the leading of so great an host,
As with their weight shall make the mountains
quake,

Even as when windy exhalations, 50
Fighting for passage, tilt within the earth

Tech. As princely lions, when they rouse
themselves,
Stretching their paws, and threat'ning herds of
beasts,

So in his armour looketh Tamburlaine.
Methinks I see kings kneeling at his feet, 55
And he with frowning brows and fiery looks,
Spurning their crowns from off their captive
heads

Usum. And making thee and me, Techelles,
kings,

That even to death will follow Tamburlaine.

Tamb. Nobly resolv'd, sweet friends and fol-
lowers! 60

These lords, perhaps, do scorn our estimates,
And think we prattle with distemper'd spirits;
But since they measure our deserts so mean, —
That in conceit bear empires on our spears,
Affecting thoughts coequal with the clouds, — 65
They shall be kept our forced followers,
Till with their eyes they view us emperors

Zeno. The gods, defenders of the innocent,
Will never prosper your intended drifts,
That thus oppress poor friendless passengers. 70
Therefore at least admit us liberty,
Even as thou hop'st to be eternized
By living Asia's mighty Emperor

Agyd. I hope our lady's treasure and our own
May serve for ransom to our liberties 75
Return our mules and empty camels back,
That we may travel into Syria,
Where her betrothed lord Alcidasus,
Expects th' arrival of her highness' person

Mag. And wheresoever we repose ourselves,
We will report but well of Tamburlaine 81

Tamb. Disdains Zenocrate to live with me?
Or you, my lords, to be my followers?

Think you I weigh this treasure more than you?
Not all the gold in India's wealthy arms 85

Shall buy the meanest soldier in my train
Zenocrate, lovelier than the love of Jove,
Brighter than is the silver Rhodope,
Fairer than whitest snow on Scythian hills, —
Thy person is more worth to Tamburlaine, 90
Than the possession of the Persian crown,
Which gracious stars have promis'd at my birth
A hundred Tartars shall attend on thee,
Mounted on steeds swifter than Pegasus;

Thy garments shall be made of Median silk, 95
Enchas'd with precious jewels of mine own,
More rich and valurous than Zenocrate's
With milk-white harts upon an ivory sled,
Thou shalt be drawn amidst the frozen pools,
And scale the icy mountains' lofty tops, 100
Which with thy beauty will be soon resolv'd.

My martial prizes, with five hundred men
Won on the fifty-headed Volga's waves,
Shall all we offer to Zenocrate, —
And then myself to fair Zenocrate. 105

Tech. What now! — in love?

Tamb. Techelles, women must be flattered:
But this is she with whom I am in love.

¹⁵ hand: signed passport ¹⁸ Cham: emperor of Tartary ²⁰ at liberty: bounteously ²⁵ so
... import: such you must be ³⁵ weeds: his shepherd dress ⁴⁰ curtle-axe: cutlass ⁴⁵ ad-
juncts: trappings ⁵⁰ success: incident ⁵⁵ unvalued: of petty value ⁶⁰ invest: cause to be
⁶⁵ exhalations: subterranean blasts ⁷⁰ estimates: valuations ⁷⁵ Affecting: indulging ⁸⁰ drifts:
designs ⁸⁵ passengers: travelers ⁹⁰ eternized: immortalized ⁹⁵ living: living to be ¹⁰⁰ empty:
discharged of the treasure they bore ¹⁰⁵ valurous: costly

Enter a Soldier

Sold. News! news!

Tamb. How now, what's the matter? 110

Sold. A thousand Persian horsemen are at hand,

Sent from the king to overcome us all

Tamb How now, my lords of Egypt, and Zenocrate!

Now must your jewels be restor'd again,

And I that triumph'd so be overcome? 115

How say you, lordings, — is not this your hope?

Agyd We hope yourself will willingly restore them

Tamb Such hope, such fortune, have the thousand horse

Soft ye, my lords, and sweet Zenocrate!

You must be forced from me ere you go 120

A thousand horsemen! — We five hundred foot! —

An odds too great for us to stand against

But are they rich? And is their armour good?

Sold. Their plumed helms are wrought with beaten gold, 124

Their swords enamell'd, and about their necks

Hangs massy chains of gold, down to the waist,

In every part exceeding brave and rich

Tamb Then shall we fight courageously with them?

Or look you I should play the orator?

Tech No, cowards and faint-hearted runaways 130

Look for orations when the foe is near

Our swords shall play the orators for us

Usum. Come! let us meet them at the mountain foot,

And with a sudden and an hot alarm,

Drive all their horses headlong down the hill 135

Tech Come, let us march!

Tamb Stay, Techelles! ask a parley first

The Soldiers enter

Open the mails, yet guard the treasure sure,

Lay out our golden wedges to the view, 139

That their reflections may amaze the Persians;

And look we friendly on them when they come

But if they offer word or violence,

We'll fight five hundred men-at-arms to one,

Before we part with our possession 144

And 'gainst the general we will lift our swords,

And either lanch his greedy thirsting throat,

Or take him prisoner, and his chain shall serve

For manacles, till he be ransom'd home

Tech I hear them come, shall we encounter them?

Tamb. Keep all your standings and not stir a foot, 150

Myself will bide the danger of the brunt.

Enter Theridamas with others

Ther. Where is this Scythian Tamburlaine?

Tamb Whom seek'st thou, Persian? — I am Tamburlaine

Ther Tamburlaine! —

A Scythian shepherd so embellish'd 155

With nature's pride and richest furniture!

His looks do menace Heaven and dare the gods:

His fiery eyes are fix'd upon the earth,

As if he now devis'd some stratagem, 159

Or meant to pierce Avernus' darksome vaults

To pull the triple-headed dog from hell.

Tamb Noble and mild this Persian seems to be,

If outward habit judge the inward man.

Tech His deep affections make him passionate

Tamb With what a majesty he hears his looks! 165

In thee, thou valiant man of Persia,

I see the folly of thy emperor

Art thou but captain of a thousand horse,

That by characters graven in thy brows,

And by thy martial face and stout aspect, 170

Deserv'st to have the leading of an host!

Forsake thy king, and do but join with me,

And we will triumph over all the world

I hold the Fates bound fast in iron chains,

And with my hand turn Fortune's wheel about:

And sooner shall the sun fall from his sphere 176

Than Tamburlaine be slain or overcome

Draw forth thy sword, thou mighty man-at-arms,

Intending but to raze my charmed skin,

And Jove himself will stretch his hand from Heaven 180

To ward the blow and shield me safe from harm

See how he rains down heaps of gold in showers,

As if he meant to give my soldiers pay!

And as a sure and grounded argument,

That I shall be the monarch of the East, 185

He sends this Soldan's daughter, rich and brave,

To be my Queen and portly Empress

If thou wilt stay with me, renowned man,

And lead thy thousand horse with my conduct,

Besides thy share of this Egyptian prize, 190

Those thousand horse shall sweat with martial spoil

Of conquer'd kingdoms and of cities sack'd.

Both we will walk upon the lofty cliffs,

And Christian merchants that with Russian stems

Plough up huge furrows in the Caspian sea, 195

Shall vail to us, as lords of all the lake.

157 brave: gay 158 mails: coffers 156 lanch: pierce 156 furniture: equipment 164 affections: emotions 167 portly: of noble port 169 conduct: direction 168 cliffs: cliffs 164 stems: ships 166 vail: salute

Both we will reign as consuls of the earth,
And mighty kings shall be our senators.
Jove sometime masked in a shepherd's weed,
And by those steps that he hath scal'd the
Heavens 200

May we become immortal like the gods.
Join with me now in this my mean estate,
(I call it mean because, being yet obscure,
The nations far remov'd admire me not,) 204
And when my name and honour shall be spread
As far as Boreas claps his brazen wings,
Or fair Bootes sends his cheerful light,
Then shalt thou be competitor with me,
And sit with Tamburlaine in all his majesty.

Ther Not Hermes, prolocutor to the gods, 210
Could use persuasions more pathetical

Tamb Nor are Apollo's oracles more true
Than thou shalt find my vaunts substantial

Tech We are his friends, and if the Persian
king

Should offer present dukedoms to our state, 215
We think it loss to make exchange for that
We are assur'd of by our friend's success

Usum And kingdoms at the least we all
expect,

Besides the honour in assured conquests,
Where kings shall crouch unto our conquering
swords, 220

And hosts of soldiers stand amaz'd at us,
When with their fearful tongues they shall con-
fess.

These are the men that all the world admires.

Ther. What strong enchantments 'tice my
yielding soul

As these resolved noble Scythians? 225
But shall I prove a traitor to my king?

Tamb. No, but the trusty friend of Tambur-
laine.

Ther. Won with thy words, and conquer'd
with thy looks,

I yield myself, my men, and horse to thee,
To be partaker of thy good or ill, 230

As long as life maintains Theridamas

Tamb. Theridamas, my friend, take here my
hand,

Which is as much as if I swore by Heaven,
And call'd the gods to witness of my vow
Thus shall my heart be still combin'd with
thine

Until our bodies turn to elements, 236

And both our souls aspire celestial thrones
Techelles and Casane, welcome him!

Tech. Welcome, renowned Persian, to us all!

Usum. Long may Theridamas remain with
us! 240

Tamb. These are my friends, in whom I more
rejoice

Than doth the King of Persia in his crown,
And by the love of Pylades and Orestes,
Whose statues we adore in Scythia,
Thyself and them shall never part from me 245
Before I crown you kings in Asia
Make much of them, gentle Theridamas,
And they will never leave thee till the death.

Ther Nor thee nor them, thrice noble Tam-
burlaine,

Shall want my heart to be with gladness pierc'd
To do you honour and security 251

Tamb A thousand thanks, worthy Therida-
mas

And now, fair madam, and my noble lords,
If you will willingly remain with me,

You shall have honours as your merits be; 255
Or else you shall be forc'd with slavery

Agyd We yield unto thee, happy Tambur-
laine

Tamb For you then, madam, I am out of
doubt

Zeno I must be pleas'd perforce Wretched
Zenocrate! *Exeunt.*

Actus 2. Scæna 1.

Cosroe, Menaphon, Ortygius, Ceneus,
with other Soldiers

Cos Thus far are we towards Theridamas,
And valiant Tamburlaine, the man of fame,
The man that in the forehead of his fortune
Bears figures of renown and miracle

But tell me, that hast seen him, Menaphon, 5
What stature wields he, and what personage?

Men. Of stature tall, and straightly fash-
ioned,

Like his desire, lift upwards and divine,
So large of limbs, his joints so strongly knit,
Such breadth of shoulders as might mainly bear
Old Atlas' burthen, 'twixt his manly pitch, 11
A pearl, more worth than all the world, is
plac'd,

Wherein by curious sovereignty of art
Are fix'd his piercing instruments of sight,
Whose fiery circles bear encompassed 15

A heaven of heavenly bodies in their spheres,
That guides his steps and actions to the throne,
Where honour sits invested royally.

Pale of complexion (wrought in him with pas-
sion)

Thirsting with sovereignty, with love of arms. 20
His lofty brows in folds do figure death,
And in their smoothness amity and life;

²⁰⁰ To the farthest north ²⁰⁷ Boötes: the northern constellation containing Arcturus ²⁰⁸ com-
petitor: partner ²¹⁰ prolocutor: spokesman ²¹¹ pathetical: moving ²²⁵ As: ('Are' Qq) ²²⁶ ele-
ments: earth, air, fire, water ²⁴⁰ Nor . . . them: neither to thee nor to them ²⁴⁰ want: be
wanting ¹⁰ mainly: strongly ¹¹ 'twixt: midway of pitch: width of shoulder

About them hangs a knot of amber hair,
 Wrapped in curls, as fierce Achilles' was,
 On which the breath of Heaven delights to
 play, 25

Making it dance with wanton majesty
 His arms and fingers, long, and sinewy,
 Betokening valour and excess of strength —
 In every part proportioned like the man
 Should make the world subdu'd to Tambur-
 laine 30

Cos Well hast thou portray'd in thy terms
 of life

The face and personage of a wondrous man,
 Nature doth strive with Fortune and his stars
 To make him famous in accomplish'd worth,
 And well his merits show him to be made 35
 His fortune's master and the king of men,
 That could persuade at such a sudden pinch,
 With reasons of his valour and his life,
 A thousand sworn and overmatching foes
 Then, when our powers in points of swords are
 join'd 40

And clos'd in compass of the killing bullet,
 Though strait the passage and the port be
 made

That leads to palace of my brother's life,
 Proud is his fortune if we pierce it not
 And when the princely Persian diadem 45
 Shall overweigh his weary witless head,
 And fall like mellow'd fruit with shakes of
 death,

In fair Persia, noble Tamburlaine
 Shall be my regent and remain as king

Orty In happy hour we have set the crown 50
 Upon your kingly head, that seeks our honour
 In joining with the man ordain'd by Heaven
 To further every action to the best

Cen He that with shepherds and a little
 spoil
 Durst, in disdain of wrong and tyranny, 55
 Defend his freedom 'gainst a monarchy,
 What will he do supported by a king,
 Leading a troop of gentlemen and lords,
 And stuff'd with treasure for his highest
 thoughts!

Cos And such shall wait on worthy Tambur-
 laine 60

Our army will be forty thousand strong,
 When Tamburlaine and brave Theridamas
 Have met us by the river Arans,
 And all conjoin'd to meet the witless king,
 That now is marching near to Parthia, 65
 And with unwilling soldiers faintly arm'd,
 To seek revenge on me and Tamburlaine,
 To whom, sweet Menaphon, direct me straight

Men I will, my lord *Exeunt*

Actus 2. Scæna 2.

*Myceles, Meander, with other Lords
 and Soldiers*

Myc Come, my Meander, let us to this gear.
 I tell you true, my heart is swoln with wrath
 On this same thievish villain, Tamburlaine,
 And of that false Cosroe, my traitorous brother.
 Would it not grieve a king to be so abus'd 5
 And have a thousand horsemen ta'en away?
 And, which is worst, to have his diadem
 Sought for by such scald knaves as love him
 not?

I think it would; well then, by Heavens I
 swear,
 Aurora shall not peep out of her doors, 10
 But I will have Cosroe by the head,
 And kill proud Tamburlaine with point of
 sword

Tell you the rest, Meander, I have said.

Meand. Then having past Armenian deserts
 now, 14

And pitch'd our tents under the Georgian hills,
 Whose tops are cover'd with Tartarian thieves,
 That lie in ambush, waiting for a prey,
 What should we do but bid them battle straight,
 And rid the world of those detested troops?

Lest, if we let them linger here awhile, 20
 They gather strength by power of fresh supplies.
 This country swarms with vile outrageous men
 That live by rapine and by lawless spoil,
 Fit soldiers for the wicked Tamburlaine;
 And he that could with gifts and promises 25
 Inveigle him that led a thousand horse,
 And make him false his faith unto his king,
 Will quickly win such as are like himself.
 Therefore cheer up your minds, prepare to
 fight,

He that can take or slaughter Tamburlaine 30
 Shall rule the province of Albania
 Who brings that traitor's head, Theridamas,
 Shall have a government in Media,
 Beside the spoil of him and all his train.
 But if Cosroe, (as our spials say, 35
 And as we know) remains with Tamburlaine,
 His highness' pleasure is that he should live,
 And be reclaim'd with princely lenity.

[Enter a Spy]

A Spy An hundred horsemen of my com-
 pany,
 Scouting abroad upon these champion plains, 40
 Have view'd the army of the Scythians,
 Which make reports it far exceeds the king's.

Meand Suppose they be in number infinite,

²⁷ sinewy: ('snowy' Qq) ³⁰ Should: who should ³¹ of life: vivid ³² port: gateway ³³ gear: business ³⁴ of: on ³⁵ scald: scurvy ³⁷ false: betray ³⁸ spials: spies ⁴⁰ champion: level, champain

Yet being void of martial discipline
 All running headlong after greedy spoils, 45
 And more regarding gain than victory,
 Like to the cruel brothers of the earth,
 Sprung of the teeth of dragons venomous,
 Their careless swords shall lanch their fellows'
 throats,

And make us triumph in their overthrow. 50

Myc Was there such brethren, sweet Meander, say,

That sprung of teeth of dragons venomous?

Meand So poets say, my lord

Myc And 't is a pretty toy to be a poet

Well, well, Meander, thou art deeply read, 55
 And having thee, I have a jewel sure.

Go on, my lord, and give your charge, I say,

Thy wit will make us conquerors to-day.

Meand Then, noble soldiers, to entrap these
 thieves,

That live confounded in disorder'd troops, 60

If wealth or riches may prevail with them,

We have our camels laden all with gold,

Which you that be but common soldiers

Shall fling in every corner of the field,

And while the base-born Tartars take it up, 65

You, fighting more for honour than for gold,

Shall massacre those greedy-minded slaves,

And when their scatter'd army is subdu'd,

And you march on their slaughter'd carcasses,

Share equally the gold that bought their lives, 70

And live like gentlemen in Persia

Strike up the drum and march courageously'

Fortune herself doth sit upon our crests

Myc He tells you true, my masters so he
 does

Drums, why sound ye not, when Meander
 speaks? *Exeunt [drums sounding]* 75

Actus 2. Scæna 3.

*Cosroe, Tamburlaine, Theridamas, Techelles,
 Usumcasane, Ortyguus, with others*

Cos Now, worthy Tamburlaine, have I re-
 pos'd

In thy approved fortunes all my hope

What think'st thou, man, shall come of our at-
 tempts?

For even as from assured oracle,

I take thy doom for satisfaction 5

Tamb And so mistake you not a whit, my
 lord,

For fates and oracles of Heaven have sworn

To royalize the deeds of Tamburlaine,

And make them blest that share in his at-
 tempts

And doubt you not but, if you favour me, 10

And let my fortunes and my valour sway

To some direction in your martial deeds,

The world will strive with hosts of men-at-arms,

To swarm unto the ensign I support

The host of Xerxes, which by fame is said 15

To drink the mighty Parthian Araris,

Was but a handful to that we will have.

Our quivering lances, shaking in the air,

And bullets, like Jove's dreadful thunderbolts,

Enroll'd in flames and fiery smouldering mists, 20

Shall threat the gods more than Cyclopien wars:

And with our sun-bright armour as we march,

We'll chase the stars from Heaven and dim
 their eyes

That stand and muse at our admired arms

Ther You see, my lord, what working words
 he hath, 25

But when you see his actions top his speech,

Your speech will stay or so extol his worth

As I shall be commended and excus'd

For turning my poor charge to his direction

And these his two renowned friends, my lord, 30

Would make one thrust and strive to be retain'd

In such a great degree of amity

Tech With duty and with amity we yield

Our utmost service to the fair Cosroe

Cos Which I esteem as portion of my crown.

Usumcasane and Techelles both, 36

When she that rules in Rhamnus' golden gates,

And makes a passage for all prosperous arms,

Shall make me solely Emperor of Asia,

Then shall your needs and valours be advanc'd

To rooms of honour and nobility 41

Tamb Then haste, Cosroe, to be king alone,

That I with these, my friends, and all my men

May triumph in our long-expected fate

The king, your brother, is now hard at hand 45

Meet with the fool, and rid your royal shoulders

Of such a burthen as outweighs the sands

And all the craggy rocks of Caspia

[Enter a Messenger]

Mess My lord, we have discover'd the enemy

Ready to charge you with a mighty army 50

Cos Come, Tamburlaine! now whet thy
 winged sword,

And lift thy lofty arm unto the clouds,

That it may reach the King of Persia's crown,

And set it safe on my victorious head 54

Tamb See where it is, the keenest curtle-axe

That e'er made passage thorough Persian arms

These are the wings shall make it fly as swift

As doth the lightning or the breath of Heaven,

And kill as sure as it swiftly flies 59

⁴⁷ cruel brothers: (Jason sowed dragon's teeth in the earth, and there sprang up a body of armed men) ⁴⁸ doom: judgment ⁴⁹ satisfaction: complete certainty ⁵⁰ of: (not in Qq) ⁵¹ Araris: (the Scamander in Herodotus) ⁵² top: exceed ('stop' Qq) ⁵³ thrust: push ⁵⁴ she: Nemesis, goddess of justice (She had a temple at Rhamnus in Attica) ⁵⁵ rooms: places

Cos. Thy words assure me of kind success,
Go, valiant soldier, go before and charge
The fainting army of that foolish king

Tamb. Usumcasane and Techelles, come!
We are enough to scare the enemy,
And more than needs to make an emperor 65
[*Exeunt*] to the battle,

[SCENE IV]

and Myceles comes out alone with his crown in his hand, offering to hide it

Myc. Accurs'd be he that first invented war!
They knew not, ah, they knew not, simple men,
How those were hit by pelting cannon shot
Stand staggering like a quivering aspen leaf,
Fearing the force of Boreas' boisterous blasts 5
In what a lamentable case were I,
If Nature had not given me wisdom's lore!
For kings are clouts that every man shoots at,
Our crown the pin that thousands seek to
cleave,

Therefore in policy I think it good 10
To hide it close, a goodly stratagem,
And far from any man that is a fool.
So shall not I be known, or if I be,
They cannot take away my crown from me
Here will I hide it in this simple hole 15

Enter Tamburlaine

Tamb What, fearful coward, stragglng from
the camp,

When kings themselves are present in the field?

Myc Thou hest

Tamb Base villain! dar'st thou give the lie?

Myc Away, I am the king, go, touch me
not 20

Thou break'st the law of arms, unless thou
kneel

And cry me "mercy, noble king"

Tamb Are you the witty King of Persia?

Myc Ay, marry am I have you any suit to
me?

Tamb I would entreat you to speak but
three wise words 25

Myc So I can when I see my time

Tamb Is this your crown?

Myc Ay, didst thou ever see a fairer?

Tamb You will not sell it, will ye?

Myc Such another word and I will have 30
thee executed Come, give it me!

Tamb No, I took it prisoner.

Myc. You lie, I gave it you

Tamb Then 't is mine

Myc No, I mean I let you keep it 35

Tamb Well, I mean you shall have it again.
Here, take it for a while. I lend it thee,

'Till I may see thee hemm'd with armed men;
Then shalt thou see me pull it from thy head.
Thou art no match for mighty Tamburlaine 40
[*Exit.*]

Myc O gods! Is this Tamburlaine the thief?
I marvel much he stole it not away
Sound trumpets to the battle, and he runs in.

[SCENE V]

*Cosroe, Tamburlaine, Theridamas, Menaphon,
Meander, Ortygius, Techelles, Usumcasane,
with others*

Tamb Hold thee, Cosroe! wear two imperial
crowns

Think thee invested now as royally,
Even by the mighty hand of Tamburlaine,
As if as many kings as could encompass thee, 4
With greatest pomp, had crown'd thee emperor.

Cos So do I, thrice renowned man-at-arms,
And none shall keep the crown but Tambur-
laine

Thee do I make my regent of Persia,
And general lieutenant of my armies
Meander, you, that were our brother's guide, 10
And chiefest counsellor in all his acts,
Since he is yielded to the stroke of war,
On your submission we with thanks excuse,
And give you equal place in our affairs

Meand Most happy Emperor, in humblest
terms, 15

I vow my service to your majesty,

With utmost virtue of my faith and duty

Cos Thanks, good Meander then, Cosroe,
reign,

And govern Persia in her former pomp!

Now send ambassage to thy neighbour kings, 20
And let them know the Persian king is chang'd,
From one that knew not what a king should do,
To one that can command what 'longs thereto.

And now we will to fair Persepolis,

With twenty thousand expert soldiers 25

The lords and captains of my brother's camp

With little slaughter take Meander's course,

And gladly yield them to my gracious rule

Ortygius and Menaphon, my trusty friends,

Now will I gratify your former good, 30

And grace your calling with a greater sway.

Orty And as we ever aim'd at your behoord,

And sought your state all honour it deserv'd,

So will we with our powers and our lives

Endeavour to preserve and prosper it 35

Cos I will not thank thee, sweet Ortygius,

Better replies shall prove my purposes

And now, Lord Tamburlaine, my brother's

camp

I leave to thee and to Theridamas,

³ were: who were ⁴ clouts. white ⁵ bull's-eyes" on archery targets ⁶ pin: the peg in the
middle of the "clout" ⁷ keep: guard ⁸ lieutenant: lieutenant ⁹ behoof: profit

To follow me to fair Persepolis. 40
 Then will we march to all those Indian mines
 My witless brother to the Christians lost,
 And ransom them with fame and usury
 And till thou overtake me, Tamburlaine,
 (Staying to order all the scatter'd troops,) 45
 Farewell, lord regent and his happy friends!
 I long to sit upon my brother's throne.

Meand Your majesty shall shortly have
 your wish,
 And ride in triumph through Persepolis.
Exeunt. Manent Tamb , Tech , Ther , Usum.
Tamb "And ride in triumph through Persep-
 olis!" 50

Is it not brave to be a king, Techelles?
 Usumcasane and Theridamas,
 Is it not passing brave to be a king,
 And ride in triumph through Persepolis?

Tech. O, my lord, 't is sweet and full of
 pomp 55

Usum To be a king is half to be a god.
Ther A god is not so glorious as a king
 I think the pleasure they enjoy in Heaven,
 Cannot compare with kingly joys in earth
 To wear a crown encas'd with pearl and gold,
 Whose virtues carry with it life and death, 61
 To ask and have, command and be obeyed,
 When looks breed love, with looks to gain the
 prize, —

Such power attractive shines in princes' eyes!
Tamb Why say, Theridamas, wilt thou be a
 king? 65

Ther Nay, though I praise it, I can live
 without it.

Tamb What says my other friends? Will
 you be kings?

Tech Ay, if I could, with all my heart, my
 lord

Tamb Why, that 's well said, Techelles, so
 would I,

And so would you, my masters, would you not ?

Usum What then, my lord? 71

Tamb Why then, Casane, shall we wish for
 aught

The world affords in greatest novelty,
 And rest attemptless, faint, and destitute?
 Methinks we should not: I am strongly mov'd,
 That if I should desire the Persian crown, 76
 I could attain it with a wondrous ease
 And would not all our soldiers soon consent,
 If we should aim at such a dignity?

Ther. I know they would with our persua-
 sions 80

Tamb Why then, Theridamas, I'll first assay
 To get the Persian kingdom to myself,

Then thou for Parthia; they for Scythua and
 Media.

And, if I prosper, all shall be as sure
 As if the Turk, the Pope, Afric, and Greece, as
 Came creeping to us with their crowns apiece.

Tech Then shall we send to this triumphing
 king,

And bid him battle for his novel crown?

Usum Nay, quickly then, before his room
 be hot

Tamb 'T will prove a pretty jest, in faith,
 my friends 90

Ther A jest to charge on twenty thousand
 men!

I judge the purchase more important far

Tamb Judge by thyself, Theridamas, not
 me,

For presently Techelles here shall haste
 To bid him battle ere he pass too far, 95

And lose more labour than the gain will quite
 Then shalt thou see the Scythian Tamburlaine

Make but a jest to win the Persian crown.
 Techelles, take a thousand horse with thee,

And bid him turn him back to war with us, 100
 That only made him king to make us sport.

We will not steal upon him cowardly,
 But give him warning and more warriors

Haste thee, Techelles, we will follow thee
 [*Exit Techelles*]

What saith Theridamas?

Ther Go on for me *Exeunt* 105

Actus 2. Scæna 6.

Cosroe, Meander, Ortygius, Menaphon,
with other Soldiers

Cos What means this devilish shepherd to
 aspire

With such a giantly presumption
 To cast up hills against the face of Heaven,

And dare the force of angry Jupiter?

But as he thrust them underneath the hills, 5

And press'd out fire from their burning jaws,
 So will I send this monstrous slave to hell,

Where flames shall ever feed upon his soul
Meand Some powers divine, or else infernal,

mix'd

Their angry seeds at his conception, 10

For he was never sprung of human race,
 Since with the spirit of his fearful pride

He dare so doubtlessly resolve of rule,
 And by profession be ambitious

Orty What god, or fiend, or spirit of the
 earth, 15

Or monster turned to a manly shape,

⁷⁵ in . . . novelty: however rare ⁷⁶ mov'd: inwardly assured ⁸⁸ Turk . . . Afric . . . Greece: Bajazeth, the Soldan of Egypt, and the Greek Emperor ⁸⁹ apiece: ('apace' Qq 1-2) ⁹⁰ purchase: tangible booty ⁹¹ quite: justify ¹⁰⁰ him back: ('his back' Qq) ⁹² he: Jupiter them: the Titans ⁹³ doubtlessly: unhesitatingly ⁹⁴ 16 (Complete the sense by supplying "was his progenitor")

Or of what mould or mettle he be made,
 What star or state soever govern him,
 Let us put on our meet encount'ring minds
 And in detesting such a devilish thief, 20
 In love of honour and defence of right,
 Be arm'd against the hate of such a foe,
 Whether from earth, or hell, or Heaven he grow

Cos Nobly resolv'd, my good Ortygius,
 And since we all have suck'd one wholesome air,
 And with the same proportion of elements 26
 Resolve, I hope we are resembled,
 Vowing our loves to equal death and life
 Let's cheer our soldiers to encounter him,
 That grievous image of ingratitude, 30
 That fiery thruster after sovereignty,
 And burn him in the fury of that flame,
 That none can quench but blood and empery
 Resolve, my lords and loving soldiers, now
 To save your king and country from decay 35
 Then strike up, drum, and all the stars that make
 The loathsome circle of my dated life,
 Direct my weapon to his barbarous heart,
 That thus opposeth him against the gods,
 And scorns the powers that govern Persia! 40

[*Exeunt*]

[SCENE VII]

Enter to the battle, and after the battle enter Cosroe, wounded, Theridamas, Tamburlaine, Techelles, Usumcasane, with others

Cos Barbarous and bloody Tamburlaine,
 Thus to deprive me of my crown and life!
 Treacherous and false Theridamas,
 Even at the morning of my happy state,
 Scarce being seated in my royal throne, 5
 To work my downfall and untimely end!
 An uncouth pain torments my grieved soul,
 And death arrests the organ of my voice.
 Who, ent'ring at the breach thy sword hath
 made,

Sacks every vein and artier of my heart — 10
 Bloody and insatiate Tamburlaine!

Tamb The thirst of reign and sweetness of
 a crown,

That caus'd the eldest son of heavenly Ops
 To thrust his doting father from his char,
 And place himself in the empyreal Heaven, 15
 Mov'd me to manage arms against thy state
 What better precedent than mighty Jove?
 Nature that fram'd us of four elements,
 Warring within our breasts for regiment,
 Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds 20
 Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend
 The wondrous architecture of the world,
 And measure every wand'ring planet's course,
 Still climbing after knowledge infinite,

And always moving as the restless spheres, 25
 Wills us to wear ourselves, and never rest,
 Until we reach the ripest fruit of all,
 That perfect bliss and sole felicity,
 The sweet fruition of an earthly crown

Ther And that made me to join with Tam-
 burlaine 30

For he is gross and like the massy earth,
 That moves not upwards, nor by princely deeds
 Doth mean to soar above the highest sort

Tech And that made us the friends of Tam-
 burlaine,

To lift our swords against the Persian king 35
Usum For as, when Jove did thrust old Sat-
 urn down,

Neptune and Dis gain'd each of them a crown,
 So do we hope to reign in Asia,
 If Tamburlaine be plac'd in Persia.

Cos The strangest men that ever nature
 made! 40

I know not how to take their tyrannies
 My bloodless body waxeth chill and cold,
 And with my blood my life slides through my
 wound,

My soul begins to take her flight to hell,
 And summons all my senses to depart — 45
 The heat and moisture, which did feed each
 other,

For want of nourishment to feed them both,
 Is dry and cold, and now doth ghastly death,
 With greedy talons gripe my bleeding heart,
 And like a harpy tues on my life 50
 Theridamas and Tamburlaine, I die
 And fearful vengeance light upon you both!

[*Cosroe dies. Tamburlaine*] takes
 the crown and puts it on

Tamb Not all the curses which the Furies
 breathe

Shall make me leave so rich a prize as thus
 Theridamas, Techelles, and the rest, 55
 Who think you now is King of Persia?

All Tamburlaine! Tamburlaine!

Tamb Though Mars himself, the angry god
 of arms,

And all the earthly potentates conspire
 To dispossess me of this diadem, 60
 Yet will I wear it in despite of them,
 As great commander of this eastern world,
 If you but say that Tamburlaine shall reign.

All Long live Tamburlaine and reign in
 Asia!

Tamb So now it is more surer on my head, 65
 Than if the gods had held a parliament,
 And all pronounc'd me King of Persia

[*Exeunt.*]

Fins Actus 2

²⁷ *Resolve*: decompose *resembled*: alike (in spirit) ²⁸ *loathsome circle*: awful aspect (the planetary influence limiting life) ²⁹ *artier*: artery ³⁰ *Ops*: wife of Saturn, mother of Jupiter
³¹ *tues*: preys

Actus 3. Scæna 1.

*Bajazeth, the Kings of Fez, Morocco, and
Argier, with others in great pomp*

Baj. Great Kings of Barbary and my portly
bassoos,

We hear the Tartars and the eastern thieves,
Under the conduct of one Tamburlaine,
Presume a bickering with your emperor, 4
And thinks to rouse us from our dreadful siege
Of the famous Grecian Constantinople
You know our army is invincible.

As many circumcised Turks we have,
And warlike bands of Christians renied,
As hath the ocean or the Terrene sea 10
Small drops of water when the moon begins
To join in one her semicircled horns
Yet would we not be brav'd with foreign power,
Nor raise our siege before the Grecians yield,
Or breathless lie before the city walls. 15

Fez Renowned Emperor, and mighty
general,

What, if you sent the bassoos of your guard
To charge him to remain in Asia,
Or else to threaten death and deadly arms
As from the mouth of mighty Bajazeth? 20

Baj Hie thee, my basso, fast to Persia
Tell him thy Lord, the Turkish Emperor,
Dread Lord of Afric, Europe, and Asia,
Great King and conqueror of Græcia,
The ocean, Terrene, and the Coal-black sea, 25
The high and highest monarch of the world,
Wills and commands (for say not I entreat),
Not once to set his foot in Africa,
Or spread his colours in Græcia,
Lest he incur the fury of my wrath 30
Tell him I am content to take a truce,
Because I hear he bears a valiant mund
But if, presuming on his silly power,
He be so mad to manage arms with me,
Then stay thou with him, say, I bid thee so 35
And if, before the sun have measur'd Heaven
With triple circuit, thou regreet us not,
We mean to take his morning's next arise
For messenger he will not be reclaim'd,
And mean to fetch thee in despite of him 40

Bas. Most great and puissant monarch of
the earth,

Your basso will accomplish your behest,
And show your pleasure to the Persian,
As fits the legate of the stately Turk

Exit Bass.

Arg. They say he is the king of Persia, 45
But if he dare attempt to stir your siege,
'T were requisite he should be ten times more,

For all flesh quakes at your magnificence.

Baj True, Argier; and tremble at my looks.

Mor The spring is hind'ed by your smooth-
ering host, 50

For neither rain can fall upon the earth,
Nor sun reflex his virtuous beams thereon, —
The ground is mantled with such multitudes

Baj. All this is true as holy Mahomet,
And all the trees are blasted with our breaths.

Fez What thinks your greatness best to
be achiev'd 56

In pursuit of the city's overthrow?

Baj I will the captive pioners of Argier
Cut off the water that by leaden pipes
Runs to the city from the mountain Carnon. 60
Two thousand horse shall forage up and down,
That no relief or succour come by land.
And all the sea my galleys countermand.
Then shall our footmen lie within the trench,
And with their cannons, mouth'd like Orcus'
gulf, 65

Batter the walls, and we will enter in,
And thus the Grecians shall be conquered.

Exeunt.

Actus 3. Scæna 2.

Agdyas, Zenocrate, Anisippe, with others

[*Agdy*] Madam Zenocrate, may I presume
To know the cause of these unquiet fits,
That work such trouble to your wonted rest?
'T is more than pity such a heavenly face
Should by heart's sorrow wax so wan and pale, 5
When your offensive rape by Tamburlaine
(Which of your whole displeasures should be
most)

Hath seem'd to be digested long ago

Zeno Although it be digested long ago,
As his exceeding favours have deserv'd, 10
And might content the Queen of Heaven as well
As it hath chang'd my first concern'd disdain,
Yet since a farther passion feeds my thoughts
With ceaseless and disconsolate conceits,
Which dyes my looks so lifeless as they are, 15
And might, if my extremes had full events,
Make me the ghastly counterfeet of death

Agdy Eternal heaven sooner be dissolv'd,
And all that pierceth Phœbe's silver eye,
Before such hap fall to Zenocrate! 20

Zeno Ah, life and soul, still hover in his
breast

And leave my body senseless as the earth;
Or else unite you to his life and soul,
That I may live and die with Tamburlaine!

*Enter [behind] Tamburlaine, with Techelles,
and others*

¹ bassoos: pashas ⁹ renied: renegade ¹⁰ Terrene: Mediterranean ¹² To approach the full
of the moon (the period of full tides) ¹³ countermand: command ¹⁴ rape: seizure ¹⁵ since: since
then ¹⁶ extremes: violent passions ¹⁷ events: outward manifestation ¹⁸ Phœbe's: the moon's

Agyd With Tamburlaine! Ah, fair Zeno-
crate, 25

Let not a man so vile and barbarous,
That holds you from your father in despite,
And keeps you from the honours of a queen,
(Being suppos'd his worthless concubine,)
Be honour'd with your love but for necessity. 30
So, now the mighty Soldan hears of you,
Your highness needs not doubt but in short
time

He will with Tamburlaine's destruction
Redeem you from this deadly servitude

Zeno Agydas, leave to wound me with these
words, 35

And speak of Tamburlaine as he deserves
The entertainment we have had of him
Is far from villany or servitude,
And might in noble minds be counted princely

Agyd How can you fancy one that looks so
fierce, 40

Only dispos'd to martial stratagems?

Who, when he shall embrace you in his arms,
Will tell how many thousand men he slew,
And when you look for amorous discourse,
Will rattle forth his facts of war and blood, 45
Too harsh a subject for your dainty ears.

Zeno As looks the Sun through Nilus' flow-
ing stream,

Or when the Morning holds him in her arms,
So looks my lordly love, fair Tamburlaine,
His talk much sweeter than the Muses' song 50
They sung for honour 'gainst Pierides,
Or when Minerva did with Neptune strive:
And higher would I rear my estimate
Than Juno, sister to the highest god,
If I were match'd with mighty Tamburlaine 55

Agyd Yet be not so inconstant in your
love,

But let the young Arabian live in hope
After your rescue to enjoy his choice
You see, — though first the King of Persia,
Being a shepherd, seem'd to love you much, —
Now on his majesty he leaves those looks, 61
Those words of favour, and those comfortings,
And gives no more than common courtesies

Zeno. Thence rise the tears that so disdain
my cheeks,

Fearing his love through my unworthiness — 65

*Tamburlaine goes to her and takes
her away lovingly by the hand,
looking wrathfully on Agydas,
and says nothing. [Exeunt
all but Agydas]*

Agyd. Betray'd by fortune and suspicious
love,

Threat'ned with frowning wrath and jealousy,
Surpris'd with fear of hideous revenge,

I stand aghast, but most astonied
To see his choler shut in secret thoughts, 70
And wrapp'd in silence of his angry soul.
Upon his brows was portray'd ugly death;
And in his eyes the fury of his heart,
That shine as comets, menacing revenge,
And casts a pale complexion on his cheeks. 75
As when the seaman sees the Hyades
Gather an army of Cimmarian clouds,
(Auster and Aquilon with winged steeds,
All sweating, tilt about the watery Heavens,
With shivering spears enforcing thunder claps,
And from their shields strike flames of light-
ning,) 81
All fearful folds his sails and sounds the
main,
Lifting his prayers to the Heavens for aid
Against the terror of the winds and waves
So fares Agydas for the late-felt frowns 85
That sent a tempest to my daunted thoughts,
And makes my soul divine her overthrow.

Enter Techelles with a naked dagger

Tech See you, Agydas, how the king salutes
you?

He bids you prophesy what it imports *Exit.*

Agyd I prophesied before, and now I prove
The killing frowns of jealousy and love 91
He needed not with words confirm my fear,
For words are vain where working tools pre-
sent

The naked action of my threat'ned end
It says "Agydas, thou shalt surely die, 95
And of extremities elect the least,
More honour and less pain it may procure
To die by this resolved hand of thine,
Than stay the torments he and Heaven have
sworn " 99

Then haste, Agydas, and prevent the plagues
Which thy prolonged fates may draw on thee.
Go, wander, free from fear of tyrant's rage,
Removed from the torments and the hell
Wherewith he may excruciate thy soul,
And let Agydas by Agydas die, 105
And with this stab slumber eternally.

Slabs himself.

[Re-enter Techelles with Usumcasane]

Tech Usumcasane, see, how right the man
Hath hit the meaning of my lord, the king

Usum Faith, and Techelles, it was manly
done,

And since he was so wise and honourable, 110
Let us afford him now the bearing hence,
And crave his triple-worthy burial

Tech Agreed, Casane; we will honour him.

[Exeunt bearing out the body.]

²⁵ *Agydas*: (not in Qq) ⁴⁵ *facts*: *feats* ⁹⁹ *astonied*: *astonished* ⁷¹ *Cimmarian*: *black*
⁷⁰ *Auster* and *Aquilon*: winds from the south and north ⁸¹ *main*: *sea*

Actus 3. Scæna 3.

Tamburlaine, Techelles, Usumcasane, Theridamas, Basso, Zenocrate, [Anippe,] with others

Tamb Basso, by this thy lord and master knows

I mean to meet him in Bithynia^a

See how he comes! Tush, Turks are full of brags,

And menace more than they can well perform. He meet me in the field, and fetch thee hence!

Alas! poor Turk! his fortune is too weak

T' encounter with the strength of Tamburlaine.

View well my camp, and speak indifferently

Do not my captains and my soldiers look

As if they meant to conquer Africa?^b

Bas Your men are valiant, but their number few,

And cannot terrify his mighty host

My lord, the great commander of the world,

Besides fifteen contributory kings,

Hath now in arms ten thousand Janissaries,

Mounted on lusty Mauritanian steeds,

Brought to the war by men of Tripoli,

Two hundred thousand footmen that have serv'd

In two set battles fought in Græcia:

And for the expedition of this war,

If he think good, can from his garrisons

Withdraw as many more to follow him

Tech The more he brings the greater is the spoil,

For when they perish by our warlike hands,

We mean to seat our footmen on their steeds,

And rifle all those stately Janissars

Tamb But will those kings accompany your lord?

Bas Such as his highness please, but some must stay

To rule the provinces he late subdu'd

Tamb [To his Officers] Then fight courageously their crowns are yours,

This hand shall set them on your conquering heads,

That made me Emperor of Asia

Usum Let him bring millions infinite of men,

Unpeopling Western Africa and Greece,

Yet we assure us of the victory

Ther Even he that in a trice vanquish'd two kings,

More mighty than the Turkish emperor,

Shall rouse him out of Europe, and pursue

His scatter'd army till they yield or die

Tamb. Well said, Theridamas, speak in that mood;

For will and shall best fitteth Tamburlaine,
Whose smiling stars gives him assured hope
Of martial triumph ere he meet his foes
I that am term'd the scourge and wrath of
God,

The only fear and terror of the world,
Will first subdue the Turk, and then enlarge
Those Christian captives, which you keep as
slaves,

Burdening their bodies with your heavy chains,
And feeding them with thin and slender fare,
That naked row about the Terrene sea,
And when they chance to breathe and rest a
space,

Are punish'd with bastones so grievously,
That they lie panting on the galley's side,
And strive for life at every stroke they give.

These are the cruel pirates of Argier,

That damned train, the scum of Africa,

Inhabited with straggling runagates,

That make quick havoc of the Christian blood,

But, as I live, that town shall curse the time

That Tamburlaine set foot in Africa

Enter Bajazeth with his Bassoes, and contributory Kings [of Fez, Morocco, and Argier, Zabina and Ebea]

Baj Bassoes and Janissaries of my guard,
Attend upon the person of your lord,

The greatest potentate of Africa

Tamb Techelles and the rest, prepare your
swords,

I mean t' encounter with that Bajazeth

Baj Kings of Fez, Morocco, and Argier,

He calls me Bajazeth, whom you call Lord!

Note the presumption of this Scythian slave!

I tell thee, villain, those that lead my horse

Have to their names titles of dignity,

And dar'st thou bluntly call me Bajazeth?

Tamb And know thou, Turk, that those
which lead my horse,

Shall lead thee captive thorough Africa,

And dar'st thou bluntly call me Tamburlaine?

Baj By Mahomet my kinsman's sepulchre,

And by the holy Alcoran I swear,

He shall be made a chaste and lustless eunuch,

And in my sarell tend my concubines,

And all his captains that thus stoutly stand,

Shall draw the chariot of my emperress,

Whom I have brought to see their overthrow

Tamb By this my sword, that conquer'd

Persia,

Thy fall shall make me famous through the
world

I will not tell thee how I'll handle thee,

But every common soldier of my camp

Shall smile to see thy miserable state

^a indifferently: without bias ^b enlarge: free ^c bastones: cudgels ^d Argier: Algeria

^e Alcoran: the Koran ^f sarell: harem

Fez. What means the mighty Turkish emperor,
To talk with one so base as Tamburlaine?

Mor. Ye Moors and valiant men of Barbary,
How can ye suffer these indignities? 90

Arg. Leave words, and let them feel your lances' points
Which glided through the bowels of the Greeks

Baj. Well said, my stout contributory kings
Your threefold army and my huggy host
Shall swallow up these base-born Persians 95

Tech. Puissant, renown'd, and mighty Tamburlaine,
Why stay we thus prolonging all their lives?

Ther. I long to see those crowns won by our swords,
That we may reign as kings of Africa

Usur. What coward would not fight for such a prize? 100
Tamb. Fight all courageously, and be you kings,

I speak it, and my words are oracles
Baj. Zabina, mother of three braver boys
Than Hercules, that in his infancy

Did pash the jaws of serpents venomous, 105
Whose hands are made to gripe a warlike lance,
Their shoulders broad for complete armour fit,

Their limbs more large, and of a bigger size,
Than all the brats ysprung from Typhon's loins,

Who, when they come unto their father's age,
Will batter turrets with their manly fists — 111
Sit here upon this royal chair of state,
And on thy head wear my imperial crown,

Until I bring this sturdy Tamburlaine
And all his captains bound in captive chains 115
Zab. Such good success happen to Bajazeth!

Tamb. Zenocrate, the loveliest maid alive,
Fairer than rocks of pearl and precious stone,
The only paragon of Tamburlaine,

Whose eyes are brighter than the lamps of Heaven 120
And speech more pleasant than sweet harmony!
That with thy looks canst clear the darken'd sky,

And calm the rage of thund'ring Jupiter —
Sit down by her, adorned with my crown,
As if thou wert the Empress of the world 125

Star not, Zenocrate, until thou see
Me march victoriously with all my men,
Triumphing over him and these his kings,
Which I will bring as vassals to thy feet

Till then take thou my crown, vaunt of my worth, 130

And calm the rage of thund'ring Jupiter —
Sit down by her, adorned with my crown,
As if thou wert the Empress of the world 125

Star not, Zenocrate, until thou see
Me march victoriously with all my men,
Triumphing over him and these his kings,
Which I will bring as vassals to thy feet

Till then take thou my crown, vaunt of my worth, 130

And manage words with her, as we will arms.

Zeno. And may my love, the King of Persia,
Return with victory and free from wound!

Baj. Now shalt thou feel the force of Turkish arms,
Which lately made all Europe quake for fear 135

I have of Turks, Arabians, Moors, and Jews,
Enough to cover all Bithynia.
Let thousands die, their slaughter'd carcasses

Shall serve for walls and bulwarks to the rest,
And as the heads of Hydra, so my power, 140

Subdued, shall stand as mighty as before
If they should yield their necks unto the sword,
Thy soldier's arms could not endure to strike

So many blows as I have heads for thee.
Thou know'st not, foolish-hardy Tamburlaine,
What 't is to meet me in the open field, 146

That leave no ground for thee to march upon.
Tamb. Our conquering swords shall marshal us the way

We use to march upon the slaughter'd foe,
Trampling their bowels with our horses' hoofs, -- 150

Brave horses bred on the white Tartarian hills.
My camp is like to Julius Cæsar's host,
That never fought but had the victory;

Nor in Pharsalia was there such hot war
As these, my followers, willingly would have 155
Legions of spirits fleeting in the air
Direct our bullets and our weapons' points,

And make our strokes to wound the senseless air
And when she sees our bloody colours spread,
Then Victory begins to take her flight, 160

Resting herself upon my milk-white tent —
But come, my lords, to weapons let us fall,
The field is ours, the Turk, his wife, and all

Exit with his followers.
Baj. Come, kings and bassoes, let us glut our swords, 164
That thirst to drink the feeble Persians' blood.

Exit with his followers.
Zab. Base concubine, must thou be plac'd by me,
That am the empress of the mighty Turk?

Zeno. Disdainful Turkess and unreverend boss!
Call'st thou me concubine, that am betroth'd
Unto the great and mighty Tamburlaine? 170

Zab. To Tamburlaine, the great Tartarian thief!
Zeno. Thou wilt repent these lavish words of thine,

When thy great basso-master and thyself
Must plead for mercy at his kingly feet,
And sue to me to be your advocates 175

When thy great basso-master and thyself
Must plead for mercy at his kingly feet,
And sue to me to be your advocates 175

When thy great basso-master and thyself
Must plead for mercy at his kingly feet,
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⁹⁴ huggy: huge ¹⁰⁶ pash: crush ¹⁰⁸ fleeting: hovering ¹⁵⁰ air: ('lure' Qq) ¹⁶⁰ boss: fat, lazy woman ¹⁷⁵ advocates: advocate for the two of you

Zab. And sue to thee! I tell thee, shameless girl,

Thou shalt be laundress to my waiting maid! —
How lik'st thou her, Ebea? Will she serve?

Ebea. Madam, she thinks, perhaps, she is too fine,

But I shall turn her into other weeds, 180
And make her dainty fingers fall to work

Zeno. Hear'st thou, Anippe, how thy drudge doth talk?

And how my slave, her mistress, menaceth?
Both for their sauciness shall be employ'd 184

To dress the common soldiers' meat and drink,
For we will scorn they should come near ourselves

Anip. Yet sometimes let your highness send for them

To do the work my chambermaid disdains.

They sound the battle within, and slay

Zeno Ye gods and powers that govern Persia,
And made my lordly love her worthy king, 190

Now strengthen him against the Turkish Bajazeth,

And let his foes, like flocks of fearful roes
Pursu'd by hunters, fly his angry looks,

That I may see him issue conqueror!

Zab Now, Mahomet, solicit God himself, 195
And make him rain down murdering shot from Heaven

To dash the Scythians' brains, and strike them dead,

That dare to manage arms with him
That offer'd jewels to thy sacred shrine,

When first he warr'd against the Christians? 200

To the battle again

Zeno By this the Turks lie weltring in their blood,

And Tamburlaine is Lord of Africa

Zab. Thou art deceiv'd — I heard the trumpets sound

As when my emperor overthrew the Greeks,
And led them captive into Africa 205

Straight will I use thee as thy pride deserves.
Prepare thyself to live and die my slave

Zeno If Mahomet should come from Heaven and swear

My royal lord is slain or conquered,
Yet should he not persuade me otherwise 210

But that he lives and will be conqueror

Bajazeth flies and he pursues him The battle short, and they enter. Bajazeth is overcome

Tamb Now, king of bassoes, who is conqueror?

Baj. Thou, by the fortune of this damned foil

Tamb. Where are your stout contributory kings?

Enter Techelles, Theridamas, Usumcasane

Tech. We have their crowns, their bodies strow the field. 215

Tamb. Each man a crown! Why, kingly fought, i' faith.

Deliver them into my treasury

Zeno Now let me offer to my gracious lord
His royal crown again so highly won

Tamb. Nay, take the Turkish crown from her, Zenocrate, 220

And crown me Emperor of Africa

Zab No, Tamburlaine though now thou gat the best,

Thou shalt not yet be lord of Africa

Ther Give her the crown, Turkess you were best

He takes it from her, and gives it Zenocrate

Zab Injurious villains! thieves! runagates!
How dare you thus abuse my majesty? 226

Ther Here, madam, you are Empress, she is none

Tamb Not now, Theridamas, her time is past

The pillars that have bolster'd up those terms,
Are fallen in clusters at my conquering feet 230

Zab Though he be prisoner, he may be ransom'd

Tamb Not all the world shall ransom Bajazeth

Baj Ah, fair Zabina! we have lost the field,
And never had the Turkish emperor

So great a foil by any foreign foe 235

Now will the Christians miscreants be glad,
Ringing with joy their superstitious bells,

And making bonfires for my overthrow
But, ere I die, those foul idolaters

Shall make me bonfires with their filthy bones.
For though the glory of this day be lost, 241

Afric and Greece have garrisons enough
To make me sovereign of the earth again

Tamb. Those walled garrisons will I subdue,
And write myself great lord of Africa 245

So from the East unto the furthest West
Shall Tamburlaine extend his puissant arm.

The galleys and those pilling brigandines,
That yearly sail to the Venetian gulf,

And hover in the Straits for Christians' wrack,
Shall lie at anchor in the isle Asant, 251

Until the Persian fleet and men of war,
Sailing along the oriental sea,

Have fetch'd about the Indian continent,
Even from Persepolis to Mexico, 255

¹⁸⁰ weeds: attire ¹⁸⁸ s d and stay: The noise of battle behind stage ceases ²¹¹ s d he: Tamburlaine ²¹⁵ foil: defeat ('soil' Qq) ²⁴⁸ pilling: pillaging ²⁵¹ Asant: Zante ²⁵⁵ to Mexico: i.e., across the Pacific

And thence unto the straits of Jubalter,
Where they shall meet and join their force in
one,

Keeping in awe the bay of Portingale,
And all the ocean by the British shore,
And by this means I'll win the world at last 260

Bay Yet set a ransom on me, Tamburlaine
Tamb. What, think'st thou Tamburlaine es-
teems thy gold?

I'll make the kings of India, ere I die,
Offer their mines to sue for peace to me,
And dig for treasure to appease my wrath 265
Come, bind them both, and one lead in the
Turk,

The Turkess let my love's maid lead away
They bind them
Bay Ah, villains!—dare ye touch my sacred
arms?

O Mahomet!—O sleepy Mahomet!

Zab O cursed Mahomet, that makest us
thus 270

The slaves to Scythians rude and barbarous!
Tamb Come, bring them in, and for this
happy conquest,

Triumph and solemnise a martial feast *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Tertii

Actus 4. Scæna 1.

*Soldan of Egypt, with three or four Lords,
Capolin [and a Messenger]*

Sold Awake, ye men of Memphis! Hear
the clang

Of Scythian trumpets! Hear the basilisks
That, roaring, shake Damascus' turrets down!

The rogue of Volga holds Zenocrate,
The Soldan's daughter, for his concubine, 5

And with a troop of thieves and vagabonds,
Hath spread his colours to our high disgrace,

While you, faint-hearted, base Egyptians,
Lie slumbering on the flowery banks of Nile,

As crocodiles that unaffrighted rest 10
While thund'ring cannons rattle on their skins

Mess Nay, mighty Soldan, did your great-
ness see

The frowning looks of fiery Tamburlaine,
That with his terror and imperious eyes

Commands the hearts of his associates, 15
It might amaze your royal majesty

Sold Villain, I tell thee, were that Tambur-
laine

As monstrous as Gorgon, prince of hell,
The Soldan would not start a foot from him

But speak, what power hath he?
Mess. Mighty lord, 20

Three hundred thousand men in armour clad,

Upon their prancing steeds disdainfully
With wanton paces trampling on the ground—
Five hundred thousand footmen threat'ning
shot,

Shaking their swords, their spears, and iron
bills,

Environing their standard round, that stood 26
As bristle-pointed as a thorny wood.

Their warlike engines and munition
Exceed the forces of their martial men.

Sold Nay, could their numbers countervail
the stars, 30

Or ever-drizzling drops of April showers,
Or wither'd leaves that Autumn shaketh down

Yet would the Soldan by his conquering power,
So scatter and consume them in his rage,

That not a man should live to rue their fall. 33
Capo So might your highness, had you time
to sort

Your fighting men, and raise your royal host.
But Tamburlaine, by expedition,

Advantage takes of your unreadiness.
Sold Let him take all th' advantages he
can 40

Were all the world conspir'd to fight for him,
Nay, were he devil, as he is no man,

Yet in revenge of fair Zenocrate,
Whom he detaineth in despite of us,

This arm should send him down to Erebus, 45
To shroud his shame in darkness of the night.

Mess Pleaseth your mightiness to under-
stand,

His resolution far exceedeth all.
The first day when he pitcheth down his tents,

White is their hue, and on his silver crest, 50
A snowy feather spangled white he bears,

To signify the mildness of his mind,
That, satiate with spoil, refuseth blood

But when Aurora mounts the second time
As red as scarlet is his furniture, 55

Then must his kindled wrath be quench'd with
blood,

Not sparing any that can manage arms.
But if these threats move not submission,

Black are his colours, black pavilion,
His spear, his shield, his horse, his armour,

plumes, 60
And jetty feathers menace death and hell!

Without respect of sex, degree, or age,
He razeth all his foes with fire and sword.

Sold Merciless villain! Peasant, ignorant
Of lawful arms or martial discipline! 65

Pillage and murder are his usual trades;
The slave usurps the glorious name of war.

See, Capolin, the fair Arabian king,
That hath been disappointed by this slave

Of my fair daughter and his princely love, 70

²⁶⁶ Jubalter: Gibraltar ²⁶⁸ Portingale: Biscay ² basilisks: large cannon ¹³ Gorgon:
Demogorgon ³⁰ countervail: equal

May have fresh warning to go war with us,
And be reveng'd for her disparagement

[*Exeunt*]

Actus 4. Scæna 2.

Tamburlaine, Techelles, Theridamas, Usumcasane, Zenocrate, Anippe, two Moors drawing Bajazeth in his cage, and his wife [Zabina] following him

Tamb. Bring out my footstool.

They take him out of the cage

Baj Ye holy priests of heavenly Mahomet,
That, sacrificing, slice and cut your flesh,
Staining his altars with your purple blood!
Make Heaven to frown and every fixed star
To suck up poison from the moorish fens,
And pour it in this glorious tyrant's throat

Tamb The chiefest God, first mover of that
sphere,
Enchas'd with thousands ever-shining lamps,
Will sooner burn the glorious frame of
Heaven,

Than it should so conspire my overthrow
But, villain! thou that wishest this to me,
Fall prostrate on the low disdainful earth,
And be the footstool of great Tamburlaine,
That I may rise into my royal throne

Baj First shalt thou nip my bowels with thy
sword,

And sacrifice my heart to death and hell,
Before I yield to such a slavery

Tamb Base villain, vassal, slave to Tamburlaine!

Unworthy to embrace or touch the ground,
That bears the honour of my royal weight,
Stoop, villain, stoop! — Stoop! for so he bids
That may command thee piecemeal to be torn,
Or scatter'd like the lofty cedar trees
Struck with the voice of thund'ring Jupiter

Baj Then, as I look down to the damned
fiends,
Fiends, look on me! and thou, dread god of hell,
With ebon sceptre strike this hateful earth,
And make it swallow both of us at once!

He gets up upon him to his chair

Tamb Now clear the triple region of the
air,

And let the majesty of Heaven behold
Their scourge and terror tread on emperors
Smile stars, that reign'd at my nativity,
And dim the brightness of their neighbour
lamps!

Disdam to borrow light of Cynthia!
For I, the chiefest lamp of all the earth,
First rising in the East with mild aspect,
But fixed now in the meridian line,

⁷ glorious: vaunting ⁴⁰ welkin: sky ⁴⁰ Clymen's: Clymene, mother of Phaethon ⁴⁰ brent:
burned ^{axle-tree}: mechanism on which the heavens turned

Will send up fire to your turning spheres,
And cause the sun to borrow light of you
My sword struck fire from his coat of steel,
Even in Bithynia, when I took this Turk;
As when a fiery exhalation,
Wrapp'd in the bowels of a freezing cloud,
Fighting for passage, makes the welkin crack,
And casts a flash of lightning to the earth:
But ere I march to wealthy Persia,
Or leave Damascus and th' Egyptian fields,
As was the fame of Clymen's brain-sick son,
That almost brent the axle-tree of Heaven,
So shall our swords, our lances, and our shot
Fill all the air with fiery meteors
Then, when the sky shall wax as red as blood,
It shall be said I made it red myself,
To make me think of naught but blood and
war

Zab Unworthy king, that by thy cruelty
Unlawfully usurp'st the Persian seat,
Dar'st thou, that never saw an emperor
Before thou met my husband in the field,
Being thy captive, thus abuse his state?
Keeping his kingly body in a cage,
That roofs of gold and sun-bright palaces
Should have prepar'd to entertain his grace?
And treading him beneath thy loathsome feet,
Whose feet the kings of Africa have kiss'd?

Tech You must devise some torment worse,
my lord,

To make these captives rein their lavish tongues

Tamb Zenocrate, look better to your slave
Zeno She is my handmaid's slave, and she
shall look

That these abuses flow not from her tongue
Chide her, Anippe

Anip Let these be warnings for you then,
my slave,

How you abuse the person of the king,
Or else I swear to have you whipp'd, stark-
nak'd

Baj Great Tamburlaine, great in my over-
throw,

Ambitious pride shall make thee fall as low,
For treading on the back of Bajazeth,
That should be horsed on four mighty kings

Tamb Thy names and titles and thy digni-
ties

Are fled from Bajazeth and remain with me,
That will maintain 't against a world of kings.
Put him in again

[*They put him into the cage.*]

Baj Is this a place for mighty Bajazeth?
Confusion light on him that helps thee thus!

Tamb There, whiles he lives, shall Bajazeth
be kept,

And, where I go, be thus in triumph drawn

And thou, his wife, shalt feed him with the scraps

My servitors shall bring thee from my board,
For he that gives him other food than this
Shall sit by him and starve to death himself. 90
This is my mind and I will have it so

Not all the kings and emperors of the earth,
If they would lay their crowns before my feet,
Shall ransom him or take him from his cage.
The ages that shall talk of Tamburlaine, 95
Even from this day to Plato's wondrous year,
Shall talk how I have handled Bajazeth.

These Moors, that drew him from Bithynia
To fair Damascus, where we now remain,
Shall lead him with us wheresoe'er we go 100
Techelles, and my loving followers,
Now may we see Damascus' lofty towers,
Like to the shadows of Pyramids,
That with their beauties grac'd the Memphian fields

The golden stature of their feather'd bird 105
That spreads her wings upon the city walls
Shall not defend it from our battering shot
The townsmen mask in silk and cloth of gold,
And every house is as a treasury

The men, the treasure, and the town is ours
Ther. Your tents of white now pitch'd before
the gates, 111

And gentle flags of amity display'd,
I doubt not but the governor will yield,
Offering Damascus to your majesty

Tamb So shall he have his life and all the rest 115

But if he stay until the bloody flag
Be once advanc'd on my vermilion tent.
He dies, and those that kept us out so long
And when they see me march in black array,
With mournful streamers hanging down their heads, 120

Were in that city all the world contain'd,
Not one should scape, but perish by our swords
Zeno Yet would you have some pity for my sake,

Because it is my country's, and my father's
Tamb Not for the world, Zenocrate, if I
have sworn 125
Come, bring in the Turk *Exeunt.*

Actus 4. Scæna 3.

*Soldan, [the King of] Arabia, Capolin,
with streaming colours, and Soldiers*

Sold Methinks we march as Meleager did,
Envroned with brave Argolian knights,
To chase the savage Calydomian boar,
Or Cephalus with lusty Theban youths

Against the wolf that angry Themis sent 5
To waste and spoil the sweet Anonian fields
A monster of five hundred thousand heads,
Compact of rapine, piracy, and spoil,
The scum of men, the hate and scourge of God,
Raves in Egyptia and annoyeth us 10

My lord, it is the bloody Tamburlaine,
A sturdy felon and a base-bred thief,
By murder raised to the Persian crown,
That dares control us in our territories
To tame the pride of this presumptuous beast, 15
Join your Arabians with the Soldan's power:
Let us unite our royal bands in one,
And hasten to remove Damascus' siege.

It is a blemish to the majesty
And high estate of mighty emperors, 20
That such a base usurping vagabond
Should brave a king, or wear a princely crown.
Arab Renowned Soldan, have ye lately heard

The overthrow of mighty Bajazeth
About the confines of Bithynia? 25
The slavery wherewith he persecutes
The noble Turk and his great emperess?

Sold I have, and sorrow for his bad success;
But, noble lord of great Arabia,
Be so persuaded that the Soldan is 30
No more dismay'd with tidings of his fall
Than in the haven when the pilot stands
And views a stranger's ship rent in the winds,
And shivered against a craggy rock
Yet in compassion of his wretched state, 35

A sacred vow to Heaven and him I make,
Confirming it with Ibis' holy name,
That Tamburlaine shall rue the day, the hour,
Wherein he wrought such ignominious wrong
Unto the hallow'd person of a prince, 40
Or kept the fair Zenocrate so long
As concubine, I fear, to feed his lust.

Arab Let grief and fury hasten on revenge;
Let Tamburlaine for his offences feel
Such plagues as Heaven and we can pour on him 45

I long to break my spear upon his crest,
And prove the weight of his victorious arm;
For Fame, I fear, hath been too prodigal
In sounding through the world his partial praise.

Sold Capolin, hast thou survey'd our powers? 50

Capol Great Emperors of Egypt and Arabia,
The number of your hosts united is
A hundred and fifty thousand horse,
Two hundred thousand foot, brave men-at-arms,

Courageous, and full of hardiness. 55
As frolic as the hunters in the chase

⁹⁰ wondrous year: when the irregularities due to planetary motion are equalized ¹⁰⁵ stature: statue ^{bird}: the divine Ibis ²⁵ confines: borders ²⁸ his: Bajazeth's ^{success}: outcome, fate
³⁷ Ibis': bird worshipped in Egypt ⁴⁷ prove: test

Of savage beasts amid the desert woods.

Arab My mind presageth fortunate success;
And, Tamburlaine, my spirit doth foresee
The utter ruin of thy men and thee 60

Sold. Then rear your standards, let your
sounding drums

Direct our soldiers to Damascus' walls.
Now, Tamburlaine, the mighty Soldan comes,
And leads with him the great Arabian king,
To dim thy baseness and obscurity, 65
Famous for nothing but for theft and spoil;
To raze and scatter thy inglorious crew
Of Scythians and slavish Persians. *Exeunt.*

Actus 4. Scæna 4.

*The Banquet, and to it cometh Tamburlaine, all
in scarlet, [Zenocrate,] Theridamas, Te-
chelles, Usumcasane, the Turk [Bajazeth
in his cage, Zabina,] with others*

Tamb. Now hang our bloody colours by Da-
mascus,

Reflexing hues of blood upon their heads,
While they walk quivering on their city walls,
Half dead for fear before they feel my wrath
Then let us freely banquet and carouse 5

Full bowls of wine unto the god of war,
That means to fill your helmets full of gold,
And make Damascus spoils as rich to you
As was to Jason Colchos' golden fleece —
And now, Bajazeth, hast thou any stomach? 10

Baj Ay, such a stomach, cruel Tamburlaine,
as I could willingly feed upon thy blood-raw
heart.

Tamb Nay, thine own is easier to come by;
pluck out that, and 't will serve thee and thy 15
wife Well, Zenocrate, Techelles, and the rest,
fall to your victuals

Baj. Fall to, and never may your meat
digest!

Ye Furies, that can mask invisible,
Dive to the bottom of Avernus' pool, 20
And in your hands bring hellish poison up
And squeeze it in the cup of Tamburlaine!
Or, winged snakes of Lerna, cast your stings,
And leave your venoms in this tyrant's dish!

Zab And may this banquet prove as omi-
nous 25
As Progne's to th' adulterous Thracian king,
That fed upon the substance of his child.

Zeno My lord, how can you suffer these
Outrageous curses by these slaves of yours?

Tamb To let them see, divine Zenocrate, 30
I glory in the curses of my foes,
Having the power from the imperial Heaven
To turn them all upon their proper heads.

Tech I pray you give them leave, madam,
this speech is a goodly refreshing to them 35

Ther. But if his highness would let them be
fed, it would do them more good

Tamb Sirrah, why fall you not to? Are you
so daintily brought up, you cannot eat your own
flesh? 40

Baj. First, legions of devils shall tear thee in
pieces.

Usum. Villain, knowest thou to whom thou
speakest?

Tamb. O, let him alone Here, eat, sir, 45
take it from my sword's point, or I'll thrust it to
thy heart *He takes it and stamps upon it*

Ther. He stamps it under his feet, my lord

Tamb Take it up, villain, and eat it; or I
will make thee slice the brawns of thy arms 50
into carbonadoes and eat them.

Usum Nay, 't were better he kill'd his
wife, and then she shall be sure not to be
starv'd, and he be provided for a month's
victual beforehand 55

Tamb Here is my dagger. despatch her
while she is fat; for if she live but a while
longer, she will fall into a consumption with fret-
ting, and then she will not be worth the eating.

Ther Dost thou think that Mahomet will 60
suffer this?

Tech 'T is like he will when he cannot let
it

Tamb Go to; fall to your meat. — What,
not a bit! Belike he hath not been watered 65
today, give him some drink.

*They give him water to drink, and
he flings it on the ground*

Tamb. Fast, and welcome, sir, while hun-
ger make you eat How now, Zenocrate, doth
not the Turk and his wife make a goodly show
at a banquet? 70

Zeno Yes, my lord

Ther. Methinks, 't is a great deal better
than a consort of music.

Tamb. Yet music would do well to cheer up
Zenocrate Pray thee, tell, why art thou so 75
sad? If thou wilt have a song, the Turk shall
strain his voice But why is it?

Zeno. My lord, to see my father's town be-
sieged,

The country wasted where myself was born,
How can it but afflict my very soul? 80

If any love remain in you, my lord,
Or if my love unto your majesty
May merit favour at your highness' hands,
Then raise your siege from fair Damascus' walls,
And with my father take a friendly truce. 85

Tamb. Zenocrate, were Egypt Jove's own
land,

Yet would I with my sword make Jove to
stoop

I will confute those blind geographers

¹¹ carbonadoes: steaks ⁶² let: prevent ⁶⁷ while: till ⁷³ consort: band

That make a triple region in the world,
 Excluding regions which I mean to trace, 90
 And with this pen reduce them to a map,
 Calling the provinces, cities, and towns,
 After my name and thine, Zenocrate
 Here at Damascus will I make the point
 That shall begin the perpendicular; 95
 And would'st thou have me buy thy father's
 love

With such a loss? — Tell me, Zenocrate
Zeno Honour still wait on happy Tambur-
 laine!

Yet give me leave to plead for him, my lord
Tamb Content thyself his person shall be
 safe, 100

And all the friends of fair Zenocrate,
 If with their lives they will be pleas'd to yield,
 Or may be forc'd to make me Emperor,
 For Egypt and Arabia must be mine —
 Feed, you slave! Thou may'st think thy- 105
 self happy to be fed from my trencher

Baj. My empty stomach, full of idle heat,
 Draws bloody humours from my feeble parts,
 Preserving life by hasting cruel death
 My veins are pale, my sinews hard and dry, 110
 My joints benumb'd unless I eat, I die

Zab Eat, Bajazeth Let us live in spite of
 them, looking some happy power will pity and
 enlarge us

Tamb Here, Turk, wilt thou have a 115
 clean trencher?

Baj Ay, tyrant, and more meat

Tamb Soft, sir, you must be dieted, too
 much eating will make you surfeit

Ther. So it would, my lord, specially 120
 having so small a walk and so little exercise

Enter a second course, of crowns

Tamb. Theridamas, Techelles, and Casane,
 here are the cates you desire to finger, are they
 not?

Ther. Ay, my lord, but none save kings
 must feed with these 126

Tech. 'T is enough for us to see them, and
 for Tamburlaine only to enjoy them.

Tamb Well, here is now to the Soldan of
 Egypt, the King of Arabia, and the Governor 130
 of Damascus Now take these three crowns, and
 pledge me, my contributory kings I crown you
 here, Theridamas, King of Argier; Techelles,
 King of Fez, and Usumcasane, King of Moroc-
 cus How say you to this, Turk? These are 135
 not your contributory kings.

Baj. Nor shall they long be thine, I warrant
 them.

Tamb. Kings of Argier, Moroccus, and of
 Fez,

You that have march'd with happy Tambur-
 laine

As far as from the frozen plage of Heaven 140
 Unto the watery morning's ruddy bower,
 And thence by land unto the torrid zone:
 Deserve these titles I endow you with
 By valour and by magnanimity
 Your births shall be no blemish to your fame, 145
 For virtue is the fount whence honour springs,
 And they are worthy she investeth kings.

Ther And since your highness hath so well
 vouchsaf'd,

If we deserve them not with higher meeds
 Than erst our states and actions have retain'd,
 Take them away again and make us slaves. 151

Tamb Well said, Theridamas; when holy
 fates

Shall 'stablish me in strong Egyptia,
 We mean to travel to th' antartic pole,
 Conquering the people underneath our feet, 155
 And be renown'd as never emperors were.
 Zenocrate, I will not crown thee yet,
 Until with greater honours I be grac'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

Finis Actus quarti

Actus 5. Scæna 1.

*The Governor of Damascus, with three or four
 Citizens, and four Virgins, with branches of
 laurel in their hands*

Gov Still doth this man, or rather god, of
 war

Batter our walls and beat our turrets down;
 And to resist with longer stubbornness
 Or hope of rescue from the Soldan's power,
 Were but to bring our wilful overthrow, 5
 And make us desperate of our threat'ned lives.
 We see his tents have now been altered
 With terrors to the last and cruel'st hue
 His coal-black colours everywhere advanc'd
 Threaten our city with a general spoil, 10
 And if we should with common rites of arms
 Offer our safeties to his clemency,
 I fear the custom, proper to his sword, —
 Which he observes as parcel of his fame,
 Intending so to terrify the world, — 15
 By any innovation or remorse
 Will never be dispens'd with till our deaths.
 Therefore, for these our harmless virgins' sakes,
 Whose honours and whose lives rely on him,
 Let us have hope that their unspotted prayers,

⁹⁰ triple: consisting of Asia, Europe, Africa
⁹¹ pen: his sword ⁹⁴⁻⁹⁵ point . . . perpen-
 dicular: probably the zero meridian, from which longitude is reckoned ¹¹³ looking: anticipating
¹¹⁵ cates: delicacies ¹⁴⁰ plage: region ('place'
 'value' Qq.) ¹⁴⁷ they: those who ¹⁴ parcel: part ¹⁶ innovation: alteration

Their blubber'd cheeks, and hearty, humble
moans, 21

Will melt his fury into some remorse,
And use us like a loving conqueror

Virg. If humble suits or imprecations,
(Utter'd with tears of wretchedness and blood 25
Shed from the heads and hearts of all our sex,
Some made your wives and some your children)
Might have entreated your obdurate breasts
To entertain some care of our securities
Whiles only danger beat upon our walls, 30
These more than dangerous warrants of our
death

Had never been erected as they be,
Nor you depend on such weak helps as we.

Gov. Well, lovely virgins, think our country's
care,

Our love of honour, loath to be inthrall'd 35
To foreign powers and rough imperious yokes,
Would not with too much cowardice or fear,
(Before all hope of rescue were denied)
Submit yourselves and us to servitude
Therefore in that your safeties and our own, 40
Your honours, liberties, and lives were weigh'd
In equal care and balance with our own,
Endure as we the malice of our stars,
The wrath of Tamburlaine, and power of wars,
Or be the means the overweighing heavens 45
Have kept to qualify these hot extremes,
And bring us pardon in your cheerful looks

2 *Virg.* Then here before the majesty of
Heaven

And holy patrons of Egyptia,
With knees and hearts submissive we entreat 50
Grace to our words and pity to our looks,
That this device may prove propitious,
And through the eyes and ears of Tamburlaine
Convey events of mercy to his heart
Grant that these signs of victory we yield 55
May bind the temples of his conquering head,
To hide the folded furrows of his brows,
And shadow his displeased countenance
With happy looks of ruth and lenity
Leave us, my lord, and loving countrymen, 60
What simple virgins may persuade, we will

Gov. Farewell, sweet virgins, on whose safe
return

Depends our city, liberty, and lives
Exeunt [all but the Virgins].

Actus 5. Scæna 2.

Tamburlaine, Techelles, Theridamas, Usumcasane, with others Tamburlaine all in black and very melancholy

Tamb. What, are the turtles fray'd out of
their nests?

¹ imprecations: entreaties ² events: results
(Supply "appeared.") ³ conceit: foreboding

Alas, poor fools! must you be first shall feel
The sworn destruction of Damascus?
They know my custom, could they not as well
Have sent ye out when first my milk-white flags,
Through which sweet Mercy threw her gentle
beams, 6

Reflexing them on your disdainful eyes,
As now, when fury and incensed hate
Flings slaughtering terror from my coal-black
tents, 9

And tells for truth submissions comes too late?
1 *Virg.* Most happy King and Emperor of
the earth,

Image of honour and nobility,
For whom the powers divine have made the
world,

And on whose throne the holy Graces sit;
In whose sweet person is compris'd the sum 15
Of Nature's skill and heavenly majesty;
Pity our plights! O pity poor Damascus!
Pity old age, within whose silver hairs
Honour and reverence evermore have reign'd!
Pity the marriage bed, where many a lord, 20
In prime and glory of his loving joy,
Embraceth now with tears of ruth and blood
The jealous body of his fearful wife,
Whose cheeks and hearts, so punish'd with con-
ceit

To think thy puissant, never-stayed arm 25
Will part their bodies, and prevent their souls
From heavens of comfort yet their age might
bear,

Now wax all pale and withered to the death,
As well for grief our ruthless governor
Have thus refus'd the mercy of thy hand, 30
(Whose sceptre angels kiss and furies dread,)
As for their liberties, their loves, or lives
O then for these, and such as we ourselves,
For us, for infants, and for all our bloods,
That never nourish'd thought against thy rule,
Pity, O pity, sacred Emperor, 36
The prostrate service of this wretched town,
And take in sign thereof this gilded wreath;
Whereto each man of rule hath given his hand,
And wish'd, as worthy subjects, happy means
To be investors of thy royal brows 41
Even with the true Egyptian diadem!

Tamb. Virgins, in vain ye labour to prevent
That which mine honour swears shall be per-
form'd

Behold my sword! what see you at the point?

Virg. Nothing but fear and fatal steel,
my lord 46

Tamb. Your fearful minds are thick and
misty then;

For there sits Death, there sits imperious
Death,

¹ turtles fray'd: doves scared ² flags:

Keeping his circuit by the slicing edge.
But I am pleas'd you shall not see him there;
He now is seated on my horsemen's spears, 51
And on their points his fleshless body feeds
Techelles, straight go charge a few of them
To charge these dames, and show my servant,
Death,

Sitting in scarlet on their armed spears 55

Omnes O pity us!

Tamb Away with them, I say, and show
them Death *They take them away*

I will not spare these proud Egyptians,
Nor change my martial observations
For all the wealth of Gihon's golden waves, 60
Or for the love of Venus, would she leave
The angry god of arms and lie with me
They have refus'd the offer of their lives,
And know my customs are as peremptory
As wrathful planets, death, or destiny 65

Enter Techelles

What, have your horsemen shown the virgins
Death?

Tech. They have, my lord, and on Damas-
cus' walls

Have hoisted up their slaughter'd carcasses
Tamb A sight as baneful to their souls, I
think,

As are Thessalian drugs or mithridate 70
But go, my lords, put the rest to the sword

Exeunt [all except Tamburlaine]

Ah, fair Zenocrate! divine Zenocrate!
Fair is too foul an epithet for thee,
That in thy passion for thy country's love,
And fear to see thy kingly father's harm, 75
With hair dishevell'd wip'st thy watery cheeks,
And, like to Flora in her morning's pride
Shaking her silver tresses in the air,
Rain'st on the earth resolved pearl in showers,
And sprinklest sapphires on thy shining face, 80
Where Beauty, mother to the Muses, sits
And comments volumes with her ivory pen,
Taking instructions from thy flowing eyes,
Eyes when that Ebena steps to Heaven,
In silence of thy solemn evening's walk, 85
Making the mantle of the richest night,
The moon, the planets, and the meteors, light
There angels in their crystal armours fight
A doubtful battle with my tempted thoughts
For Egypt's freedom, and the Soldan's life; 90
His life that so consumes Zenocrate,
Whose sorrows lay more siege unto my soul,
Than all my army to Damascus' walls
And neither Persia's sovereign, nor the Turk

Troubled my senses with conceit of foul 95
So much by much as doth Zenocrate.

What is beauty, saith my sufferings, then?
If all the pens that ever poets held
Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts,
And every sweetness that inspir'd their hearts,
Their minds, and muses on admired themes, 101
If all the heavenly quintessence they still
From their immortal flowers of poesy,
Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive
The highest reaches of a human wit 105
If these had made one poem's period,
And all combin'd in beauty's worthiness,
Yet should there hover in their restless heads
One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the
least,

Which into words no virtue can digest. 110

But how unseemly is it for my sex,
My discipline of arms and chivalry,
My nature, and the terror of my name,
To harbour thoughts effeminate and faint!
Save only that in beauty's just applause, 115
With whose instinct the soul of man is
touch'd, —

And every warrior that is rapt with love
Of fame, of valour, and of victory,
Must needs have beauty beat on his concerts.
I thus conceiving and subduing both 120
That which hath stoop'd the tempest of the
gods,

Even from the fiery-spangled veil of Heaven,
To feel the lovely warmth of shepherds' flames,
And mask in cottages of strowed weeds,
Shall give the world to note, for all my birth,
That virtue solely is the sum of glory, 126
And fashions men with true nobility —
Who's within there?

Enter two or three [Attendants]

Hath Bajazeth been fed to-day?

Allen Ay, my lord 130

Tamb Bring him forth; and let us know if
the town be ransack'd [*Exeunt Attendants.*]

*Enter Techelles, Theridamas, Usumcasane,
and others*

Tech The town is ours, my lord, and fresh
supply

Of conquest and of spoil is offer'd us

Tamb That's well, Techelles; what's the
news? 135

Tech The Soldan and the Arabian king to-
gether,

March on us with such eager violence

⁴⁹ circuit: sphere of action ⁵⁰ Omnes: all the virgins ⁵¹ observations: observances ⁶⁰ Gihon: one of the four rivers of Paradise (*Genesis* 11 3) ⁷⁰ mithridate: compound of poisons ⁷⁹ resolved pearl: i.e., tears ⁸⁴ Ebena: W Warner (*Pan his Syrinx*, 1584, F 3v) speaks of sleepers as sacrificing to "the god of Ebena," a "drowsy deity" ⁸⁴ Persia's: ('Perseans' Qq) ¹⁰² still: distill ¹¹⁰ virtue: mental energy ¹²¹ tempest . . . gods: Apollo? ¹²⁴ mask: live disguised ('marthch' Qq.)

As if there were no way but one with us.

Tamb. No more there is not, I warrant thee,
Techelles.

They bring in the Turk [and Zabina].

Ther. We know the victory is ours, my lord;
But let us save the reverend Soldan's life, 141
For fair Zenocrate that so laments his state

Tamb That will we chiefly see unto, Theri-
damas,

For sweet Zenocrate, whose worthiness
Deserves a conquest over every heart 145

And now, my footstool, if I lose the field,
You hope of liberty and restitution?

Here let him stay, my masters, from the tents,
Till we have made us ready for the field

Pray for us, Bajazeth, we are going. 150

Exeunt [all except Bajazeth and Zabina].

Baj Go, never to return with victory!
Millions of men encompass thee about,

And gore thy body with as many wounds!
Sharp, forked arrows light upon thy horse!

Furies from the black Cocytus lake 155
Break up the earth, and with their firebrands

Enforce thee run upon the baneful pikes!
Volleys of shot pierce through thy charmed

skin,

And every bullet dipp'd in poison'd drugs!
Or roaring cannons sever all thy joints, 160

Making thee mount as high as eagles soar!

Zab Let all the swords and lances in the
field

Stick in his breast as in their proper rooms!
At every pore let blood come dropping forth,

That ling'ring pains may massacre his heart, 165
And madness send his damned soul to hell!

Baj Ah, fair Zabina! we may curse his
power,

The heavens may frown, the earth for anger
quake,

But such a star hath influence in his sword, 169
As rules the skies and countermands the gods

More than Cimmerian Styx or Destiny,
And then shall we in this detested guise, —

With shame, with hunger, and with horror
aye

Gripping our bowels with retorqued thoughts, —
And have no hope to end our ecstasies 175

Zab Then is there left no Mahomet, no God,
No Fiend, no Fortune, nor no hope of end

To our infamous, monstrous slaveries?
Gape, earth, and let the fiends infernal view

A hell as hopeless and as full of fear 180
As are the blasted banks of Erebus,

Where shaking ghosts with ever-howling groans
Hover about the ugly ferryman,

To get a passage to Elysium!

Why should we live? O, wretches, beggars,
slaves! 185

Why live we, Bajazeth, and build up nests
So high within the region of the air

By living long in this oppression,
That all the world will see and laugh to scorn

The former triumphs of our mightiness 190
In this obscure infernal servitude?

Baj O life, more loathsome to my vexed
thoughts

Than noisome parbreak of the Stygian snakes,
Which fills the nooks of hell with standing air,

Infecting all the ghosts with cureless griefs! 195
O dreary engines of my loathed sight,

That sees my crown, my honour, and my name
Thrust under yoke and thraldom of a thief,

Why feed ye still on day's accursed beams
And sink not quite into my tortur'd soul? 200

You see my wife, my queen and empress,
Brought up and propped by the hand of fame,

Queen of fifteen contributory queens,
Now thrown to rooms of black abjection,

Smear'd with blots of basest drudgery, 205
And vileness to shame, disdain, and misery.

Accursed Bajazeth, whose words of ruth
(That would with pity cheer Zabina's heart,

And make our souls resolve in ceaseless tears)
Sharp hunger bites upon, and gripes the root 210

From whence the issues of my thoughts do
break

O poor Zabina! O my queen! my queen!
Fetch me some water for my burning breast,

To cool and comfort me with longer date,
That in the short'ned sequel of my life 215

I may pour forth my soul into thine arms
With words of love, whose moaning intercourse

Hath hitherto been stay'd with wrath and hate
Of our expressless bann'd inflictions

Zab Sweet Bajazeth, I will prolong thy life,
As long as any blood or spark of breath 221

Can quench or cool the torments of my grief

She goes out

Baj Now, Bajazeth, abridge thy baneful
days,

And beat thy brains out of thy conquer'd head,
Since other means are all forbidden me 225

That may be ministers of my decay
O, highest lamp of ever-living Jove,

Accursed day! infected with my griefs,
Hide now thy stained face in endless night,

And shut the windows of the lightsome
heavens! 230

Let ugly Darkness with her rusty coach,
Engirt with tempests, wrapp'd in pitchy clouds,

Smother the earth with never-fading mists,
And let her horses from their nostrils breathe

148 Cocytus: river in hell 175 shall we: shall we live 176 retorqued: foiled 180-187 build . . .
air: make ourselves so conspicuous 188 parbreak: vomit 194 standing: stagnant 206 villain-
ous: slave 208 resolve: melt 210 bann'd: cursed

Rebellious winds and dreadful thunder-claps,
That in this terror Tamburlaine may live, 236
And my pun'd soul, resolv'd in liquid air,
May still excruciate his tormented thoughts!
Then let the stony dart of senseless cold
Pierce through the centre of my wither'd heart,
And make a passage for my loathed life! 241

He brains himself against the cage

Enter Zabina

Zab What do mine eyes behold? My husband dead!
His skull all riven in twain! His brains dash'd out!

The brains of Bajazeth, my lord and sovereign!
O Bajazeth, my husband and my lord! 245
O Bajazeth! O Turk! O Emperor!
Give him his liquor? Not I. Bring milk and fire,
and my blood I bring him again — Tear me in pieces!
Give me the sword with a ball of wild-fire upon it —
Down with him! Down with him! 250
him! — Go to my child! Away! Away! Away!
Ah, save that infant! save him, save him! —
I, even I, speak to her — The sun was down,
streamers white, red, black, here, here, here!
— Fling the meat in his face — Tamburlaine,
Tamburlaine! — Let the soldiers be buried 256
— Hell! Death! Tamburlaine! Hell! — Make ready my coach, my chair, my jewels I come!
I come! I come!

She runs against the cage and brains herself

[Enter] Zenocrate with Anippe

Zeno Wretched Zenocrate! that liv'st to see
Damascus' walls dy'd with Egyptian blood, 261
Thy father's subjects and thy countrymen,
Thy streets strow'd with dissevered joints of men

And wounded bodies gasping yet for life
But most accurst, to see the sun-bright troop 265
Of heavenly virgins and unspotted maids
(Whose looks might make the angry god of arms

To break his sword and mildly treat of love)
On horsemen's lances to be hoisted up
And guiltlessly endure a cruel death 270
For every fell and stout Tartarian steed,
That stamp'd on others with their thundering hoofs,

When all their riders charg'd their quivering spears,

Began to check the ground and rein themselves,
Gazing upon the beauty of their looks 275

Ah Tamburlaine! wert thou the cause of this,
That term'st Zenocrate thy dearest love?

Whose lives were dearer to Zenocrate
Than her own life, or aught save thine own love
But see another bloody spectacle! 280

Ah, wretched eyes, the enemies of my heart,

How are ye glutt'd with these grievous objects,
And tell my soul more tales of bleeding ruth!
See, see, Anippe, if they breathe or no.

Anippe No breath, nor sense, nor motion
in them both 285

Ah, madam! this their slavery hath enforc'd,
And ruthless cruelty of Tamburlaine.

Zeno Earth, cast up fountains from thy entrails,

And wet thy cheeks for their untimely deaths!
Shake with their weight in sign of fear and grief! 290

Blush, Heaven, that gave them honour at their birth

And let them die a death so barbarous!

Those that are proud of fickle empery
And place their chieftest good in earthly pomp,
Behold the Turk and his great Emperess! 295
Ah, Tamburlaine! my love! sweet Tamburlaine!

That fight'st for sceptres and for slippery crowns,

Behold the Turk and his great Emperess!

Thou, that in conduct of thy happy stars
Sleep'st every night with conquest on thy brows, 300

And yet would'st shun the wavering turns of war,

In fear and feeling of the like distress

Behold the Turk and his great Emperess!

Ah, mighty Jove and holy Mahomet,
Pardon my love! — O, pardon his contempt 305

Of earthly fortune and respect of pity,

And let not conquest, ruthlessly pursu'd,

Be equally against his life incens'd

In this great Turk and hapless Emperess!

And pardon me that was not mov'd with ruth
To see them live so long in misery! 311

Ah, what may chance to thee, Zenocrate?

Anippe Madam, content yourself, and be resolv'd

Your love hath Fortune so at his command,
That she shall stay and turn her wheel no more,
As long as life maintains his mighty arm 316
That fights for honour to adorn your head.

Enter [Philemus], a Messenger

Zeno What other heavy news now brings
Philemus?

Phil Madam, your father, and th' Arabian king,

The first affecter of your excellence, 320
Comes now, as Turnus 'gainst Æneas did,

Armed with lance into the Egyptian fields,
Ready for battle 'gainst my lord, the king.

Zeno Now shame and duty, love and fear,
presents

A thousand sorrows to my martyr'd soul 325

Whom should I wish the fatal victory,
 When my poor pleasures are divided thus
 And rack'd by duty from my cursed heart?
 My father and my first-betrothed love
 Must fight against my life and present love; 330
 Wherein the change I use condemns my faith,
 And makes my deeds infamous through the
 world.

But as the gods, to end the Trojans' toil,
 Prevented Turnus of Lavinia
 And fatally enrich'd Æneas' love, 335
 So, for a final issue to my griefs,
 To pacify my country and my love
 Must Tamburlaine by their resistless powers,
 With virtue of a gentle victory,
 Conclude a league of honour to my hope, 340
 Then, as the Powers divine have pre-ordain'd,
 With happy safety of my father's life
 Send like defence of fair Arabia

*They sound to the battle [within] and Tam-
 burlaine enjoys the victory After, [the
 King of] Arabia enters wounded*

Arab. What cursed power guides the mur-
 dering hands

Of this infamous tyrant's soldiers, 345
 That no escape may save their enemies,
 Nor fortune keep themselves from victory?
 Lie down, Arabia, wounded to the death,
 And let Zenocrate's fair eyes behold
 That, as for her thou bear'st these wretched
 arms, 350

Even so for her thou diest in these arms,
 Leaving thy blood for witness of thy love.

Zeno Too dear a witness for such love, my
 lord

Behold Zenocrate! the cursed object,
 Whose fortunes never mastered her griefs, 355
 Behold her wounded, in conceit, for thee,
 As much as thy fair body is for me.

Arab Then shall I die with full contented
 heart,

Having beheld divine Zenocrate,
 Whose sight with joy would take away my
 life — 360

As now it bringeth sweetness to my wound —
 If I had not been wounded as I am.

Ah! that the deadly pangs I suffer now
 Would lend an hour's license to my tongue,
 To make discourse of some sweet accidents 365
 Have chanc'd thy merits in this worthless bond-
 age,

And that I might be privy to the state
 Of thy deserv'd contentment, and thy love.
 But, making now a virtue of thy sight
 To drive all sorrow from my fainting soul, 370
 Since death denies me further cause of joy,
 Depriv'd of care, my heart with comfort dies,
 Since thy desired hand shall close mine eyes.

[*He dies.*]

*Enter Tamburlaine, leading the Soldan, Tech-
 elles, Theridamas, Usumcasane, with others*

Tamb. Come, happy father of Zenocrate,
 A title higher than thy Soldan's name; 375
 Though my right hand have thus enthralled
 thee,

Thy princely daughter here shall set thee free;
 She that hath calm'd the fury of my sword,
 Which had ere this been bath'd in streams of
 blood

As vast and deep as Euphrates or Nile 380
Zeno O sight thrice welcome to my joyful
 soul,

To see the king, my father, issue safe
 From dangerous battle of my conquering love!
Sold Well met, my only dear Zenocrate, 384
 Though with the loss of Egypt and my crown
Tamb. 'T was I, my lord, that gat the vic-
 tory,

And therefore grieve not at your overthrow,
 Since I shall render all into your hands,
 And add more strength to your dominions
 Than ever yet confirm'd th' Egyptian crown
 The god of war resigns his room to me, 391
 Meaning to make me general of the world
 Jove, viewing me in arms, looks pale and wan,
 Fearing my power should pull him from his
 throne

Where'er I come the Fatal Sisters sweat, 395
 And grisly Death, by running to and fro,
 To do their ceaseless homage to my sword.
 And here in Afric, where it seldom rains,
 Since I arriv'd with my triumphant host,
 Have swelling clouds, drawn from wide-gasp-
 ing wounds, 400

Been oft resolv'd in bloody purple showers,
 A meteor that might terrify the earth,
 And make it quake at every drop it drinks.
 Millions of souls sit on the banks of Styx,
 Waiting the back return of Charon's boat, 405
 Hell and Elysium swarm with ghosts of men
 That I have sent from sundry foughten fields,
 To spread my fame through hell and up to
 Heaven.

And see, my lord, a sight of strange import, 409
 Emperors and kings lie breathless at my feet.
 The Turk and his great Empress, as it seems,
 Left to themselves while we were at the fight,
 Have desperately despatch'd their slavish lives;
 With them Arabia, too, hath left his life:

All sights of power to grace my victory. 415
 And such are objects fit for Tamburlaine;
 Wherein, as in a mirror, may be seen
 His honour that consists in shedding blood,
 When men presume to manage arms with him
Sold Mighty hath God and Mahomet made
 thy hand, 420

Renowned Tamburlaine! to whom all kings

Of force must yield their crowns and emperies,
And I am pleas'd with this my overthrow,
If, as beseems a person of thy state,
Thou hast with honour us'd Zenocrate 425

Tamb Her state and person wants no pomp,
you see,

And for all blot of foul in chastity
I record Heaven her heavenly self is clear
Then let me find no further time to grace 429
Her princely temples with the Persian crown
But here these kings that on my fortunes
wait,

And have been crown'd for proved worthiness
Even by this hand that shall establish them,
Shall now, adjoining all their hands with mine,
Invest her here my Queen of Persia 435
What saith the noble Soldan and Zenocrate!

Sold I yield with thanks and protestations
Of endless honour to thee for her love

Tamb Then doubt I not but fair Zenocrate
Will soon consent to satisfy us both 440

Zeno Else should I much forget myself, my
lord

Ther Then let us set the crown upon her
head,

That long hath ling'ring for so high a seat
Tech My hand is ready to perform the deed,
For now her marriage-time shall work us rest

Usum And here's the crown, my lord, help
set it on 446

Tamb Then sit thou down, divine Zenocrate;

And here we crown thee Queen of Persia,
And all the kingdoms and dominions
That late the power of Tamburlaine subdu'd
As Juno, when the giants were suppress'd, 455
That darted mountains at her brother Jove,
So looks my love, shadowing in her brows
Triumphs and trophies for my victories;
Or as Latona's daughter, bent to arms, 455
Adding more courage to my conquering mind.
To gratify the sweet Zenocrate,
Egyptians, Moors, and men of Asia,
From Barbary unto the western Indie,
Shall pay a yearly tribute to thy are; 460
And from the bounds of Afric to the banks
Of Ganges shall his mighty arm extend
And now, my lords and loving followers,
That purchas'd kingdoms by your martial
deeds,

Cast off your armour, put on scarlet robes, 465
Mount up your royal places of estate,
Environed with troops of noblemen,
And there make laws to rule your provinces.
Hang up your weapons on Alcides' post,
For Tamburlaine takes truce with all the world.
Thy first-betrothed love, Arabia, 471
Shall we with honour, as beseems, entomb,
With this great Turk and his fair Emperess.
Then, after all these solemn exequies,
We will our rites of marriage solemnise. 475

[*Exeunt*]

Finis Actus quinti et ultimi huius primæ partis.

425 record: call to witness 435 establish: make secure 460 Alcides' post: door-post of temple
of Hercules

The Tragicall History of the Life and Death of Doctor FAVSTVS.

With new additions

Written by *Ch. Marlowe,*



Printed at London for *John Wright*, and are to be sold at his
shop withour Newgate. 1628.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL RECORD. On January 7, 1601 (modern reckoning), Thomas Bushell entered for publication "a booke called the plaie of Doctor Faustus." Few items of Elizabethan drama have been more diligently sought than the first edition of this play, which the entry quoted presumably anticipated, but no copy has yet been discovered. The failure does not, however, warrant the inference that *Faustus* was not printed in 1601, for all the many editions were avidly read and thus "thumbed out of existence." Of the Quarto texts which have escaped no less than five appear to survive in single copies. In 1604 Bushell issued the earliest known Quarto, and on September 13, 1610, he transferred his copyright to John Wright, who had for some reason already produced an edition in 1609 (two copies known), and who appears as publisher of all the rest down to and including that of 1631. They are: — 1611 (Huntington Library), 1616 (British Museum), 1619 (Robt. Garrett, Baltimore), 1620 (two copies known), 1624 (British Museum), 1628 (Lincoln Coll., Oxford and Royal Library, Stockholm; see facsimile of title-page), 1631 (five copies known). The latest Quarto of all was published after the Restoration, in 1663, "with new additions as it is now acted." It gives a badly depraved text, and has no real authority.

The early Quartos hand the play down in two radically different versions. The first three (1604, 1609, 1611) give what we refer to in the footnotes as the "A" version. This is undeniably a bad text. It makes the play very short and has probably lost a good deal of the original contents. In a few cases the dropping of necessary lines is definitely provable. Many lines have lost their rhythm, and bits of actors' "gag" are discernible. Moreover, the "A" text, for all its brevity, has sections of farcical matter that offer little suggestion of Marlowe's workmanship. They are probably patches inserted to cover the deletion of original matter.

Quartos 1616-1631 give the "B" text, which, being nearly 600 lines longer, expands the play to normal size. In his recent edition Professor F. S. Boas has argued ably in behalf of this version. It has independent manuscript authority, and certainly improves or usefully supplements the "A" text at various points. We have adopted and noted its readings wherever they seemed definitely better, or of special interest, but have otherwise adhered to the "A" version, since the major part of "B's" additions seems to represent the post-Marlowe expansion mentioned in the next section. (See *Philological Quarterly*, January, 1933, pp 17-23)

STAGE HISTORY. The first recorded performance was by the Admiral's company at the Rose Theatre, September 30, 1594, considerably more than a year after Marlowe's death. This can hardly have been the première production, and the play is not marked by Henslowe as new, but it must have been a relative novelty, for it brought in large profits and was repeated 24 times before the end of October, 1597, by which time its drawing power had sunk to little or nothing. The next revival may have been in 1602 and was the occasion of a thorough refurbishing of the old play, for Henslowe notes a payment, November 22, 1602, to William Burde and Samuel Rowley of £4 (half the price of a complete play) "for ther adicyones in doctor fostes." These extensive additions, made subsequently to Bushell's entry of the "A" text in 1601, are in our opinion the main source of the new matter in "B."

After 1600 the regular playing-place of the Admiral's Men (who by their patron's advancement in the peerage were known also as the Earl of Nottingham's) was the Fortune Theatre. A writer of 1620 suggests that *Dr Faustus* was long popular there: — "men goe to the Fortune in Golding-Lane to see the Tragedie of Doctor Faustus. There indeede a man may behold shaghehayr'd Devils runne roaring over the stage with squibs in their mouthe, while Drummers make Thunder in the Tying-house, and the twelve-penny Hirelings make artificial Lightning in their Heavens" (Melton's *Astrologaster*). Other writers mention "Devils in Dr Faustus when the old Theater crakt and frighted the audience" (T. M., *Black Book*, 1604) and "the visible apparition of the Devil on the stage at the Belsavage playhouse, in Queen Elizabethes dayes . . . while they were there prophanelly playing the History of Faustus" (Prynne, *Histriomastix*, 1633). These last two, if they can be relied upon, would apparently carry us back to the period before Henslowe's Rose Theatre was opened. The Belsavage was an innyard, and the "old Theatre" the first of the Elizabethan public playhouses.

The great *Faustus* was Edward Alleyn, who, according to Rowlands (*Knave of Clubs*, 1609), played the part "in a surplis, with a crosse upon his breast." An anecdote relates that Alleyn's retirement from the trade of acting and devotion of himself to good works came as a result of the horror he felt when once a real devil appeared in answer to his conjuration in *Doctor Faustus*. As has been noted, the play was revived after the Restoration, and in the form of cheap "harlequinades" it remained popular in the eighteenth century. In the Elizabethan age English actors carried it to Germany, where it left its progeny in the numerous German puppet plays of Faust, which retain features of Marlowe's tragedy and drew Goethe's attention to the theme. (See Otto Heller, "*Faust* and *Faustus*: A Study of Goethe's Relation to Marlowe," 1931.)

SOURCE AND DATE. These points must be considered together. There is no question about the first. Marlowe followed, not the German text of the Faustbook (1587), but the free English adaptation of it by "P. F." which was printed in 1592. As we have now no ground for believing that P. F.'s version was in print before 1592 (see Professor Boas's edition, p. 7), we must infer either that Marlowe used the "P. F." text in manuscript or that the play was not written before 1592. The former hypothesis seems the less unlikely of the two, for the other gives a date strangely similar to that of the very different *Edward II*, but in any case *Faustus*, obviously written for Alleyn, must have preceded *Edward II*, which was composed after Marlowe had separated from Alleyn and his company.

STRUCTURE No formal division into either acts or scenes is found in any text before the peculiarly bad one of 1663. This orders the material (imperfectly) in five acts, and better evidence of some such original intention appears in the choral recitative passages introduced in the earlier texts at points that may have been the openings of Acts I, III, IV, and V. But if the five-act structure was ever clear-cut, it has long since been obscured by revision, and the play now falls most naturally into three parts, dealing with (1) the making of the bond, (2) Faustus's enjoyment of supernatural power, and (3) the fulfilment of the bond. The middle portion, based on episodic material from the Faustbook, has most attracted the corrupter, but behind the corruption can still be traced a rather grandiose design to secure, as in *Edward II*, a satisfactory illusion of the passage of much time by means of short scenes which, while mutually incongruous, unite in preparing for the tremendous close of the play. The amount of stage spectacle employed was very great: the firing of squibs, the appearances, disappearances, and transformations of infernal visitors, the masque of deadly sins, etc. Henslowe's inventory shows that a dragon was among the properties used, and perhaps also a painted scene of the city of Rome. The revisers added still more of these embellishments, and in the last scene presented the audience with the view of a mechanical heaven and hell.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DR. FAUSTUS

[DRAMATIS PERSONAE

CHORUS
DOCTOR FAUSTUS
WAGNER, his Famulus or Poor Scholar
(German) VALDES, } Friends of Faustus
CORNELIUS,

LUCIFER
BELZEBUB
MERPHISTOPHILUS
GOOD ANGEL, } Monitors attendant on Faustus
EVIL ANGEL, }

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

THE POPE
CHARLES V of Germany
CARDINAL OF LORRAINE
DUKE OF VANHOLT (Anhalt)
DUCHESS OF VANHOLT

ROBIN,
RAFE (Ralph), } Clowns

An Old Man; a Knight; a Horse-Courser, a Vintner, a Clown, Scholars, Friars, and Attendants;
Spirits in the form of Alexander the Great, his Paramour, and Helen of Troy, Devils

SCENE Wittenberg, Rome, Court of Charles V, Anhalt]

Enter Chorus

Not marching now in fields of Thrasimene,
Where Mars did mate the Carthaginians,
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,
In courts of kings where state is overturn'd,
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds, 5
Intends our Muse to daunt his heavenly verse.
Only this, gentlemen, we must perform.
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad
And now to patient judgments we appeal,
And speak for Faustus in his infancy. 10
Now is he born, his parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes;
Of riper years to Wittenberg he went,
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up
So soon he profits in divinity, 15
The fruitful plot of scholarship graz'd,
That shortly he was grac'd with doctor's name,
Excelling all whose sweet delight disputes
In heavenly matters of theology,
Till swollen with cunning, of a self-conceit, 20
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
And melting heavens conspir'd his overthrow,
For, falling to a devilish exercise,
And glutted now with learning's golden gifts,

He surfeits upon cursed necromancy 25
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss
And thus the man that in his study sits' *Exit.*

[SCENE I]

Enter Faustus in his Study

Faust. Settle my studies, Faustus, and begin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess;
Having commenc'd, be a divine in show,
Yet level at the end of every art,
And live and die in Aristotle's works. 5
Sweet Analytics, 't is thou hast ravish'd me,
Bene disserere est finis logices.
Is "to dispute well logic's chiefest end"?
Affords this art no greater miracle?
Then read no more, thou hast attain'd the end;
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit. 11
Bid *δὲ καὶ μὴ δὲ* farewell, Galen come,
Seeing *Ὀβὶ desinit philosophus, ibi incipit medicus,*
Be a physician, Faustus, heap up gold,
And be eterniz'd for some wondrous cure. 15
Summum bonum medicinx sanitas,
"The end of physick is our body's health"

S. D Chorus: a single actor 1 Thrasimene: Lake Trasimenus, where Hannibal defeated the Romans 2 mate: ally himself with 3 daunt: tame, exhaust ('vaunt' B) 4 And . . . appeal B. ('To patient judgments we appeal our plaud' A) 5 Rhodes: s. e. Roda, near Weimar 6 Wittenberg: ('Wertenberg' two earliest Qq. and so later) 7 Having nibbled the fruits of learning 8 whose . . . disputes: who find delight in disputation 9 waxen wings: (alluding to myth of Icarus) 10 thus the man: (Chorus draws curtain before rear-stage) 11 Settle: make firm 12 commenc'd: graduated 13 level: aim 14 Analytics: (Aristotle's logic consisted of "prior" and "posterior" analytics) 15 δὲ . . . δὲ: "being and not being," i. e., philosophy Galen: the standard classical work on medicine 16 "Where the philosopher stops, the doctor begins"

Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end?
Is not thy common talk sound aphorisms?
Are not thy bills hung up as monuments, 20
Whereby whole cities have escap'd the plague,
And thousand desperate maladies been eas'd?
Yet art thou still but Faustus and a man.
Couldst thou make men to live eternally,
Or, being dead, raise them to life again, 25
Then this profession were to be esteem'd
Physic, farewell. — Where is Justinian?

[Reads.]

*Si una eademque res legatur duobus, aller rem,
aller valorem ret, &c.*

A pretty case of paltry legacies! [Reads]
Exhereditare filium non potest pater nisi — 30

Such is the subject of the Institute
And universal body of the law.
His study fits a mercenary drudge,
Who aims at nothing but external trash;
Too servile and illiberal for me 35
When all is done, divinity is best,
Jerome's Bible, Faustus, view it well

[Reads]

*Stipendium peccati mors est. Ha' Stipendium,
&c.*

"The reward of sin is death" That's hard

[Reads]

*Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in
nobis veritas.* 40

"If we say that we have no sin we deceive our-
selves, and there's no truth in us"

Why, then, belike,

We must sin and so consequently die
Ay, we must die an everlasting death
What doctrine call you this! *Che sera sera* 45
"What will be shall be" Divinity, adieu!
These metaphysics of magicians
And necromantic books are heavenly,
Lines, circles, scenes, letters, and characters, 49
Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.
O what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honour, of omnipotence
Is promis'd to the studious artizan!
All things that move between the quiet poles
Shall be at my command Emperors and kings

Are but obey'd in their several provinces, 56
Nor can they raise the wind or rend the clouds,
But his dominion that exceeds in this
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man
A sound magician is a mighty god. 60
Here, Faustus, try thy brains to gain a deity.
Wagner!

Enter Wagner

Commend me to my dearest friends,
The German Valdes and Cornelius,
Request them earnestly to visit me

Wag I will, sir. Exit 65

Faust. Their conference will be a greater
help to me

Than all my labours, plod I ne'er so fast

Enter the Good Angel and the Evil Angel

G Ang O Faustus! lay that damned book
aside,

And gaze not on it lest it tempt thy soul,
And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head 70

Read, read the Scriptures that is blasphemy
E Ang Go forward, Faustus, in that famous
art,

Wherein all Nature's treasury is contain'd.
Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,
Lord and commander of these elements 75

Exeunt [Angels]

Faust. How am I glutt'd with conceit of this!
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,
Resolve me of all ambiguities,
Perform what desperate enterprise I will?
I 'll have them fly to India for gold, 80
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world
For pleasant fruits and princely delicacies,
I 'll have them read me strange philosophy
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings, 85
I 'll have them wall all Germany with brass,
And make swift Rhine circle fair Wittenberg,
I 'll have them fill the public schools with silk,
Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad,
I 'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring, 90
And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,

¹⁰ sound aphorisms: valid precepts (The medical precepts of Hippocrates were called aphorisms)
³⁰ bills: prescriptions hung . . . monuments: posted in public places ³⁴ Couldst . . . men B
('Wouldst man' A) ³⁵ "If the same thing is bequeathed to two persons, let one have the thing,
the other its equivalent in other property" (a rule cited in Justinian's *Digest*) ³⁶ Institute: Justinian's
Institutes, textbook of Roman law ³⁷ law B ('Church' A) ³⁸ His: Its ³⁹ Too servile B
('The deull' A) ⁴⁰ Jerome's Bible: the Vulgate text, in Latin ⁴¹ (Romans vi 23) ⁴² (I Epist
of St John i 8) ⁴³ metaphysics: supernatural arts ⁴⁴ scenes: perhaps "schemes," astrologers'
calculations (B omits the word) ⁴⁵ artizan: virtuosos ⁴⁶ German Valdes (suggested by the name
of the Spanish humanist, Juan de Valdes) ⁴⁷ Cornelius: Cornelius Agrippa, 1486-1535, an alchemist
⁴⁸ elements: the four elements that made the world ⁴⁹ conceit: apprehension ⁵⁰ Resolve: inform
ambiguities: disputed questions ⁵¹ delicacies: delicacies ⁵² strange: that in unknown tongues
⁵³ wall . . . brass: suggested by the legend of Friar Bacon, who meant to wall England with brass
(See Greene's play, *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*) ⁵⁴ public schools: university classrooms silk:
(misprinted "skill" in all early editions) ⁵⁵ Prince of Parma: Philip II's representative in the Nether-
lands, 1579-1592

And reign sole king of all our provinces,
 Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war
 Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp's bridge,
 I 'll make my servile spirits to invent ⁹⁵
 Come, German Valdes and Cornelius,
 And make me blest with your sage conference

Enter Valdes and Cornelius

Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,
 Know that your words have won me at the last
 To practise magic and concealed arts ¹⁰⁰
 Yet not your words only, but mine own fantasy,
 That will receive no object, for my head
 But ruminates on necromantic skill
 Philosophy is odious and obscure,
 Both law and physic are for petty wits, ¹⁰⁵
 Divinity is basest of the three,
 Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible, and vild
 'T is magic, magic, that hath ravish'd me
 Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt,
 And I that have with concise syllogisms ¹¹⁰
 Gravell'd the pastors of the German church,
 And made the flow'ring pride of Wittenberg
 Swarm to my problems, as the infernal spirits
 On sweet Musæus, when he came to hell,
 Will be as cunning as Agrippa was, ¹¹⁵
 Whose shadows made all Europe honour him
Vald Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our
 experience

Shall make all nations to canōnise us
 As Indian Moors obey their Spanish lords,
 So shall the subjects of every element ¹²⁰
 Be always serviceable to us three;
 Like lions shall they guard us when we please,
 Like Alman rutters with their horsemen's
 staves,

Or Lapland giants, trotting by our sides,
 Sometimes like women or unwedded maids, ¹²⁵
 Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
 Than have the white breasts of the queen of love.
 From Venice shall they drag huge argosies,
 And from America the golden fleece
 That yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury; ¹³⁰
 If learned Faustus will be resolute

Faust. Valdes, as resolute am I in this
 As thou to live, therefore object it not

Corn. The miracles that magic will perform
 Will make thee vow to study nothing else ¹³⁵
 He that is grounded in astrology,

Enrich'd with tongues, well seen in minerals,
 Hath all the principles magic doth require.
 Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renown'd,
 And more frequented for this mystery ¹⁴⁰
 Than heretofore the Delphian Oracle.
 The spirits tell me they can dry the sea,
 And fetch the treasure of all foreign wracks,
 Ay, all the wealth that our forefathers hid
 Within the massy entrails of the earth, ¹⁴⁵
 Then tell me, Faustus, what shall we three
 want?

Faust Nothing, Cornelius! O this cheers my
 soul!

Come! Show me some demonstrations magical,
 That I may conjure in some lusty grove,
 And have these joys in full possession. ¹⁵⁰

Vald Then haste thee to some solitary grove,
 And bear wise Bacon's and Albanus' works,
 The Hebrew Psalter and New Testament;
 And whatsoever else is requisite ¹⁵⁴
 We will inform thee ere our conference cease.

Corn Valdes, first let him know the words of
 art,

And then, all other ceremonies learn'd,
 Faustus may try his cunning by himself

Vald First I 'll instruct thee in the rudi-
 ments,

And then wilt thou be perfecter than I ¹⁶⁰
Faust Then come and dine with me, and
 after meat,

We 'll canvass every quiddity thereof,
 For ere I sleep I 'll try what I can do.
 This night I 'll conjure though I die therefore.

Exeunt.

[SCENE II *Near Faustus' house*]

Enter two Scholars

1 *Scholar* I wonder what 's become of Faustus
 that was wont to make our schools ring
 with *sic probō*?

2 *Schol* That shall we know, for see, here
 comes his boy ⁵

Enter Wagner

1 *Schol* How now, surrah! Where 's thy
 master?

Wag God in heaven knows!

2 *Schol* Why, dost not thou know?

Wag Yes, I know But that follows not. 10

⁹⁵ provinces: (of the Netherlands) ⁹⁴ fiery keel: the fire-ship employed by the defenders of Antwerp in 1585 to blow up Parma's bridge over the Scheldt river ¹⁰² receive no object: fix upon no objective ¹⁰⁶ basest . . . three: baser than the other three ¹⁰⁷ vild: vile ¹¹³ problems: demonstrations ¹¹⁴ Musæus: (Cf *Æneid* vi 667) ¹¹⁶ shadows: spirits (Cf Lyly's *Campaspe*, Prol: "Agrippa his shadows, who in the moment they were seen were of any shape one would conceive") ¹²⁰ subjects: disembodied forces ¹²¹ serviceable: obedient ¹²³ Alman rutters: German troopers ¹²⁹ golden fleece: alluding to the "plate fleet" ¹³³ object: stress, mention ¹³⁷ well seen in minerals: competent in the use of crystals ¹³⁸ renown'd: renowned, renommé ¹⁴⁰ frequented: sought after ¹⁴² Albanus: Petrus de Albano, a 13th century alchemist ¹⁴³ quiddity: essential ³ sic probō: "Thus I prove it"; the phrase with which the philosopher introduced his solution of the problem stated ⁵ boy: pupil-servant

1 *Schol.* Go to, sirrah! Leave your jesting, and tell us where he is.

Wag. That follows not necessary by force of argument, that you, being licentiate, should stand upon 't: therefore, acknowledge your error and be attentive

2 *Schol.* Why, didst thou not say thou knew'st?

Wag. Have you any witness on 't?

1 *Schol.* Yes, sirrah, I heard you 20

Wag. Ask my fellow if I be a thief.

2 *Schol.* Well, you will not tell us?

Wag. Yes, sir, I will tell you; yet if you were not dunces, you would never ask me such a question, for is not he *corpus naturale*? and is not that *mobile*? Then wherefore should you ask me such a question? But that I am by nature phlegmatic, slow to wrath, and prone to lechery (to love, I would say), it were not for you to come within forty foot of the place of execution, although I do not doubt to see you both hang'd the next sessions. Thus having triumph'd over you, I will set my countenance like a precisian, and begin to speak thus. — Truly, my dear brethren, my master is within at dinner, with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine, if it could speak, it would inform your worship, and so the Lord bless you, preserve you, and keep you, my dear brethren, my dear brethren *Exit* 40

1 *Schol.* Nay, then, I fear he is fallen into that damned art, for which they two are infamous through the world.

2 *Schol.* Were he a stranger, and not allied to me, yet should I grieve for him. But come, let us go and inform the Rector, and see if he by his grave counsel can reclaim him.

1 *Schol.* O, I fear me nothing can reclaim him

2 *Schol.* Yet let us try what we can do. 50
Exeunt.

[SCENE III. A grove]

Enter Faustus to conjure

Faust. Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth,
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,
Leaps from th' antarctic world unto the sky,
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,

Faustus, begin thine incantations, 5
And try if devils will obey thy heat,
Seeing thou hast pray'd and sacrific'd to them.
Within this circle is Jehovah's name,
Forward and backward anagrammatiz'd,
The breviated names of holy saints, 10
Figures of every adjunct to the heavens,
And characters of signs and erring stars,
By which the spirits are enforc'd to rise:
Then fear not, Faustus, but be resolute,
And try the uttermost magic can perform. 15

Sint mihi Dei Acherontis propitius! Valeat numen triplex Jehovah! Ignei, æru, aquæ, terræ spiritus, salve! Orientis princeps, Belzebub, inferni ardentis monarcha, et Demogorgon, propitiamus vos, ut appareat et surgat Mephistophilus. Quid tu moraris? Per Jehovah, Gehennam, et consecratam aquam quam nunc spargo, signumque crucis quod nunc facio, et per vota nostra, ipse nunc surgat nobis decatus Mephistophilus! 25

Enter [Mephistophilus] a Devil

I charge thee to return and change thy shape;
Thou art too ugly to attend on me
Go, and return an old Franciscan friar,
That holy shape becomes a devil best

Exit Devil.

I see there's virtue in my heavenly words, 30
Who would not be proficient in this art?
How plant is this Mephistophilus,
Full of obedience and humility!
Such is the force of magic and my spells.
No, Faustus, thou art conjuror laureate, 35
That canst command great Mephistophilus.
Quin redis Mephistophilus fratris imagine.

Enter Mephistophilus [like a Franciscan Friar]

Meph. Now, Faustus, what would'st thou have me do?

Faust. I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,

To do whatever Faustus shall command, 40
Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere,
Or the ocean to overwhelm the world

Meph. I am a servant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thee without his leave;
No more than he commands thee we perform

Faust. Did not he charge thee to appear to me? 46

¹⁸ necessary: as a proper logical deduction ¹⁴ licentiate: qualified for an M.A. or higher degree
¹⁷⁻²¹ (Omitted in B) ³⁰⁻³¹ within . . . execution: within reach of my wrath ³⁴ precisian: puritan
⁴⁴ art: the black art ⁴⁴⁻⁵⁰ (Recast as verse in B) ⁴⁶ Rector: university head ¹ earth A ('night' B) ² drizzling: betokening rain (Orion is a winter constellation) ³ antarctic world: southern hemisphere (In winter the earth's shadow is projected from the south) ¹⁰ The breviated A ('Th' abbreviated' B) ¹¹ adjunct: i.e. fixed star ¹² signs: signs of the Zodiac ¹³ erring stars: planets ¹⁴ Valeat: farewell to ¹⁷ aquæ, terræ: ('Aquatam' Qq) ²¹ Quid tu moraris: Why do you delay? ('quod tumeraris' Qq) ³⁵ No: (in sense of "why, assuredly") ³⁷ "Why do you not return in the image of a friar?" ('regis' Qq)

Meph. No, I came now hither of mine own accord.

Faust. Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee? Speak.

Meph. That was the cause, but yet *per accidens*;

For when we hear one rack the name of God, 50

Abjure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ, We fly in hope to get his glorious soul, Nor will we come, unless he use such means Whereby he is in danger to be damn'd Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring 55

Is stoutly to abjure the Trinity, And pray devoutly to the Prince of Hell

Faust. So Faustus hath Already done, and holds this principle, There is no chief but only Belzebub, 60 To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself This word "damnation" terrifies not him, For he confounds hell in Elysium, His ghost be with the old philosophers! But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls, 65 Tell me what is that Lucifer thy lord?

Meph. Arch-regent and commander of all spirits

Faust. Was not that Lucifer an angel once?

Meph. Yes, Faustus, and most dearly lov'd of God

Faust. How comes it then that he is prince of devils? 70

Meph. O, by aspiring pride and insolence, For which God threw him from the face of Heaven

Faust. And what are you that live with Lucifer?

Meph. Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer, Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer, 75 And are for ever damn'd with Lucifer.

Faust. Where are you damn'd?

Meph. In hell

Faust. How comes it then that thou art out of hell?

Meph. Why this is hell, nor am I out of it 80 Think'st thou that I who saw the face of God, And tasted the eternal joys of Heaven, Am not tormented with ten thousand hells, In being depriv'd of everlasting bliss?

O Faustus! leave these frivolous demands, 85 Which strike a terror to my fainting soul.

Faust. What, is great Mephistophilis so passionate

For being deprived of the joys of Heaven? Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,

And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.

Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer: 91

Seeing Faustus hath incur'd eternal death

By desperate thoughts against Jove's deity,

Say he surrenders up to him his soul,

So he will spare him four-and-twenty years, 95

Letting him live in all voluptuousness;

Having thee ever to attend on me;

To give me whatsoever I shall ask,

To tell me whatsoever I demand,

To slay mine enemies, and aid my friends, 100

And always be obedient to my will

Go and return to mighty Lucifer,

And meet me in my study at midnight,

And then resolve me of thy master's mind.

Meph. I will, Faustus. *Exit.* 105

Faust. Had I as many souls as there be stars,

I'd give them all for Mephistophilis

By him I'll be great Emperor of the world,

And make a bridge through the moving air,

To pass the ocean with a band of men; 110

I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore,

And make that country continent to Spain,

And both contributory to my crown.

The Emperor shall not live but by my leave,

Nor any potentate of Germany 115

Now that I have obtain'd what I desire,

I'll live in speculation of this art

Till Mephistophilis return again *Exit*

[SCENE IV]

Enter Wagner and the Clown

Wag. Sirrah, boy, come hither

Clown. How, boy! Swowns, boy! I hope you have seen many boys with such pickadevaunts as I have Boy, quotha!

Wag. Tell me, sirrah, hast thou any comings in? 6

Clown. Ay, and goings out too You may see else

Wag. Alas, poor slave! See how poverty jesteth in his nakedness! The villan is bare and 10 out of service, and so hungry that I know he would give his soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton, though it were blood-raw

Clown. How? My soul to the Devil for a shoulder of mutton, though 't were blood-raw! 115 Not so, good friend By'r Lady, I had need have it well roasted and good sauce to it, if I pay so dear

Wag. Well, wilt thou serve me, and I'll make thee go like *Qui mihi discipulus?* 20

⁴⁹ *per accidens*: incidentally ⁵⁰ *rack*: twist into anagrams ⁶⁸ *I e.*, identifies hell with the pagan Elysium ⁹¹ *these B*: ('those' A) ¹⁰⁴ *resolve*: inform positively ¹¹⁵ *country B* ('land' A) *continent to*: united with ¹¹⁶ *contributory*: subject ¹¹⁷ *speculation*: contemplation *Sc IV*: (B gives a shorter version of this poor scene) ¹ *Swowns*: Zounds ²⁻⁴ *pickadevaunts*: pointed beards ("pic-à-devant") ²⁰ *Qui mihi discipulus*: *i e.*, a model scholar

Clown. How, in verse?

Wag. No, sirrah; in beaten silk and staves-acre.

Clown. How, now, knave's acre! Ay, I thought that was all the land his father left [25 him. Do ye hear? I would be sorry to rob you of your living.

Wag. Sirrah, I say in stavesacre.

Clown. Oho! Oho! Stavesacre! Why, then, belike if I were your man I should be full of vermin 31

Wag. So thou shalt, whether thou beest with me or no But, sirrah, leave your jesting, and bind yourself presently unto me for seven years, or I'll turn all the lice about thee into familiars, and they shall tear thee in pieces 36

Clown. Do you hear, sir? You may save that labour, they are too familiar with me already Swowns! they are as bold with my flesh as if they had paid for my meat and [40 drink.

Wag. Well, do you hear, sirrah? Hold, take these guilders [Gives money]

Clown. Gridirons! what be they?

Wag. Why, French crowns 45

Clown. Mass, but for the name of French crowns, a man were as good have as many English counters. And what should I do with these?

Wag. Why, now, sirrah, thou art at an [50 hour's warning, whensoever or wheresoever the devil shall fetch thee

Clown. No, no. Here, take your gridirons again

Wag. Truly, I'll none of them 55

Clown. Truly, but you shall

Wag. Bear witness I gave them him

Clown. Bear witness I give them you again.

Wag. Well, I will cause two devils presently to fetch thee away — Baliol and Belcher! 60

Clown. Let your Baho and your Belcher come here, and I'll knock them, they were never so knock'd since they were devils Say I should kill one of them, what would folks say? "Do ye see yonder tall fellow in the round [65 slop? — he has kill'd the devil" So I should be call'd Kill-devil all the parish over.

Enter two Devils, and the Clown runs up and down crying

Wag. Baliol and Belcher! Spirits, away! *Exeunt [Devils].*

Clown. What, are they gone? A vengeance on them, they have vild long nails! There [70 was a he-devil, and a she-devil! I'll tell you how

you shall know them: all he-devils has horns, and all she-devils has clifts and cloven feet.

Wag. Well, sirrah, follow me

Clown. But, do you hear — if I should serve you, would you teach me to raise up Banios [76 and Belcheos?

Wag. I will teach thee to turn thyself to anything, to a dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat, or anything 80

Clown. How! a Christian fellow to a dog or a cat, a mouse or a rat! No, no, sir If you turn me into anything, let it be in the likeness of a little pretty frisking flea, that I may be here and there and everywhere Oh, I'll tickle [as the pretty wenches' plackets, I'll be amongst them, I' faith

Wag. Well, sirrah, come.

Clown. But, do you hear, Wagner?

Wag. How! — Baliol and Belcher! 90

Clown. O Lord! I pray, sir, let Bano and Belcher go sleep.

Wag. Villain, call me Master Wagner, and let thy left eye be diametarily fix'd upon my right heel, with *quasi vestigias nostras insistere.* *Exil.*

Clown. God forgive me, he speaks Dutch [96 fustian Well, I'll follow him, I'll serve him, that's flat. *Exil.*

[SCENE V]

Enter Faustus in his study

Faust. Now, Faustus, must

Thou needs be damn'd, and canst thou not be sav'd

What boots it then to think of God or Heaven?

Away with such vain fancies, and despair:

Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub 5

Now go not backward no, Faustus, be resolute. Why waverest thou? O, something soundeth in mine ears

"Abjure this magic, turn to God again!"

Ay, and Faustus will turn to God again

To God? — He loves thee not — 10

The God thou serv'st is thine own appetite,

Wherein is fix'd the love of Belzebub;

To him I'll build an altar and a church,

And offer lukewarm blood of new-born babes.

Enter Good Angel and Evil

G. Ang. Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art. 15

Faust. Contrition, prayer, repentance! What of them?

G. Ang. O, they are means to bring thee unto Heaven

²²⁻²³ stavesacre: a plant used for ridding clothes of lice ²⁴ familiars: attendant spirits ²⁵ guilders: Dutch coins ²⁶ at: subject to ²⁷ tall: robust ²⁸⁻²⁹ round slop: wide breeches ³⁰ diametarily: directly (diametrically) ³¹ quasi . . . insistere: as if to tread in our tracks (bad Latin) ³² fustian: pompous nonsense ³³ no: (Not in B) *Faustus*: (an actor's insertion?)

E. Ang. Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy,
That makes men foolish that do trust them
most.

G. Ang. Sweet Faustus, think of Heaven,
and heavenly things. 20

E. Ang. No, Faustus, think of honour and
of wealth. *Exeunt [Angels]*

Faust Of wealth!

Why, the signiory of Emden shall be mine
When Mephistophilis shall stand by me,
What God can hurt thee, Faustus? Thou art
safe, 25

Cast no more doubts Come, Mephistophilis,
And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer, —
Is 't not midnight? Come, Mephistophilis,
Veni, veni, Mephistophile!

Enter Mephistophilis

Now tell me, what says Lucifer thy lord? 30

Meph That I shall wait on Faustus whilst
he lives,

So he will buy my service with his soul

Faust Already Faustus hath hazarded that
for thee

Meph But now thou must bequeath it
solemnly,

And write a deed of gift with thine own blood,
For that security craves great Lucifer 36
If thou deny it, I will back to hell

Faust Stay, Mephistophilis! tell me what
good

Will my soul do thy lord

Meph Enlarge his kingdom

Faust Is that the reason why he tempts us
thus? 40

Meph *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris*

Faust Why, have you any pain that tortures
others?

Meph As great as have the human souls of
men

But tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul?

And I will be thy slave, and wait on thee, 45
And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask

Faust Ay, Mephistophilis, I give it thee

Meph Then stab thine arm courageously,
And bind thy soul that at some certain day

Great Lucifer may claim it as his own, 50
And then be thou as great as Lucifer

Faust. [*Slabbing his arm*] Lo, Mephistoph-
ilis, for love of thee,

I cut mine arm, and with my proper blood

Assure my soul to be great Lucifer's,

Chief lord and regent of perpetual night! 55

View here the blood that trickles from mine
arm,

And let it be propitious for my wish.

Meph But, Faustus, thou must

Write it in manner of a deed of gift.

Faust Ay, so I will [*Writes*] But, Mephis-
tophilis, 60

My blood congeals, and I can write no more

Meph I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it
straight. *Exit.*

Faust What might the staying of my blood
portend?

Is it unwilling I should write this bill?

Why streams it not that I may write afresh? 65

Faust *gives to thee his soul* Ah, there it stay'd.
Why should'st thou not? Is not thy soul thine
own?

Then write again — *Faustus gives to thee his
soul*

Enter Mephistophilis with a chafer of coals

Meph Here 's fire Come, Faustus, set it on.

Faust So now the blood begins to clear
again, 70

Now will I make an end immediately [*Writes*]

Meph O what will not I do to obtain his
soul! [*Aside*]

Faust *Consummatum est* this bill is ended,
And Faustus hath bequeath'd his soul to Luci-
fer —

But what is this inscription on mine arm? 75

Homo, fuge! Whither should I fly?

If unto God, he 'll throw me down to hell —

My senses are deceiv'd, here 's nothing writ: —
I see it plain, here in this place is writ

Homo, fuge! Yet shall not Faustus fly. 80

Meph I'll fetch him somewhat to delight
his mind *Exit*

*Enter [Mephistophilis] with Devils, giving
crowns and rich apparel to Faustus, and
dance, and then depart*

Faust Speak, Mephistophilis, what means
this show?

Meph Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy
mind withal,

And to show thee what magic can perform

Faust. But may I raise up spirits when I
please? 85

Meph Ay, Faustus, and do greater things
than these

Faust Then there 's enough for a thousand
souls

Here, Mephistophilis, receive this scroll,

²⁰ Emden: capital of East Friesland (on particularly friendly terms with England in the Armada period) ²⁵ thee: ('me' B) ³⁰ now B ('Faustus' A) ³⁵ tell: ('and tell' Qq) ⁴⁰ "why: (Not in A) ⁴⁵ (A line frequently quoted, but of unknown origin "Misery loves company") ⁵⁰ that tortures: you who torture ⁵⁵ proper: own ⁶⁰ Consummatum est: (Faustus blasphemously parodies Christ [St John xix 30]) ⁶⁵ withal: (Not in B) ⁷⁰ (Not in B)

A deed of gift of body and of soul.
But yet conditionally that thou perform 90
All articles prescrib'd between us both

Meph. Faustus, I swear by hell and Lucifer
To effect all promises between us made

Faust. Then hear me read them. *On these conditions following First, that Faustus may* 95
be a spirit in form and substance. Secondly, that Mephistophilis shall be his servant, and at his command Thirdly, that Mephistophilis shall do for him and bring him whatsoever Fourthly, that he shall be in his chamber or house 100
invisible. Lastly, that he shall appear to the said John Faustus, at all times, in what form or shape soever he please: — I, John Faustus, of Wittenberg, Doctor, by these presents do give both body and soul to Lucifer, Prince of the East, 105
and his minister, Mephistophilis, and furthermore grant unto them, that four-and-twenty years being expired, the articles above written inviolate, full power to fetch or carry the said John Faustus, body and soul, flesh, blood, or goods, into their 110
habitation wheresoever By me, John Faustus

Meph. Speak, Faustus, do you deliver this as your deed?

Faust. Ay, take it, and the devil give thee good on 't.

Meph. Now, Faustus, ask what thou wilt 114

Faust. First will I question with thee about hell.

Tell me, where is the place that men call hell?

Meph. Under the heavens.

Faust. Ay, but whereabout?

Meph. Within the bowels of these elements,
Where we are tortur'd and remain for ever 120
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd
In one self place, for where we are is hell,
And where hell is there must we ever be
And, to conclude, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified, 125
All places shall be hell that is not Heaven.

Faust. Come, I think hell 's a fable

Meph. Ay, think so still, till experience
change thy mind

Faust. Why, think'st thou then that Faustus
shall be damn'd? 129

Meph. Ay, of necessity, for here 's the scroll
Wherein thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer

Faust. Ay, and body too, but what of that?
Think'st thou that Faustus is so fond to ima-
gine

That, after this life, there is any pain? 134
Tush, these are trifles, and mere old wives' tales

Meph. But I am an instance to prove the
contrary,

For I am damned, and am now in hell.

Faust. How! now in hell!

Nay, and thus be hell, I 'll willingly be damn'd
here.

What? sleeping, eating, walking, and disputing?
But, leaving off this, let me have a wife, 141

The fairest maid in Germany, for I
Am wanton and lascivious, and can
Not live without a wife

Meph. How — a wife? 145

I prithee, Faustus, talk not of a wife

Faust. Nay, sweet Mephistophilis, fetch me
one, for I will have one.

Meph. Well — thou wilt have one. Sit
there till I come.

I 'll fetch thee a wife in the Devil's name.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter [Mephistophilis] with a Devil dressed like
a woman, with fireworks*

Meph. Tell me, Faustus, how dost thou like
thy wife? 150

Faust. A plague on her for a hot whore!

Meph. Tut, Faustus,

Marriage is but a ceremonial toy;
If thou lovest me, think no more of it
I 'll cull thee out the fairest courtesans, 155
And bring them every morning to thy bed,
She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall
have,

Be she as chaste as was Penelope,
As wise as Saba, or as beautiful
As was bright Lucifer before his fall 160
Here, take this book, peruse it thoroughly:

[*Gives a book.*]

The iterating of these lines brings gold,
The framing of this circle on the ground
Brings whirlwinds, tempests, thunder and
lightning,

Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself, 165
And men in armour shall appear to thee,
Ready to execute what thou desir'st

Faust. Thanks, Mephistophilis, yet fain
would I have a book wherein I might behold
all spells and incantations, that I might raise 170
up spirits when I please

Meph. Here they are, in this book

There turn to them.

Faust. Now would I have a book where I
might see all characters and planets of the
heavens, that I might know their motions and
dispositions. 176

Meph. Here they are too. *Turn to them.*

Faust. Nay, let me have one book more, —
and then I have done, — wherein I might see
all plants, herbs, and trees that grow upon 180
the earth.

⁹⁰ whatsoever: anything ¹⁰⁵ there: (Not in A) ¹²⁵ purified: released from Purgatory ¹³³ fond: foolish ¹³⁵ But: ('But Faustus' A) ¹³⁹⁻¹⁴⁰ (Printed as prose in A) ¹⁴⁰ ('What walking, disputing, &c' A) ¹⁴⁹ Saba: Queen of Sheba ¹⁴⁹⁻¹⁵⁴ (Probably an actors' addition: not in B)

Meph. Here they be

Faust O, thou art deceived

Meph. Tut, I warrant thee. *Turn to them*
[*Exeunt*]

[SCENE VI]

Enter Faustus in his study, and Mephistophilis

Faust When I behold the heavens, then I
repent,

And curse thee, wicked Mephistophilis,
Because thou hast depriv'd me of those joys.

Meph Why, Faustus,
Think'st thou Heaven is such a glorious thing?
I tell thee 't is not half so fair as thou, 6
Or any man that breathes on earth.

Faust How provest thou that?

Meph. 'T was made for man, therefore is
man more excellent

Faust If heaven was made for man, 't was
made for me, 10
I will renounce this magic and repent.

Enter Good Angel and Evil Angel

G. Ang. Faustus, repent, yet God will pity
thee.

E. Ang Thou art a spirit, God cannot pity
thee

Faust Who buzzeth in mine ears I am a
spirit?

Be I a devil, yet God may pity me, 15
Ay, God will pity me if I repent

E Ang Ay, but Faustus never shall repent.

[*Exeunt [Angels]*]

Faust My heart 's so hard'ned I cannot re-
pent.

Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven,
But fearful echoes thunder in mine ears 20
"Faustus, thou art damn'd!" Then swords
and knives,

Poison, guns, halters, and envenom'd steel
Are laid before me to despatch myself,
And long ere this I should have done the deed,
Had not sweet pleasure conquer'd deep despair.
Have not I made blind Homer sing to me 26
Of Alexander's love and Ænon's death?
And hath not he that built the walls of Thebes
With ravishing sound of his melodious harp,
Made music with my Mephistophilis? 30
Why should I die then, or basely despair?
I am resolv'd Faustus shall ne'er repent
Come, Mephistophilis, let us dispute again,

And argue of divine astrology.

Speak, are there many spheres above the
moon? 35

Are all celestial bodies but one globe,
As is the substance of this centric earth?

Meph As are the elements, such are the
heavens

Even from the moon unto the empyreal orb,
Mutually folded in each others' spheres, 40
And jointly move upon one axletree
Whose terminine is term'd the world's wide pole;
Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, or Jupiter
Feign'd, but are erring stars

Faust. But, have they all 45

One motion, both *situ et tempore*?

Meph All jointly move from east to west in
four-and-twenty hours upon the poles of the
world, but differ in their motion upon the poles
of the zodiac 50

Faust Tush!

These slender trifles Wagner can decide;
Hath Mephistophilis no greater skill?
Who knows not the double motion of the
planets?

The first is finish'd in a natural day, 55
The second thus as Saturn in thirty years,
Jupiter in twelve, Mars in four, the Sun, Venus,
and Mercury in a year, the moon in twenty-
eight days Tush, these are freshmen's supposi-
tions But tell me, hath every sphere a do- 60
minion or *intelligentia*?

Meph Ay

Faust How many heavens, or spheres, are
there?

Meph Nine. the seven planets, the firma-
ment, and the empyreal heaven 66

Faust But is there not *cælum igneum et*
cristallinum?

Meph No, Faustus, they be but fables.

Faust Well, resolve me in this question:
Why have we not conjunctions, oppositions, 70
aspects, eclipses, all at one time, but in some
years we have more, in some less?

Meph. *Per inaequalem motum respectu lotius.*

Faust Well, I am answered Tell me who
made the world

Meph I will not 75

Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis, tell me

Meph Move me not, for I will not tell thee.

Faust Villain, have I not bound thee to tell
me anything?

¹ ("T was thine own seeking, Faustus, thank thyself" B) ¹⁰ heaven was B ("it were" A) ¹⁵ spirit: se, you have signed away your human soul ²⁴ done the deed B ("slain myself" A) ²⁷ Alexander: Paris, in love with Ænone and Helen ²⁸ he. Amphion ³⁸ Speak... spheres B ("Tell me heavens" A) ³⁷ centric. occupying the centre of the universe ⁴⁸ heavens B ("spheres" A) ⁵⁰ (Not in A) ⁴⁰ spheres B ("orb" A) ⁴¹ And B ("And, Faustus, all" A) ⁴² terminine A ("termine" B) ⁴⁶ situ et tempore: in direction and period of revolution ⁴⁸⁻⁵⁰ poles... zodiac: ecliptic ⁵⁰⁻⁵⁵ suppositions A ("questions" B) ⁵⁰⁻⁵¹ dominion or intelligentia: ruling spirit ⁵⁷⁻⁵⁸ (Not in A) ⁵⁷ cælum igneum et cristallinum: the fiery (empyrean) and crystalline sphere ⁷⁴ "By reason of differences of velocity"

Meph. Ay, that is not against our kingdom;
but this is.

Think thou on hell, Faustus, for thou art
damn'd. 80

Faust. Think, Faustus, upon God that made
the world.

Meph. Remember this!

Faust. Ay, go, accursed spirit, to ugly hell.
'T is thou hast damn'd distressed Faustus' soul.
Is 't not too late? 85

Enter Good Angel and Evil

E Ang Too late

G Ang Never too late, if Faustus can re-
pent.

E Ang If thou repent, devils shall tear thee
in pieces

G Ang Repent, and they shall never raze
thy skin.

Exeunt [Angels]

Faust Ah, Christ, my Saviour, 90
Seek to save distressed Faustus' soul

Enter Lucifer, Belzebub, and Mephistophilis

Luc Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is
just,

There's none but I have interest in the same
Faust O, who art thou that look'st so terrible?

Luc I am Lucifer, 95

And this is my companion-prince in hell

Faust O Faustus! they are come to fetch
thy soul!

Belz We come to tell thee thou dost injure
us

Luc Thou call'st on Christ contrary to thy
promise

Belz Thou should'st not think on God 100

Luc Think on the Devil

Belz. And his dam, too

Faust. Nor will I henceforth. pardon me in
this,

And Faustus vows never to look to Heaven,
Never to name God, or to pray to him, 105
To burn his Scriptures, slay his ministers,
And make my spirits pull his churches down

Luc So shalt thou show thyself an obedient
servant,

And we will highly gratify thee for it

Belz. Faustus, we are come from hell in 110
person to show thee some pastime Sit down,
and thou shalt behold the Seven Deadly Sins
appear to thee in their proper shapes and like-
ness.

Faust. That sight will be as pleasing unto me,

As Paradise was to Adam the first day 116
Of his creation.

Luc Talk not of Paradise or creation, but
mark the show Go, Mephistophilis, fetch
them in. 120

Enter the Seven Deadly Sins

Now, Faustus, examine them of their several
names and dispositions

Faust That shall I soon! What art thou,
the first?

Pride I am Pride I disdain to have any 125
parents I am like to Ovid's flea I can
creep into every corner of a wench, sometimes,
like a perwig, I sit upon her brow, or like a
fan of feathers, I kiss her lips, indeed I do —
what do I not? But, fie, what a scent is here! 130
I'll not speak another word, except the
ground were perfum'd, and covered with cloth
of arras

Faust What art thou, the second?

Covet I am Covetousness, begotten of an 135
old churl in an old leathern bag, and might I
have my wish I would desire that this house and
all the people in it were turn'd to gold, that I
might lock you up in my good chest O, my
sweet gold! 140

Faust What art thou, the third?

Wrath I am Wrath I had neither father
nor mother I leapt out of a lion's mouth when
I was scarce half an hour old, and ever since
I have run up and down the world with 145
this case of rapiers wounding myself when I
had nobody to fight withal I was born in hell,
and look to it, for some of you shall be my
father

Faust What art thou, the fourth? 150

Envy I am Envy, begotten of a chimney
sweeper and an oyster-wife I cannot read,
and therefore wish all books were burnt I am
lean with seeing others eat O that there would
come a famine through all the world, that 155
all might die, and I live alone! then thou
should'st see how fat I would be But must thou
sit and I stand! Come down with a vengeance!

Faust. Away, envious rascal! What art
thou, the fifth? 160

Glut Who, I, sir? I am Gluttony. My
parents are all dead, and the devil a penny they
have left me, but a bare pension, and that is
thirty meals a day and ten bevers — a small
trifle to suffice nature. O, I come of a royal 165
parentage! My grandfather was a gammon
of bacon, my grandmother a hoghead of

⁷⁷ fetch B ('fetch away' A) ⁹⁶⁻¹⁰² (As in B: one speech in A, assigned to Lucifer) ¹⁰²⁻¹⁰⁴ (Not in B) ¹⁰⁶⁻¹¹⁴ (One speech in A, abbreviated and assigned to Lucifer) ¹¹⁸⁻¹²⁰ (As in B) ¹²⁶ Ovid's flea: the late Latin poem, *de Pulice*, falsely ascribed to Ovid ¹⁴² Wrath: (B transposes speeches of Wrath and Envy) ¹⁴⁶ case: pair ¹⁶⁰ fift: fifth ¹⁶⁴ bevers: snacks between meals ¹⁶⁶⁻¹⁶⁷ grand-father . . . grandmother A ('father mother' B)

claret-wine; my godfathers were these, Peter Pickleherring, and Martin Martlemas-beef. O, but my godmother, she was a jolly gentle- [170] woman, and well beloved in every good town and city: her name was Mistress Margery Marchbeer. Now, Faustus, thou hast heard all my progeny, wilt thou bid me to supper?

Faust. No, I'll see thee hanged! thou [175] wilt eat up all my victuals

Glut. Then the Devil choke thee!

Faust. Choke thyself, glutton! What art thou, the sixth?

Sloth. Heigh ho! I am Sloth. I was be- [180] gotten on a sunny bank, where I have lain ever since, and you have done me great injury to bring me from thence let me be carried thither again by Gluttony and Lechery. Heigh ho! I'll not speak another word for a king's ransom

Faust. And what are you, Mistress Minx, the seventh and last? [187]

Lech. Who, I, sir? I am one that loves an inch of raw mutton better than an ell of fried stockfish, and the first letter of my name begins with Lechery. [191]

Luc. Away to hell, to hell! *Exeunt the Sins* — Now, Faustus, how dost thou like this?

Faust. O, this feeds my soul!

Luc. Tut, Faustus, in hell is all manner of delight [196]

Faust. O might I see hell, and return again, How happy were I then!

Luc. Thou shalt, I will send for thee at mid-
night

In meantime take this book, peruse it thoroughly and thou shalt turn thyself into what shape [201] thou wilt

Faust. Great thanks, mighty Lucifer!
This will I keep as chary as my life

Luc. Farewell, Faustus, and think on the Devil [205]

Faust. Farewell, great Lucifer! Come, Meph-
istophilus

Exeunt omnes.

Enter the Chorus

Learned Faustus,
To find the secrets of astronomy,
Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament,
Did mount him up to scale Olympus' top,
Where, sitting in a chariot burning bright [5]

Drawn by the strength of yoked dragons' necks,
He views the clouds, the planets, and the stars,
The tropic zones and quarters of the sky
From the bright circle of the horned moon
Even to the height of *Primum Mobile*. [10]

And whirling round with this circumference,
Within the concave compass of the pole,
From east to west his dragons quickly glide,
And in eight days did bring him home again.

Not long he stayed within his quiet house [15]
To rest his bones after his weary toil,
But new exploits do hale him out again,

And mounted then upon a dragon's back,
That with his wings did part the subtle air,
He now is gone to prove cosmography, [20]

That measures coasts and kingdoms of the earth;
And, as I guess, will first arrive at Rome,
To see the Pope and manner of his court

And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
The which this day is highly solemniz'd [25]

[SCENE VII *The Pope's Privy-chamber.*]

Enter Faustus and Mephistophilus

Faust. Having now, my good Mephistophilus,
Pass'd with delight the stately town of Trier,
Environ'd round with airy mountain-tops,

With walls of flint, and deep entrenched lakes,
Not to be won by any conquering prince; [5]

From Paris next, coasting the realm of France,
We saw the river Maine fall into Rhine,

Whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines,
Then up to Naples, rich Campania,

Whose buildings fair and gorgeous to the eye, [10]
The streets straight forth, and pav'd with
finest brick,

Quarters the town in four equivalents
There saw we learned Maro's golden tomb,

The way he cut, an English mile in length,
Thorough a rock of stone in one night's space, [15]

From thence to Venice, Padua, and the rest,
In one of which a sumptuous temple stands,

That threatens the stars with her aspiring top,
Whose frame is pav'd with sundry-colour'd
stones,

And roof'd aloft with curious work in gold [20]
Thus hitherto hath Faustus spent his time:

But tell me, now, what resting-place is this?
Hast thou, as erst I did command,

Conducted me within the walls of Rome?

¹⁰⁰ *Martlemas-beef*: salted beef, prepared about Martinmas (Nov 11) ¹⁷⁰ *sixt*: sixth ^{180, 184} *Heigh ho*: (Not in A) ¹⁸⁶ *And what B* ('What' A) ¹⁹⁰ *stockfish*: haddock (Lenten fare) *Chorus* 1-20 (From B) In A it is reduced to eleven lines and assigned to Wagner, whose rôle was performed by the same actor) ¹⁰ *Primum Mobile*: the highest celestial sphere ¹¹ Following the motion of the *Primum Mobile* ¹² *compass* . . . pole: arc described by poles of the universe ²⁰ *motion*: test ³ *Trier*: Treves ⁹ *Campania*: (Misled by a passage in the Faustbook — "Campania in the Kingdom of Neapolis," p 54 — Marlowe takes Campania to be a name for the city of Naples) ¹² *equivalents*: equal sections ¹³ *Maro's*: Vergil's ¹⁴ *way*: the tunnel at Posilippo near Vergil's tomb (cf Faustbook, p 54) ¹⁷ (Two descriptions in Faustbook, p 55, are merged. Lines 17-18 refer to St. Anthony's, Padua, 19-20 to St. Mark's, Venice) ^{19, 20} (Not in A)

Meph. Faustus, I have, and because we [25
will not be unprovided, I have taken up his
Holiness' privy-chamber for our use

Faust. I hope his Holiness will bid us welcome.

Meph. Tut, 't is no matter, man, we'll be
bold with his good cheer. 30

And now, my Faustus, that thou may'st per-
ceive

That Rome containeth to delight thee with,
Know that this city stands upon seven hills
That underprop the groundwork of the same.
Just through the midst runs flowing Tiber's
stream, 35

With winding banks that cut it in two parts.
Over the which four stately bridges lean,
That make safe passage to each part of Rome:
Upon the bridge call'd Ponte Angelo
Erected is a castle passing strong, 40
Within whose walls such store of ordnance
are,

And double cannons, fram'd of carved brass,
As match the days within one complete year;
Beside the gates an high pyramids,
Which Julius Cæsar brought from Africa 45

Faust. Now by the kingdoms of infernal rule,
Of Styx, Acheron, and the fiery lake
Of ever-burning Phlegethon, I swear
That I do long to see the monuments
And situation of bright-splendent Rome 50
Come, therefore, let 's away.

Meph. Nay, Faustus, stay, I know you'd
see the Pope,

And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
Where thou shalt see a troop of bald-pate friars,
Whose *summum bonum* is in belly-cheer. 55

Faust. Well, I'm content to compass then
some sport,

And by their folly make us merriment
Then charm me, that I
May be invisible, to do what I please
Unseen of any whilst I stay in Rome. 60

[*Mephistophilus charms him.*]

Meph. So, Faustus, now
Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not be discern'd.

*Sound a sennet Enter the Pope and the Car-
dinal of Lorraine to the banquet, with Friars
attending*

Pope. My Lord of Lorraine, will 't please you
draw near?

Faust. Fall to, and the devil choke you and
you spare!

Pope. How now! Who 's that which spake?
— Friars, look about 65

Friar. Here 's nobody, if it like your Hol-
ness.

Pope. My lord, here is a dainty dish was sent
me from the Bishop of Milan.

Faust. I thank you, sir.

Snatch it.

Pope. How now! Who 's that which snatch'd
the meat from me? Will no man look? My [71
lord, this dish was sent me from the Cardinal
of Florence.

Faust. You say true; I'll ha 't [*Snatches it*]

Pope. What again! My lord, I'll drink to [75
your Grace.

Faust. I'll pledge your Grace.

[*Snatches the cup*]

Lor. My lord, it may be some ghost newly
crept out of purgatory, come to beg a pardon
of your Holiness 80

Pope. It may be so Friars, prepare a dirge
to lay the fury of this ghost. Once again, my
lord, fall to *The Pope crosseth himself.*

Faust. What, are you crossing of yourself?
Well, use that trick no more, I would advise
you. 85

Cross again.

Well, there 's the second time Aware the
thurd,

I give you fair warning

*Cross again, and Faustus hits him a
box of the ear, and they all run
away*

Come on, Mephistophilus, what shall we do?

Meph. Nay, I know not We shall be
curs'd with bell, book, and candle. 90

Faust. How! bell, book, and candle, — can-
dle, book, and bell,

Forward and backward to curse Faustus to
hell!

Anon you shall hear a hog grunt, a calf bleat,
and an ass bray,

Because it is Saint Peter's holiday.

Enter all the Friars to sing the Dirge

Friar. Come, brethren, let 's about our [95
business with good devotion.

Sing this

Cursed be he that stole away his Holiness' meat
from the table! *Maledicat Dominus!*

Cursed be he that struck his Holiness a blow
on the face! *Maledicat Dominus!*

Cursed be he that took Friar Sandelo a blow on
the pate! *Maledicat Dominus!*

Cursed be he that disturbeth our holy dirge!
Maledicat Dominus! 100

25-30 (Corrupted text, B substitutes a poorly versified equivalent) 55, 80 (Not in A) 44 *Beside:*
(*'Besides'* A) an: (*'and'* Qq) pyramids: obelisk (In 1586 an obelisk, brought to Rome by Cali-
gula, was set up near St Peter's Faustbook, p 56 "He saw the pyramide that Julius Cæsar brought
out of Africa") 44 ff (B substitutes a much longer, heavily rimed amplification of the remainder of
this scene) 86 *Aware:* beware

Cursed be he that took away his Holiness' wine!
Maledicta Dominus! Et omnes sancti!
Amen!

[*Mephistophilis and Faustus*] *beat the Friars, and fling fireworks among them and so exeunt.*

[SCENE VIII — *An Inn-yard*]

Enter Robin the Ostler with a book in his hand.

Robin O, this is admirable! here I ha' stolen one of Dr Faustus' conjuring books, and i' faith I mean to search some circles for my own use. Now will I make all the maidens in our parish dance at my pleasure, stark naked [5 before me, and so by that means I shall see more than e'er I felt or saw yet

Enter Rafe calling Robin

Rafe Robin, prithee come away, there 's a gentleman tarries to have his horse, and he would have his things rubb'd and made clean [10 He keeps such a chafing with my mistress about it; and she has sent me to look thee out. Prithee come away

Robin Keep out, keep out, or else you are blown up, you are dismemb'ed, Rafe. keep [15 out, for I am about a roaring piece of work.

Rafe Come, what dost thou with that same book? Thou canst not read

Robin Yes, my master and mistress shall find that I can read, he for his forehead, she [20 for her private study, she 's born to bear with me, or else my art fails

Rafe Why, Robin, what book is that?

Robin. What book! Why, the most intolerable book for conjuring that e'er was invented by any brimstone devil [26

Rafe. Canst thou conjure with it?

Robin I can do all these things easily with it: first, I can make thee drunk with ippocras at any tabern in Europe for nothing, that 's one of my conjuring works [31

Rafe. Our Master Parson says that 's nothing

Robin True, Rafe, and more, Rafe, if thou hast any mind to Nan Spit, our kitchenmaid, then turn her and wind her to thy own use [35 as often as thou wilt, and at midnight

Rafe O brave Robin, shall I have Nan Spit, and to mine own use? On that condition I 'll feed thy devil with horsebread as long as he lives, of free cost [40

Robin. No more, sweet Rafe: let 's go and make clean our boots, which lie foul upon our hands, and then to our conjuring in the Devil's name. *Exeunt*

Sc. VIII (Clearly spurious, like Sc. IX which follows B gives a different version of each scene and separates them, putting one before and one after the scene at Rome) ¹⁰ roaring: furious
¹¹ ippocras: a compound of wine, spice, and sugar ¹² tabern: tavern ¹³ purchase: booty
¹⁴ Drawer: waiter ¹⁵ &c.: (gag to be added *ad lib*) ¹⁶ of truth: concerning their honesty

[SCENE IX]

Enter Robin and Rafe with a silver goblet.

Robin Come, Rafe, did not I tell thee we were for ever made by this Doctor Faustus' book? *Ecce signum*, here 's a simple purchase for horsekeepers, our horses shall eat no hay as long as this lasts. [5

Enter the Vintner

Rafe But, Robin, here comes the vintner.

Robin Hush! I 'll gull him supernaturally. Drawer, I hope all is paid. God be with you. Come, Rafe

Vint Soft, sir, a word with you I must [10 yet have a goblet paid from you, ere you go.

Robin I, a goblet, Rafe, I, a goblet! I scorn you, and you are but a &c I, a goblet! search me

Vint I mean so, sir, with your favour [15
[Searches him]

Robin How say you now?

Vint I must say somewhat to your fellow. You, sir!

Rafe Me, sir! me, sir! search your fill. [*Vintner searches him*] Now, sir, you may be ashamed to burden honest men with a matter [21 of truth

Vint Well, t' one of you hath this goblet about you

Robin [*Aside*] You lie, drawer, 't is afore [25 me — Sirrah you, I 'll teach ye to impeach honest men, stand by, — I 'll scour you for a goblet! — Stand aside, you had best I charge you in the name of Belzebub — Look to the goblet, Rafe [*Aside to Rafe*] 30

Vint What mean you, sirrah?

Robin I 'll tell you what I mean *He reads. Sanctobulorum. Periphrasticon* — Nay, I 'll tickle you, vintner — Look to the goblet, Rafe [35

Polypragmos Belseborams framanlo pacostiphos tostu, Mephistophilis, &c

Enter Mephistophilis, sets squibs at their backs [and then exit] They run about.

Vint O nomine Domine! what meanst thou, Robin? Thou hast no goblet

Rafe *Peccatum peccatorum!* Here 's [40 thy goblet, good vintner

[Gives the goblet to Vintner, who exit]

Robin *Misericordia pro nobis!* What shall I do? Good Devil, forgive me now, and I 'll never rob thy library more

Enter to them Mephistophilis

Meph. Vanish, villains, th' one like an ape, another like a bear, the third an ass for doing this enterprise!

Monarch of hell, under whose black survey Great potentates do kneel with awful fear, Upon whose altars thousand souls do lie! 50 How am I vexed with these villains? charms? From Constantinople am I hither come Only for pleasure of these damned slaves.

Robin. How from Constantinople? You have had a great journey. Will you take sixpence 55 in your purse to pay for your supper, and begone?

Meph. Well, villains, for your presumption, I transform thee into an ape, and thee into a dog, and so begone. *Exit.* 60

Robin. How, into an ape? That 's brave! I 'll have fine sport with the boys I 'll get nuts and apples enow.

Rafe And I must be a dog

Robin I ' faith thy head will never be out 65 of the pottage pot *Exeunt*

Enter Chorus

When Faustus had with pleasure ta'en the view Of rarest things, and royal courts of kings, He stay'd his course and so returned home, Where such as bear his absence but with grief,— I mean his friends and nearest companions,— Did gratulate his safety with kind words 6 And in their conference of what befell, Touching his journey through the world and air, They put forth questions of astrology, Which Faustus answer'd with such learned skill As they admir'd and wonder'd at his wit 11 Now is his fame spread forth in every land Amongst the rest the Emperor is one, Carolus the Fifth, at whose palace now Faustus is feasted 'mongst his noblemen 15 What there he did in trial of his art, I leave untold, — your eyes shall see perform'd

[SCENE X *Court of Charles V.*]

Enter Emperor, Faustus, [Mephistophilis,] and a Knight, with attendants

Emp Master Doctor Faustus, I have heard strange report of thy knowledge in the black art, how that none in my empire nor in the whole world can compare with thee for the rare effects of magic They say thou hast a familiar 5 spirit, by whom thou canst accomplish what thou list This, therefore, is my request, that

thou let me see some proof of thy skill, that mine eyes may be witnesses to confirm what mine ears have heard reported, and here I 10 swear to thee by the honour of mine imperial crown, that, whatever thou doest, thou shalt be no ways prejudiced or endamaged

Knight I ' faith he looks much like a conjuror. *Aside* 15

Faust. My gracious sovereign, though I must confess myself far inferior to the report men have published, and nothing answerable to the honour of your imperial majesty, yet for that love and duty binds me thereunto, I am con- 20 tent to do whatsoever your majesty shall command me

Emp. Then, Doctor Faustus, mark what I shall say.

As I was sometime solitary set Within my closet, sundry thoughts arose 25 About the honour of mine ancestors How they had won by prowess such exploits, Got such riches, subdued so many kingdoms, As we that do succeed, or they that shall Hereafter possess our throne, shall 30 (I fear me) never attain to that degree Of high renown and great authority Amongst which kings is Alexander the Great, Chief spectacle of the world's pre-eminence, The bright shining of whose glorious acts 35 Lightens the world with his reflecting beams, As, when I hear but motion made of him, It grieves my soul I never saw the man If, therefore, thou by cunning of thine art Canst raise this man from hollow vaults below, Where lies entomb'd this famous conqueror, And bring with him his beauteous paramour, Both in their right shapes, gesture, and attire They us'd to wear during their time of life, Thou shalt both satisfy my just desire, 45 And give me cause to praise thee whilst I live.

Faust My gracious lord, I am ready to accomplish your request so far forth as by art, and power of my Spirit, I am able to perform 50

Knight I ' faith that 's just nothing at all *Aside.*

Faust But, if it like your Grace, it is not in my ability to present before your eyes the true substantial bodies of those two deceased princes, which long since are consumed to dust 55

Knight Ay, marry, Master Doctor, now there 's a sign of grace in you, when you will confess the truth. *Aside.*

Faust But such spirits as can lively resemble Alexander and his paramour shall appear before

44-47 (These lines, not in B, once concluded the scene Another ending has been tacked on) Chorus 1-17 (Not in B. In A this passage is separated by the two Robin-Rafe scenes from the scene at Charles V's court, with which it evidently belongs) Sc X (Expanded into four scenes in B) 16 answerable: fitting 24 set: seated 26 his: its 27 As: so that motion: mention

your Grace in that manner that they both [61
liv'd in, in their most flourishing estate; which
I doubt not shall sufficiently content your imperial majesty

Emp Go to, Master Doctor, let me see them presently 66

Knight Do you hear, Master Doctor? You bring Alexander and his paramour before the Emperor!

Faust How then, sir? 70

Knight I' faith that 's as true as Diana turn'd me to a stag!

Faust No, sir, but when Actæon died, he left the horns for you Mephistophilis, begone. *Exit Mephistophilis* 75

Knight Nay, and you go to conjuring, I'll be gone *Exit Kn*

Faust I'll meet with you anon for interrupting me so Here they are, my gracious lord 80

Enter Mephistophilis with [Spirits in the shape of] Alexander and his Paramour

Emp Master Doctor, I heard this lady while she liv'd had a wart or mole in her neck How shall I know whether it be so or no?

Faust Your Highness may boldly go and see *Exeunt Alex [and other Spirit]*

Emp Sure these are no spirits, but the [85 true substantial bodies of those two deceased princes

Faust Will't please your Highness now to send for the knight that was so pleasant with me here of late? 90

Emp One of you call him forth *[Exit Attendant]*

Enter the Knight with a pair of horns on his head

How now, sir knight! why I had thought thou had'st been a bachelor, but now I see thou hast a wife, that not only gives thee horns, but makes thee wear them Feel on thy head 95

Knight Thou damned wretch and execrable dog,

Bred in the concave of some monstrous rock, How darst thou thus abuse a gentleman? Villain, I say, undo what thou hast done!

Faust O, not so fast, sir, there 's no haste, [100 but, good, are you rememb' red how you crossed me in my conference with the Emperor? I think I have met with you for it

Emp Good Master Doctor, at my entreaty release him, he hath done penance sufficient [105

Faust My gracious lord, not so much for

the injury he off' red me here in your presence, as to delight you with some mirth, hath Faustus worthily requited this injurious knight, [109 which being all I desire, I am content to release him of his horns: and, sir knight, hereafter speak well of scholars. Mephistophilis, transform him straight *[Mephistophilis removes the horns]* Now, my good lord, having done my duty I humbly take my leave. 115

Emp Farewell, Master Doctor, yet, ere you go,

Expect from me a bounteous reward.

Exit Emperor [and others].

[SCENE XI — Location Indefinite.]

[Enter Faustus and Mephistophilis]

Faust Now, Mephistophilis, the restless course

That Time doth run with calm and silent foot, Short'ning my days and thread of vital life, Calls for the payment of my latest years; Therefore, sweet Mephistophilis, let us 5 Make haste to Wittenberg

Meph What, will you go on horseback or on foot?

Faust Nay, till I am past this fair and pleasant green,

I'll walk on foot

Enter a Horse-Courser

Horse-C I have been all this day seeking [10 one Master Fustian mass, see where he is! God save you, Master Doctor!

Faust What, horse-courser! You are well met

Horse-C Do you hear, sir? I have [15 brought you forty dollars for your horse

Faust I cannot sell him so if thou lik'st him for fifty, take him

Horse-C Alas, sir, I have no more. — I pray you speak for me *[To Meph]* 20

Meph I pray you let him have him: he is an honest fellow, and he has a great charge — neither wife nor child

Faust Well, come, give me your money. My boy will deliver him to you But I must [25 tell you one thing before you have him: ride him not into the water at any hand

Horse-C Why, sir, will he not drink of all waters?

Faust O yes, he will drink of all waters, [30 but ride him not into the water: ride him over hedge or ditch, or where thou wilt, but not into the water.

⁶¹ both: ("best" A Cf Faustbook "in manner and forme as they both liued in their most florishing time") ⁶⁶ presently: at once ⁷⁰ and: if, an ¹⁰¹ good: my good sir ¹⁰⁸ met with: recompensed ¹⁰⁹ injurious: abusive Sc XI (Reduced by nearly half in B) ⁹ s d Horse-Courser: dealer in horses ²² charge: financial burden ²⁷ at . . . hand: in any case

Horse-C. Well, sir. — Now am I made man forever. I 'll not leave my horse for forty. If [35 he had but the quality of hey-ding-ding, hey-ding-ding, I 'd make a brave living on him: he has a buttock as slick as an eel [*Aside*] Well, God b' w' ye, sir, your boy will deliver him me: but hark ye, sir, if my horse be sick or ill at [40 ease, if I bring his water to you, you 'll tell me what it is?]

Faust. Away, you villain; what, dost think I am a horse-doctor? *Exit Horse-Courser.*
What art thou, Faustus, but a man condemn'd to die? 45

Thy fatal time doth draw to final end,
Despair doth drive distrust unto my thoughts.
Confound these passions with a quiet sleep
Tush, Christ did call the thief upon the cross;
Then rest thee, Faustus, quiet in conceit 50
Sleep in his chair [on rear-stage]

Enter Horse-Courser, all wet, crying

Horse-C Alas, alas! Doctor Fustian, quotha? Mass, Doctor Lopus was never such a doctor. H'as given me a purgation has purg'd me of forty dollars, I shall never see them more. But yet, like an ass as I was, I would not be ruled [55 by him, for he bade me I should ride him into no water. Now I, thinking my horse had had some rare quality that he would not have had me known of, I, like a venturesome youth, rid him into the deep pond at the town's end. I was [60 no sooner in the middle of the pond, but my horse vanish'd away, and I sat upon a bottle of hay, never so near drowning in my life. But I 'll seek out my Doctor, and have my forty dollars again, or I 'll make it the dearest horse! — [65 O, yonder is his snipper-snapper — Do you hear? You hey-pass, where 's your master?

Meph. Why, sir, what would you? You cannot speak with him.

Horse-C. But I will speak with him 70

Meph. Why, he 's fast asleep. Come some other time.

Horse-C. I 'll speak with him now, or I 'll break his glass windows about his ears.

Meph. I tell thee he has not slept this [75 eight nights.

Horse-C. And he have not slept this eight weeks, I 'll speak with him.

Meph. See where he is, fast asleep.

Horse-C. Ay, this is he. God save ye, Master Doctor! Master Doctor, Master Doctor Fustian! — Forty dollars, forty dollars for a bottle of hay!

Meph. Why, thou seest he hears thee not.

Horse-C. So ho, ho! — so ho, ho! [*Halloo in [85 his ear*] No, will you not wake? I 'll make you wake ere I go. [*Pull him by the leg, and pull it away*] Alas, I am undone! What shall I do?

Faust. O my leg, my leg! Help, Mephistophilis! call the officers. My leg, my leg! 90

Meph. Come, villain, to the constable.

Horse-C. O lord, sir, let me go, and I 'll give you forty dollars more.

Meph. Where be they?

Horse-C. I have none about me. Come to my ostry and I 'll give them you. 96

Meph. Begone quickly.

Horse-Courser runs away.

Faust. What, is he gone? Farewell he! Faustus has his leg again, and the horse-courser, I take it, a bottle of hay for his labour. Well, this trick shall cost him forty dollars more. 101

Enter Wagner

How now, Wagner, what 's the news with thee?

Wag. Sir, the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreat your company. 105

Faust. The Duke of Vanholt! an honourable gentleman, to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning. Come, Mephistophilis, let 's away to him. *Exeunt.* 109

[SCENE XII. — Duke of Anhalt's Castle.]

Enter to them the Duke and the Duchess. The Duke speaks.

Duke. Believe me, Master Doctor, this merriment hath much pleased me.

Faust. My gracious lord, I am glad it contents you so well. — But it may be, madam, you take no delight in this. I have heard that great- [5 belied women do long for some dainties or other. What is it, madam? Tell me, and you shall have it.

Duchess. Thanks, good Master Doctor, and for I see your courteous intent to pleasure [10 me, I will not hide from you the thing my heart desires, and were it now summer, as it is January and the dead time of the winter, I would desire no better meat than a dish of ripe grapes. 15

Faust. Alas, madam, that 's nothing! Mephistophilis, begone. *Exit Meph.*
Were it a greater thing than this, so it would content you, you should have it.

Enter Mephistophilis with the grapes

Here they be, madam; will 't please you taste on them? 21

* made: fortunate * quality, etc.: ability to dance * fatal: allotted * Confound: undo
* conceit: mind * Doctor Lopus: Dr Lopez, executed 1594 (a post-Marlovian allusion) * has: that has * known: aware * bottle: bunch * hey-pass: trickster * ostry: hostelry
104 Vanholt: Anhalt Sc. XII (Padded with farcical matter in B)

Duke. Believe me, Master Doctor, this makes me wonder above the rest, that being in the dead time of winter, and in the month of January, how you should come by these grapes 25

Faust. If it like your Grace, the year is divided into two circles over the whole world, that, when it is here winter with us, in the contrary circle it is summer with them, as in India, Saba, and farther countries in the East, and by means of a swift spirit that I have, [31 I had them brought hither, as ye see — How do you like them, madam? be they good?

Duchess. Believe me, Master Doctor, they be the best grapes that e'er I tasted in my life before. 36

Faust. I am glad they content you so, madam

Duke. Come, madam, let us in, where you must well reward this learned man for the great kindness he hath show'd to you 40

Duchess. And so I will, my lord, and whilst I live, rest beholding for this courtesy

Faust. I humbly thank your Grace

Duke. Come, Master Doctor, follow us and receive your reward *Exeunt* 45

[SCENE XIII — *The House of Faustus*]

Enter Wagner, solus

Wag I think my master means to die shortly He has made his will and given me his wealth: His house, his goods, and store of golden plate, Besides two thousand ducats ready coin'd And yet, methinks, if that death were near, 5 He would not banquet and carouse and swill Amongst the students, as even now he doth, Who are at supper with such belly-cheer As Wagner ne'er beheld in all his life 9 See where they come! Belike the feast is ended

Enter Faustus, with two or three Scholars [and Mephistophilis]

1 *Schol* Master Doctor Faustus, since our conference about fair ladies, which was the beautiful'st in all the world, we have determined with ourselves that Helen of Greece was the admirablest lady that ever lived Therefore, Master Doctor, if you will do us that favour, [16 as to let us see that peerless dame of Greece, whom all the world admires for majesty, we should think ourselves much beholding unto you. 20

Faust Gentlemen, For that I know your friendship is unfeigned, And Faustus' custom is not to deny The just requests of those that wish him well,

You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece, No otherways for pomp and majesty 25 Than when Sir Paris cross'd the seas with her, And brought the spoils to rich Dardania Be silent, then, for danger is in words.

Music sounds, and Helen passeth over the stage.

2 *Schol* Too simple is my wit to tell her praise, Whom all the world admires for majesty. 30

3 *Schol* No marvel though the angry Greeks pursu'd

With ten years' war the rape of such a queen, Whose heavenly beauty passeth all compare.

1 *Schol* Since we have seen the pride of Nature's works,

And only paragon of excellence, 35

Enter an Old Man

Let us depart, and for this glorious deed Happy and blest be Faustus evermore.

Faustus Gentlemen, farewell — the same I wish to you

Exeunt Scholars [and Wagner].

Old Man Ah, Doctor Faustus, that I might prevail

To guide thy steps unto the way of life, 40 By which sweet path thou may'st attain the goal

That shall conduct thee to celestial rest!

[*O gentle Faustus, leave this damned art, This magic, that will charm thy soul to hell, And quite bereave thee of salvation!* 45

Though thou hast now offended like a man, Do not persevere in it like a devil!

Yet, yet, thou hast an amiable soul,

If sin by custom grow not into nature.

Then, Faustus, will repentance come too late, 50

Then thou art banish'd from the sight of heaven.

No mortal can express the pains of hell!

It may be, this my exhortation

Seems harsh and all unpleasant: let it not!

For, gentle son, I speak it not in wrath, 55

Or envy of thee, but in tender love,

And pity of thy future misery

And so have hope that this my kind rebuke,

Checking thy body, may amend thy soul]

Break heart, drop blood, and mingle it with tears, 60

Tears falling from repentant heaviness

Of thy most vile and loathsome filthiness,

The stench whereof corrupts the inward soul

With such flagitious crimes of heinous sins

As no commiseration may expel, 65

But mercy, Faustus, of thy Saviour sweet,

Whose blood alone must wash away thy guilt

²⁰ Saba: Arabia ³¹ beholding: obliged ³¹⁻³⁴ (From B A abbreviates "For he hath given to me all his goods") ³⁵⁻³⁸ (Only in A) ⁴⁵⁻⁴⁹ (Only in B) ⁶⁰⁻⁶⁷ (Only in A Boas, accepting H. T. Baker's tempting conjecture, gives these lines to Faustus, but the entire speech is based on words given to the Old Man in the Faustbook There has been much cutting and splicing)

Faust. Where art thou, Faustus? Wretch,
what hast thou done?

Damn'd art thou, Faustus, damn'd, despair
and die!

Hell claims his right, and with a roaring voice ⁷⁰
Says "Faustus! come! thine hour is almost
come!"

And Faustus now will come to do thee right.

Mephistophilus gives him a dagger.

Old Man Ah stay, good Faustus, stay thy
desperate steps!

I see an angel hovers o'er thy head,
And, with a vial full of precious grace, ⁷⁵

Offers to pour the same into thy soul

Then call for mercy, and avoid despair

Faust Ah, my sweet friend, I feel
Thy words to comfort my distressed soul

Leave me a while to ponder on my sins ⁸⁰

Old Man I go, sweet Faustus, but with
heavy cheer,

Fearing the ruin of thy hopeless soul [*Exit*]

Faust. Accursed Faustus, where is mercy now?

I do repent, and yet I do despair,
Hell strives with grace for conquest in my
breast. ⁸⁵

What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

Meph Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul
For disobedience to my sovereign lord,

Revolt, or I'll in piecemeal tear thy flesh

Faust. I do repent I e'er offended him. ⁹⁰

Sweet Mephistophilus, entreat thy lord

To pardon my unjust presumption,

And with my blood again I will confirm

My former vow I made to Lucifer

Meph Do it then quickly, with unfeigned
heart, ⁹⁵

Lest greater danger do attend thy drift

Faust. Torment, sweet friend, that base
and crooked age,

That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,

With greatest torments that our hell affords

Meph His faith is great, I cannot touch his
soul, ¹⁰⁰

But what I may afflict his body with

I will attempt, which is but little worth.

Faust One thing, good servant, let me crave
of thee,

To glut the longing of my heart's desire, —

That I might have unto my paramour ¹⁰⁵

That heavenly Helen, which I saw of late,

Whose sweet embracings may extinguish clean
These thoughts that do dissuade me from my
vow,

And keep mine oath I made to Lucifer

Meph. Faustus, this or what else thou shalt
desire ¹¹⁰

Shall be perform'd in twinkling of an eye

*Enter Helen [again, passing over between two
Cupids]*

Faust Was this the face that launch'd a
thousand ships,

And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?

Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.

[*Kisses her*]

Her lips sucks forth my soul; see where it
flies! — ¹¹⁵

Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again

[*Kisses her*]

Here will I dwell, for Heaven be in these lips,

And all is dross that is not Helena

Enter Old Man

I will be Paris, and for love of thee,

Instead of Troy, shall Wittenberg be sack'd, ¹²⁰

And I will combat with weak Menelaus,

And wear thy colours on my plumed crest;

Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,

And then return to Helen for a kiss

Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air ¹²⁵

Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars,

Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter

When he appear'd to hapless Semele

More lovely than the monarch of the sky

In wanton Arethusa's azur'd arms. ¹³⁰

And none but thou shalt be my paramour

Exeunt [Faustus and Helen]

Old Man Accursed Faustus, miserable man,

That from thy soul exclud'st the grace of
Heaven,

And fly'st the throne of his tribunal seat!

Enter the Devils

Satan begins to sift me with his pride ¹³⁵

As in this furnace God shall try my faith,

My faith, vile hell, shall triumph over thee.

Ambitious fiends! see how the heavens smiles

At your repulse, and laughs your state to
scorn!

Hence, hell! for hence I fly unto my God ¹⁴⁰

Exeunt.

[SCENE XIV. — *Faustus' Chamber.*]

Enter Faustus with the Scholars

Faust. Ah, gentlemen!

1 *Schol.* What ails Faustus?

Faust Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I

⁷⁰ claims his B ('calls for' A) ^{71, 72} almost, now: (These two words not in A) ⁷⁴ hovers: which hovers ⁸⁰ Revolt: turn back ⁸⁰ (Not in A) ⁸⁷ age: old man ¹¹¹ S D again . . . Cupids: (Added by B) ¹¹⁴ topless: immensely high ¹²⁹ monarch of the sky: Apollo ¹³⁰ Arethusa's: (The myth of Apollo and Leucothoe is perhaps referred to, cf Ovid, *Met.* iv. 230 ff) ¹³⁹⁻¹⁴⁰ (Not in B) Sc XIV ¹ (This is preceded by 27 spurious lines in B.)

lived with thee, then had I lived still! but now I die eternally Look, comes he not, comes he [5 not?

2 Schol. What means Faustus?

3 Schol. Belike he is grown into some sickness by being over solitary.

1 Schol. If it be so, we'll have physicians to [10 cure him. 'T is but a surfeit. Never fear, man.

Faust. A surfeit of deadly sin that hath damn'd both body and soul.

2 Schol. Yet, Faustus, look up to Heaven; remember, God's mercies are infinite 16

Faust. But Faustus' offence can ne'er be pardoned The serpent that tempted Eve may be sav'd, but not Faustus Ah, gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my [20 speeches! Though my heart pants and quivers to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, oh, would I had never seen Wittenberg, never read book! And what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the world, for which Faustus hath lost [26 both Germany and the world, — yea Heaven itself, Heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy, and must remain in hell for ever hell, ah, hell, for ever! Sweet friends! what shall become of Faustus being in hell for ever? 32

3 Schol. Yet, Faustus, call on God

Faust. On God, whom Faustus hath abjur'd! on God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed! Ah, my God, I would weep, but the Devil draws [36 in my tears Gush forth, blood, instead of tears! Yea, life and soul! Oh, he stays my tongue! I would lift up my hands, but see, they hold them, they hold them! 40

All Who, Faustus?

Faust. Lucifer and Mephistophilis Ah, gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning! 45

All God forbid!

Faust. God forbade it indeed, but Faustus hath done it For vain pleasure of four-and-twenty years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood: the date is expired, the time will come, and [50 he will fetch me

1 Schol. Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?

Faust. Oft have I thought to have done [55 so, but the Devil threat'ned to tear me in pieces if I nam'd God; to fetch both body and soul if I once gave ear to divinity and now 't is too late. Gentlemen, away! lest you perish with me.

2 Schol. Oh, what shall we do to save Faustus?

Faust. Talk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart. 62

3 Schol. God will strengthen me. I will stay with Faustus. 64

1 Schol. Tempt not God, sweet friend, but let us into the next room, and there pray for him.

Faust. Ay, pray for me, pray for me! and what noise soever ye hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me. 70

2 Schol. Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell! If I live till morning I'll visit you: if not, Faustus is gone to hell 75

All Faustus, farewell!

Exeunt Scholars.

[Meph Ay, Faustus, now thou hast no hope of heaven,

Therefore, despair, think only upon hell, For that must be thy mansion, there to dwell.

Faust O thou bewitching fiend! 't was thy temptation 80

Hath robb'd me of eternal happiness.

Meph I do confess it, Faustus, and rejoice.

'T was I that, when thou wert 't the way to heaven,

Damn'd up thy passage, when thou took'st the book 84

To view the Scriptures, then I turn'd the leaves And led thine eye

What, weep'st thou? 'T is too late: despair.

Farewell

Fools that will laugh on earth must weep in hell.

Exit.

Enter the Good Angel and the Bad Angel at several doors

Good O Faustus, if thou hadst given ear to me, Innumerable joys had followed thee, 90 But thou didst love the world.

Bad Gave ear to me,

And now must taste hell's pains perpetually.

Good O what will all thy riches, pleasures, pomps

Avail thee now?

Bad

Nothing, but vex thee more, To want in hell, that had on earth such store. 96

Music while the Throne descends

Good. O thou hast lost celestial happiness,

Pleasures unspeakable, bliss without end!

Hadst thou affected sweet divinity,

Hell, or the devil, had had no power on thee. 100

Hadst thou kept on that way, Faustus, behold

In what resplendent glory thou hadst set

In yonder throne, like those bright-shining saints,

17-122 (These obviously spurious lines, added by B, are included for the interest of their melodramatic staging)

And triumph'd over hell. That hast thou lost, 104
And now, poor soul, must thy good angel leave
thee. [The Throne ascends.]
The jaws of hell are open to receive thee. Exit.

Hell is discovered

Bad. Now, Faustus, let thine eyes with horror stare

Into that vast perpetual torture-house.
There are the Furies tossing damned souls
On burning forks, their bodies broil in lead. 110
There are live quarters broiling on the coals,
That ne'er can die. This ever-burning chair
Is for o'er-turtur'd souls to rest them in.
These, that are fed with sops of flaming fire,
Were gluttons, and lov'd only delicats, 115
And laugh'd to see the poor starve at their gates.
And yet all these are nothing thou shalt see
Ten thousand tortures that more horrid be.

Faust. O, I have seen enough to torture me.

Bad. Nay, thou must feel them, taste the smart of all! 120

He that loves pleasure must for pleasure fall.
And so I leave thee, Faustus, till anon,
Then wilt thou tumble in confusion. Exit.]

The Clock strikes eleven

Faust. Ah, Faustus,
 Now hast thou but one bare hour to live, 125
 And then thou must be damn'd perpetually!
 Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of Heaven,
 That time may cease, and midnight never come!
 Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again and make
 Perpetual day; or let this hour be but 130
 A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
 That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
O lente, lente, currite, noctis equi!
 The stars move still, time runs, the clock will
 strike,

The Devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd. 135

O, I'll leap up to my God! Who pulls me down?
 See, see where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!

One drop would save my soul — half a drop:
 ah, my Christ!

Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ! 139

Yet will I call on him: O spare me, Lucifer! —
 Where is it now? 'T is gone; and see where God
 Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful
 brows!

Mountains and hills, come, come and fall on me,

And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!
 That when you vomit forth into the air, 145
 My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths.
 No! no!

Then will I headlong run into the earth;
 Earth gape! O no, it will not harbour me!
 You stars that reign'd at my nativity, 150
 Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
 Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist
 Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud,
 So that my soul may but ascend to Heaven. 154

The watch strikes [the half hour].
 Ah, half the hour is past! 'T will all be past
 anon!

O God!

If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
 Yet for Christ's sake whose blood hath ransom'd me,

Impose some end to my incessant pain: 159
 Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years —

A hundred thousand, and at last be sav'd!
 No end is limited to damned souls!

Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
 Or why is this immortal that thou hast?

Ah, Pythagóras' metempsychosis! 165

Were that true,

This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd
 Unto some brutish beast! All beasts are happy,
 For, when they die,

Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements; 170
 But mine must live, still to be plagu'd in hell.
 Curs'd be the parents that engend'red me!

No, Faustus curse thyself: curse Lucifer,
 That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of Heaven.

The clock striketh twelve.
 O, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,
 Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell. 176

Thunder and lightning.
 O soul, be chang'd into little water-drops,
 And fall into the ocean — ne'er be found.

My God! my God! look not so fierce on me!

Enter Devils

Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile!
 Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer! 181
 I'll burn my books! — Ah Mephistophilis!

Exeunt [Devils with him].

[SCENE XV]

Enter the Scholars

1. Come, gentlemen, let us go visit Faustus,
 For such a dreadful night was never seen
 Since first the world's creation did begin.

¹²⁰ eye: i.e., the sun ¹²¹ natural: from sunrise to sunset ¹²² (Slightly altered from Ovid, *Amores* i. 13. 40: "Run slowly, slowly, Horses of the Night!") ¹²³ O: (This unmetrical word looks like actor's rant; so "half a drop" in 138 and "Ah" in 139) ¹²⁴, ¹²⁵ (We have transposed these lines from their unmeaning position in earlier editions, after line 153) ¹²⁶ limited: measured out ¹²⁷ (The pronunciation indicated was common at the time) ¹²⁸ elements: earth, air, fire, water ¹²⁹ quick: alive Sc. XV (Added by B. spurious)

*Such fearful shrieks and cries were never heard
Pray heaven the Doctor have escap'd the danger! s*

*2. O help us heaven! See, here are Faustus'
limbs,*

All torn asunder by the hand of death.

*3. The devils whom Faustus serv'd have torn
him thus;*

*For 'twixt the hours of twelve and one, methought,
I heard him shriek and call aloud for help, 10
At which self time the house seem'd all on fire
With dreadful horror of these damned fiends.*

*2. Well, gentlemen, though Faustus' end be
such*

*As every Christian heart laments to think on,
Yet for he was a scholar, once admir'd 15
For wondrous knowledge in our German schools,*

Chorus ^{1, 2} (Cf Psalm lxxx 15, 16; also Churchyard, *Shore's Wife*, st. 24) ⁷ *deepness*: obscurity

*We'll give his mangled limbs due burial,
And all the students, cloth'd in mourning black,
Shall wait upon his heavy funeral. Exeunt.]*

Enter Chorus

Cut is the branch that might have grown full
straight,

And burned is Apollo's laurel bough,
That sometime grew within this learned man.

Faustus is gone! Regard his hellish fall,
Whose heedful fortune may exhort the wise s

Only to wonder at unlawful things,
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits

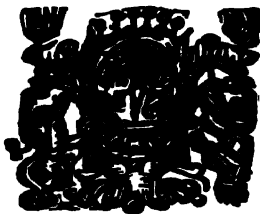
To practice more than heavenly power permits.

Terminat hora diem, terminat auctor opus.

The Famous
TRAGEDY
OF
THE RICH IEVV
OF MALTA.

AS IT VVAS PLAYD
BEFORE THE KING AND
QVEENE, IN HIS MAJESTIES
Theatre at *White-Hall*, by her Majesties
Servants at the *Cock-pit*.

Written by CHRISTOPHER MARLO.



LONDON;

Printed by *I. B.* for *Nicholas Vavasour*, and are to be sold
at his Shop in the Inner-Temple, neere the
Church. 1633.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL RECORD. The only extant text of the *Jew of Malta* is that of the late and corrupt Quarto of 1633. It had been entered for publication on the Stationers' Register, May 17, 1594, under the title of *the famousse tragedie of the Riche Iewe of Malta*, but was re-entered, November 20, 1632, by Nicholas Vavasour, who published the Quarto from which alone we know the play.

DATE AND STAGE HISTORY. The reference in the third line of the Prologue, "Now the Guise is dead," points to a date subsequent to Guise's assassination (December 23, 1588). Early in 1592 the tragedy was being acted at the Rose Theatre with great success, by Lord Strange's company. The earliest record of performance occurs in an entry near the opening of Henslowe's Diary: — *Received at the Iewe of malltuse the 26 of febrearye 1591 (i.e., 1592) 1^s (i.e., £2 10s).* Between this date and June 21, 1596, Henslowe itemizes thirty-six performances, an extraordinary number for the period. The play was apparently Henslowe's private property, or that of his son-in-law, Edward Alleyn, who acted the part of Barabas, and for whom it was probably specifically written by Marlowe. An inventory of the properties of the Admiral's company, March 10, 1598, mentions *1 cauderm (caldron) for the Iewe*, evidently employed in the remarkable concluding scene.

A revival took place in 1601, for Henslowe notes purchases as follows: — *Lent unto Robert shawe & Mr. Jube the 19 of maye 1601 to bye diuers thinges for the Jewe of mallta the some of v 11. lent mor to the littell tayller the same daye for more thinges for the Jewe of mallta some of x s.* But we have no details about the run at this period. Revived a generation later by the company of Queen Henrietta Maria, it was performed before the King (Charles I) and Queen at Whitehall Palace as well as at the company's private theatre, the Cockpit or Phoenix in Drury Lane. Thomas Heywood supplied a prologue and epilogue on each occasion, sponsoring the tragedy, "writ many years agone, And in that age thought second unto none," and adding a dedication to the printed edition, which, since he alludes to it as a "new year's gift," must have appeared about the beginning of 1633.

On April 24, 1818, Edmund Kean, who had risen to fame four years before by his performance of Shylock, revived *The Jew of Malta* at the Drury Lane Theatre. This production, the first of a play by Marlowe in modern times, led to violent controversies in the press and stimulated the rising interest in the poet. The acting text, prepared by Samson Penley, shows much sophistication of the plot, and is marked by numerous silent insertions of lines from *Edward II*.

STRUCTURE. The Quarto text is divided into acts but not scenes. It observes unity of place and covers a lapse of time of little over a month. The utilization of the threefold Elizabethan stage is very clever in Acts I, II, and V. Few plays of the period indeed offer better opportunity for studying theatrical technique. But the tragedy certainly suffered during the forty years of manipulation which it underwent after Marlowe's death. Acts III and IV in particular are stultified by a general crudity that can hardly be ascribed to the author who designed the original plot. It is fair to assume that several successive hands worked at bedizening a tragedy which held the stage through such a long period, but the last revision, upon which our Quarto rests, was doubtless the most destructive. Mr. A. M. Clark has admirably studied the traces of Heywood's hand in *The Jew of Malta* (*Thomas Heywood*, 1931, 287-298), reaching the conclusion that "the chief blame for the corruption of the play must attach to its editor" (i.e., Heywood).

SOURCE. The plot is freely invented, the incidents being unhistorical and dependent in only very slight degree upon earlier narrative. In imagining them Marlowe was influenced by three topics of great contemporary interest — (1) The "super-man" doctrine of Machiavelli's *Prince*, (2) The traditional Jewish-Christian hostility, which came to a head a little later in the trial and execution of Dr. Lopez (1594); (3) The enterprises of the Turks and Spaniards in the Mediterranean. Malta was never captured by the Turks, but it had sustained a great siege in 1565, and another plot to seize the island was being hatched in Constantinople in 1590-1591, with the secret connivance of the English government, who saw in it a means of weakening Spanish power. A Portuguese Jew, Juan Miques, also known as Joseph Nassi, exerted immense influence at the Turkish court in the third quarter of the sixteenth century and was famous as an arch-contriver of plots against the Christians. Still closer to Barabas in time and incident is the career of another Jew, David Passi, the Sultan's confidential adviser, who was chiefly instrumental in the plot to capture Malta mentioned above and was closely involved with Queen Elizabeth's representatives at Constantinople. He was a notorious diplomatic figure from 1585 and suffered an ignominious fall in 1591 (See *Times Literary Supplement*, June 8, 1922). The story of the two friars, which appears also in two of Heywood's works, was probably added by him. It derives ultimately from a novella of Masuccio.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

THE JEW OF MALTA

[DRAMATIS PERSONAE

MACHIAVEL, Speaker of the Prologue

BARABAS, a wealthy Jew

FERNEZE, Governor of Malta

DON LODOWICK, his Son

SELIM CALYMATH, Son of the Sultan

MARTIN DEL BOSCO, Vice-Admiral of Spain

DON MATHIAS, a Gentleman

ITHIMORE, slave of Barabas

JACOMO,
BERNARDINE, } Friars
PILIA-BORZA, a Bully

ABIGAIL, Daughter of Barabas

KATHERINE, mother of Mathias

BELLAMIRA, a Courtesan

An Abbess and Two Nuns; Two Merchants, Three Jews, Knights, Bassoes, Officers, Guard; a Reader; Messengers, Slaves, and Carpenters

SCENE Malta]

[THE PROLOGUE]

MACHIAVEL

ALBEIT the world think Machiavel is dead,
Yet was his soul but flown beyond the Alps,
And, now the Guise is dead, is come from France
To view this land and frolic with his friends
To some perhaps my name is odious, 5
But such as love me guard me from their tongues;
And let them know that I am Machiavel,
And weigh not men, and therefore not men's words.
Admir'd I am of those that hate me most
Though some speak openly against my books, 10
Yet will they read me, and thereby attain
To Peter's chair, and when they cast me off,
Are poison'd by my climbing followers
I count religion but a childish toy,
And hold there is no sin but ignorance. 15
"Birds of the air will tell of murders past!"
I am asham'd to hear such fooleries
Many will talk of title to a crown.
What right had Cæsar to the empery?
Might first made kings, and laws were then most sure 20
When, like the Draco's, they were writ in blood.
Hence comes it that a strong-built citadel
Commands much more than letters can import;
Which maxim had but Phalaris observ'd,
He had never bellow'd, in a brazen bull, 25
Of great ones' envy. O' the poor petty wights
Let me be envi'd and not pitied!

¹ Machiavel: Niccolò Machiavelli (d 1527), regarded as the typical scheming politician ² flown
... Alps: *se*, reincarnated in the Duc de Guise (assassinated, Dec. 1588) ³ his friends: *se*, the
English devotees of Machiavellian policy ⁴ weigh not: care nothing for ⁵ Peter's chair: the
papacy ⁶ empery: supreme power ('Empire' Q) ⁷ Draco's: author of the inhumane law code of
early Athens ('Drancus' Q) ⁸ but: (Not in Q) Phalaris: Sicilian tyrant, burned to death in a
brazen bull

But whither am I bound? I come not, I,
 To read a lecture here in Britain,
 But to present the tragedy of a Jew, 30
 Who smiles to see how full his bags are cramm'd,
 Which money was not got without my means.
 I crave but this: — grace him as he deserves,
 And let him not be entertain'd the worse
 Because he favours me. [Draws curtain and exit.] 35

[ACT I

SCENE I]

*Enter Barabas in his counting-house, with
 heaps of gold before him*

Bar. So that of thus much that return was
 made:

And of the third part of the Persian ships,
 There was the venture summ'd and satisfied
 As for those Samiotes, and the men of Uz,
 That bought my Spanish oils and wines of
 Greece, 5

Here have I purs'd their paltry silverlings
 Fie, what a trouble 't is to count this trash!
 Well fare the Arabians, who so richly pay
 The things they traffic for with wedge of gold,
 Whereof a man may easily in a day 10
 Tell that which may maintain him all his life.
 The needy groom that never fing' red groat,
 Would make a miracle of thus much coin;
 But he whose steel-barr'd coffers are cramm'd
 full,

And all his lifetime hath been tired, 15
 Wearing his fingers' ends with telling it,
 Would in his age be loath to labour so,
 And for a pound to sweat himself to death.
 Give me the merchants of the Indian mines,
 That trade in metal of the purest mould, 20
 The wealthy Moor, that in the eastern rocks
 Without control can pick his riches up,
 And in his house heap pearl like pebble-stones,
 Receive them free, and sell them by the weight,
 Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts, 25
 Jacinths, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,
 Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
 And seld-seen costly stones of so great price
 As one of them indifferently rated,
 And of a carat of this quantity, 30
 May serve in peril of calamity
 To ransom great kings from captivity
 This is the ware wherein consists my wealth;
 And thus methinks should men of judgment
 frame

Their means of traffic from the vulgar trade, 35
 And as their wealth increaseth, so enclose
 Infinite riches in a little room
 But now how stands the wind?
 Into what corner peers my halcyon's bill?
 Ha! to the east? 'Yes See, how stands the
 vanes? 40
 East and by south. why, then, I hope my ships
 I sent for Egypt and the bordering isles
 Are gotten up by Nilus' winding banks,
 Mine argosy from Alexandria,
 Loaden with spice and silks, now under sail, 45
 Are smoothly gliding down by Candy shore
 To Malta, through our Mediterranean sea.
 But who comes here? How now?

Enter a Merchant

Merch Barabas, thy ships are safe,
 Riding in Malta-road and all the merchants 50
 With other merchandise are safe arriv'd,
 And have sent me to know whether yourself
 Will come and custom them

Bar The ships are safe, thou say'st, and
 richly fraught?

Merch They are

Bar. Why then go bid them come ashore,
 And bring with them their bills of entry. 56
 I hope our credit in the custom-house
 Will serve as well as I were present there
 Go send 'em threescore camels, thirty mules,
 And twenty waggons to bring up the ware 60
 But art thou master in a ship of mine,
 And is thy credit not enough for that?

Merch The very custom barely comes to
 more

Than many merchants of the town are worth,
 And therefore far exceeds my credit, sir. 65

Bar Go tell 'em the Jew of Malta sent thee,
 man

Tush! who amongst 'em knows not Barabas?

Merch. I go

Bar. So then, there 's somewhat come
 Surrah, which of my ships art thou master of?

Merch Of the *Speranza*, sir

S. D. *Enter*: i.e., is revealed on inner stage 1 that return: the aforesaid profit 4 Samiotes: inhabitants of Samos ('Samintes' in Q) 11 Tell: count 12 seld-seen: rare 13 frame: guide, divert 14 from: away from 15 (Here Barabas comes forward from the inner stage.) 16 halcyon's: kingfisher's (Sir Thos Browne, *Pseudodoxia Ep*, bk iii ch x, discusses the vulgar error "that a king-fisher hanged by the bill sheweth in what quarter the wind is") 17 custom: see through the custom-house

Bar. And saw'st thou not
Mine argosy at Alexandria? 71
Thou could'st not come from Egypt, or by Caire,
But at the entry there into the sea,
Where Nilus pays his tribute to the main,
Thou needs must sail by Alexandria. 75

Merch. I neither saw them, nor inquir'd of
them
But thus we heard some of our seamen say,
They wond' red how you durst with so much
wealth

Trust such a crazed vessel, and so far
Bar Tush, they are wise! I know her and
her strength 80
But go, go thou thy ways, discharge thy ship,
And bid my factor bring his loading in

[*Exit Merch*]

And yet I wonder at this argosy

Enter a second Merchant

2 *Merch* Thine argosy from Alexandria,
Know, Barabas, doth ride in Malta-road, 85
Laden with riches, and exceeding store
Of Persian silks, of gold, and orient pearl

Bar How chance you came not with those
other ships
That sail'd by Egypt?

2 *Merch* Sir, we saw 'em not

Bar Belike they coasted round by Candy
shore 90

About their oils, or other businesses
But 't was ill done of you to come so far
Without the aid or conduct of their ships

2 *Merch* Sir, we were wafted by a Spanish
fleet,

That never left us till within a league, 95
That had the galleys of the Turk in chase

Bar O' they were going up to Sicily —
Well, go,

And bid the merchants and my men despatch
And come ashore, and see the fraught dis-
charg'd 100

2 *Merch* I go *Exit*

Bar Thus trowls our fortune in by land and
sea,

And thus are we on every side enrich'd
These are the blessings promis'd to the Jews,
And herein was old Abram's happiness. 105
What more may Heaven do for earthly man
Than thus to pour out plenty in their laps,
Ripping the bowels of the earth for them,
Making the sea their servant, and the winds
To drive their substance with successful blasts?
Who hateth me but for my happiness? 111

Or who is honour'd now but for his wealth?
Rather had I, a Jew, be hated thus,
Than pitied in a Christian poverty,
For I can see no fruits in all their faith, 115
But malice, falsehood, and excessive pride,
Which methinks fits not their profession.
Haply some hapless man hath conscience,
And for his conscience lives in beggary.
They say we are a scatter'd nation: 120
I cannot tell, but we have scambled up
More wealth by far than those that brag of
faith.

There's the Kirriah Jairim, the great Jew of Greece,
Obed in Barseeth, Nones in Portugal,
Myself in Malta, some in Italy, 125
Many in France, and wealthy every one;
Ay, wealthier far than any Christian.
I must confess we come not to be kings;
That 's not our fault alas, our number 's few,
And crowns come either by succession, 130
Or urg'd by force, and nothing violent,
Oft have I heard tell, can be permanent.
Give us a peaceful rule, make Christians kings,
That thirst so much for principality
I have no charge, nor many children, 135
But one sole daughter, whom I hold as dear
As Agamemnon did his Iphigen,
And all I have is hers But who comes here?

Enter three Jews

1 *Jew* Tush, tell not me, 't was done of
policy

2 *Jew* Come, therefore, let us go to Bara-
bas, 140

For he can counsel best in these affairs;

And here he comes

Bar Why, how now, countrymen!
Why flock you thus to me in multitudes?
What accident 's betided to the Jews?

1 *Jew* A fleet of warlike galleys, Barabas, 145
Are come from Turkey, and lie in our road;
And they this day sit in the council-house
To entertain them and their embassy.

Bar Why, let 'em come, so they come not
to war;

Or let 'em war, so we be conquerors — 150
Nay, let 'em combat, conquer, and kill all,
So they spare me, my daughter, and my wealth.

Aside.

1 *Jew* Were it for confirmation of a league,
They would not come in warlike manner thus.

2 *Jew* I fear their coming will afflict us all

Bar. Fond men! what dream you of their
multitudes? 156

⁷¹ *Egypt*: upper Egypt *Caire*: Cairo ⁸² *factor*: commercial agent *loading*: inventory of cargo
⁸⁴ *wafted*: conveyed ¹⁰⁰ *fraught*: freight ¹⁰⁸ *trowls*: rolls ¹⁰⁹ *servant*: ('servants' Q)
¹²¹ *scambled up*: amassed ¹³¹ *urg'd by force*: forcibly gained ¹³⁸ *charge*: burden ¹⁴² *here he*
¹⁴⁷ *they*: the Christian Knights of Malta ¹⁴⁶ *Fond*: foolish

What need they treat of peace that are in league?

The Turks and those of Malta are in league.
Tut, tut, there is some other matter in 't.

1 *Jew*. Why, Barabas, they come for peace or war. 160

Bar. Haply for neither, but to pass along Towards Venice by the Adriatic Sea;
With whom they have attempted many times,
But never could effect their stratagem.

3 *Jew*. And very wisely said. It may be so.

2 *Jew*. But there 's a meeting in the senate-house, 166

And all the Jews in Malta must be there.

Bar. Hum, all the Jews in Malta must be there?

Ay, like enough. Why, then, let every man Provide him, and be there for fashion-sake. 170
If anything shall there concern our state,
Assure yourselves I 'll look — unto myself

Aside.

1 *Jew*. I know you will. Well, brethren, let us go.

2 *Jew*. Let 's take our leaves. Farewell, good Barabas

Bar. Do so. Farewell, Zaaareth, farewell, Temainte [*Exeunt Jews*] 175

And, Barabas, now search this secret out;
Summon thy senses, call thy wits together:
These silly men mistake the matter clean
Long to the Turk did Malta contribute;
Which tribute, all in policy, I fear, 180
The Turks have let increase to such a sum
As all the wealth of Malta cannot pay,
And now by that advantage thinks, belike,
To seize upon the town' ay, that he seeks
Howe'er the world go, I 'll make sure for one,
And seek in time to intercept the worst, 186
Warily guarding that which I ha' got.

Ego mihi met sum semper proximus

Why, let 'em enter, let 'em take the town.

[*Exit*]

[SCENE II — Within the Senate-house]

Enter [*Ferneze,*] Governor of Malla, Knights,
[*and Officers,*] met by Bassoes of the Turk,
Calymath

Gov. Now, Bassoes, what demand you at our hands?

1 *Bas*. Know, Knights of Malta, that we came from Rhodes,

From Cyprus, Candy, and those other Isles
That lie betwixt the Mediterranean seas.

Gov. What 's Cyprus, Candy, and those other Isles 5

¹⁶⁸ With: against attempted: made raids
but even the great powers made contributions for the purpose of buying peace from the Turks.

¹⁶⁹ Altered from Terence (*Andria* iv 1 12): Proximus sum egomet mihi

⁵ Candy: Crete

¹⁶⁹ haply: perchance

To us or Malta? What at our hands demand ye?

Cal. The ten years' tribute that remains unpaid.

Gov. Alas! my lord, the sum is over-great,
I hope your highness will consider us.

Cal. I wish, grave governor, 't were in my power 10

To favour you, but 't is my father's cause,
Wherein I may not, nay, I dare not, dally.

Gov. Then give us leave, great Selim Calymath. [*Consults apart with the Knights.*]

Cal. Stand all aside, and let the knights determine,

And send to keep our galleys under sail, 15
For happily we shall not tarry here. —

Now, governor, how are you resolv'd?

Gov. Thus since your hard conditions are such

That you will needs have ten years' tribute past,
We may have time to make collection 20

Amongst the inhabitants of Malta for 't

1 *Bas*. That 's more than is in our commission

Cal. What, Callapine! a little courtesy

Let 's know their time, perhaps it is not long,
And 't is more kingly to obtain by peace 25

Than to enforce conditions by constraint.

What respite ask you, governor?

Gov. But a month

Cal. We grant a month, but see you keep your promise.

Now launch our galleys back again to sea,
Where we 'll attend the respite you have ta'en,

And for the money send our messenger 31
Farewell, great governor and brave Knights of Malta.

Gov. And all good fortune wait on Calymath! [*Exeunt* [*Calymath and Bassoes*].

Go one and call those Jews of Malta hither.
Were they not summon'd to appear to-day? 35

Off. They were, my lord, and here they come.

Enter Barabas and three Jews

1 *Knight*. Have you determin'd what to say to them?

Gov. Yes, give me leave: — and, Hebrews, now come near.

From the Emperor of Turkey is arriv'd
Great Selim Calymath, his highness' son, 40
To levy of us ten years' tribute past.

Now then, here know that it concerneth us —

Bar. Then, good my lord, to keep your quiet still,

Your lordship shall do well to let them have it.

¹⁷⁹ Unhistorical in the sense of formal tribute,
for the purpose of buying peace from the Turks.

¹ Bassoes: pashas

Gov. Soft, Barabas, there 's more longs to 't than so. 45

To what this ten years' tribute will amount,
That we have cast, but cannot compass it
By reason of the wars that robb'd our store;
And therefore are we to request your aid

Bar. Alas, my lord, we are no soldiers, 50
And what 's our aid against so great a prince?

1 *Knight.* Tut, Jew, we know thou art no soldier;

Thou art a merchant and a monied man,
And 't is thy money, Barabas, we seek 54

Bar. How, my lord! my money?

Gov. Thine and the rest
For, to be short, amongst you 't must be had.

1 *Jew.* Alas, my lord, the most of us are poor

Gov. Then let the rich increase your portions

Bar. Are strangers with your tribute to be tax'd? 60

2 *Knight* Have strangers leave with us to get their wealth?

Then let them with us contribute

Bar How! Equally?

Gov. No, Jew, like infidels
For through our sufferance of your hateful lives,

Who stand accursed in the sight of Heaven,
These taxes and afflictions are befall'n, 65

And therefore thus we are determined.

Read there the articles of our decrees

Reader. "First, the tribute-money of the
Turks shall all be levied amongst the Jews, and
each of them to pay one half of his estate " 70

Bar. How, half his estate? — I hope you mean not mine. [Aside]

Gov. Read on

Reader "Secondly, he that denies to pay
shall straight become a Christian "

Bar. How, a Christian? Hum, what 's here to do? [Aside] 75

Reader "Lastly, he that denies this shall
absolutely lose all he has "

All three *Jews.* O my lord, we will give half

Bar. O earth-mettl'd villains, and no Hebrews born!

And will you basely thus submit yourselves 80
To leave your goods to their arbitrament?

Gov. Why, Barabas, wilt thou be christened?

Bar. No, governor, I will be no convertite

Gov. Then pay thy half

Bar. Why, know you what you did by this device? 85

Half of my substance is a city's wealth
Governor, it was not got so easily;
Nor will I part so slightly therewithal.

46 longs: belongs 47 cast: reckoned
that of you Jews in general

Gov. Sir, half is the penalty of our decree
Either pay that, or we will seize on all. 90

[*Exeunt Officers, on a sign from Governor*]

Bar. *Corpo di Dio!* stay! you shall have half,
Let me be us'd but as my brethren are

Gov. No, Jew, thou hast denied the articles,
And now it cannot be recall'd

Bar. Will you then steal my goods? 95
Is theft the ground of your religion?

Gov. No, Jew, we take particularly thine
To save the ruin of a multitude;

And better one want for a common good
Than many perish for a private man. 100

Yet, Barabas, we will not banish thee,
But here in Malta, where thou gott'st thy

wealth,
Live still, and, if thou canst, get more.

Bar. Christians, what or how can I multiply?
Of naught is nothing made 105

1 *Knight* From naught at first thou cam'st
to little wealth,

From little unto more, from more to most.

If your first curse fall heavy on thy head,
And make thee poor and scorn'd of all the world,

'T is not our fault, but thy inherent sin 110
Bar What, bring you Scripture to confirm

your wrongs?
Preach me not out of my possessions

Some Jews are wicked, as all Christians are;
But say the tribe that I descended of

Were all in general cast away for sin, 115
Shall I be tried by their transgression?

The man that dealeth righteously shall live;
And which of you can charge me otherwise?

Gov. Out, wretched Barabas!
Sham'st thou not thus to justify thyself, 120

As if we knew not thy profession?
If thou rely upon thy righteousness,

Be patient and thy riches will increase
Excess of wealth is cause of covetousness

And covetousness, O, 't is a monstrous sin 125
Bar Ay, but theft is worse. Tush! take not

from me then,
For that is theft, and if you rob me thus,

I must be forc'd to steal and compass more.

1 *Knight.* Grave governor, list not to his ex-
claims.

Convert his mansion to a nunnery; 130

Enter Officers

His house will harbour many holy nuns.

Gov. It shall be so. Now, officers, have you
done?

Off. Ay, my lord, we have seiz'd upon the
goods

And wares of Barabas, which being valued,

compass: obtain 70 earth-mettl'd: earthy 108 your:

Amount to more than all the wealth in Malta. 135
And of the other we have seized half.

[*Gov.*] Then we 'll take order for the residue.

Bar. Well then, my lord, say, are you satisfied?

You have my goods, my money, and my wealth,
My ships, my store, and all that I enjoy'd, 140
And, having all, you can request no more,
Unless your unrelenting flinty hearts
Suppress all pity in your stony breasts,
And now shall move you to bereave my life

Gov. No, Barabas, to stain our hands with blood 145

Is far from us and our profession.

Bar. Why, I esteem the injury far less
To take the lives of miserable men
Than be the causers of their misery
You have my wealth, the labour of my life, 150
The comfort of mine age, my children's hope,
And therefore ne'er distinguish of the wrong.

Gov. Content thee, Barabas, thou hast naught but right

Bar. Your extreme right does me exceeding wrong

But take it to you, i' the devil's name 155

Gov. Come, let us in, and gather of these goods

The money for this tribute of the Turk.

1 *Knight.* 'Tis necessary that be look'd unto,

For if we break our day, we break the league,
And that will prove but simple policy. 160

Exeunt [*all except Barabas and the Jews*]

Bar. Ay, policy! that 's their profession,
And not simplicity, as they suggest
The plagues of Egypt, and the curse of Heaven,
Earth's barrenness, and all men's hatred

Inflict upon them, thou great *Primus Motor*! 165
And here upon my knees, striking the earth,
I ban their souls to everlasting pains

And extreme tortures of the fiery deep,
That thus have dealt with me in my distress

1 *Jew.* O yet be patient, gentle Barabas 170

Bar. O silly brethren, born to see this day,
Why stand you thus unmov'd with my laments?
Why weep you not to think upon my wrongs?
Why pine not I, and die in this distress?

1 *Jew.* Why, Barabas, as hardly can we brook 175

The cruel handling of ourselves in this
Thou seest they have taken half our goods

Bar. Why did you yield to their extortion?
You were a multitude, and I but one,
And of me only have they taken all. 180

1 *Jew.* Yet, Brother Barabas, remember Job.

Bar. What tell you me of Job? I wot his wealth

Was written thus: he had seven thousand sheep,

Three thousand camels, and two hundred yoke
Of labouring oxen, and five hundred 185

She-asses: but for every one of those,
Had they been valued at indifferent rate,
I had at home, and in mine argosy,

And other ships that came from Egypt last,
As much as would have bought his beasts and

him, 190

And yet have kept enough to live upon:
So that not he, but I may curse the day,

Thy fatal birth-day, forlorn Barabas,
And henceforth wish for an eternal night, 194

That clouds of darkness may enclose my flesh,
And hide these extreme sorrows from mine eyes:
For only I have toil'd to inherit here

The months of vanity and loss of time,
And painful nights have been appointed me

2 *Jew.* Good Barabas, be patient 200

Bar. Ay, ay;
Pray, leave me in my patience You that

Were ne'er possess'd of wealth, are pleas'd with want;

But give him liberty at least to mourn,
That in a field amidst his enemies 205

Doth see his soldiers slain, himself disarm'd,
And knows no means of his recovery

Ay, let me sorrow for this sudden chance,
'T is in the trouble of my spirit I speak;

Great injuries are not so soon forgot 210

1 *Jew.* Come, let us leave him, in his ireful mood

Our words will but increase his ecstasy.

2 *Jew.* On, then, but trust me 't is a misery
To see a man in such affliction. —

Farewell, Barabas! *Exeunt* [*the three Jews*]

Bar. Ay, fare you well 215

See the simplicity of these base slaves,
Who, for the villains have no wit themselves,

Think me to be a senseless lump of clay
That will with every water wash to dirt

No, Barabas is born to better chance, 220
And fram'd of finer mould than common men,
That measure naught but by the present time

A reaching thought will search his deepest wits,
And cast with cunning for the time to come:
For evils are apt to happen every day. — 225

Enter Abigail, the Jew's daughter

But whither wends my beauteous Abigail?

¹⁸⁶ other: other Jews ¹⁸⁸ distinguish: quibble ¹⁹⁰ simple: foolish ¹⁹³ written thus: cf Job 1:3
¹⁹⁷⁻¹⁹⁹ Cf Job vii:3. "So am I made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome nights are appointed to me" ²¹³ ecstasy: mad emotion ²¹⁷ for: because ²²³ reaching thought: ambitious thinker
²²⁴ cast: plot

O! what has made my lovely daughter sad?

What, woman! moan not for a little loss

Thy father has enough in store for thee

Abig Not for myself, but aged Barabas; 230
Father, for thee lamenteth Abigail.

But I will learn to leave these fruitless tears,

And, urg'd thereto with my afflictions,

With fierce exclams run to the senate-house,

And in the senate reprehend them all, 235

And rent their hearts with tearing of my hair,

Till they reduce the wrongs done to my father.

Bar No, Abigail, things past recovery

Are hardly cur'd with exclamations.

Be silent, daughter, sufferance breeds ease, 240

And time may yield us an occasion

Which on the sudden cannot serve the turn.

Besides, my girl, think me not all so fond

As negligently to forgo so much

Without provision for thyself and me 245

Ten thousand portagues, besides great pearls,

Rich costly jewels, and stones infinite,

Fearing the worst of this before it fell,

I closely hid

Abig Where, father?

Bar. In my house, my girl

Abig. Then shall they ne'er be seen of Bara-
bas 250

For they have seiz'd upon thy house and wares

Bar But they will give me leave once more,

I trow,

To go into my house

Abig That may they not

For there I left the governor placing nuns,

Displacing me, and of thy house they mean 255

To make a nunnery, where none but their own
sect

Must enter in, men generally barr'd

Bar My gold! my gold! and all my wealth
is gone!

You partial heavens, have I deserv'd this
plague?

What, will you thus oppose me, luckless stars,

To make me desperate in my poverty? 261

And knowing me impatient in distress,

Think me so mad as I will hang myself,

That I may vanish o'er the earth in air,

And leave no memory that e'er I was? 265

No, I will live; nor loathe I this my life:

And, since you leave me in the ocean thus

To sink or swim, and put me to thy shifts,

I'll rouse my senses and awake myself. 269

Daughter, I have it! Thou perceiv'st the plight

Wherein these Christians have oppress'd me

Be rul'd by me, for in extremity

We ought to make bar of no policy.

Abig. Father, whate'er it be to injure them

That have so manifestly wronged us, 275
What will not Abigail attempt?

Bar. Why, so

Then thus thou told'st me they have turn'd
my house

Into a nunnery, and some nuns are there?

Abig I did

Bar. Then, Abigail, there must my girl

Entreat the abbess to be entertain'd. 280

Abig How, as a nun?

Bar. Ay, daughter, for religion

Hides many mischiefs from suspicion

Abig Ay, but, father, they will suspect me
there.

Bar Let 'em suspect, but be thou so precise

As they may think it done of holiness 285

Entreat 'em fair, and give them friendly speech,

And seem to them as if thy sins were great,

Till thou hast gotten to be entertain'd

Abig Thus, father, shall I much dissemble.

Bar Tush!

As good dissemble that thou never mean'st, 290

As first mean truth and then dissemble it.

A counterfeit profession is better

Than unseen hypocrisy

Abig Well, father, say I be entertain'd,

What then shall follow?

Bar This shall follow then.

There have I hid, close underneath the plank 296

That runs along the upper-chamber floor,

The gold and jewels which I kept for thee

But here they come, be cunning, Abigail.

Abig Then, father, go with me

Bar No, Abigail, in this

It is not necessary I be seen, 301

For I will seem offended with thee for 't

Be close, my girl, for this must fetch my gold.

[*They retire.*]

Enter Three Friars and Two Nuns

1 *Friar* Sisters, 304

We now are almost at the new-made nunnery.

Abb The better, for we love not to be seen

'T is thirty winters long since some of us

Did stray so far amongst the multitude

1 *Friar* But, madam, this house

And waters of this new-made nunnery 310

Will much delight you

Abb It may be so, but who comes here?

[*Abigail comes forward*]

Abig. Grave abbess, and you, happy virgins'
guide,

Pity the state of a distressed maid.

Abb What art thou, daughter? 315

Abig. The hopeless daughter of a hapless

Jew,

²⁸⁶ rent: rend ²⁴⁶ portagues: large Portuguese gold coins (worth about £4) ²⁸⁰ entertain'd: ac-
cepted as an inmate ²⁹⁶ close: secretive S D Two Nuns: The first Nun is the Abbess. ³¹⁰ waters:
fountains

The Jew of Malta, wretched Barabas;
Sometimes the owner of a goodly house,
Which they have now turn'd to a nunnery

Abb. Well, daughter, say, what is thy suit
with us? 320

Abig. Fearing the afflictions which my father
feels

Proceed from sin, or want of faith, in us,
I'd pass away my life in penitence,
And be a novice in your nunnery,
To make atonement for my labouring soul. 325

1 *Friar.* No doubt, brother, but this pro-
ceedeth of the spirit.

2 *Friar.* Ay, and of a moving spirit too,
brother; but come,

Let us entreat she may be entertain'd.

Abb. Well, daughter, we admit you for a
nun. 329

Abig. First let me as a novice learn to frame
My solitary life to your strait laws,
And let me lodge where I was wont to lie
I do not doubt, by your divine precepts
And mine own industry, but to profit much

Bar. As much, I hope, as all I had is worth.
Aside.

Abb. Come, daughter, follow us 336

Bar [*Coming forward*] Why, how now, Abi-
gail!

What mak'st thou amongst these hateful Chris-
tians?

1 *Friar.* Hinder her not, thou man of little
faith, 339

For she has mortified herself.

Bar. How! mortified?

1 *Friar.* And is admitted to the sister-
hood.

Bar. Child of perdition, and thy father's
shame!

What wilt thou do among these hateful fiends?
I charge thee on my blessing that thou leave
These devils, and their damned heresy. 345

Abig. Father, give me — [*She goes to him*]

Bar. Nay, back, Abigail, —
Whispers to her.

And think upon the jewels and the gold;
The board is marked thus that covers it —
Away, accursed, from thy father's sight.

1 *Friar.* Barabas, although thou art in mis-
belief, 350

And wilt not see thine own afflictions,
Yet let thy daughter be no longer blind

Bar. Blind, friar; I reckon not thy persua-
sions, —

The board is marked thus + that covers it. —
[*Aside to Abigail in a whisper.*]

For I had rather die than see her thus 355
Wilt thou forsake me too in my distress,

Seduced daughter? — Go, forget not —

Aside to her.
Becomes it Jews to be so credulous? —
To-morrow early I'll be at the door.

Aside to her.
No, come not at me; if thou wilt be damn'd,
Forget me, see me not, and so be gone. — 361
Farewell, remember to-morrow morning. —

Aside.
Out, out, thou wretch!
[*Exeunt severally; as they are going out.*]

Enter Mathias

Math. Who's this? Fair Abigail, the rich
Jew's daughter,
Become a nun! Her father's sudden fall 365
Has humbled her and brought her down to
this

Tut, she were fitter for a tale of love,
Than to be tired out with orisons;
And better would she far become a bed,
Embraced in a friendly lover's arms, 370
Than rise at midnight to a solemn mass.

Enter Lodowick

Lod. Why, how now, Don Mathias! in a
dump?

Math. Believe me, noble Lodowick, I have
seen

The strangest sight, in my opinion,
That ever I beheld

Lod. What was 't, I prithee? 375
Math. A fair young maid, scarce fourteen
years of age,

The sweetest flower in Cytherea's field,
Cropt from the pleasures of the fruitful earth,
And strangely metamorphos'd [to a] nun.

Lod. But say, what was she?

Math. Why, the rich Jew's daughter
Lod. What, Barabas, whose goods were
lately seiz'd? 381

Is she so fair?

Math. And matchless beautiful,
As, had you seen her, 't would have mov'd your
heart,

Though countermur'd with walls of brass, to
love,

Or at the least to pity. 385

Lod. And if she be so fair as you report,
'T were time well spent to go and visit her.
How say you, shall we?

Math. I must and will, sir; there's no
remedy.

Lod. And so will I too, or it shall go hard.
Farewell, Mathias.

Math. Farewell, Lodowick 391
Exeunt [*severally*].

³²⁵ Sometimes: formerly ³⁴⁰ mortified herself: died to the world ³⁸⁸ reck: value ³⁷⁵ dump:
brown study ³⁸⁴ countermur'd: reinforced (Q 'countermin'd')

Actus Secundus[SCENE I. — *Before the New Nunnery.*]*Enter Barabas with a light*

Bar. Thus, like the sad presaging raven,
that tolls

The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,
And in the shadow of the silent night
Doth shake contagion from her sable wings,
Vex'd and tormented runs poor Barabas 5
With fatal curses towards these Christians.
The incertain pleasures of swift-footed Time
Have ta'en their flight, and left me in despair;
And of my former riches rests no more
But bare remembrance, like a soldier's scar, 10
That has no further comfort for his maim
O Thou, that with a fiery pillar led'st
The sons of Israel through the dismal shades,
Light Abraham's offspring, and direct the hand
Of Abigail this night, or let the day 15
Turn to eternal darkness after this!
No sleep can fasten on my watchful eyes,
Nor quiet enter my distemper'd thoughts,
Till I have answer of my Abigail

Enter Abigail above

Abig. Now have I happily espi'd a time 20
To search the plank my father did appoint,
And here behold, unseen, where I have found
The gold, the pearls, and jewels, which he hid

Bar. Now I remember those old women's
words, 24
Who in my wealth would tell me winter's tales,
And speak of spirits and ghosts that glide by
night

About the place where treasure hath been hid
And now methinks that I am one of those,
For whilst I live, here lives my soul's sole hope,
And, when I die, here shall my spirit walk 30

Abig. Now that my father's fortune were so
good

As but to be about this happy place!
'T is not so happy yet when we parted last,
He said he would attend me in the morn
Then, gentle sleep, where'er his body rests, 35
Give charge to Morpheus that he may dream
A golden dream, and of the sudden walk,
Come and receive the treasure I have found

Bar. *Bueno para todos mi ganado no es*
As good go on as sit so sadly thus 40
But stay, what star shines yonder in the east?
The loadstar of my life, if Abigail
Who's there?

Abig. Who's that?

Bar. Peace, Abigail, 't is I.

Abig. Then, father, here receive thy happiness.

Bar. Hast thou 't?

Abig. Here! *Throws down bags.*
Hast thou 't? 45

There's more, and more, and more.

Bar. O my girl!

My gold, my fortune, my felicity!
Strength to my soul, death to mine enemy!
Welcome, the first beginner of my bliss!
O Abigail, Abigail, that I had thee here too! 50
So Then my desires were fully satisfied:
But I will practise thy enlargement thence.
O girl! O gold! O beauty! O my bliss!

Hugs his bags.

Abig. Father, it draweth towards midnight
now,

And 'bout this time the nuns begin to wake, 55
To shun suspicion, therefore, let us part.

Bar. Farewell, my joy, and by my fingers
take

A kiss from him that sends it from his soul.

[*Exit Abigail above.*]

Now Phœbus ope the eyelids of the day,
And for the raven wake the morning lark, 60
That I may hover with her in the air,
Singing o'er these, as she does o'er her young.
Hermoso placer de los dineros! *Exit.*

[SCENE II]

*Enter Governor [Ferneze], Martin del Bosco,
the Knights*

Gov. Now, captain, tell us whither thou art
bound?

Whence is thy ship that anchors in our road?
And why thou cam'st ashore without our leave?

Bosc. Governor of Malta, hither am I bound;
My ship, *The Flying Dragon*, is of Spain, 5
And so am I del Bosco is my name,
Vice-admiral unto the Catholic King.

1 *Knigh.* 'T is true, my lord, therefore en-
treat him well

Bosc. Our fraught is Grecians, Turks, and
Afric Moors

For late upon the coast of Corsica, 10
Because we vail'd not to the Turkish fleet,
Their creeping galleys had us in the chase:
But suddenly the wind began to rise,
And then we luff'd and tack'd and fought at
ease

Some have we fir'd, and many have we sunk, 15

¹ passport: omen of death ^{12, 13} Cf Exodus xiii 21 ¹⁰ s D above: on the balcony ²⁷ walk: i.e., as a somnambulist ²⁸ "My earnings are not everybody's property" (Q 'Burn para todos, mi ganada no er') ²⁹ enlargement: liberation ³⁰ "What lovely pleasure money gives!" (Q 'Hermoso Placer, de les Denirch') ³¹ Catholic King: special title of the King of Spain ³² vail'd: lowered sail in homage Turkish: ('Spanish' Q) ³³ luff'd and tack'd: ('left, and tooke' Q)

But one amongst the rest became our prize.
The captain's slain, the rest remain our slaves,
Of whom we would make sale in Malta here.

Gov. Martin del Bosco, I have heard of thee.
Welcome to Malta, and to all of us, 20
But to admit a sale of these thy Turks
We may not, nay, we dare not, give consent
By reason of a tributary league.

1 *Knight.* Del Bosco, as thou lov'st and
honour'st us,
Persuade our governor against the Turk; 25
This truce we have is but in hope of gold,
And with that sum he craves might we wage
war

Bosc. Will Knights of Malta be in league
with Turks,

And buy it basely too for sums of gold?
My lord, remember that, to Europe's shame, 30
The Christian Isle of Rhodes, from whence you
came,

Was lately lost, and you were stated here
To be at deadly enmity with Turks.

Gov. Captain, we know it, but our force is
small

Bosc. What is the sum that Calymath re-
quires? 35

Gov. A hundred thousand crowns.

Bosc. My lord and king hath title to this isle,
And he means quickly to expel you hence,
Therefore be rul'd by me, and keep the gold
I'll write unto his majesty for aid, 40
And not depart until I see you free

Gov. On this condition shall thy Turks be
sold

Go, officers, and set them straight in show

[*Exeunt Officers*]

Bosco, thou shalt be Malta's general,
We and our warlike Knights will follow thee 45
Against these barbarous misbelieving Turks

Bosc. So shall you imitate those you suc-
ceed:

For when their hideous force environ'd Rhodes,
Small though the number was that kept the
town,

They fought it out, and not a man surviv'd 50
To bring the hapless news to Christendom

Gov. So will we fight it out. Come, let's
away!

Proud daring Calymath, instead of gold,
We'll send thee bullets wrapp'd in smoke and
fire

Claim tribute where thou wilt, we are resolv'd,
Honour is bought with blood and not with
gold 56

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III — *The Market-Place*]

Enter Officers with [Ithmore and other] Slaves

1 *Off.* This is the market-place, here let 'em
stand.

Fear not their sale, for they'll be quickly
bought.

2 *Off.* Every one's price is written on his
back,

And so much must they yield or not be sold

1 *Off.* Here comes the Jew, had not his
goods been seiz'd, 5

He'd give us present money for them all.

Enter Barabas

Bar. [*Aside*] In spite of these swine-eating
Christians, —

Unchosen nation, never circumcis'd,
Such as (poor villains!) were ne'er thought
upon

Till Titus and Vespasian conquer'd us, — 10
Am I become as wealthy as I was

They hop'd my daughter would ha' been a nun,
But she's at home, and I have bought a house
As great and fair as is the governor's,

And there in spite of Malta will I dwell, 15
Having Ferneze's hand, whose heart I'll have,
Ay, and his son's too, or it shall go hard.

I am not of the tribe of Levi, I,
That can so soon forget an injury 19

We Jews can fawn like spaniels when we please,
And when we grin we bite, yet are our looks
As innocent and harmless as a lamb's.

I learn'd in Florence how to kiss my hand,
Heave up my shoulders when they call me
dog,

And duck as low as any barefoot friar; 25
Hoping to see them starve upon a stall,

Or else be gather'd for in our synagogue,
That, when the offering-basin comes to me,
Even for charity I may spit into 't

Here comes Don Lodowick, the governor's son,
One that I love for his good father's sake 31

Enter Lodowick

Lod. I hear the wealthy Jew walked this
way.

I'll seek him out, and so insinuate,
That I may have a sight of Abigail,
For Don Mathias tells me she is fair. 35

Bar. [*Aside*] Now will I show myself
To have more of the serpent than the dove,
That is — more knave than fool

²⁰⁻²² Historically correct Sultan Solymhan II conquered Rhodes in 1522 from the Knights of St John, to whom the Emperor Charles V then gave the island of Malta ²³ stated: established
³⁰ not a man surviv'd: Incorrect The Knights evacuated Rhodes with their arms and property
⁶ present: ready ¹⁶ hand: written guarantee ¹⁹ tribe of Levi: the priestly, consecrated tribe of Israel ²⁴ Florence: Machiavelli's city ²⁵ stall: bench for petty merchandise

Lod. Yond walks the Jew, now for fair
Abigail

Bar. [*Aside.*] Ay, ay, no doubt but she 's at
your command. 40

Lod. Barabas, thou know'st I am the gover-
nor's son.

Bar. I would you were his father, too, sir,
That's all the harm I wish you. [*Aside.*] The
slave looks

Like a hog's-cheek new singed

Lod. Whither walk'st thou, Barabas? 45

Bar. No further. 't is a custom held with
us,

That when we speak with Gentiles like to you,
We turn into the air to purge ourselves

For unto us the promise doth belong

Lod. Well, Barabas, canst help me to a dia-
mond? 50

Bar. O, sir, your father had my diamonds
Yet I have one left that will serve your turn —
I mean my daughter but ere he shall have her
I 'll sacrifice her on a pile of wood
I ha' the poison of the city for him, 55

And the white leprosy *Aside*

Lod. What sparkle does it give without a
foil? 60

Bar. The diamond that I talk of ne'er was
foil'd —

[*Aside*] But when he touches it, it will be
foil'd —

Lord Lodowick, it sparkles bright and fair 60

Lod. Is it square or pointed, pray let me
know

Bar. Pointed it is, good sir — but not for
you *Aside*

Lod. I like it much the better.

Bar. So do I too.

Lod. How shows it by night?

Bar. Outshines Cynthia's rays

— You 'll like it better far o' nights than days.
Aside.

Lod. And what 's the price? 66

Bar. [*Aside*] Your life and if you have it —
O my lord,

We will not jar about the price, come to my
house

And I will give 't your honour — with a ven-
geance *Aside.*

Lod. No, Barabas, I will deserve it first. 70

Bar. Good sir,

Your father has deserv'd it at my hands,
Who, of mere charity and Christian ruth,

To bring me to religious purity,
And as it were in catechising sort, 75

To make me mindful of my mortal sins,
Against my will, and whether I would or no,
Seiz'd all I had, and thrust me out o' doors,

And made my house a place for nuns most
chaste.

Lod. No doubt your soul shall reap the fruit
of it. 80

Bar. Ay, but, my lord, the harvest is far
off.

And yet I know the prayers of those nuns
And holy friars, having money for their pains,
Are wondrous; — and indeed do no man good —
Aside.

And seeing they are not idle, but still doing, 85
'T is likely they in time may reap some fruit,
I mean in fulness of perfection

Lod. Good Barabas, glance not at our holy
nuns

Bar. No, but I do it through a burning
zeal, —

Hoping ere long to set the house afire; 90
For though they do a while increase and
multiply,

I 'll have a saying to that nunnery. — *Aside.*
As for the diamond, sir, I told you of,
Come home and there 's no price shall make
us part,

Even for your honourable father's sake — 95
It shall go hard but I will see your death —
Aside.

But now I must be gone to buy a slave
Lod. And, Barabas, I 'll bear thee company.

Bar. Come then Here 's the market-place.
What 's the price of this slave? Two hundred
crowns! 100

Do the Turks weigh so much?

1 *Off.* Sir, that 's his price.

Bar. What, can he steal that you demand
so much?

Belike he has some new trick for a purse;
And if he has, he is worth three hundred plates,
So that, being bought, the town-seal might be
got 105

To keep him for his lifetime from the gallows.
The sessions day is critical to thieves,

And few or none 'scape but by being purg'd

Lod. Rat'st thou this Moor but at two hun-
dred plates? 110

1 *Off.* No more, my lord

Bar. Why should this Turk be dearer than
that Moor?

1 *Off.* Because he is young and has more
qualities.

Bar. What, hast the philosopher's stone?
And thou hast, break my head with it, I 'll for-
give thee. 115

Slave. No, sir; I can cut and shave.

Bar. Let me see, sirrah, are you not an old
shaver?

Slave. Alas, sir! I am a very youth.

⁴⁰ Yond: yonder ⁵⁷ foil: metal setting ⁵⁹ foil'd: defiled ⁶⁶ have a saying to: settle accounts
with ¹⁰⁴ plates: silver coins ¹¹⁴ And: An, if

Bar. A youth? I 'll buy you, and marry 120
you to Lady Vanity, if you do well.

Slave. I will serve you, sir.

Bar. Some wicked trick or other. It may be,
under colour of shaving, thou 'lt cut my throat
for my goods. Tell me, hast thou thy health
well? 126

Slave. Ay, passing well.

Bar. So much the worse, I must have one
that 's sickly, an 't be but for sparing victuals:
't is not a stone of beef a day will maintain 130
you in these chops, let me see one that 's somewhat
leaner.

1 *Off* Here 's a leaner How like you him?

Bar. Where wast thou born?

Ilh. In Thrace; brought up in Arabia. 135

Bar. So much the better, thou art for my
turn

An hundred crowns? I 'll have him, there 's
the coin [*Gives money*]

1 *Off* Then mark him, sir, and take him
hence.

Bar. Ay, mark him, you were best, for this
is he

That by my help shall do much villainy. 140
[*Aside.*]

My lord, farewell. Come, sirrah, you are mine.
As for the diamond, it shall be yours;
I pray, sir, be no stranger at my house,
All that I have shall be at your command.

Enter Mathias and his Mother [Katherine]

Math What makes the Jew and Lodowick
so private? 145

I fear me 't is about fair Abigail [*Aside*]

Bar Yonder comes Don Mathias, let us
stay,

He loves my daughter, and she holds him dear:
But I have sworn to frustrate both their hopes,
And be reveng'd upon the — governor 150

[*Exit Lodowick*]

Kath This Moor is comeliest, is he not?
Speak, son

Math No, this is the better, mother; view
this well

[*Kath scrutinizes one of the slaves.*]

Bar Seem not to know me here before your
mother,

Lest she mistrust the match that is in hand
When you have brought her home, come to my
house, 155

Think of me as thy father; son, farewell

Math But wherefore talk'd Don Lodowick
with you?

Bar Tush! man, we talk'd of diamonds, not
of Abigail.

Kath. Tell me, Mathias, is not that the
Jew?

Bar. As for the comment on the Maccabees,
I have it, sir, and 't is at your command 161

Math. Yes, madam, and my talk with him
was

About the borrowing of a book or two.

Kath. Converse not with him, he is cast off
from heaven.

Thou hast thy crowns, fellow Come, let 's
away 165

Math Sirrah, Jew, remember the book.

Bar Marry will I, sir

Exeunt [Mathias and his Mother]

Off Come, I have made
A reasonable market, let 's away.

[*Exeunt Officers with Slaves.*]

Bar Now let me know thy name, and there-
withal

Thy birth, condition, and profession. 170

Ilh Faith, sir, my birth is but mean, my
name 's

Ithumore; my profession what you please.

Bar Hast thou no trade? Then listen to
my words,

And I will teach that that shall stick by thee:
First be thou void of these affections, 175

Compassion, love, vain hope, and heartless fear;
Be mov'd at nothing, see thou pity none,

But to thyself smile when the Christians moan
Ilh O brave Master! I worship your nose
for this

Bar As for myself, I walk abroad o' nights
And kill sick people groaning under walls: 181

Sometimes I go about and poison wells;
And now and then, to cherish Christian thieves,

I am content to lose some of my crowns,
That I may, walking in my gallery, 185

See 'em go pinion'd along by my door
Being young, I studied physick, and began

To practise first upon the Italian,
There I enrich'd the priests with burials,

And always kept the sextons' arms in ure 190
With digging graves and ringing dead men's
knells

And after that was I an engineer,
And in the wars 'twixt France and Germany,

Under pretence of helping Charles the Fifth,
Slew friend and enemy with my stratagems. 195

Then after that was I an usurer,
And with extorting, cozening, forfeiting,

And tricks belonging unto brokery,

120-121 youth . . . Lady Vanity: (alluding to the interlude of *Lusty Juventus*) 120 an 't: ('and' Q)
130 a stone: 14 pounds 138 turn: purpose 144 s d ('Enter Mathias, Mater' Q) 147 stay: break off
166 fellow: (addressed to Officer) 169 (The scene now changes to the street in front of Barabas' house)
174 that that: ('that' Q) 179 nose: (Barabas wore a large artificial nose, the stage mark of the usurer)
190 ure: exercise

I fill'd the jails with bankrou^{ts} in a year,
 And with young orphans planted hospital^s, 200
 And every moon made some or other mad,
 And now and then one hang himself for grief,
 Pinning upon his breast a long great scroll
 How I with interest tormented him
 But mark how I am blest for plaguing them,
 I have as much coin as will buy the town. 206
 But tell me now, how hast thou spent thy
 time?

Ilh. 'Faith, master,
 In setting Christian villages on fire,
 Chaining of eunuchs, binding galley-slaves 210
 One time I was an hostler in an inn,
 And in the night-time secretly would I steal
 To travellers' chambers, and there cut their
 throats

Once at Jerusalem, where the pilgrims kneel'd,
 I strowed powder on the marble stones, 215
 And therewithal their knees would rankle so,
 That I have laugh'd a-good to see the cripples
 Go lumping home to Christendom on stilts

Bar. Why this is something Make account
 of me

As of thy fellow we are villains both, 220
 Both circumcised, we hate Christians both
 Be true and secret, thou shalt want no gold
 But stand aside, here comes Don Lodowick

Enter Lodowick

Lod. O Barabas, well met;
 Where is the diamond you told me of? 225

Bar. I have it for you, sir, please you walk
 in with me

What ho, Abigail! open the door, I say

Enter Abigail [with letters]

Abig. In good time, father, here are letters
 come

From Ormus, and the post stays here within

Bar. Give me the letters — Daughter, do
 you hear? 230

Entertain Lodowick, the governor's son,
 With all the courtesy you can afford,
 Provided that you keep your maidenhead
 Use him as if he were a Philistine,
 Dissemble, swear, protest, vow to love him, 235
 He is not of the seed of Abraham — *Aside.*
 I am a little busy, sir, pray pardon me
 Abigail, bid him welcome for my sake.

Abig. For your sake and his own he 's wel-
 come hither.

Bar. Daughter, a word more Kiss him;
 speak him fair, 240

And like a cunning Jew so cast about,
 That ye be both made sure ere you come out.

[Aside]

Abig. O father! Don Mathias is my love.

Bar. I know it. yet I say, make love to him;
 Do, it is requisite it should be so — *[Aside.]*
 Nay, on my life, it is my factor's hand — 246
 But go you in, I 'll think upon the account.

[Exeunt Abigail and Lodowick into the house]

The account is made, for Lodowick — dies.
 My factor sends me word a merchant 's fled
 That owes me for a hundred tun of wine. 250
 I weigh it thus much *[snapping his fingers]*, I
 have wealth enough.

For now by this has he kiss'd Abigail;
 And she vows love to him, and he to her.
 As sure as Heaven rain'd manna for the Jews,
 So sure shall he and Don Mathias die: 255
 His father was my chiefest enemy.

Enter Mathias

Whither goes Don Mathias? Stay awhile.

Math. Whither, but to my fair love Abigail?

Bar. Thou know'st, and Heaven can witness
 it is true,

That I intend my daughter shall be thine 260

Math. Ay, Barabas, or else thou wrong'st
 me much

Bar. O, Heaven forbid I should have such a
 thought

Pardon me though I weep the governor's son
 Will, whether I will or no, have Abigail

He sends her letters, bracelets, jewels, rings

Math. Does she receive them? 266

Bar. She? No, Mathias, no, but sends them
 back,

And when he comes, she locks herself up fast;
 Yet through the keyhole will he talk to her,
 While she runs to the window looking out, 270
 When you should come and hale him from the
 door

Math. O treacherous Lodowick!

Bar. Even now as I came home, he slipp'd
 me in,

And I am sure he is with Abigail.

Math. I 'll rouse him thence. 275

Bar. Not for all Malta, therefore sheathe
 your sword

If you love me, no quarrels in my house;
 But steal you in, and seem to see him not,
 I 'll give him such a warning ere he goes
 As he shall have small hopes of Abigail. 280
 Away, for here they come.

Enter Lodowick, Abigail

Math. What, hand in hand! I cannot suffer
 this.

Bar. Mathias, as thou lov'st me, not a word.

¹⁹⁹ bankrou^{ts}: bankrupts ²⁰⁰ planted hospital^s: filled the poorhouses ²¹⁶ rankle: fester
²¹⁷ a-good: heartily ²¹⁸ stilts: crutches ²¹⁹ Ormus: city on Persian Gulf, famed for exotic wealth
 (cf *Paradise Lost* II 3) ²²² made sure: betrothed

Math. Well, let it pass, another time shall serve. *Exit [into the house].*

Lod. Barabas, is not that the widow's son?

Bar. Ay, and take heed, for he hath sworn your death. ²⁸⁶

Lod. My death? What, is the base-born peasant mad?

Bar. No, no, but happily he stands in fear Of that which you, I think, ne'er dream upon, My daughter here, a paltry silly girl. ²⁹⁰

Lod. Why, loves she Don Mathias?

Bar. Doth she not with her smiling answer you?

Abig. [Aside.] He has my heart; I smile against my will.

Lod. Barabas, thou know'st I have lov'd thy daughter long.

Bar. And so has she done you, even from a child. ²⁹⁵

Lod. And now I can no longer hold my mind

Bar. Nor I the affection that I bear to you

Lod. This is thy diamond Tell me, shall I have it?

Bar. Win it, and wear it, it is yet unsoil'd. O! but I know your lordship would disdain 300 To marry with the daughter of a Jew;

And yet I 'll give her many a golden cross With Christian posies round about the ring

Lod. 'T is not thy wealth, but her that I esteem;

Yet crave I thy consent. ³⁰⁵

Bar. And mine you have, yet let me talk to her. —

This offspring of Cain, this Jebusite, *Aside.* That never tasted of the Passover,

Nor e'er shall see the land of Canaan, Nor our Messias that is yet to come; — ³¹⁰

This gentle maggot, Lodowick, I mean, — *[Aloud]*

Must be deluded Let him have thy hand, But keep thy heart till Don Mathias comes. *[Aside]*

Abig. What, shall I be betroth'd to Lodowick?

Bar. It's no sin to deceive a Christian; 315 For they themselves hold it a principle,

Faith is not to be held with heretics, But all are heretics that are not Jews.

This follows well, and therefore, daughter, fear not — *[Aside]*

I have entreated her, and she will grant ³²⁰

Lod. Then, gentle Abigail, plight thy faith to me.

Abig. I cannot choose, seeing my father bids Nothing but death shall part my love and me.

Lod. Now have I that for which my soul hath long'd. ³²⁴

Bar. So have not I, but yet I hope I shall. *Aside*

Abig. [Aside.] O wretched Abigail, what hast thou done?

Lod. Why on the sudden is your colour chang'd?

Abig. I know not, but farewell, I must be gone.

Bar. Stay her, but let her not speak one word more

Lod. Mute o' the sudden! Here's a sudden change ³³⁰

Bar. O, muse not at it, 't is the Hebrews' guise,

That maidens new betroth'd should weep awhile

Trouble her not, sweet Lodowick, depart.

She is thy wife, and thou shalt be mine heir

Lod. O, is 't the custom? Then I am resolv'd ³³⁵

But rather let the brightsome heavens be dim, And nature's beauty choke with stifling clouds,

Than my fair Abigail should frown on me — There comes the villain, now I 'll be reveng'd.

Enter Mathias

Bar. Be quiet, Lodowick, it is enough 340 That I have made thee sure to Abigail

Lod. Well, let him go. *Exit.*

Bar. Well, but for me, as you went in at doors

You had been stabb'd, but not a word on 't now;

Here must no speeches pass, nor swords be drawn ³⁴⁵

Math. Suffer me, Barabas, but to follow him.

Bar. No, so shall I, if any hurt be done, Be made an accessory of your deeds

Revenge it on him when you meet him next

Math. For this I 'll have his heart ³⁵⁰

Bar. Do so; lo, here I give thee Abigail

Math. What greater gift can poor Mathias have?

Shall Lodowick rob me of so fair a love? My life is not so dear as Abigail

Bar. My heart misgives me, that, to cross your love, ³⁵⁵

He's with your mother; therefore after him

Math. What, is he gone unto my mother?

Bar. Nay, if you will, stay till she comes herself.

Math. I cannot stay; for if my mother come, She 'll die with grief. ³⁶⁰

Exit.

²⁸⁴⁻²⁸⁵ (Contrast I ii 382 ff)

³⁰² cross:

crusado (Portuguese coin)

³⁰³ posies: mottoes

²⁹⁷ Jebusite: alien, non-Jew (cf Judges xix. 12)

³¹⁹ follows well: is logical

³²⁶ thou: ('thee' Q)

³²¹ guise: custom ³²⁵ resolv'd: satisfied

Abig. I cannot take my leave of him for tears

Father, why have you thus incens'd them both?

Bar. What 's that to thee?

Abig. I 'll make 'em friends again

Bar. You 'll make 'em friends! Are there not Jews enow 364

In Malta, but thou must dote upon a Christian?

Abig. I will have Don Mathias, he is my love.

Bar. Yes, you shall have him. — Go, put her in

Ith. Ay, I 'll put her in [*Puts Abigail in*]

Bar. Now tell me, Ithmore, how lik'st thou this?

Ith. Faith, master, I think by this 370

You purchase both their lives, is it not so?

Bar. True, and it shall be cunningly perform'd

Ith. O master, that I might have a hand in this!

Bar. Ay, so thou shalt, 't is thou must do the deed

Take this, and bear it to Mathias straight, 375

[*Gives a letter*]

And tell him that it comes from Lodowick

Ith. 'T is poison'd, is it not?

Bar. No, no, and yet it might be done that way.

It is a challenge feign'd from Lodowick 379

Ith. Fear not; I 'll so set his heart afire,

That he shall verily think it comes from him

Bar. I cannot choose but like thy readiness

Yet be not rash, but do it cunningly

Ith. As I behave myself in this, employ me hereafter

Bar. Away then Exit [*Ithmore*]

So, now will I go in to Lodowick, 386

And, like a cunning spirit, feign some lie,
Till I have set 'em both at enmity Exit.

Actus Tertius

[SCENE I. — A Street]

*Enter [*Bellamira*], a Courtesan*

Bell. Since this town was besieg'd, my gain grows cold

The time has been that, but for one bare night, A hundred ducats have been freely given.

But now against my will I must be chaste, And yet I know my beauty doth not fail. 5

From Venice merchants, and from Padua Were wont to come rare-witted gentlemen,

Scholars I mean, learned and liberal,

And now, save Pilia-Borza, comes there none,

And he is very seldom from my house, 10

And here he comes

Enter Pilia-Borza

Pilia. Hold thee, wench, there 's something for thee to spend [*Shows a bag of silver.*]

Bell. 'T is silver. I disdain it.

Pilia. Ay, but the Jew has gold, 15
And I will have it, or it shall go hard.

Bell. Tell me, how cam'st thou by this?

Pilia. Faith, walking the back-lanes, through the gardens, I chanc'd to cast mine eye up to the Jew's counting-house, where I saw some 20 bags of money, and in the night I clamber'd up with my hooks, and, as I was taking my choice, I heard a rumbling in the house, so I took only this, and run my way. But here 's the Jew's man 25

Enter Ithmore

Bell. Hide the bag

Pilia. Look not towards him, let's away.
Zoons, what a looking thou keep'st, thou 'lt betray 's anon

[*Exeunt Bellamira and Pilia-Borza*]

Ith. O the sweetest face that ever I beheld! I know she is a courtesan by her attire. Now 30 would I give a hundred of the Jew's crowns that I had such a concubine

Well, I have deliver'd the challenge in such sort, As meet they will, and fighting die; brave sport! Exit.

[SCENE II. — Street, beside Barabas' house]

Enter Mathias

Math. This is the place, now Abigail shall see

Whether Mathias holds her dear or no.

Enter Lodowick

Math. What, dares the villain write in such base terms?

Lod. I did it, and revenge it if thou dar'st.

Fight enter Barabas, above

Bar. O bravely fought! and yet they thrust not home. 5

Now, Lodowick! now, Mathias! So —

[*Both fall*]
So now they have show'd themselves to be tall fellows

[*Cries*] within Part 'em, part 'em.

Bar. Ay, part 'em now they are dead. Farewell, farewell. Exit.

*Enter Governor, Mater [*s e*], Katherine]*

Gov. What sight is this! — my Lodowick slain! 10

¹ Since . . . besieg'd: The siege does not begin till later (cf. Sc. v. below), this scene is probably misplaced and spurious Sc ii ² s D ('Enter Lodowick, reading' Q) ³ tall: valiant

These arms of mine shall be thy sepulchre.

Mater. Who is this? My son Mathias slain?

Gov. O Lodowick! had'st thou perish'd by the Turk,

Wretched Ferneze might have veng'd thy death

Mater. Thy son slew mine, and I 'll revenge his death 15

Gov. Look, Katherine, look! — thy son gave mine these wounds.

Mater. O leave to grieve me, I am griev'd enough.

Gov. O that my sighs could turn to lively breath;

And these my tears to blood, that he might live!

Mater. Who made them enemies? 20

Gov. I know not, and that grieves me most of all

Mater. My son lov'd thine

Gov. And so did Lodowick him.

Mater. Lend me that weapon that did kill my son,

And it shall murder me

Gov. Nay, madam, stay, that weapon was my son's, 25

And on that rather should Ferneze die

Mater. Hold, let's inquire the causers of their deaths,

That we may venge their blood upon their heads

Gov. Then take them up, and let them be interr'd

Within one sacred monument of stone, 30

Upon which altar I will offer up

My daily sacrifice of sighs and tears,

And with my prayers pierce impartial heavens,

Till they reveal the causers of our smarts,

Which forc'd their hands divide united hearts.

Come, Katherine, our losses equal are, 36

Then of true grief let us take equal share

Exeunt [with the bodies]

[SCENE III — *House of Barabas.*]

Enter Ithmore

Ith. Why, was there ever seen such villainy, So neatly plotted, and so well perform'd? Both held in hand, and flatly both beguil'd?

Enter Abigail

Abig. Why, how now, Ithmore, why laugh'st thou so?

Ith. O mistress, ha! ha! ha! 5

Abig. Why, what ail'st thou?

Ith. O my master!

Abig. Ha!

Ith. O mistress! I have the bravest, gravest, secret, subtle, bottle-nos'd knave to my master, that ever gentleman had 11

Abig. Say, knave, why rail'st upon my father thus?

Ith. O, my master has the bravest policy.

Abig. Wherein?

Ith. Why, know you not? 15

Abig. Why, no.

Ith. Know you not of Mathias' and Don Lodowick's disaster?

Abig. No, what was it?

Ith. Why, the devil invented a challenge, [20] my master writ it, and I carried it, first to Lodowick, and *imprimis* to Mathias And then they met, and, as the story says, In doleful wise they ended both their days

Abig. And was my father furtherer of their deaths? 25

Ith. Am I Ithmore?

Abig. Yes

Ith. So sure did your father write, and I carry the challenge

Abig. Well, Ithmore, let me request thee this 30

Go to the new-made nunnery, and inquire

For any of the friars of Saint Jaques,

And say, I pray them come and speak with me

Ith. I pray, mistress, will you answer me to one question? 35

Abig. Well, sirrah, what is 't?

Ith. A very feeling one: have not the nuns fine sport with the friars now and then?

Abig. Go to, sirrah sauce, is this your question? Get ye gone 40

Ith. I will, forsooth, mistress. Exit

Abig. Hard-hearted father, unkind Barabas! Was this the pursuit of thy policy?

To make me show them favour severally, 44

That by my favour they should both be slain?

Admit thou lov'd'st not Lodowick for his sire,

Yet Don Mathias ne'er offended thee:

But thou wert set upon extreme revenge,

Because the sire disposess'd thee once,

And could'st not venge it, but upon his son, 50

Nor on his son, but by Mathias' means;

Nor on Mathias, but by murdering me

But I perceive there is no love on earth,

Pity in Jews, nor piety in Turks 54

But here comes cursed Ithmore, with the friar.

Enter Ithmore, Friar [Jacomo]

F. Jac. *Virgo, salve*

Ith. When'st thou duk you!

¹¹ *impartial*: unfriendly ²⁴ *reveal*: (Not in Q) ³ *held in hand*: kept in suspense ²² *imprimis*: first (Ithmore does not know the word's meaning) ²³ *and*: (Not in Q) ²⁵ *friars of Saint Jaques*: Jacobins, French Dominicans ('St Iaynes' Q) ⁴⁴ *pursuit*: aim ⁴⁵ *sire*: ('sinne' Q) ⁴⁶ *sire*: ('Pryor' Q) ⁴⁷ *When*: exclamation of impatience ⁴⁸ *duck*: make obeisance

Abg. Welcome, grave friar; Ithimore, begone.

Exit [Ithimore]
Know, holy sir, I am bold to solicit thee.

F. Jac. Wherein? 60

Abg. To get me be admitted for a nun

F. Jac. Why, Abigail, it is not yet long since
That I did labour thy admission,
And then thou did'st not like that holy life.

Abg. Then were my thoughts so frail and
unconfirm'd, 65

And I was chain'd to follies of the world
But now experience, purchased with grief,
Has made me see the difference of things.
My sinful soul, alas, hath pac'd too long
The fatal labyrinth of misbelief, 70
Far from the Sun that gives eternal life

F. Jac. Who taught thee this?

Abg. The abbess of the house,
Whose zealous admonition I embrace.

O, therefore, Jacomo, let me be one,
Although unworthy, of that sisterhood. 75

F. Jac. Abigail, I will, but see thou change
no more,

For that will be most heavy to thy soul

Abg. That was my father's fault

F. Jac. Thy father's! how?

Abg. Nay, you shall pardon me [*Aside*]
O Barabas,

Though thou deservest hardly at my hands, 80
Yet never shall these lips bewray thy life

F. Jac. Come, shall we go?

Abg. My duty waits on you
Exeunt

[SCENE IV — *The Same*]

Enter Barabas, reading a letter

Bar. What, Abigail become a nun again!
False and unkind, what, hast thou lost thy
father?

And all unknown, and unconstrain'd of me,
Art thou again got to the nunnery?
Now here she writes, and wills me to repent 5
Repentance! *Spurca!* what pretendeth this?

I fear she knows — 't is so — of my device
In Don Mathias' and Lodovico's deaths
If so, 't is time that it be seen into, 10
For she that varies from me in belief
Gives great presumption that she loves me not;
Or loving, doth dislike of something done.
But who comes here?

[*Enter Ithimore*]

O Ithimore, come near;
Come near, my love; come near, thy master's
life.

My trusty servant, nay, my second self. 15

^a *bewray*: expose ^b *unkind*: unnatural ^c *Spurca*: fie! ^d *pretendeth*: portendeth ^e *self*:
(*'life'* Q) ^f *mov'd*: enraged ^g *'less*: unless (*'least'* Q) ^h *hold*: wager

For I have now no hope but even in thee,
And on that hope my happiness is built.
When saw'st thou Abigail?

Ith. To-day.

Bar. With whom?

Ith. A friar

Bar. A friar! false villain, he hath done the
deed 20

Ith. How, sir?

Bar. Why, made mine Abigail a nun.

Ith. That 's no lie, for she sent me for him.

Bar. O unhappy day!

False, credulous, inconstant Abigail!

But let 'em go and, Ithimore, from hence 25
Ne'er shall she grieve me more with her dis-
grace,

Ne'er shall she live to inherit aught of mine,

Be blest of me, nor come within my gates,

But perish underneath my bitter curse,

Like Cain by Adam for his brother's death. 30

Ith. O master!

Bar. Ithimore, entreat not for her, I am
mov'd,

And she is hateful to my soul and me:

And 'less thou yield to this that I entreat,

I cannot think but that thou hat'st my life 35

Ith. Who, I, master? Why, I 'll run to some
rock,

And throw myself headlong into the sea;

Why, I 'll do anything for your sweet sake

Bar. O trusty Ithimore, no servant, but my
friend,

I here adopt thee for mine only heir, 40

All that I have is thine when I am dead,

And whilst I live use half, spend as myself.

Here take my keys, — I 'll give 'em thee anon.
Go buy thee garments, — but thou shalt not
want.

Only know this, that thus thou art to do 45

But first go fetch me in the pot of rice

That for our supper stands upon the fire

Ith. [Aside] I hold my head my master's
hungry — I go, sir *Exit.*

Bar. Thus every villain ambles after wealth,
Although he ne'er be richer than in hope. 50
But, hush 't!

Enter Ithimore with the pot

Ith. Here 't is, master

Bar. Well said, Ithimore.

What, hast thou brought the ladle with thee
too?

Ith. Yes, sir, the proverb says, he that eats
with the devil had need of a long spoon I have
brought you a ladle 55

Bar. Very well, Ithimore, then now be se-
cret,

And for thy sake, whom I so dearly love,
Now shalt thou see the death of Abigail,
That thou may'st freely live to be my heir.

Ith. Why, master, will you poison her [60
with a mess of rice porridge? That will preserve
life, make her round and plump, and batten
more than you are aware

Bar. Ay, but, Ithimore, seest thou this?
It is a precious powder that I bought 65
Of an Italian in Ancona once,
Whose operation is to bind, infect,
And poison deeply, yet not appear
In forty hours after it is ta'en.

Ith. How, master? 70

Bar. Thus, Ithimore.
Thus even they use in Malta here, — 't is called
Saint Jacques' Even, — and then I say they use
To send their alms unto the nunneries.

Among the rest bear this, and set it there, 75
There 's a dark entry where they take it in,
Where they must neither see the messenger,
Nor make inquiry who hath sent it them

Ith. How so?

Bar. Belike there is some ceremony in 't 80
There, Ithimore, must thou go place this pot
Stay, let me spice it first!

Ith. Pray do, and let me help you, master.
Pray let me taste first

Bar. Pnthee do. [*Ithimore tastes*] What
say'st thou now? 85

Ith. Troth, master, I 'm loath such a pot of
pottage should be spoil'd

Bar. Peace, Ithimore, 't is better so than
spard.

Assure thyself thou shalt have broth by the eye
My purse, my coffer, and myself is thine 90

Ith. Well, master, I go

Bar. Stay, first let me stir it, Ithimore
As fatal be it to her as the draught
Of which great Alexander drunk and died
And with her let it work like Borgia's wine, 95
Whereof his sire, the Pope, was poisoned
In few, the blood of Hydra, Lerna's bane,
The juice of hebon, and Cocytus' breath,
And all the poisons of the Stygian pool
Break from the fiery kingdom, and in this 100
Vomit your venom and invenom her
That like a fiend hath left her father thus

Ith. [*Aside*] What a blessing has he given 't!
Was ever pot of rice porridge so sauc'd! — What
shall I do with it? 105

Bar. O, my sweet Ithimore, go set it down,
And come again so soon as thou hast done,
For I have other business for thee

Ith. Here 's a drench to poison a whole
stable of Flanders mares I 'll carry 't to [110
the nuns with a powder.

Bar. And the horse pestilence to boot;
away!

Ith. I am gone.

Pay me my wages, for my work is done. *Exit.*

Bar. I 'll pay thee with a vengeance, Ithi-
more. *Exit* 115

[SCENE V]

Enter Governor, [del] Bosco, Knights, Bashaw

Gov. Welcome, great bashaw, how fares
Calymath?

What wind drives you thus into Malta-road?

Bas. The wind that bloweth all the world
besides, —

Desire of gold

Gov. Desire of gold, great sir?

That 's to be gotten in the Western Ind 5
In Malta are no golden minerals

Bas. To you of Malta thus saith Calymath.
The time you took for respite is at hand
For the performance of your promise pass'd,
And for the tribute-money I am sent 10

Gov. Bashaw, in brief, shalt have no tribute
here,

Nor shall the heathens live upon our spoil
First will we raze the city walls ourselves,
Lay waste the island, hew the temples down,
And, shipping of our goods to Sicily, 15
Open an entrance for the wasteful sea,
Whose billows beating the resistless banks,
Shall overflow it with their refluxence

Bas. Well, Governor, since thou hast broke
the league

By flat denial of the promis'd tribute, 20
Talk not of razing down your city walls
You shall not need trouble yourselves so far,
For Selim Calymath shall come himself,
And with brass bullets batter down your towers,
And turn proud Malta to a wilderness 25
For these intolerable wrongs of yours,
And so farewell

Gov. Farewell [*Exit Bashaw.*]

And now, you men of Malta, look about,
And let 's provide to welcome Calymath 30
Close your portcullis, charge your basilisks,
And as you profitably take up arms,
So now courageously encounter them;
For by this answer broken is the league,
And naught is to be look'd for now but wars, 35
And naught to us more welcome is than wars.

Exeunt.

⁶⁰ batten: thrive ⁶¹ Ancona: a refuge for "Marranos," Christianized Jews from Portugal ⁶² by the eye: to your heart's desire ⁶³ Borgia: Caesar Borgia ⁶⁴ In few: in brief ⁶⁵ hebon: the yew tree, *ebenus*, thought poisonous ⁶⁶ Cocytus: a river in Hades ⁶⁷ with a powder: with violent speed ⁶⁸ bashaw: same as "basso"; cf I ii ("Bashaws" Q) ⁶⁹ resistless: unresisting ⁷⁰ refluxence: flood-tide ⁷¹ basilisks: large cannon ⁷² profitably: in your own interests

[SCENE VI. — *Before the Nunnery.*]*Enter Two Friars [Jacomo and Bernardine]*

1 *Fri.* O, brother, brother, all the nuns are sick,
And physic will not help them; they must die.

2 *Fri.* The abbess sent for me to be confess'd.

O, what a sad confession will there be!

1 *Fri.* And so did fair Maria send for me
I'll to her lodging, hereabouts she lies. *Exit*

Enter Abigail

2 *Fri.* What, all dead, save only Abigail?

Abig. And I shall die too, for I feel death coming.

Where is the friar that convers'd with me? 9

2 *Fri.* O, he is gone to see the other nuns

Abig. I sent for him, but seeing you are come,

Be you my ghostly father. and first know,
That in this house I liv'd religiously,
Chaste, and devout, much sorrowing for my
suns,

But ere I came — 15

2 *Fri.* What then?

Abig. I did offend high Heaven so grievously
As I am almost desperate for my suns,
And one offence torments me more than all
You knew Mathias and Don Lodowick? 20

2 *Fri.* Yes, what of them?

Abig. My father did contract me to 'em
both

First to Don Lodowick; him I never lov'd,
Mathias was the man that I held dear,
And for his sake did I become a nun 25

2 *Fri.* So, say how was their end?

Abig. Both jealous of my love, envied each
other,

And by my father's practice, which is there
Set down at large, the gallants were both slain

[*Gives a paper*]

2 *Fri.* O monstrous villainy! 30

Abig. To work my peace, this I confess to
thee,

Reveal it not, for then my father dies

2 *Fri.* Know that confession must not be
reveal'd

The canon law forbids it, and the priest
That makes it known, being degraded first, 35
Shall be condemn'd, and then sent to the fire.

Abig. So I have heard, pray, therefore keep
it close.

Death seizeth on my heart ah, gentle friar,
Convert my father that he may be sav'd,
And witness that I die a Christian. [*Dies*] 40

¹⁸ practice: plot ⁴³ exclaim on: denounce
term of defiance

2 *Fri.* Ay, and a virgin too; that grieves
me most.

But I must to the Jew and exclaim on him,
And make him stand in fear of me.

Enter 1 Friar [Jacomo]

1 *Fri.* O brother, all the nuns are dead, let 's
bury them

2 *Fri.* First help to bury this, then go with
me 45

And help me to exclaim against the Jew.

1 *Fri.* Why, what has he done?

2 *Fri.* A thing that makes me tremble to
unfold

1 *Fri.* What, has he crucified a child?

2 *Fri.* No, but a worse thing. 't was told
me in shrift 50

Thou know'st 't 's death and if it be reveal'd.
Come, let 's away *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus[SCENE I. — *A Street*]*Enter Barabas, Ithimore. Bells within*

Bar. There is no music to a Christian's
knell

How sweet the bells ring now the nuns are dead,
That sound at other times like tinkler's pans!
I was afraid the poison had not wrought,
Or, though it wrought, it would have done no
good, 5

For every year they swell, and yet they live;
Now all are dead, not one remains alive

Ith. That 's brave, master, but think you it
will not be known?

Bar. How can it, if we two be secret? 10

Ith. For my part fear you not

Bar. I'd cut thy throat if I did

Ith. And reason too.

But here 's a royal monastery hard by,
Good master, let me poison all the monks 15

Bar. Thou shalt not need, for now the nuns
are dead,

They'll die with grief.

Ith. Do you not sorrow for your daughter's
death?

Bar. No, but I grieve because she liv'd so
long

An Hebrew born, and would become a Chris-
tian! 20

*Cazzo, diabolò.**Enter the Two Friars*

Ith. Look, look, master, here come two re-
ligious caterpillars

Bar. I smelt 'em ere they came. 24

Ith. God-a-mercy, nose! Come, let 's be-
gone.

⁵¹ and if: if ¹ to: equal to ²¹ Cazzo: Italian

2 *Fri.* Stay, wicked Jew, repent, I say, and stay.
 1 *Fri.* Thou hast offended, therefore must be damn'd.
Bar. I fear they know we sent the poison'd broth.
Ith. And so do I, master; therefore speak 'em fair.
 2 *Fri.* Barabas, thou hast — 30
 1 *Fri.* Ay, that thou hast —
Bar. True, I have money. What though I have?
 2 *Fri.* Thou art a —
 1 *Fri.* Ay, that thou art, a —
Bar. What needs all this? I know I am a Jew. 35
 2 *Fri.* Thy daughter —
 1 *Fri.* Ay, thy daughter —
Bar. O speak not of her! then I die with grief.
 2 *Fri.* Remember that —
 1 *Fri.* Ay, remember that — 40
Bar. I must needs say that I have been a great usurer.
 2 *Fri.* Thou hast committed —
Bar. Fornication — but that was in another country; and besides, the wench is dead.
 2 *Fri.* Ay, but, Barabas, 45
 Remember Mathias and Don Lodowick
Bar. Why, what of them?
 2 *Fri.* I will not say that by a forg'd challenge they met.
Bar. [*Aside*] She has confess'd, and we are both undone, —
 My bosom inmates! — but I must dissemble — *Aside.*
 O holy friars, the burthen of my sins 51
 Lie heavy on my soul, then pray you tell me,
 Is 't not too late now to turn Christian?
 I have been zealous in the Jewish faith,
 Hard-hearted to the poor, a covetous wretch, 55
 That would for lucre's sake have sold my soul
 A hundred for a hundred I have ta'en,
 And now for store of wealth may I compare
 With all the Jews in Malta, but what is wealth?
 I am a Jew, and therefore am I lost. 60
 Would penance serve for this my sin,
 I could afford to whip myself to death
Ith. And so could I, but penance will not serve
Bar. To fast, to pray, and wear a shirt of hair,
 And on my knees creep to Jerusalem. 65
 Cellars of wine, and cellars full of wheat,
 Warehouses stuff'd with spices and with drugs,
 Whole chests of gold, in bullion, and in coin,

Besides I know not how much weight in pearl,
 Orient and round, have I within my house; 70
 At Alexandria, merchandise unsold
 But yesterday two ships went from this town:
 Their voyage will be worth ten thousand crowns.
 In Florence, Venice, Antwerp, London, Seville,
 Frankfort, Lubeck, Moscow, and where not, 75
 Have I debts owing, and in most of these
 Great sums of money lying in the banco.
 All this I 'll give to some religious house,
 So I may be baptiz'd, and live therein
 1 *Fri.* O good Barabas, come to our house.
 2 *Fri.* O no, good Barabas, come to our house; 81
 And, Barabas, you know —
Bar. I know that I have highly sinn'd.
 You shall convert me, you shall have all my wealth
 1 *Fri.* O Barabas, their laws are strict 85
Bar. I know they are, and I will be with you
 2 *Fri.* They wear no shirts, and they go barefoot too.
Bar. Then 't is not for me, and I am resolv'd
 You shall confess me, and have all my goods.
 1 *Fri.* Good Barabas, come to me 90
Bar. You see I answer him, and yet he stays,
 Rid him away, and go you home with me.
 1 *Fri.* I 'll be with you to-night
Bar. Come to my house at one o'clock this night
 1 *Fri.* You hear your answer, and you may be gone. 95
 2 *Fri.* Why, go, get you away
 1 *Fri.* I will not go for thee
 2 *Fri.* Not! then I 'll make thee, rogue.
 1 *Fri.* How, dost call me rogue? *Fight.*
Ith. Part 'em, master, part 'em. 100
Bar. This is mere frailty, brethren; be content
 Friar Bernardine, go you with Ithimore
 You know my mind, let me alone with him.
 [*Aside to F. Bernardine*]
 [*Fri Jac*] Why does he go to thy house?
 Let him be gone
Bar. I 'll give him something and so stop his mouth. 105
Exit [*Ithimore with Friar Bernardine*].
 I never heard of any man but he
 Malign'd the order of the Jacobins:
 But do you think that I believe his words?
 Why, brother, you converted Abigail;
 And I am bound in charity to requite it, 110
 And so I will O Jacomo, fail not, but come.
Fri. Jac] But, Barabas, who shall be your godfathers?

⁶⁷ A . . . hundred: usury at one hundred per cent ⁶⁸ cellars: lofts ⁷⁰ Orient: of rare quality
⁷¹ banco: bank (Italian) ⁷² 2 *Fri.* (assigned to '1' Q) ⁷³ 1 *Fri.* (assigned to '2' Q)
⁷⁴ rogue: ('goe' Q)

For presently you shall be shriv'd.

Bar. Marry, the Turk shall be one of my godfathers,

But not a word to any of your covent. 115

Fri. [*Jac.*] I warrant thee, Barabas *Exit.*

Bar. So, now the fear is past, and I am safe,

For he that shriv'd her is within my house;

What if I murder'd him ere Jacomo comes?

Now I have such a plot for both their lives 120

As never Jew nor Christian knew the like:

One turn'd my daughter, therefore he shall die;

The other knows enough to have my life,

Therefore 't is not requisite he should live.

But are not both these wise men to suppose 125

That I will leave my house, my goods, and all,

To fast and be well whipp'd? I 'll none of that

Now, Friar Bernardine, I come to you,

I 'll feast you, lodge you, give you fair words,

And after that, I and my trusty Turk — 130

No more, but so: it must and shall be done.

Enter Ithmore

Ithmore, tell me, is the friar asleep?

Ith. Yes, and I know not what the reason is

Do what I can he will not strip himself,
Nor go to bed, but sleeps in his own clothes. 135

I fear me he mistrusts what we intend

Bar. No, 't is an order which the friars use

Yet, if he knew our meanings, could he scape?

Ith. No, none can hear him, cry he ne'er so loud

Bar. Why, true, therefore did I place him there 140

The other chambers open towards the street

Ith. You loiter, master; wherefore stay we thus?

O how I long to see him shake his heels

Bar. Come on, sirrah 144

Off with your girdle, make a handsome noose

[*Ithmore takes off his girdle and ties a noose in it*]

Friar, awake!

[*Draws curtain before rear stage, revealing Bernardine asleep*]

Fri. [*Bern.*] What, do you mean to strangle me?

Ith. Yes, 'cause you use to confess.

Bar. Blame not us but the proverb, "Confess and be hanged" Pull hard! 150

Fri. [*Bern.*] What, will you have my life?

Bar. Pull hard, I say. — You would have had my goods

Ith. Ay, and our lives too, therefore pull amain. [*They strangle him*]

'T is neatly done, sir, here 's no print at all

¹¹⁵ presently: at once ¹¹⁶ covent: religious house ¹¹⁷ order: rule ¹¹⁸ stay: delay ¹¹⁹ have: 'saue' Q) ¹²⁰ proceed: take a great step forward ¹²¹ his: its

Bar. Then is it as it should be; take him up. 155

Ith. Nay, master, be rul'd by me a little.

[*Stands the body upright against pillar of outer stage*] So, let him lean upon his staff. Excellent!

he stands as if he were begging of bacon.

Bar. Who would not think but that this friar liv'd? 159

What time o' night is 't now, sweet Ithmore?

Ith. Towards one

Bar. Then will not Jacomo be long from hence [*They retire.*]

Enter Jacomo

[*Fri*] *Jac.* This is the hour wherein I shall proceed,

O happy hour wherein I shall convert

An infidel, and bring his gold into 165

Our treasury!

But soft, is not this Bernardine? It is;

And, understanding I should come this way,
Stands here o' purpose, meaning me some

wrong,

And intercept my going to the Jew. — 170

Bernardine!

Wilt thou not speak? Thou think'st I see thee

not,

Away, I 'd wish thee, and let me go by.

No, wilt thou not? Nay, then, I 'll force my way. 174

And see, a staff stands ready for the purpose:

As thou lik'st that, stop me another time.

Strike him. He falls.

Enter Barabas [and Ithmore]

Bar. Why, how now, Jacomo, what hast thou done?

[*Fri*] *Jac.* Why, stricken him that would have struck at me

Bar. Who is it? Bernardine! Now out, alas, he 's slain!

Ith. Ay, master, he 's slain, look how his brains drop out on 's nose 181

[*Fri*] *Jac.* Good sirs, I have done 't, but nobody knows it but you two, I may escape.

Bar. So might my man and I hang with you for company 185

Ith. No, let us bear him to the magistrates.

[*Fri*] *Jac.* Good Barabas, let me go

Bar. No, pardon me, the law must have his course

I must be forc'd to give in evidence,

That being importun'd by this Bernardine 190

To be a Christian, I shut him out,

And there he sat. Now I, to keep my word,

And give my goods and substance to your house,

Was up thus early with intent to go

Unto your friary, because you stay'd. 195

Ith. Fie upon 'em, master, will you turn Christian when holy friars turn devils and murder one another?

Bar. No, for this example I'll remain a Jew: 199

Heaven bless me! What, a friar a murderer! When shall you see a Jew commit the like?

Ith. Why, a Turk could ha' done no more

Bar. To-morrow is the sessions; you shall to it.

Come, Ithimore, let's help to take him hence

[*Fri*] *Jac.* Villains, I am a sacred person; touch me not. 205

Bar. The law shall touch you, we'll but lead you, we.

'Las, I could weep at your calamity!

Take in the staff too, for that must be shown: Law wills that each particular be known

Exeunt.

[SCENE II. — *Bellamira's House.*]

Enter Courtesan [Bellamira] and Pilia-Borza

Bell. Pilia-Borza, did'st thou meet with Ithimore?

Pilia. I did

Bell. And did'st thou deliver my letter?

Pilia. I did

Bell. And what think'st thou? Will he come? 5

Pilia. I think so, and yet I cannot tell; for at the reading of the letter he look'd like a man of another world

Bell. Why so?

Pilia. That such a base slave as he should [10] be saluted by such a tall man as I am, from such a beautiful dame as you.

Bell. And what said he?

Pilia. Not a wise word, only gave me a nod, as who should say, "Is it even so?" and so I [15] left him, being driven to a non-plus at the critical aspect of my terrible countenance

Bell. And where didst meet him?

Pilia. Upon mine own freehold, within forty foot of the gallows, conning his neck-verse, [20] I take it, looking of a friar's execution whom I saluted with an old hempen proverb, *Hodie tibi, cras mihi*, and so I left him to the mercy of the hangman but the exercise being done, see where he comes 25

Enter Ithimore

Ith. I never knew a man take his death so patiently as this friar. He was ready to leap off

ere the halter was about his neck; and when the hangman had put on his hempen tippet, he made such haste to his prayers as if he had [30] had another cure to serve. Well, go whither he will, I'll be none of his followers in haste. and, now I think on't, going to the execution, a fellow met me with a muschatoes like a raven's wing, and a dagger with a hilt like a warm- [35] ing-pan, and he gave me a letter from one Madam Bellamira, saluting me in such sort as if he had meant to make clean my boots with his lips. the effect was, that I should come to her house I wonder what the reason is; it [40] may be she sees more in me than I can find in myself. for she writes further, that she loves me ever since she saw me, and who would not requite such love? Here's her house, and here she comes, and now would I were gone, I [45] am not worthy to look upon her

Pilia. This is the gentleman you writ to

Ith. [*Aside.*] Gentleman! he flouts me, what gentry can be in a poor Turk of tenpence? I'll be gone. 50

Bell. Is 't not a sweet-fac'd youth, Pilia?

Ith. [*Aside.*] Again, "sweet youth!" — Did not you, sir, bring the sweet youth a letter?

Pilia. I did, sir, and from this gentlewoman, who, as myself, and the rest of the family, [55] stand or fall at your service

Bell. Though woman's modesty should hale me back,

I can withhold no longer Welcome, sweet love!

Ith. [*Aside.*] Now am I clean, or rather foully, out of the way 60

Bell. Whither so soon?

Ith. [*Aside.*] I'll go steal some money from my master to make me handsome — Pray pardon me, I must go see a ship discharg'd

Bell. Canst thou be so unkind to leave me thus? 65

Pilia. And ye did but know how she loves you, sir

Ith. Nay, I care not how much she loves me — Sweet Allamira, would I had my master's wealth for thy sake!

Pilia. And you can have it, sir, and if you please 70

Ith. If 't were above ground, I could and would have it, but he hides and buries it up, as partridges do their eggs, under the earth

Pilia. And is 't not possible to find it out?

Ith. By no means possible 75

Bell. [*Aside to Pilia-Borza.*] What shall we do with this base villain then?

²⁰ neck-verse: the Latin verse (usually opening of Psalm 51) by which criminals claiming benefit of clergy were tested ²¹ of: upon ²² hempen: reeking of the halter ²³⁻²⁴ Hodie . . . mihi: Your fate to-day, mine to-morrow ²⁵ cure: parochial appointment ²⁶ muschatoes: moustache ²⁷ effect: purport (of the letter) ²⁸ of tenpence: i.e., a cheap slave (proverbial) ²⁹ out of the way: lost, bewildered

Pisla. [*Aside to her.*] Let me alone; do but you speak him fair.

But you know some secrets of the Jew,
Which, if they were reveal'd, would do him harm.

Ith. Ay, and such as — Go to, no more! I 'll make him send me half he has, and glad he escapes so too Pen and ink! I 'll write unto him, we 'll have money straight

Pisla. Send for a hundred crowns at least.

Ith. Ten hundred thousand crowns "*Master Barabas.*" *He writes*

Pisla Write not so submissively, but threatening him

Ith [*Writing*] "*Sirrah Barabas, send me a hundred crowns*"

Pisla Put in two hundred at least

Ith. [*Writing*] "I charge thee send me three hundred by this bearer, and this shall be [90] your warrant if you do not — no more, but so."

Pisla Tell him you will confess

Ith [*Writing*] "Otherwise I 'll confess all" — Vanish, and return in a twinkling

Pisla. Let me alone, I 'll use him in his kind

[*Exit Pisla-Borza with the letter*]

Ith Hang him, Jew!

Bell Now, gentle Ithmore, lie in my lap — Where are my maids? Provide a running banquet,

Send to the merchant, bid him bring me silks
Shall Ithmore, my love, go in such rags? 100

Ith And bid the jeweller come hither too

Bell I have no husband, sweet, I 'll marry thee

Ith. Content. but we will leave this paltry land,

And sail from hence to Greece, to lovely Greece
I 'll be thy Jason, thou my golden fleece, 105
Where painted carpets o'er the meads are hur'd,

And Bacchus' vineyards o'erspread the world,
Where woods and forests go in goodly green,
I 'll be Adonis, thou shalt be Love's Queen
The meads, the orchards, and the primrose-lanes, 110

Instead of sedge and reed, bear sugar-canes;
Thou in those groves, by Dis above,
Shalt live with me and be my love

Bell Whither will I not go with gentle Ithmore?

Enter Pisla-Borza

Ith How now! hast thou the gold? 115

Pisla. Yes.

Ith. But came it freely? Did the cow give down her milk freely?

Pisla At reading of the letter, he star'd and stamp'd and turn'd aside. I took him by [120] the beard, and look'd upon him thus; told him he were best to send it Then he hugg'd and embrac'd me

Ith Rather for fear than love.

Pisla. Then, like a Jew, he laugh'd and [125] jeer'd, and told me he lov'd me for your sake, and said what a faithful servant you had been.

Ith The more villain he to keep me thus. Here 's goodly 'parel, is there not? 129

Pisla To conclude, he gave me ten crowns.

Ith But ten? I 'll not leave him worth a grey groat Give me a ream of paper; we 'll have a kingdom of gold for 't

Pisla Write for five hundred crowns. 134

Ith [*Writing*] "*Sirrah, Jew, as you love your life send me five hundred crowns, and give the bearer one hundred*" Tell him I must have 't.

Pisla I warrant your worship shall have 't.

Ith And if he ask why I demand so much, tell him I scorn to write a line under a hundred crowns 141

Pisla You 'd make a rich poet, sir. I am gone *Exit.*

Ith Take thou the money, spend it for my sake

Bell 'T is not thy money, but thyself I weigh,

Thus Bellamira esteems of gold 145
[*Throws it aside*]

But thus of thee. *Kiss him*

Ith That kiss again! she runs division of my lips

What an eye she casts on me! It twinkles like a star

Bell Come, my dear love, let 's in and sleep together 149

Ith O, that ten thousand nights were put in one, that we might sleep seven years together afore we wake!

Bell Come, amorous wag, first banquet, and then sleep. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE III — *The Jew's House.*]

Enter Barabas, reading a letter

Bar. "Barabas, send me three hundred crowns —"

Plain Barabas! O, that wicked courtesan! He was not wont to call me Barabas.

"Or else I will confess" ay, there it goes:

But, if I get him, *coupe de gorge* for that. 5

¹¹⁰ in his kind: according to his nature ¹¹² running banquet: hasty repast ¹¹³ Dis above: an absurdity (Dis was god of the underworld) ¹²⁰ grey groat: silver fourpence ¹²⁹ ream: pun on "realm," which was often so spelled and pronounced ¹⁴⁷ runs division of: plays on (musical phrase) ¹ coupe de gorge: throat-cutting

He sent a shaggy totter'd staring slave,
 That when he speaks draws out his grisly
 beard,
 And winds it twice or thrice about his ear;
 Whose face has been a grindstone for men's
 swords;
 His hands are hack'd, some fingers cut quite
 off; 10
 Who, when he speaks, grunts like a hog, and
 looks
 Like one that is employ'd in catzery
 And crossbiting, — such a rogue
 As is the husband to a hundred whores
 And I by him must send three hundred crowns!
 Well, my hope is, he will not stay there still; 16
 And when he comes, — O, that he were but
 here!

Enter Pilha-Borza

Pilha. Jew, I must ha' more gold
Bar. Why, want'st thou any of thy tale?
Pilha. No; but three hundred will not serve
 his turn. 21

Bar. Not serve his turn, sir?

Pilha. No, sir, and, therefore, I must have
 five hundred more.

Bar. I 'll rather — 25

Pilha. O good words, sir, and send it you
 were best! See, there 's his letter [*Gives letter*]

Bar. Might he not as well come as send?
 Pray bid him come and fetch it, what he writes
 for you, ye shall have straight. 30

Pilha. Ay, and the rest too, or else —

Bar. [*Aside*] I must make this villain
 away. — Please you dine with me, sir, and you
 shall be most heartily — poison'd *Aside.*

Pilha. No, God-a-mercy. Shall I have these
 crowns? 35

Bar. I cannot do it, I have lost my keys

Pilha. O, if that be all, I can pick ope your
 locks

Bar. Or climb up to my counting-house win-
 dow you know my meaning

Pilha. I know enough, and therefore talk not
 to me of your counting-house The gold! or 41
 know, Jew, it is in my power to hang thee.

Bar. [*Aside.*] I am betray'd —
 'T is not five hundred crowns that I esteem,
 I am not mov'd at that this angers me, 45
 That he, who knows I love him as myself,
 Should write in this imperious vein Why, sir,
 You know I have no child, and unto whom
 Should I leave all but unto Ithimore?

Pilha. Here 's many words, but no crowns.
 The crowns! 50

Bar. Commend me to him, sir, most humbly,
 And unto your good mistress, as unknown

Pilha. Speak, shall I have 'em, sir?

Bar. Sir, here they are. —
 [*Gives money.*]

O, that I should part with so much gold! —
 Here, take 'em, fellow, with as good a will —
 As I would see thee hang'd [*Aside*] — O, love
 stops my breath 56

Never lov'd man servant as I do Ithimore!

Pilha. I know it, sir.

Bar. Pray, when, sir, shall I see you at my
 house?

Pilha. Soon enough, to your cost, sir. Fare
 you well *Exit.* 60

Bar. Nay, to thine own cost, villain, if thou
 com'st!

Was ever Jew tormented as I am?

To have a shag-rag knave to come, —

Three hundred crowns, — and then five hun-
 dred crowns!

Well, I must seek a means to rid 'em all, 65
 And presently; for in his villainy

He will tell all he knows, and I shall die for 't.
 I have it

I will in some disguise go see the slave, 69
 And how the villain revels with my gold. *Exit.*

[SCENE IV — *Bellamira's House.*]

Enter Courtesan [Bellamira,] Ithimore,
Pilha-Borza

Bell. I 'll pledge thee, love, and therefore
 drink it off

Ith. Say'st thou me so? Have at it; and,
 do you hear? [*Whispers*]

Bell. Go to, it shall be so

Ith. Of that condition I will drink it up.

Here 's to thee!

Bell. Nay, I 'll have all or none. 5

Ith. There, if thou lov'st me, do not leave a
 drop

Bell. Love thee! fill me three glasses.

Ith. Three and fifty dozen, I 'll pledge thee.

Pilha. Knave! spoke, and like a knight-at-
 arms.

Ith. Hey, *Rivo Castilano!* a man 's a man!

Bell. Now to the Jew 11

Ith. Ha! to the Jew, and send me money he
 were best

Pilha. What would'st thou do if he should
 send thee none?

Ith. Do nothing, but I know what I know:
 he 's a murderer. 15

Bell. I had not thought he had been so brave
 a man.

Ith. You knew Mathias and the governor's
 son; he and I killed 'em both, and yet never
 touch'd 'em.

* totter'd: tattered 12 catzery: roguery 13 crossbiting: swindling 14 still: always 15 tale:
 sum 16 as: although 17 shag-rag: ruffianly 18 he: ('you' Q)

Pilia. O, bravely done. 20

Ith. I carried the broth that poison'd the nuns; and he and I, snickle hand too fast, strangled a friar.

Bell. You two alone?

Ith. We two, and 't was never known, nor never shall be for me 26

Pilia. [*Aside to Bellamira*] This shall with me unto the governor

Bell. [*Aside to Pilia-Borza*] And fit it should but first let 's ha' more gold — Come, gentle Ithmore, lie in my lap

Ith. Love me little, love me long. Let music rumble, 30
Whilst I in thy incony lap do tumble.

Enter Barabas, with a lute, disguis'd

Bell. A French musician! Come, let 's hear your skill

Bar. Must tuna my lute for sound, twang, twang, first.

Ith. Wilt drink, Frenchman? Here 's to [35 thee with a — Pox on this drunken hiccup!]

Bar. Gramercy, monsieur

Bell. Prnthee, *Pilia-Borza*, bid the fiddler give me the posy in his hat there

Pilia. Surrah, you must give my mistress your posy. 41

Bar. *À votre commandement, madame.*

Bell. How sweet, my Ithmore, the flowers smell!

Ith. Like thy breath, sweetheart, no violet like 'em 45

Pilia. Foh! methinks they stink like a holly-hock

Bar [*Aside*] So, now I am reveng'd upon 'em all

The scent thereof was death, I poison'd it

Ith. Play, fiddler, or I 'll cut your cat's guts into chitterlings 51

Bar. *Pardonnez moi*, be no in tune yet, so now, now all be in

Ith. Give him a crown, and fill me out more wine.

Pilia. There 's two crowns for thee, play. 55

Bar Aside How liberally the villain gives me mine own gold! [*Plays.*]

Pilia. Methinks he fingers very well

Bar. Aside. So did you when you stole my gold 60

Pilia. How swift he runs!

Bar. Aside You run swifter when you threw my gold out of my window.

Bell. Musician, hast been in Malta long?

Bar. Two, three, four month, madame. 65

Ith. Dost not know a Jew, one Barabas?

Bar. Very mush, monsieur; you no be his man?

Pilia. His man?

Ith. I scorn the peasant; tell him so 70

Bar. [*Aside*] He knows it already.

Ith. 'T is a strange thing of that Jew, he lives upon pickled grasshoppers and sauc'd mushrooms

Bar Aside. What a slave 's this? The governor feeds not as I do 76

Ith. He never put on clean shirt since he was circumcis'd

Bar Aside. O rascal! I change myself twice a day 80

Ith. The hat he wears, Judas left under the elder when he hang'd himself.

Bar Aside. 'T was sent me for a present from the great Cham

Pilia. A musty slave he is; — Whither now, fiddler? 86

Bar. *Pardonnez moi, monsieur*, me be no well. *Exit.*

Pilia. Farewell, fiddler! One letter more to the Jew

Bell. Prnthee, sweet love, one more, and write it sharp 90

Ith. No, I 'll send by word of mouth now.

— Bid him deliver thee a thousand crowns, by the same token, that the nuns lov'd rice, that Friar Bernardine slept in his own clothes Any of 'em will do it 95

Pilia. Let me alone to urge it, now I know the meaning

Ith. The meaning has a meaning. Come, let 's in

To undo a Jew is charity, and not sin. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus

[SCENE I]

Enter Governor [*Ferneze*], *Knights*, *Martin del Bosco*, [*and Officers*]

Gov. Now, gentlemen, betake you to your arms,

And see that Malta be well fortifi'd;
And it behoves you to be resolute,
For Calymath, having hover'd here so long,
Will win the town, or die before the walls. 5
Knight. And die he shall, for we will never yield

Enter Courtesan [*Bellamira*], *Pilia-Borza*

Bell. O, bring us to the governor.

Gov. Away with her! she is a courtesan.

Bell. Whate'er I am, yet, governor, hear me speak, 9

²⁰ snickle: noose ("too free with our noose-hand"?) ²⁶ incony: delicate ³¹ chitterlings: small intestines of pig, fried or boiled ³⁴ Cham: emperor of Tartary

I bring thee news by whom thy son was slain
Mathias did it not, it was the Jew.

Pilia. Who, besides the slaughter of these gentlemen,
Poison'd his own daughter and the nuns,
Strangled a friar and I know not what 14
Mischiefs beside

Gov. Had we but proof of this —

Bell. Strong proof, my lord, his man's now
at my lodging,

That was his agent, he'll confess it all

Gov. Go fetch him straight [*Exeunt Officers*].
I always fear'd that Jew.

Enter [Officers with] Jew, Ithmore

Bar. I'll go alone, dogs! do not hale me
thus. 19

Ith. Nor me neither I cannot outrun you,
constable: — O my belly!

Bar [Aside.] One dram of powder more had
made all sure.

What a damn'd slave was I!

Gov. Make fires, heat irons, let the rack be
fetch'd.

Knight. Nay, stay, my lord, 't may be he
will confess 25

Bar. Confess! what mean you, lords? Who
should confess?

Gov. Thou and thy Turk, 't was you that
slew my son

Ith. Guilty, my lord, I confess Your son
and Mathias were both contracted unto Abi-
gail, he forg'd a counterfeit challenge 30

Bar. Who carried that challenge?

Ith. I carried it, I confess, but who writ it?
Marry, even he that strangled Bernardine,
poison'd the nuns and his own daughter

Gov. Away with him! his sight is death to
me 35

Bar. For what, you men of Malta? Hear
me speak

She is a courtesan, and he a thief,
And he my bondman Let me have law,
For none of this can prejudice my life

Gov. Once more, away with him; you shall
have law. 40

Bar [Aside.] Devils, do your worst! I
live in spite of you —

As these have spoke, so be it to their souls! —
[*Aside.*] I hope the poison'd flowers will work
anon

*Exeunt [Officers with Barabas
and Ithmore, Bellamira and
Pilia-Borza].*

Enter Mater [Katherine]

Mater. Was my Mathias murder'd by the
Jew?

Ferneze, 't was thy son that murder'd him 45

Gov. Be patient, gentle madam, it was he,
He forg'd the daring challenge made them fight.

Mater. Where is the Jew? Where is that
murderer?

Gov. In prison till the law has pass'd on him.

Enter Officer

Off. My lord, the courtesan and her man
are dead 50

So is the Turk and Barabas the Jew

Gov. Dead!

Off. Dead, my lord, and here they bring
his body

Bosco. This sudden death of his is very
strange

Gov. Wonder not at it, sir, the Heavens are
just. 55

Their deaths were like their lives, then think
not of 'em

Since they are dead, let them be buried

For the Jew's body, throw that o'er the
walls,

To be a prey for vultures and wild beasts —

So now away, and fortify the town *Exeunt.* 60

[SCENE II — Outside the City-Wall]

[*Barabas discovered rising*]

Bar. What, all alone? Well fare, sleepy
drink

I'll be reveng'd on this accursed town,
For by my means Calymath shall enter in
I'll help to slay their children and their wives,
To fire the churches, pull their houses down 5
Take my goods too, and seize upon my lands!
I hope to see the governor a slave,
And, rowing in a galley, whipp'd to death

Enter Calymath, Bashaws, Turks

Caly. Whom have we there, a spy?

Bar. Yes, my good lord, one that can spy a
place 10

Where you may enter, and surprise the town
My name is Barabas: I am a Jew

Caly. Art thou that Jew whose goods we
heard were sold
For tribute-money?

Bar. The very same, my lord
And since that time they have hur'd a slave, my
man, 15

To accuse me of a thousand villainies

I was imprisoned, but 'scap'd their hands.

Caly. Did'st break prison?

Bar. No, no,

I drank of poppy and cold mandrake juice; 20
And being asleep, belike they thought me dead,
And threw me o'er the walls so, or how else,

The Jew is here, and rests at your command

Caly. 'T was bravely done: but tell me,
Barabas, ²⁴
Canst thou, as thou report'st, make Malta ours?

Bar. Fear not, my lord, for here against the
sluice

The rock is hollow, and of purpose digg'd
To make a passage for the running streams
And common channels of the city
Now, whilst you give assault unto the walls, ³⁰
I 'll lead five hundred soldiers through the vault,
And rise with them i' th' middle of the town,
Open the gates for you to enter in,
And by this means the city is your own. ³⁴

Caly. If this be true, I 'll make thee govern-
nor.

Bar. And if it be not true, then let me die

Caly. Thou 'st doom'd thyself. Assault it
presently. *Exeunt*

[SCENE III. — *Within the Town*]

Alarums *Enter* [*Calymath,*] *Turks, Barabas,*
[*with*] *Governor and Knights prisoners*

Caly. Now vail your pride, you captive
Christians,
And kneel for mercy to your conquering foe
Now where's the hope you had of haughty
Spain?

Ferneze, speak, had it not been much better ⁴
To 've kept thy promise than be thus sur-
pris'd?

Gov. What should I say? We are captives
and must yield.

Caly. Ay, villains, you must yield, and un-
der Turkish yokes

Shall groaning bear the burthen of our ire,
And, Barabas, as erst we promis'd thee,
For thy desert we make thee governor ¹⁰
Use them at thy discretion

Bar. Thanks, my lord

Gov. O fatal day, to fall into the hands
Of such a traitor and unhallow'd Jew!
What greater misery could Heaven inflict?

Caly. 'T is our command and, Barabas,
we give, ¹⁵

To guard thy person, these our Janizaries:
Entreat them well, as we have used thee
And now, brave bashaws, come, we 'll walk about
The ruin'd town, and see the wrack we made —
Farewell, brave Jew, farewell, great Bara-
bas! ²⁰

Exeunt [*Calymath and bashaws*]

Bar. May all good fortune follow Calymath!
And now, as entrance to our safety,
To prison with the governor and these
Captains, his consorts and confederates

Gov. O villain! Heaven will be reveng'd on
thee ²⁵

Bar. Away! no more; let him not trouble
me.

Exeunt [*Turks, with Ferneze and
Knights*].

Thus hast thou gotten, by thy policy,

No simple place, no small authority.

I now am governor of Malta, true, —

But Malta hates me, and, in hating me, ³⁰

My life 's in danger, and what boots it thee,

Poor Barabas, to be the governor,

Whenas thy life shall be at their command?

No, Barabas, this must be look'd into;

And since by wrong thou gott'st authority, ³⁵

Maintain it bravely by firm policy.

At least unprofitably lose it not:

For he that liveth in authority,

And neither gets him friends, nor fills his bags,

Lives like the ass, that Æsop speaketh of, ⁴⁰

That labours with a load of bread and wine,

And leaves it off to snap on thistle-tops:

But Barabas will be more circumspect.

Begin betimes, occasion 's bald behind,

Shp not thine opportunity, for fear too late ⁴⁵

Thou seek'st for much, but canst not compass
it —

Within here!

Enter Governor, with a Guard

Gov. My lord?

Bar. Ay, "lord," thus slaves will learn.
Now, governor, — stand by there, wait within
[*Exeunt Guard.*]

This is the reason that I sent for thee:

Thou seest thy life and Malta's happiness ⁵⁰

Are at my arbitrement, and Barabas

At his discretion may dispose of both.

Now tell me, governor, and plainly too,

What think'st thou shall become of it and thee?

Gov. This, Barabas, since things are in thy
power, ⁵⁵

I see no reason but of Malta's wrack,

Nor hope of thee but extreme cruelty

Nor fear I death, nor will I flatter thee.

Bar. Governor, good words, be not so fu-
rious

'T is not thy life which can avail me aught, ⁶⁰

Yet you do live, and live for me you shall:

And, as for Malta's ruin, think you not

'T were slender policy for Barabas

To dispossess himself of such a place?

For sith, as once you said, within this isle, ⁶⁵

In Malta here, that I have got my goods,

And in this city still have had success,

And now at length am grown your governor,

²⁴ sluice: ('Truce' Q) ²⁵ channels: gutters ²⁶ To 've' ('To' Q) ²⁷ Entreat: treat ²⁸ entrance:
first step ²⁹ occasion 's bald behind: s.e., neglected opportunity is lost ³⁰ reason: probability
³¹ Nor: neither ³² for me: so far as I am concerned ³³ that: construe with "sith" (l 65)

Yourselves shall see it shall not be forgot.
For, as a friend not known but in distress, 70
I 'll rear up Malta, now remediless.

Gov. Will Barabas recover Malta's loss?
Will Barabas be good to Christians?

Bar. What wilt thou give me, governor, to
procure
A dissolution of the slavish hands 75
Wherein the Turk hath yok'd your land and
you?

What will you give me if I render you
The life of Calymath, surprise his men,
And in an outhouse of the city shut
His soldiers, till I have consum'd 'em all with
fire? 80

What will you give him that procureth this?
Gov. Do but bring this to pass which thou
pretendest,

Deal truly with us as thou intimatest,
And I will send amongst the citizens,
And by my letters privately procure 85
Great sums of money for thy recompense.
Nay more, do this, and live thou governor still.

Bar. Nay, do thou this, Ferneze, and be free.
Governor, I enlarge thee; live with me,
Go walk about the city, see thy friends 90
Tush, send not letters to 'em, go thyself,
And let me see what money thou canst make
Here is my hand that I 'll set Malta free
And thus we cast it To a solemn feast
I will invite young Selim Calymath, 95
Where be thou present only to perform
One stratagem that I 'll impart to thee,
Wherein no danger shall betide thy life,
And I will warrant Malta free for ever. 99

Gov. Here is my hand, believe me, Barabas,
I will be there, and do as thou desirest.
When is the time?

Bar. Governor, presently.
For Calymath, when he hath view'd the town,
Will take his leave and sail toward Ottoman

Gov. Then will I, Barabas, about his coin, 105
And bring it with me to thee in the evening

Bar. Do so, but fail not, now farewell, Fer-
neze! — [*Exit Ferneze*]

And thus far roundly goes the business
Thus loving neither, will I live with both,
Making a profit of my policy; 110
And he from whom my most advantage comes
Shall be my friend

This is the life we Jews are us'd to lead,
And reason too, for Christians do the like
Well, now about effecting this device, 115
First to surprise great Selim's soldiers,
And then to make provision for the feast,
That at one instant all things may be done

My policy detests prevention:
To what event my secret purpose drives, 120
I know, and they shall witness with their lives.
Exit.

[SCENE IV. — *The Walls.*]

Enter Calymath, Bashaws

Caly. Thus have we view'd the city, seen
the sack,
And caus'd the ruins to be new-repair'd,
Which with our bombards' shot and basilisk
We rent in sunder at our entry:
And now I see the situation, 5
And how secure this conquer'd island stands,
Environ'd with the Mediterranean Sea,
Strong-counterhur'd with other petty isles,
And, toward Calabria, back'd by Sicily,
Where Syracusan Dionysius reign'd, 10
Two lofty turrets that command the town:
I wonder how it could be conquer'd thus.

Enter a Messenger

Mess. From Barabas, Malta's governor, I
bring
A message unto mighty Calymath
Hearing his sovereign was bound for sea, 15
To sail to Turkey, to great Ottoman,
He humbly would entreat your majesty
To come and see his homely citadel,
And banquet with him ere thou leav'st the isle
Caly. To banquet with him in his citadel? 20
I fear me, messenger, to feast my train
Within a town of war so lately pillag'd
Will be too costly and too troublesome:
Yet would I gladly visit Barabas,
For well has Barabas deserv'd of us. 25

Mess. Selim, for that, thus saith the gover-
nor,
That he hath in store a pearl so big,
So precious, and withal so orient,
As, be it valued but indifferently,
The price thereof will serve to entertain 30
Selim and all his soldiers for a month
Therefore he humbly would entreat your high-
ness

Not to depart till he has feasted you
Caly. I cannot feast my men in Malta-walls,
Except he place his tables in the streets. 35

Mess. Know, Selim, that there is a monastery
Which standeth as an outhouse to the town.
There will he banquet them; but thee at home,
With all thy bashaws and brave followers.

Caly. Well, tell the governor we grant his
suit
We 'll in this summer evening feast with him.

⁷¹ remediless: without a doubt ⁸⁸ enlarge: liberate ⁹⁴ cast: plan ¹⁰⁴ Ottoman: the Otto-
man capital, Constantinople ¹¹⁰ prevention: forestalling ³ bombards': ancient cannon ⁸ coun-
termur'd: ('countermin'd' Q) ¹⁰, ¹¹ (Printed in reverse order Q)

Mess. I shall, my lord.

Exit.

Caly. And now, bold bashaws, let us to our tents,

And meditate how we may grace us best

To solemnize our governor's great feast 45

Exeunt

[SCENE V. — A Street]

Enter Governor, Knights, del Bosco

Gov. In this, my countrymen, be rul'd by me.

Have special care that no man sally forth
Till you shall hear a culverin discharg'd
By him that bears the linstock, kindled thus,
Then issue out and come to rescue me, 5
For happily I shall be in distress,
Or you released of this servitude

1 *Knight* Rather than thus to live as Turk-
ish thralls,

What will we not adventure?

Gov. On then, begone

Knights Farewell, grave governor! 10
Exeunt.

[SCENE VI — Gallery in the Citadel]

Enter [Barabas,] with a hammer, above, very busy, [and Carpenters]

Bar. How stand the cords? How hang these hings? Fast?

Are all the cranes and pulleys sure?

1 *Carp* All fast

Bar. Leave nothing loose, all levell'd to my mind

Why now I see that you have art indeed
There, carpenters, divide that gold amongst you 5

[*Gives money*]
Go swell in bowls of sack and muscadine!
Down to the cellar, taste of all my wines

1 *Carp* We shall, my lord, and thank you
Exeunt [Carpenters]

Bar. And, if you like them, drink your fill and die

For so I live, perish may all the world! 10
Now, Selim Calymath, return me word
That thou wilt come, and I am satisfied

Enter Messenger

Now, sirrah, what, will he come?

Mess. He will; and has commanded all his men

To come ashore, and march through Malta streets, 15

That thou may'st feast them in thy citadel

Bar. Then now are all things as my wish would have 'em

There wanteth nothing but the governor's pelf,
And see, he brings it.

Enter Governor

Now, governor, the sum?

Gov. With free consent, a hundred thousand pounds 20

Bar. Pounds, say'st thou, governor? Well, since it is no more,

I'll satisfy myself with that; nay, keep it still,

For if I keep not promise, trust not me.

And, governor, now partake my policy.

First, for his army; they are sent before, 25

Enter'd the monastery, and underneath

In several places are field-pieces pitch'd,

Bombards, whole barrels full of gunpowder,

That on the sudden shall dis sever it,

And batter all the stones about their ears, 30

Whence none can possibly escape alive.

Now as for Calymath and his consorts,

Here have I made a dainty gallery,

The floor whereof, this cable being cut,

Doth fall asunder, so that it doth sink 35

Into a deep pit past recovery

Here, hold that knife [throws down a knife], and

when thou seest he comes,

And with his bashaws shall be blithely set,

A warning-piece shall be shot off from the tower,

To give thee knowledge when to cut the cord 40

And fire the house Say, will not this be brave?

Gov. O excellent! here, hold thee, Barabas.

I trust thy word, take what I promis'd thee.

Bar. No, governor, I'll satisfy thee first, 45

Thou shalt not live in doubt of anything.

Stand close, for here they come [Ferneze re-

tres] Why, is not this

A kingly kind of trade to purchase towns

By treachery and sell 'em by decent?

Now tell me, worldlings, underneath the sun

If greater falsehood ever has been done? 50

Enter Calymath and Bashaws

Caly. Come, my companion bashaws; see, I pray,

How busy Barabas is there above

To entertain us in his gallery,

Let us salute him Save thee, Barabas!

Bar. Welcome, great Calymath!

Gov. [*Aside*] How the slave jeers at him 55

Bar. Will 't please thee, mighty Selim Calymath,

To ascend our homely stairs?

Caly. Ay, Barabas —

Come, bashaws, attend

Gov. [*Coming forward*] Stay, Calymath!

For I will show thee greater courtesies

¹ culverin: small cannon ⁴ linstock: stick by which the gunner's match was applied ⁵ levell'd . . . mind: agreeing with my design ²⁵ consorts: companions

Than Barabas would have afforded thee 60
Knight. [*Within.*] Sound a charge there!
A charge, the cable cut, a caldron discovered.

[*Enter del Bosco and Knights*]

Caly. How now! what means this?

Bar. Help, help me! Christians, help!

Gov. See, Calymath, thus was devis'd for thee!

Caly. Treason! treason! bashaws, fly!

Gov. No, Selim, do not fly,
 See his end first, and fly then if thou canst 65

Bar. O help me, Selim! help me, Christians!
 Governor, why stand you all so pitiless?

Gov. Should I in pity of thy plaints or thee,
 Accursed Barabas, base Jew, relent?

No, thus I 'll see thy treachery repaid, 70
 But wish thou hadst behav'd thee otherwise.

Bar. You will not help me, then?

Gov. No, villan, no.

Bar. And, villains, know you cannot help me now. —

Then, Barabas, breathe forth thy latest fate,
 And in the fury of thy torments strive 75

To end thy life with resolution

Know, governor, 't was I that slew thy son;
 I fram'd the challenge that did make them meet

Know, Calymath, I am'd thy overthrow,
 And had I but escap'd this stratagem, 80

I would have brought confusion on you all,
 Damn'd Christians, dogs, and Turkish infidels!

But now begins the extremity of heat

To pinch me with intolerable pangs

Die, life! fly, soul! tongue, curse thy fill, and die! 85

Caly. Tell me, you Christians, what doth this portend?

Gov. This train he laid to have entrapp'd thy life.

Now, Selim, note the unhallow'd deeds of Jews:
 Thus he determin'd to have handled thee,

But I have rather chose to save thy life 90

Caly. Was this the banquet he prepar'd for us?

Let 's hence, lest further mischief be pretended.

Gov. Nay, Selim, stay; for since we have thee here,

We will not let thee part so suddenly.

Besides, if we should let thee go, all 's one, 95
 For with thy galleys could'st thou not get hence,

Without fresh men to rig and furnish them.

Caly. Tush, governor, take thou no care for that,

My men are all aboard,

And do attend my coming there by this. 100

Gov. Why, heard'st thou not the trumpet sound a charge?

Caly. Yes, what of that?

Gov. Why then the house was fir'd,
 Blown up, and all thy soldiers massacred.

Caly. O monstrous treason!

Gov. A Jew's courtesy:
 For he that did by treason work our fall, 105

By treason hath deliver'd thee to us.

Know, therefore, till thy father hath made good

The runs done to Malta and to us,

Thou canst not part, for Malta shall be freed,
 Or Selim ne'er return to Ottoman. 110

Caly. Nay, rather, Christians, let me go to Turkey,

In person there to mediate your peace;

To keep me here will naught advantage you.

Gov. Content thee, Calymath, here thou must stay,

And live in Malta prisoner, for come all the world 115

To rescue thee, so will we guard us now,

As sooner shall they drink the ocean dry

Than conquer Malta, or endanger us.

So march away, and let due praise be given

Neither to Fate nor Fortune, but to Heaven 120

Exeunt.

⁶¹ S D. a caldron discovered: (Curtain before inner stage opens and discloses Barabas in the caldron) ⁶² pretended: intended ¹¹¹ mediate: ('meditate' Q) ¹¹⁶ all: ('call' Q)

The troublefome
raigne and lamentable death of
Edward *the fecond*, King of
England: with the tragicall
fall of proud Mortimer:

As it was fundrie times publicuely acted
in the honourable citie of London, by the
right honourable the Earle of Pem-
brooke his seruants.

Written by Chri. Marlow Gent.



Imprinted at London for William Iones,
dwelling neere Holbourn conduit at the
signe of the Gunne, 1594

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL RECORD. William Jones entered the play for publication on July 6, 1593, five weeks after the author's burial. — "A booke Intituled The troublesom Reign and Lamentable Death of Edward the Second, king of England, with the tragical fall of proud Mortymer." Good evidence exists that an edition appeared in this year, but the earliest of which a copy is known to survive is that of 1594 (see title-page). Others followed in 1598, 1612, and 1622. *Edward II* was the only play by Marlowe included in the first edition of Dodsley's *Old Plays* (1744). It was reprinted in the second Dodsley (1780) and the third (1825) and in four other editions between 1810 and 1826, and throughout this period was better known than any other of Marlowe's works.

DATE AND STAGE HISTORY. *Edward II* is the latest of Marlowe's dramas, produced by the Earl of Pembroke's Company after the poet had severed his connection with the Admiral-Strange combination that acted all his other plays except the early *Dido*. The earlier half of 1592 is the most likely date of first production, for the theatres were closed in June of that year and remained so (by reason of plague) till after Marlowe's death.

STRUCTURE The early editions are entirely without indication of act or scene division; and though the material can be easily arranged in five acts (with a light division between II and III), it is evident that the dramatist is seeking a more fluid medium in this treatment of the march of history than was offered by the scheme of a rigid five-act tragedy. It is no less evident that he has turned his back upon the one-man type of play, and is dividing the histrionic opportunity much more equally among his actors, while in *Isabella* he develops the female interest much further than in any of the plays of the Alleyn-Admiral group. Most interesting of all is the striking emphasis upon stage action everywhere, which shows the practicing playwright superseding the poet. Only in the grand emotional climaxes, the scenes of Edward's deposition and death, is the poet allowed a free rein.

PLOT The play presents the history of twenty-three years (1307-1330), from the accession of Edward II to the death of Mortimer. Holinshed's *Chronicle* is the main source, with occasional dependence upon Fabian and Stowe. Holinshed has been very carefully studied and, where it suited the author's purpose, closely followed. But in its general sweep the tragedy is grandiosely unhistoric. Chronology and precise fact are evaded with obvious and intelligent intention, and much foreshortening is employed, in order to focus all attention upon the central theme of the good and ill in Edward and the crushing problem involved in loyalty or disloyalty to such a king. In the characters of *Isabella* and *Young Mortimer* Marlowe has carried character "development" to lengths previously unattempted. There are doubtless faulty strokes, but these characters, like the static one of *Gaveston*, are deeply etched.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

THE TRAGEDY OF EDWARD THE SECOND

[DRAMATIS PERSONAE

<p>KING EDWARD THE SECOND PRINCE EDWARD, his Son, afterwards King Edward the Third EARL OF KENT, Half-Brother to King Edward the Second GAVESTON, the King's Favourite ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY BISHOPS OF COVENTRY AND WINCHESTER EARLS OF WARWICK, LANCASTER, PEMBROKE, ARUNDEL, AND LEICESTER LORD BERKELEY ROGER MORTIMER, the elder (of Chirk) ROGER MORTIMER, the younger, his Nephew (of Wigmore) SIR JOHN OF HAINAULT SPENCER, the elder</p> <p>The King's Champion, an Abbot and Monks, Herald; Three Poor Men, a Mower, Lords, Ladies, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants</p>	<p>SPENCER, the younger, his Son BALDOCK, an Oxford Scholar BEAUMONT, } TRUSSEL, } Court Attendants LEVUNE, } JAMES, a Soldier of Lord Pembroke's GURNEY MATREVIS LIGHTBORN, a Murderer RICE AP HOWELL</p> <p>QUEEN ISABELLA, Wife to King Edward the Second MARGARET DE CLARE, Niece to King Edward the Second, daughter to the Duke of Gloucester</p>
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SCENE London, various parts of England, Wales, and France]

[ACT I

SCENE I. — A Street in London]

Enter Gaveston, reading on a letter that was brought him from the King

Gaveston. "My father is deceas'd! Come, Gaveston, And share the kingdom with thy dearest friend "

Ah! words that make me surfeit with delight!
 What greater bliss can hap to Gaveston
 Than live and be the favourite of a king! 5
 Sweet prince, I come; these, these thy amorous lines
 Might have enforc'd me to have swum from France,

And, like Leander, gasp'd upon the sand,
 So thou would'st smile, and take me in thy arms
 The sight of London to my exil'd eyes 10
 Is as Elysium to a new-come soul;
 Not that I love the city, or the men,
 But that it harbours him I hold so dear —
 The king, upon whose bosom let me lie,
 And with the world be still at enmity 15
 What need the arctic people love starlight,

To whom the sun shines both by day and night?
 Farewell base stooping to the lordly peers!
 My knee shall bow to none but to the king.
 As for the multitude, that are but sparks 20
 Rak'd up in embers of their poverty, —
Tanti! I'll fawn first on the wind
 That glanceth at my lips, and flyeth away.

Enter three Poor Men

But how now, what are these?
Poor Men Such as desire your worship's service 25

Gav What canst thou do?
 1 *P Man* I can ride
Gav But I have no horses — What art thou?
 2 *P Man.* A traveller
Gav Let me see thou would'st do well 30
 To wait at my trencher and tell me lies at dinner time;

And as I like your discoursing, I'll have you. —
 And what art thou?

3 *P Man* A soldier that hath serv'd against the Scot

Gav Why, there are hospitals for such as you 35

I have no war, and therefore, sir, begone.

" lie: ('die' Qq) 21 Rak'd up: as fire was preserved by covering it with ashes 22 Tanti: So much for them! (with a contemptuous gesture) 23 trencher: wooden plate 24 hospitals: charitable institutions, almshouses

3 *P. Man.* Farewell, and perish by a soldier's hand,

That would'st reward them with an hospital

Gav. Ay, ay, these words of his move me as much

As if a goose should play the porpentine, 40
And dart her plumes, thinking to pierce my breast.

But yet it is no pain to speak men fair;
I'll flatter these, and make them live in hope. — [*Aside.*]

You know that I came lately out of France,
And yet I have not view'd my lord the king, 45
If I speed well, I'll entertain you all.

Omnes. We thank your worship.

Gav. I have some business leave me to myself.

Omnes We will wait here about the court.

Exeunt.

Gav. Do — These are not men for me: 50

I must have wanton poets, pleasant wits,
Musicians, that with touching of a string
May draw the pliant king which way I please.
Music and poetry is his delight,

Therefore I'll have Italian masks by night, 55
Sweet speeches, comedies, and pleasing shows;

And in the day, when he shall walk abroad,
Like sylvan nymphs my pages shall be clad,
My men, like satyrs grazing on the lawns,
Shall with their goat-feet dance an antic hay.

Sometime a lovely boy in Dian's shape, 61
With hair that gilds the water as it glides,

Crowns of pearl about his naked arms,
And in his sportful hands an olive tree,
To hide those parts which men delight to see, 65

Shall bathe him in a spring, and there hard by,
One like Actæon peeping through the grove
Shall by the angry goddess be transform'd,
And running in the likeness of an hart

By yelping hounds pull'd down, and seem to die; — 70

Such things as these best please his majesty,
My lord — Here comes the king, and the nobles

From the parliament I'll stand aside.

[*Retires.*]

*Enter the King, Lancaster, Mortimer Senior,
Mortimer Junior, Edmund Earl of Kent,
Guy Earl of Warwick, &c*

K. Edw. Lancaster!

Lan. My lord. 75

Gav. That Earl of Lancaster do I abhor

[*Aside*]

K. Edw. Will you not grant me this? — In spite of them

I'll have my will; and these two Mortimers,
That cross me thus, shall know I am displeas'd.

[*Aside.*]

Mor. Sen. If you love us, my lord, hate Gaveston 80

Gav. That villain Mortimer! I'll be his death

[*Aside*]

Mor. Jun. Mine uncle here, this earl, and I myself

Were sworn to your father at his death,
That he should ne'er return into the realm,
And know, my lord, ere I will break my oath,
This sword of mine, that should offend your

foes, 86
Shall sleep within the scabbard at thy need,
And underneath thy banners march who will,
For Mortimer will hang his armour up

Gav. *Mort Dieu!* [*Aside*]

K. Edw. Well, Mortimer, I'll make thee rue these words. 91

Beseems it thee to contradict thy king?
Frown'st thou thereat, aspiring Lancaster?

The sword shall plane the furrows of thy brows,

And hew these knees that now are grown so stiff. 95

I will have Gaveston; and you shall know
What danger 't is to stand against your king.

Gav. Well done, Ned! [*Aside*]

Lan. My lord, why do you thus incense your peers,

That naturally would love and honour you 100
But for that base and obscure Gaveston?

Four earldoms have I, besides Lancaster —
Derby, Salisbury, Lincoln, Leicester

These will I sell, to give my soldiers pay,
Ere Gaveston shall stay within the realm; 105

Therefore, if he be come, expel him straight.

Kent. Barons and earls, your pride hath made me mute,

But now I'll speak, and to the proof, I hope.
I do remember, in my father's days,

Lord Percy of the north, being highly mov'd,
Braved Mowbery in presence of the king, 111

For which, had not his highness lov'd him well,
He should have lost his head; but with his look

The undaunted spirit of Percy was appeas'd,
And Mowbery and he were reconcil'd 115

Yet dare you brave the king unto his face. —
Brother, revenge it, and let these their heads

Preach upon poles, for trespass of their tongues.
War. O, our heads!

⁴⁰ porpentine: porcupine ⁴¹ yet: as yet ⁴² entertain: take into service ⁴³ grazing: tending
cattle ⁴⁴ hay: a lively dance ⁴⁵ pull'd: be pulled (This passage describes well the "entertain-
ments" presented to Queen Elizabeth on her "progresses") ⁴⁶ Were sworn: swore an oath
⁴⁷ furrows: angry folds ⁴⁸ his look: that of the King (Edward I) ⁴⁹ Preach upon poles: be
set up on poles as a lesson to traitors

K. Edw. Ay, yours, and therefore I would wish you grant. 120

War Bridle thy anger, gentle Mortimer.

Mor. Jun I cannot, nor I will not, I must speak —

Cousin, our hands, I hope, shall fence our heads,
And strike off his that makes you threaten us 124

Come, uncle, let us leave the brain-suck king,
And henceforth parlie with our naked swords.

Mor. Sen Wiltshire hath men enough to save our heads

War. All Warwickshire will love him for my sake.

Lan And northward Gaveston hath many friends. —

Adieu, my lord; and either change your mind, 130

Or look to see the throne, where you should sit,
To float in blood; and at thy wanton head,
The glozing head of thy base minion thrown
*Exeunt Nobles [leaving King Edward, Kent,
and Gaveston]*

K. Edw I cannot brook these haughty menaces.

Am I a king, and must be overruld? — 135

Brother, display my ensigns in the field;
I'll bandy with the barons and the earls,
And either die or live with Gaveston.

Gav I can no longer keep me from my lord [Comes forward]

K. Edw What, Gaveston! welcome! — Kiss not my hand 140

Embrace me, Gaveston, as I do thee
Why should'st thou kneel? Know'st thou not who I am?

Thy friend, thyself, another Gaveston!
Not Hylas was more mourn'd of Hercules,
Than thou hast been of me since thy exile 145

Gav. And since I went from hence, no soul in hell

Hath felt more torment than poor Gaveston
K. Edw I know it — Brother, welcome home my friend

Now let the treacherous Mortimers conspire,
And that high-minded Earl of Lancaster 150
I have my wish, in that I joy thy sight;
And sooner shall the sea o'erwhelm my land
Than bear the ship that shall transport thee hence

I here create thee Lord High Chamberlain,
Chief Secretary to the state and me, 155
Earl of Cornwall, King and Lord of Man

Gav. My lord, these titles far exceed my worth

Kent. Brother, the least of these may well suffice

For one of greater birth than Gaveston.

K. Edw. Cease, brother, for I cannot brook these words. 160

Thy worth, sweet friend, is far above my gifts.
Therefore, to equal it, receive my heart.

If for these dignities thou be envied,
I'll give thee more, for, but to honour thee,
Is Edward pleas'd with kingly regiment. 165
Fear'st thou thy person? Thou shalt have a guard

Wantest thou gold? Go to my treasury.
Wouldst thou be lov'd and fear'd? Receive my seal,

Save or condemn, and in our name command
Whatso thy mind affects, or fancy likes. 170

Gav It shall suffice me to enjoy your love,
Which whiles I have, I think myself as great
As Caesar riding in the Roman street,
With captive kings at his triumphant car.

Enter the Bishop of Coventry

K. Edw Whither goes my lord of Coventry so fast? 175

Bish. To celebrate your father's exequies. —
But is that wicked Gaveston return'd?

K. Edw. Ay, priest, and lives to be reveng'd on thee,

That wert the only cause of his exile.

Gav 'T is true, and but for reverence of these robes, 180

Thou should'st not plod one foot beyond this place

Bish. I did no more than I was bound to do,

And, Gaveston, unless thou be reclaim'd,
As then I did incense the parliament,
So will I now, and thou shalt back to France.

Gav. Saving your reverence, you must pardon me. 186

K. Edw Throw off his golden mitre, rend his stole,

And in the channel christen him anew.

Kent Ah, brother, lay not violent hands on him!

For he'll complain unto the see of Rome. 190

Gav Let him complain unto the see of hell;
I'll be reveng'd on him for my exile

K. Edw. No, spare his life, but seize upon his goods

Be thou lord bishop and receive his rents,
And make him serve thee as thy chaplain. 195

I give him thee — here, use him as thou wilt.
Gav He shall to prison, and there die in bolts.

120 grant: yield 122 fence: protect

123 glozing: flattering 124 minion: favorite

125 regiment: rule 127 Wantest: ('Wants' Qq)

127 stole: vestment 128 channel: gutter

126 parlie: parley 128-129 love . . . friends: ironical

127 bandy: try conclusions 150 high-minded: insolent

170 affects: inclines to 186 reclaim'd: reformed

187 bolts: fetters

K. Edw. Ay, to the Tower, the Fleet, or where thou wilt.

Bish. For this offence, be thou accurst of God!

K. Edw. Who's there? Convey this priest to the Tower. 200

Bish. True! true!

K. Edw. But in the meantime, Gaveston, away,

And take possession of his house and goods. Come, follow me, and thou shalt have my guard To see it done, and bring thee safe again. 205

Gav. What should a priest do with so fair a house?

A prison may besem his holiness
[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II — Westminster.]

Enter [on one side] both the Mortimers, [on the other,] Warwick and Lancaster

War. 'T is true, the bishop is in the Tower, And goods and body given to Gaveston

Lan. What! will they tyrannize upon the church?

Ah, wicked king! accursed Gaveston! This ground, which is corrupted with their steps, 5

Shall be their timeless sepulchre or mine

Mor. Jun. Well, let that peevish Frenchman guard him sure;

Unless his breast be sword-proof, he shall die.

Mor. Sen. How now! why droops the Earl of Lancaster?

Mor. Jun. Wherefore is Guy of Warwick discontent? 10

Lan. That villain Gaveston is made an earl.

Mor. Sen. An earl!

War. Ay, and besides Lord Chamberlain of the realm,

And Secretary too, and Lord of Man.

Mor. Sen. We may not, nor we will not suffer this 15

Mor. Jun. Why post we not from hence to levy men?

Lan. "My Lord of Cornwall" now at every word!

And happy is the man whom he vouchsafes, For vailing of his bonnet, one good look.

Thus, arm in arm, the king and he doth march: Nay more, the guard upon his lordship waits, 21 And all the court begins to flatter him.

War. Thus, leaning on the shoulder of the king,

He nods and scorns and smiles at those that pass

Mor. Sen. Doth no man take exceptions at the slave? 25

Lan. All stomach him, but none dare speak a word.

Mor. Jun. Ah, that bewrays their baseness, Lancaster!

Were all the earls and barons of my mind, We 'ld hale him from the bosom of the king, And at the court-gate hang the peasant up, 30 Who, swoln with venom of ambitious pride, Will be the ruin of the realm and us.

Enter the [Arch]bishop of Canterbury [and an Attendant]

War. Here comes my lord of Canterbury's grace

Lan. His countenance bewrays he is displeas'd

Arch. First were his sacred garments rent and torn, 35

Then laid they violent hands upon him, next Himself imprison'd, and his goods ass seiz'd. This certify the Pope, — away, take horse

[*Exit Attend.*]

Lan. My lord, will you take arms against the king?

Arch. What need I? God himself is up in arms, 40

When violence is offer'd to the church

Mor. Jun. Then will you join with us, that be his peers,

To banish or behead that Gaveston?

Arch. What else, my lords? for it concerns me near,

The bishopric of Coventry is his 45

Enter the Queen

Mor. Jun. Madam, whither walks your majesty so fast?

Que. Unto the forest, gentle Mortimer, To live in grief and baleful discontent, For now my lord the king regards me not, 50 But dotes upon the love of Gaveston

He claps his cheeks, and hangs about his neck, Smiles in his face, and whispers in his ears;

And when I come he frowns, as who should say, "Go whither thou wilt, seeing I have Gaveston"

Mor. Sen. Is it not strange that he is thus bewitch'd? 55

Mor. Jun. Madam, return unto the court again

That sly inveigling Frenchman we 'll exile, Or lose our lives; and yet, ere that day come, The king shall lose his crown; for we have power, And courage too, to be reveng'd at full. 60

118 Fleet: Fleet prison 101 True: a gibe at the King's "Convey," one meaning of which was to remove dishonestly 8 timeless: untimely 9 How now: (At this point the two pairs of nobles recognize each other) 10 vailing: doffing 11 stomach: resent 12 We 'ld: ('Wee'le' Qq.) 13 his: Gaveston's 14 Unto the forest: s. e., out into the wilds

Que. But yet lift not your swords against the king.

Lan. No, but we will lift Gaveston from hence

War And war must be the means, or he'll stay still.

Que Then let him stay, for rather than my lord

Shall be oppress'd by civil mutinies, 65
I will endure a melancholy life,
And let him frolic with his minion.

Arch My lords, to ease all this, but hear me speak —

We and the rest, that are his counsellors,
Will meet, and with a general consent 70
Confirm his banishment with our hands and seals

Lan What we confirm the king will frustrate

Mor. Jun Then may we lawfully revolt from him.

War. But say, my lord, where shall this meeting be?

Arch. At the New Temple

Mor Jun Content 75

Arch And, in the meantime, I'll entreat you all

To cross to Lambeth, and there stay with me

Lan Come then, let's away

Mor Jun Madam, farewell!

Que Farewell, sweet Mortimer, and, for my sake,

Forbear to levy arms against the king 80

Mor. Jun Ay, if words will serve, if not, I must [Exeunt]

[SCENE III]

Enter Gaveston and the Earl of Kent

Gav. Edmund, the mighty Prince of Lancaster,

That hath more earldoms than an ass can bear,
And both the Mortimers, two goodly men.

With Guy of Warwick, that redoubted knight,
Are gone towards Lambeth — there let them remain! 5 [Exeunt]

[SCENE IV — London the Temple]

Enter Nobles [Lancaster, Warwick, Pembroke, the Elder Mortimer, Young Mortimer, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Attendants]

Lan Here is the form of Gaveston's exile:
May it please your lordship to subscribe your name.

Arch. Give me the paper.

[He signs, as do the others after him.]

Lan. Quick, quick, my lord; I long to write my name.

War But I long more to see him banish'd hence. 5

Mor Jun. The name of Mortimer shall fright the king,

Unless he be declin'd from that base peasant.

Enter the King [Kent,] and Gaveston [Gaveston seats himself beside the King]

K Edw What, are you mov'd that Gaveston sits here?

It is our pleasure, we will have it so.

Lan Your grace doth well to place him by your side, 10

For nowhere else the new earl is so safe.

Mor Sen What man of noble birth can brook this sight?

Quam male conveniunt!

See what a scornful look the peasant casts!

Pem Can kingly lions fawn on creeping ants? 15

War Ignoble vassal, that like Phaeton

Aspir'st unto the guidance of the sun!

Mor Jun Their downfall is at hand, their forces down,

We will not thus be fac'd and over-peer'd.

K Edw Lay hands on that traitor Mortimer!

Mor Sen Lay hands on that traitor Gaveston! [They seize Gaveston] 21

Kent Is this the duty that you owe your king?

War. We know our duties — let him know his peers

K Edw Whither will you bear him? Stay, or ye shall die

Mor Sen We are no traitors, therefore threaten not 25

Gav No, threaten not, my lord, but pay them home!

Were I a king —

Mor Jun Thou villain, wherefore talk'st thou of a king,

That hardly art a gentleman by birth?

K Edw. Were he a peasant, being my minion, 30

I'll make the proudest of you stoop to him.

Lan My lord, you may not thus disparage us —

Away, I say, with hateful Gaveston!

⁶¹ *Que.*: (Qq assign this speech to the Archbishop) ⁷¹ *New Temple*: the present Temple on the Strand; home of the Knights Templars (who removed thither in 1184 from Holborn) ⁷² *Arch.*: (Not in Qq) ⁷³ *Lambeth*: city residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, south of the Thames
Sc III A front-stage scene, marking passage of time and change of place ¹ *form*: draft ² *declin'd*: alienated ³ *Quam male conveniunt*: How ill they agree! Suggested by Ovid, *Met.* II. 846 f. ⁴ *Non bene conveniunt, nec in una sede morantur, Majestas et amor* (Majesty and love do not well agree nor can they dwell in one seat) ¹⁰ *over-peer'd*: bullied

Mor. Sen. And with the Earl of Kent that favours him.

[*Attendants remove Keni and Gaveston*]

K. Edw. Nay, then, lay violent hands upon your king. 35

Here, Mortimer, sit thou in Edward's throne; Warwick and Lancaster, wear you my crown Was ever king thus over-ruled as I?

Lan. Learn then to rule us better, and the realm

Mor. Jun. What we have done, our heart-blood shall maintain. 40

War. Think you that we can brook this upstart pride?

K. Edw. Anger and wrathful fury stops my speech.

Arch. Why are you mov'd? Be patient, my lord,

And see what we your counsellors have done.

Mor. Jun. My lords, now let us all be resolute, 45

And either have our wills, or lose our lives

K. Edw. Meet you for this, proud overdaring peers?

Ere my sweet Gaveston shall part from me,

This isle shall fleet upon the ocean,

And wander to the unfrequented Inde. 50

Arch. You know that I am legate to the Pope.

On your allegiance to the see of Rome,

Subscribe, as we have done, to his exile

Mor. Jun. Curse him, if he refuse, and then may we

Depose him and elect another king. 55

K. Edw. Ay, there it goes! but yet I will not yield.

Curse me, depose me, do the worst you can.

Lan. Then linger not, my lord, but do it straight.

Arch. Remember how the bishop was abus'd! 59

Either banish him that was the cause thereof,

Or I will presently discharge these lords

Of duty and allegiance due to thee.

K. Edw. [*Aside.*] It boots me not to threaten; I must speak fair.

The legate of the Pope will be obey'd. —

My lord, you shall be Chancellor of the realm;

Thou, Lancaster, High Admiral of our fleet; 66

Young Mortimer and his uncle shall be earls;

And you, Lord Warwick, President of the North;

And thou, of Wales. If this content you not,

Make several kingdoms of this monarchy, 70

And share it equally amongst you all,

So I may have some nook or corner left,

To frolic with my dearest Gaveston.

Arch. Nothing shall alter us, we are resolved.

Lan. Come, come, subscribe. 75

Mor. Jun. Why should you love him whom the world hates so?

K. Edw. Because he loves me more than all the world.

Ah, none but rude and savage-minded men

Would seek the ruin of my Gaveston;

You that be noble-born should pity him. 80

War. You that are princely-born should shake him off.

For shame subscribe, and let the lown depart.

Mor. Sen. Urge him, my lord.

Arch. Are you content to banish him the realm?

K. Edw. I see I must, and therefore am content. 85

Instead of ink, I'll write it with my tears

[*Subscribes*]

Mor. Jun. The king is love-sick for his minion

K. Edw. 'T is done; and now, accursed hand, fall off!

Lan. Give it me, I'll have it publish'd in the streets

Mor. Jun. I'll see him presently despatch'd away 90

Arch. Now is my heart at ease.

War. And so is mine.

Pem. This will be good news to the common sort

Mor. Sen. Be it or no, he shall not linger here.

Exeunt Nobles [*leaving the King*]

K. Edw. How fast they run to banish him I love!

They would not stir, were it to do me good 95

Why should a king be subject to a priest?

Proud Rome! that hatchest such imperial grooms,

For these thy superstitious taper-lights,

Wherewith thy antichristian churches blaze,

I'll fire thy crazed buildings, and enforce 100

The papal towers to kiss the lowly ground!

With slaughter'd priests make Tiber's channel swell,

And banks rais'd higher with their sepulchres!

As for the peers, that back the clergy thus,

If I be king, not one of them shall live. 105

Enter Gaveston

Gav. My lord; I hear it whisper'd everywhere, That I am banish'd, and must fly the land.

K. Edw. 'T is true, sweet Gaveston — O! were it false!

The legate of the Pope will have it so,

And thou must hence, or I shall be depos'd. 110

⁶⁶ thou: Pembroke ⁶⁸ lown: clown ⁶⁸ sort:

⁶⁶ fleet: float ⁶¹ presently: immediately
people ⁶⁷ imperial: imperious

But I will reign to be reveng'd of them;
And therefore, sweet friend, take it patiently.
Live where thou wilt, I'll send thee gold
enough;

And long thou shalt not stay, or if thou dost, 114
I'll come to thee; my love shall ne'er decline.

Gav. Is all my hope turn'd to this hell of grief?

K. Edw. Rend not my heart with thy too piercing words:

Thou from this land, I from myself am banish'd.

Gav. To go from hence grieves not poor Gaveston;

But to forsake you, in whose gracious looks 120
The blessedness of Gaveston remains,
For nowhere else seeks he felicity

K. Edw. And only this torments my wretched soul

That, whether I will or no, thou must depart.

Be governor of Ireland in my stead, 125
And there abide till fortune call thee home

Here take my picture, and let me wear thine
[*They exchange pictures.*]

O, might I keep thee here as I do this,
Happy were I! but now most miserable! 129

Gav. 'T is something to be pitied of a king

K. Edw. Thou shalt not hence — I'll hide thee, Gaveston

Gav. I shall be found, and then 't will grieve me more

K. Edw. Kind words and mutual talk makes our grief greater,

Therefore, with dumb embracement, let us part —

Stay, Gaveston, I cannot leave thee thus 135

Gav. For every look, my lord, drops down a tear.

Seeing I must go, do not renew my sorrow

K. Edw. The time is little that thou hast to stay,

And, therefore, give me leave to look my fill
But come, sweet friend, I'll bear thee on thy way 140

Gav. The peers will frown

K. Edw. I pass not for their anger — Come, let's go;

O that we might as well return as go

Enter Edmund [Kent] and Queen Isabel

Que. Whither goes my lord?

K. Edw. Fawn not on me, French strumpet!
Get thee gone! 145

Que. On whom but on my husband should I fawn?

Gav. On Mortumer! with whom, ungente queen —

I say no more. Judge you the rest, my lord
Que. In saying this, thou wrong'st me,
Gaveston 149

Is 't not enough that thou corrupt'st my lord,
And art a bawd to his affections,

But thou must call mine honour thus in question?

Gav. I mean not so; your grace must pardon me.

K. Edw. Thou art too familiar with that Mortumer,

And by thy means is Gaveston exil'd; 155
But I would wish thee reconcile the lords,

Or thou shalt ne'er be reconcil'd to me.

Que. Your highness knows it lies not in my power.

K. Edw. Away then! touch me not. — Come, Gaveston

Que. Villain! 't is thou that robb'st me of my lord 160

Gav. Madam, 't is you that rob me of my lord

K. Edw. Speak not unto her, let her droop and pine

Que. Wherein, my lord, have I deserv'd these words?

Witness the tears that Isabella sheds,
Witness this heart, that, sighing for thee,
breaks, 165

How dear my lord is to poor Isabel.

K. Edw. And witness Heaven how dear thou art to me! [Spurning her]

There weep; for till my Gaveston be repeal'd,
Assure thyself thou com'st not in my sight

Exeunt Edward and Gaveston.

Que. O miserable and distressed queen!
Would, when I left sweet France and was embark'd, 171

That charming Circes, walking on the waves,
Had chang'd my shape, or at the marriage-day

The cup of Hymen had been full of poison,
Or with those arms that twin'd about my neck

I had been stifled, and not liv'd to see 176
The king my lord thus to abandon me!

Like frantic Juno will I fill the earth
With ghastly murmur of my sighs and cries;

For never doted Jove on Ganymede 180
So much as he on curs'd Gaveston

But that will more exasperate his wrath,
I must entreat him, I must speak him fair,

And be a means to call home Gaveston.
And yet he'll ever dote on Gaveston, 185

And so am I for ever miserable.

¹⁴⁸ pass: care ¹⁶⁰ corrupt'st: ('corrupts' Qq) ¹⁶⁸ repeal'd: recalled ¹⁷² charming Circes: the enchantress Circe
¹⁷⁸ frantic: (because of Jove's infidelities)

Enter the Nobles [Lancaster, Warwick, Pembroke, the Mortimers] to the Queen

Lan. Look where the sister of the King of France

Sits wringing of her hands, and beats her breast!

War. The king, I fear, hath ill-entreated her.

Pem. Hard is the heart that injures such a saint 190

Mor. Jun. I know 't is 'long of Gaveston she weeps

Mor. Sen. Why? He is gone.

Mor. Jun. Madam, how fares your grace?

Que. Ah, Mortimer! now breaks the king's hate forth,

And he confesseth that he loves me not.

Mor. Jun. Cry quittance, madam, then; and love not him 195

Que. No, rather will I die a thousand deaths! And yet I love in vain; — he 'll ne'er love me

Lan. Fear ye not, madam; now his minion's gone,

His wanton humour will be quickly left. 199

Que. O never, Lancaster! I am enjoin'd

To sue unto you all for his repeal,

This wills my lord, and this must I perform,

Or else be banish'd from his highness' presence.

Lan. For his repeal? Madam, he comes not back,

Unless the sea cast up his shipwrack'd body 205

War. And to behold so sweet a sight as that, There's none here but would run his horse to death.

Mor. Jun. But, madam, would you have us call him home?

Que. Ay, Mortimer, for till he be restor'd, The angry king hath banish'd me the court, 210

And, therefore, as thou lov'st and tend'rest me, Be thou my advocate unto these peers.

Mor. Jun. What! would ye have me plead for Gaveston?

Mor. Sen. Plead for him he that will, I am resolv'd.

Lan. And so am I, my lord. Dissuade the queen 215

Que. O Lancaster! let him dissuade the king,

For 't is against my will he should return

War. Then speak not for him! let the peasant go.

Que. 'T is for myself I speak, and not for him.

Pem. No speaking will prevail, and therefore cease. 220

Mor. Jun. Fair queen, forbear to angle for the fish

Which, being caught, strikes him that takes it dead;

I mean that vile torpedo, Gaveston.

That now, I hope, floats on the Irish seas.

Que. Sweet Mortimer, sit down by me awhile, 225

And I will tell thee reasons of such weight

As thou wilt soon subscribe to his repeal.

Mor. Jun. It is impossible; but speak your mind

Que. Then thus, — but none shall hear it but ourselves

[*Talks to Young Mortimer apart.*]

Lan. My lords, albeit the queen win Mortimer, 230

Will you be resolute, and hold with me?

Mor. Sen. Not I, against my nephew.

Pem. Fear not, the queen's words cannot alter him.

War. No? Do but mark how earnestly she pleads!

Lan. And see how coldly his looks make denial! 235

War. She smiles; now for my life his mind is chang'd!

Lan. I 'll rather lose his friendship, I, than grant.

Mor. Jun. Well, of necessity it must be so. —

My lords, that I abhor base Gaveston,

I hope your honours make no question, 240

And therefore, though I plead for his repeal,

'T is not for his sake, but for our avail,

Nay for the realm's behoof, and for the king's.

Lan. Fie, Mortimer, dishonour not thyself!

Can this be true, 't was good to banish him? 245

And is this true, to call him home again?

Such reasons make white black, and dark night day.

Mor. Jun. My lord of Lancaster, mark the respect.

Lan. In no respect can contraries be true.

Que. Yet, good my lord, hear what he can allege 250

War. All that he speaks is nothing, we are resolv'd.

Mor. Jun. Do you not wish that Gaveston were dead?

Pem. I would he were!

Mor. Jun. Why, then, my lord, give me but leave to speak

Mor. Sen. But, nephew, do not play the sophister. 255

Mor. Jun. This which I urge is of a burning zeal

To mend the king, and do our country good.

Know you not Gaveston hath store of gold,

Which may in Ireland purchase him such friends

¹⁹¹ 'long: because ²⁰⁵ shipwrack'd: ('shipwrack' Q 1) ²²⁵ torpedo: ray-fish ²⁴⁵ respect: relation of events ²⁵⁵ sophister: sophist

As he will front the mightiest of us all? 260
And whereas he shall live and be belov'd,
'T is hard for us to work his overthrow.

War. Mark you but that, my lord of Lancaster.

Mor. Jun. But were he here, detested as he is,
How easily might some base slave be suborn'd
To greet his lordship with a poniard, 266
And none so much as blame the murderer,
But rather praise him for that brave attempt,
And in the chronicle enrol his name
For purging of the realm of such a plague! 270

Pem. He saith true

Lan. Ay, but how chance this was not done before?

Mor. Jun. Because, my lords, it was not thought upon.

Nay, more, when he shall know it lies in us
To banish him, and then to call him home, 275
'T will make him veil the top-flag of his pride,
And fear to offend the meanest nobleman

Mor. Sen. But how if he do not, nephew?

Mor. Jun. Then may we with some colour rise in arms,

For howsoever we have borne it out, 280
'T is treason to be up against the king.

So shall we have the people of our side,
Which for his father's sake lean to the king,
But cannot brook a night-grown mushroom,
Such a one as my lord of Cornwall is, 285
Should bear us down of the nobility.

And when the commons and the nobles join,
'T is not the king can buckler Gaveston,
We'll pull him from the strongest hold he hath
My lords, if to perform this I be slack, 290
Think me as base a groom as Gaveston.

Lan. On that condition, Lancaster will grant

War. And so will Pembroke and I

Mor. Sen. And I 294

Mor. Jun. In this I count me highly gratified,

And Mortimer will rest at your command

Que. And when this favour Isabel forgets,
Then let her live abandon'd and forlorn —

But see, in happy time, my lord the king,
Having brought the Earl of Cornwall on his way, 300

Is new return'd This news will glad him much,
Yet not so much as me I love him more
Than he can Gaveston, would he lov'd me
But half so much, then were I treble-blest.

Enter King Edward, mourning

K. Edw. He's gone, and for his absence thus I mourn. 305

Did never sorrow go so near my heart

As doth the want of my sweet Gaveston;
And could my crown's revenue bring him back,
I would freely give it to his enemies,
And think I gain'd, having bought so dear a friend 310

Que. Hark! how he harps upon his minion.

K. Edw. My heart is as an anvil unto sorrow,
Which beats upon it like the Cyclops' hammers,
And with the noise turns up my giddy brain,
And makes me frantic for my Gaveston 315
Ah! had some bloodless Fury rose from hell,
And with my kingly sceptre struck me dead,
When I was forc'd to leave my Gaveston!

Lan. *Diablo!* What passions call you these?

Que. My gracious lord, I come to bring you news 320

K. Edw. That you have parled with your Mortimer!

Que. That Gaveston, my lord, shall be repeal'd.

K. Edw. Repeal'd! The news is too sweet to be true

Que. But will you love me, if you find it so?
K. Edw. If it be so, what will not Edward do? 325

Que. For Gaveston, but not for Isabel.

K. Edw. For thee, fair queen, if thou lov'st Gaveston

I'll hang a golden tongue about thy neck,
Seeing thou hast pleaded with so good success.

Que. No other jewels hang about my neck 330
Than these, my lord, nor let me have more wealth

Than I may fetch from this rich treasury.

O how a kiss revives poor Isabel!

K. Edw. Once more receive my hand, and let this be

A second marriage 'twixt thyself and me 335

Que. And may it prove more happy than the first!

My gentle lord, bespeak these nobles fair,

That wait attendance for a gracious look,

And on their knees salute your majesty.

K. Edw. Courageous Lancaster, embrace thy king! 340

And, as gross vapours perish by the sun,
Even so let hatred with thy sovereign's smile.
Live thou with me as my companion.

Lan. This salutation overjoys my heart.

K. Edw. Warwick shall be my chiefest counsellor 345

These silver hairs will more adorn my court
Than gaudy silks, or rich imbrothery.

Chide me, sweet Warwick, if I go astray.

War. Slay me, my lord, when I offend your grace.

²⁶⁰ front: face on equal terms ²⁶⁶ attempt: enterprise ²⁷⁰ colour: justification ²⁸⁴ brook: endure that ²⁹⁰ highly gratified: much obliged ³¹¹ these: the king's arms ³²² treasury: his mouth ³⁴² sovereign's: ('souveraigne' Q 1-2) ³⁴⁷ imbrothery: embroidery

K. Edw. In solemn triumphs, and in public shows, 350
Pembroke shall bear the sword before the king.

Pem. And with this sword Pembroke will fight for you.

K. Edw. But wherefore walks young Mortimer aside?

Be thou commander of our royal fleet;
Or, if that lofty office like thee not, 355
I make thee here Lord Marshal of the realm.

Mor. Jun. My lord, I'll marshal so your enemies,
As England shall be quiet, and you safe.

K. Edw. And as for you, Lord Mortimer of Chirke, 359

Whose great achievements in our foreign war
Deserves no common place nor mean reward,
Be you the general of the levied troops,
That now are ready to assail the Scots

Mor. Sen. In this your grace hath highly honour'd me,

For with my nature war doth best agree. 365

Que. Now is the King of England rich and strong,
Having the love of his renowned peers

K. Edw. Ay, Isabel, ne'er was my heart so light.

Clerk of the crown, direct our warrant forth
For Gaveston to Ireland:

[*Enter Beaumont with warrant*]

Beaumont, fly 370

As fast as Iris or Jove's Mercury

Beau. It shall be done, my gracious lord.

[*Exit.*]

K. Edw. Lord Mortimer, we leave you to your charge

Now let us in, and feast it royally. 374

Against our friend the Earl of Cornwall comes,
We'll have a general tilt and tournament;
And then his marriage shall be solemniz'd.

For wot you not that I have made him sure
Unto our cousin, the Earl of Gloucester's heir?

Lan. Such news we hear, my lord. 380

K. Edw. That day, if not for him, yet for my sake,

Who in the triumph will be challenger,
Spare for no cost; we will requite your love.

War. In this, or aught, your highness shall command us

K. Edw. Thanks, gentle Warwick: come, let's in and revel. 385

Exeunt [*King and others*]. *Manent Mortimers*

Mor. Sen. Nephew, I must to Scotland; thou stayest here.

Leave now to oppose thyself against the king.
Thou seest by nature he is mild and calm,
And seeing his mind so dotes on Gaveston,
Let him without controlment have his will. 390
The mightiest kings have had their minions:
Great Alexander loved Hephestion;
The conquering Hercules for Hylas wept;
And for Patroclus stern Achilles droop'd.
And not kings only, but the wisest men: 395
The Roman Tully lov'd Octavius,
Grave Socrates, wild Alcibiades
Then let his grace, whose youth is flexible,
And promiset as much as we can wish,
Freely enjoy that vain, light-headed earl; 400
For riper years will wean him from such toys.

Mor. Jun. Uncle, his wanton humour grieves not me,
But this I scorn, that one so basely born
Should by his sovereign's favour grow so pert,
And not it with the treasure of the realm. 405
While soldiers mutiny for want of pay,
He wears a lord's revenue on his back,
And Midas-like, he jets it in the court,
With base outlandish cullions at his heels, 409
Whose proud fantastic liveries make such show
As if that Proteus, god of shapes, appear'd.
I have not seen a dapper Jack so brisk;
He wears a short Italian hooded cloak
Larded with pearl, and, in his Tuscan cap,
A jewel of more value than the crown. 415
Whiles other walk below, the king and he
From out a window laugh at such as we,
And flout our train, and jest at our attire
Uncle, 't is this that makes me impatient.

Mor. Sen. But, nephew, now you see the king is chang'd 420

Mor. Jun. Then so am I, and live to do him service:

But whiles I have a sword, a hand, a heart,
I will not yield to any such upstart
You know my mind, come, uncle, let's away.

Exeunt.

[ACT II]

[SCENE I. — *Castle of Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester.*]

Enter [*Young*] *Spencer and Baldock*

Bald. Spencer,
Seeing that our lord th' Earl of Gloucester's dead,

Which of the nobles dost thou mean to serve?

Spen. Not Mortimer, nor any of his side,
Because the king and he are enemies.

Baldock, learn this of me: a factious lord
Shall hardly do himself good, much less us.

374 made . . . sure: betrothed 379 cousin: niece 382 triumph: knightly contest 385 s. d.
Manent: remain on the stage 387 Leave: cease 389 Hercules: ('Hector' Qq) 408 jets it: struts
409 outlandish cullions: foreign knaves 414 Larded: embroidered 416 other: others

But he that hath the favour of a king
May with one word advance us while we live
The liberal Earl of Cornwall is the man 9
On whose good fortune Spencer's hope depends
Bald. What, mean you then to be his fol-
lower?

Spen No, his companion; for he loves me
well,

And would have once preferr'd me to the king
Bald But he is banish'd, there 's small hope
of him.

Spen. Ay, for a while, but, Baldock,
mark the end 15

A friend of mine told me in secrecy
That he 's repeal'd, and sent for back again,
And even now a post came from the court
With letters to our lady from the king,
And as she read she smil'd, which makes me
think 20

It is about her lover Gaveston

Bald. 'T is like enough, for since he was
exil'd

She neither walks abroad, nor comes in sight.
But I had thought the match had been broke
off, 24

And that his banishment had chang'd her mind

Spen Our lady's first love is not wavering,
My life for thee, she will have Gaveston

Bald. Then hope I by her means to be pre-
ferr'd,

Having read unto her since she was a child

Spen Then, Baldock, you must cast the
scholar off, 30

And learn to court it like a gentleman
'T is not a black coat and a little band,
A velvet-cap'd coat, fac'd before with serge,
And smelling to a nosegay all the day,
Or holding of a napkin in your hand, 35
Or saying a long grace at a table's end,
Or making low legs to a nobleman,
Or looking downward with your eyelids close,
And saying, "Truly, an't may please your
honour,"

Can get you any favour with great men, 40
You must be proud, bold, pleasant, resolute,
And now and then stab, as occasion serves

Bald Spencer, thou know'st I hate such for-
mal toys,

And use them but of mere hypocrisy
Mine old lord whiles he liv'd was so precise, 45
That he would take exceptions at my buttons,
And being like pin's heads, blame me for the
bigness;

Which made me curate-like in mine attire,
Though inwardly licentious enough

And apt for any kind of villainy. 50

I am none of these common pedants, I,
That cannot speak without *propterea quod*.

Spen But one of those that saith *quando-
quidem*,

And hath a special gift to form a verb.

Bald. Leave off this jesting, here my lady
comes 55

Enter the Lady [Margaret de Clare]

Lady. The grief for his exile was not so much
As is the joy of his returning home.

This letter came from my sweet Gaveston.

What need'st thou, love, thus to excuse thyself?

I know thou couldst not come and visit me. 60

[*Reads.*] "I will not long be from thee, though
I die "

This argues the entire love of my lord;

[*Reads.*] "When I forsake thee, death seize on
my heart "

But rest thee here where Gaveston shall sleep.

[*Puts the letter into her bosom.*]

Now to the letter of my lord the king — 65

He wills me to repair unto the court,

And meet my Gaveston Why do I stay,

Seeing that he talks thus of my marriage-day?

Who 's there? Baldock!

See that my coach be ready, I must hence. 70

Bald It shall be done, madam.

Lady And meet me at the park-pale pre-
sently *Exit Baldock.*

Spencer, stay you and bear me company,

For I have joyful news to tell thee of.

My lord of Cornwall is a-coming over, 75

And will be at the court as soon as we.

Spen I knew the king would have him home
again

Lady If all things sort out as I hope they will,
Thy service, Spencer, shall be thought upon.

Spen I humbly thank your ladyship. 80

Lady Come, lead the way, I long till I am
there. [*Exeunt*]

[SCENE II — *Tynemouth Castle, Northumber-
land*]

*Enter Edward, the Queen, Lancaster, [Young]
Mortimer, Warwick, Pembroke, Kent, At-
tendants*

K Edw The wind is good, I wonder why
he stays;

I fear me he is wrack'd upon the sea.

Que Look, Lancaster, how passionate he is,
And still his mind runs on his minion!

Lan. My lord, — 5

¹³ preferr'd: recommended ³¹ band: clerical collar ³⁷ legs: bows ⁴⁶ precise: Puritanical
⁴⁶ buttons: an object of scandal to precisians ⁵⁸ propterea quod: because (pedantic, prosaic form)
⁵⁸ quandoquidem: since (poetical and affected) ⁶⁴ form a verb: say things neatly ⁷⁸ sort out:
result

K. Edw. How now! what news? Is Gaveston arriv'd?

Mor. Jun. Nothing but Gaveston! — What means your grace?

You have matters of more weight to think upon;
The King of France sets foot in Normandy.

K. Edw. A trifle! we'll expel him when we please 10

But tell me, Mortimer, what 's thy device
Against the stately triumph we decreed?

Mor. Jun. A homely one, my lord, not worth the telling.

K. Edw. Prithce let me know it.

Mor. Jun. But, seeing you are so desirous, thus it is: 15

A lofty cedar-tree, fair flourishing,
On whose top-branches kingly eagles perch,
And by the bark a canker creeps me up,
And gets unto the highest bough of all:
The motto, *Æque landem* 20

K. Edw. And what is yours, my lord of Lancaster?

Lan. My lord, mine's more obscure than Mortimer's

Pliny reports there is a flying fish
Which all the other fishes deadly hate,
And therefore, being pursued, it takes the air:
No sooner is it up, but there 's a fowl 26
That seizeth it; this fish, my lord, I bear:
The motto this. *Undique mors est*

K. Edw. Proud Mortimer! ungentle Lancaster!

Is this the love you bear your sovereign? 30
Is this the fruit your reconcilment bears?
Can you in words make show of amity,
And in your shields display your rancorous minds!

What call you this but private libelling
Against the Earl of Cornwall and my brother?

Que Sweet husband, be content, they all love you 36

K. Edw. They love me not that hate my Gaveston

I am that cedar, shake me not too much,
And you the eagles; soar ye ne'er so high,
I have the jesses that will pull you down, 40
And *Æque landem* shall that canker cry
Unto the proudest peer of Britany
Though thou compar'st him to a flying fish,
And threatenest death whether he rise or fall,
'T is not the hugest monster of the sea, 45
Nor foulest harpy that shall swallow him.

Mor. Jun. If in his absence thus he favours him,

What will he do whenas he shall be present?

Lan. That shall we see; look where his lordship comes.

Enter Gaveston

K. Edw. My Gaveston! 50
Welcome to Tynemouth! Welcome to thy friend!

Thy absence made me droop and pine away;
For, as the lovers of fair Danae,
When she was lock'd up in a brazen tower,
Desir'd her more, and wax'd outrageous, 55
So did it sure with me, and now thy sight
Is sweeter far than was thy parting hence
Bitter and irksome to my sobbing heart

Gav. Sweet lord and king, your speech preventeth mine,
Yet have I words left to express my joy 60
The shepherd nipp'd with biting winter's rage

Frolics not more to see the painted spring,
Than I do to behold your majesty

K. Edw. Will none of you salute my Gaveston?

Lan Salute him? yes. Welcome, Lord Chamberlain! 65

Mor Jun Welcome is the good Earl of Cornwall!

War. Welcome, Lord Governor of the Isle of Man!

Pem Welcome, Master Secretary!

Kent Brother, do you hear them?

K. Edw. Still will these earls and barons use me thus? 70

Gav. My lord, I cannot brook these injuries.

Que. [*Aside*] Aye me, poor soul, when these begin to jar

K. Edw. Return it to their throats, I'll be thy warrant

Gav Base, leaden earls, that glory in your birth,

Go sit at home and eat your tenants' beef, 75
And come not here to scoff at Gaveston,
Whose mounting thoughts did never creep so low

As to bestow a look on such as you.

Lan. Yet I disdain not to do this for you.

[*Draws his sword and offers to stab Gaveston.*]

K. Edw. Treason! treason! where 's the traitor? 80

Pem Here! here!

K. Edw. Convey hence Gaveston; they'll murder him.

¹¹ device: heraldic emblem ¹² Against: for use at ¹³ canker: canker-worm ¹⁴ *Æque tandem*: "equally at length" (The canker will be as high as the eagle) ¹⁵ bear: i.e., on my shield ¹⁶ *Undique*, etc.: Death is everywhere ¹⁷ brother: (Gaveston and the king had been brought up as foster-brothers) ¹⁸ jesses: straps by which falcons were controlled ('gresses' Qq) ¹⁹ Britany: Britain ²⁰ sure: surely ('fare' Q 1622) ²¹ preventeth: anticipates ²² Aye me: Woe is me.

Gav. The life of thee shall salve this foul disgrace.

Mor. Jun. Villain! thy life, unless I miss mine aim. [*Wounds Gaveston*]

Que. Ah! furious Mortimer, what hast thou done?

Mor. No more than I would answer, were he slain.

[*Exit Gaveston with Attendants.*]

K. Edw. Yes, more than thou canst answer, though he live

Dear shall you both abye this riotous deed
Out of my presence! Come not near the court

Mor. Jun. I'll not be barr'd the court for Gaveston

Lan. We'll hale him by the ears unto the block.

K. Edw. Look to your own heads, his is sure enough

War. Look to your own crown, if you back him thus

Kent. Warwick, these words do ill besem thy years

K. Edw. Nay, all of them conspire to cross me thus;

But if I live, I'll tread upon their heads
That think with high looks thus to tread me down

Come, Edmund, let's away and levy men,
'T is war that must abate these barons' pride

[*Exit the King [with Queen and Kent]*]

War. Let's to our castles, for the king is mov'd

Mor. Jun. Mov'd may he be, and perish in his wrath!

Lan. Cousin, it is no dealing with him now,
He means to make us stoop by force of arms,
And therefore let us jointly here protest,
To prosecute that Gaveston to the death

Mor. Jun. By heaven, the abject villain shall not live!

War. I'll have his blood, or die in seeking it.

Pem. The like oath Pembroke takes.

Lan. And so doth Lancaster.

Now send our heralds to defy the king;
And make the people swear to put him down.

Enter a Post

Mor. Jun. Letters! From whence?

Mess. From Scotland, my lord

[*Giving letters to Mortimer*]

Lan. Why, how now, cousin, how fares all our friends?

Mor. Jun. My uncle's taken prisoner by the Scots.

Lan. We'll have him ransom'd, man; be of good cheer.

Mor. Jun. They rate his ransom at five thousand pound.

Who should defray the money but the king,
Seeing he is taken prisoner in his wars?

I'll to the king.

Lan. Do, cousin, and I'll bear thee company.

War. Meantime, my lord of Pembroke and myself

Will to Newcastle here, and gather head.

Mor. Jun. About it then, and we will follow you

Lan. Be resolute and full of secrecy.

War. I warrant you. [*Exit with Pembroke.*]

Mor. Jun. Cousin, and if he will not ransom him,

I'll thunder such a peal into his ears,
As never subject did unto his king.

Lan. Content, I'll bear my part — Holla! who's there?

[*Enter Guard*]

Mor. Jun. Ay, marry, such a guard as this doth well

Lan. Lead on the way

Guard. Whither will your lordships?

Mor. Jun. Whither else but to the king?

Guard. His highness is dispos'd to be alone.

Lan. Why, so he may, but we will speak to him

Guard. You may not in, my lord.

Mor. May we not?

[*Enter King Edward and Kent on the balcony*]

K. Edw. How now!
What noise is this? Who have we there?

Is 't you? [*Going*]

Mor. Nay, stay, my lord, I come to bring you news,

Mine uncle's taken prisoner by the Scots.

K. Edw. Then ransom him.

Lan. 'T was in your wars; you should ransom him

Mor. And you shall ransom him, or else —

Kent. What! Mortimer, you will not threaten him?

K. Edw. Quiet yourself: you shall have the broad seal.

To gather for him throughout the realm.

Lan. Your minion Gaveston hath taught you this

Mor. My lord, the family of the Mortimers

⁸⁸ abye: pay for ¹¹¹ s D Post: messenger ¹¹⁵ This episode is not historical (The elder Mortimer here passes out of the play) ¹²⁰ Newcastle here: (nine miles from Tynemouth) head: armed force ¹²⁷ and if: if ¹³⁰ s D The guard bars the entrance to the rear stage ¹⁴⁷ broad seal: royal endorsement (on a beggar's license)

Are not so poor, but, would they sell their land,
'T would levy men enough to anger you.
We never beg, but use such prayers as these.

K. Edw. Shall I still be haunted thus?

Mor. Nay, now you 're here alone, I 'll speak
my mind. 155

Lan. And so will I, and then, my lord, fare-
well.

Mor. The idle triumphs, masques, lascivious
shows,

And prodigal gifts bestow'd on Gaveston,
Have drawn thy treasure dry, and made thee
weak, 159

The murmuring commons overstretched hath

Lan. Look for rebellion, look to be depos'd.
Thy garrisons are beaten out of France,
And, lame and poor, lie groaning at the gates
The wild O' Neill, with swarms of Irish kerns,
Lives uncontroll'd within the English pale. 165
Unto the walls of York the Scots made road,
And unresisted drave away rich spoils.

Mor. The haughty Dane commands the nar-
row seas,

While in the harbour ride thy ships unrigg'd.

Lan. What foreign prince sends thee ambas-
sadors? 170

Mor. Who loves thee, but a sort of flatterers?

Lan. Thy gentle queen, sole sister to Valois,
Complains that thou hast left her all forlorn.

Mor. Thy court is naked, being bereft of
those 174

That makes a king seem glorious to the world;
I mean the peers, whom thou should'st dearly
love.

Libels are cast again thee in the street,
Ballads and rhymes made of thy overthrow.

Lan. The Northern borderers seeing their
houses burnt,

Their wives and children slain, run up and
down, 180

Cursing the name of thee and Gaveston

Mor. When wert thou in the field with banner
spread,

But once? and then thy soldiers march'd like
players,

With garish robes, not armour, and thyself,
Bedaub'd with gold, rode laughing at the rest,
Nodding and shaking of thy spangled crest, 186
Where women's favours hung like labels down

Lan. And thereof came it, that the fleeing
Scots,

To England's high disgrace, have made this jig:

Maids of England, sore may you mourn 190
*For your lemans you have lost at Bannocks-
burn, —*

With a heave and a ho!

What, weeneth the King of England

So soon to have won Scotland? —

With a rombelow! 195

Mor. Wigmore shall fly, to set my uncle free.

Lan. And when 't is gone, our swords shall
purchase more.

If ye be mov'd, revenge it as you can;

Look next to see us with our ensigns spread.

Exeunt Nobles.

K. Edw. My swelling heart for very anger
breaks! 200

How oft have I been baited by these peers,
And dare not be reveng'd, for their power is
great!

Yet, shall the crowing of these cockerels
Affright a lion? Edward, unfold thy paws,
And let their lives' blood slake thy fury's hun-
ger 205

If I be cruel and grow tyrannous,
Now let them thank themselves, and rue too
late

Kent. My lord, I see your love to Gaveston
Will be the run of the realm and you,
For now the wrathful nobles threaten wars, 210

And therefore, brother, banish him for ever

K. Edw. Art thou an enemy to my Gaveston?

Kent. Ay, and it grieves me that I favour'd
him

K. Edw. Traitor, begone! whine thou with
Mortimer 214

Kent. So will I, rather than with Gaveston

K. Edw. Out of my sight, and trouble me no
more!

Kent. No marvel though thou scorn thy
noble peers,

When I thy brother am rejected thus. *Exit.*

K. Edw. Away!

Poor Gaveston, that hast no friend but me! 220
Do what they can, we 'll live in Tynemouth here;
And, so I walk with him about the walls,
What care I though the earls begirt us round?—
Here comes she that 's cause of all these jars.

*Enter the Queen, Ladies Three, [Gaveston,]
Baldock, and Spencer*

Que. My lord, 't is thought the earls are
up in arms. 225

¹⁵⁵ 'T would: ('Would' Q 1-2) ¹⁵⁸ these: (making minatory gestures) ¹⁶⁰ overstretched: passed the limits of their patience ¹⁶⁴ kerns: foot soldiers, "the very dross and scum of the country" ¹⁶⁶ pale: the settled district about Dublin ¹⁶⁸ narrow seas: English Channel ¹⁷¹ sort: mob ¹⁷⁷ Libels: abusive papers ^{again:} agin', against ¹⁸⁰ fleeing: gibing ¹⁸⁸ this jig: (Copied out of Fabyan's *Chronicle*. The disastrous Bannockburn campaign occurred several years after the historic date of this scene.) ¹⁹¹ lemans: sweethearts ¹⁹⁶ Wigmore: Mortimer's estate in Herefordshire ^{fly:} be sold ²⁰⁴ s. d. Ladies Three: s. e., the king's niece and two attendants

K. Edw. Ay, and 't is likewise thought you favour 'em.

Que. Thus do you still suspect me without cause

Lady. Sweet uncle! speak more kindly to the queen.

Gav. My lord, dissemble with her, speak her fair.

K Edw Pardon me, sweet, I forgot myself ²³⁰

Que Your pardon is quickly got of Isabel

K Edw The younger Mortimer is grown so brave,

That to my face he threatens civil wars

Gav Why do you not commit him to the Tower?

K Edw I dare not, for the people love him well. ²³⁵

Gav. Why, then we 'll have him privily made away.

K Edw Would Lancaster and he had both carous'd

A bowl of poison to each other's health!

But let them go, and tell me what are these?

Lady Two of my father's servants whilst he liv'd,— ²⁴⁰

May 't please your grace to entertain them now.

K. Edw Tell me, where wast thou born? What is thine arms?

Bald My name is Baldock, and my gentry I fetch'd from Oxford, not from heraldry

K Edw The fitter art thou, Baldock, for my turn ²⁴⁵

Wait on me, and I 'll see thou shalt not want.

Bald I humbly thank your majesty

K Edw Knowest thou him, Gaveston?

Gav Ay, my lord,

His name is Spencer, he is well allied

For my sake, let him wait upon your grace, ²⁵⁰

Scarce shall you find a man of more desert.

K Edw. Then, Spencer, wait upon me; for his sake

I 'll grace thee with a higher style ere long

Spem No greater titles happen unto me,

Than to be favour'd of your majesty! ²⁵⁵

K. Edw Cousin, this day shall be your marriage-feast

And, Gaveston, think that I love thee well

To wed thee to our niece, the only heir

Unto the Earl of Gloucester late deceas'd.

Gav. I know, my lord, many will stomach me, ²⁶⁰

But I respect neither their love nor hate.

K. Edw. The headstrong barons shall not limit me;

He that I list to favour shall be great.

Come, let 's away; and when the marriage ends, Have at the rebels, and their 'complices' ²⁶⁵

Exeunt omnes.

[SCENE III. — *Near Tynemouth Castle.*]

Enter Lancaster, Mortimer, Warwick, Pembroke, [and, at another door,] Kent

Kent My lords, of love to this our native land

I come to join with you and leave the king; And in your quarrel and the realm's behoof

Will be the first that shall adventure life.

Lan. I fear me, you are sent of policy, ⁵ To undermine us with a show of love.

War He is your brother, therefore have we cause

To cast the worst, and doubt of your revolt.

Kent. Mine honour shall be hostage of my truth;

If that will not suffice, farewell, my lords ¹⁰

Mor. Stay, Edmund, never was Plantagenet

False of his word, and therefore trust we thee.

Pem But what 's the reason you should leave him now?

Kent I have inform'd the Earl of Lancaster.

Lan And it sufficeth Now, my lords, know this, ¹⁵

That Gaveston is secretly arriv'd,

And here in Tynemouth frolics with the king.

Let us with these our followers scale the walls, And suddenly surprise them unawares. ¹⁹

Mor I 'll give the onset

War And I 'll follow thee.

Mor This totter'd ensign of my ancestors, Which swept the desert shore of that dead ²⁰

sea Whereof we got the name of Mortimer,

Will I advance upon these castle-walls

Drums, strike alarum, raise them from their sport, ²⁵

And ring aloud the knell of Gaveston!

Lan None be so hardy as to touch the king; But neither spare you Gaveston nor his friends. ²⁶

Exeunt.

[SCENE IV. — *Outside the Castle.*]

Enter the King and Spencer To them [later] Gaveston, &c.

K Edw O tell me, Spencer, where is Gaveston? ²⁷

Spem I fear me he is slain, my gracious lord.

K. Edw No, here he comes; now let them spoil and kill.

²⁵⁷ still: always ²⁵⁸ arms: heraldic badge ²⁵⁹ him: s e, the other stranger ²⁶⁰ style: title of nobility ²⁶¹ cast: reckon ²⁶² totter'd: tattered, time-honored

[*Enter Queen Isabella, King Edward's Niece, Gaveston, and Nobles*]

Fly, fly, my lords, the earls have got the hold;
Take shipping and away to Scarborough; 5
Spencer and I will post away by land.

Gav. O stay, my lord, they will not injure you.

K. Edw. I will not trust them; Gaveston, away!

Gav. Farewell, my lord.

K. Edw. Lady, farewell. 10

Lady. Farewell, sweet uncle, till we meet again.

K. Edw. Farewell, sweet Gaveston; and farewell, niece.

Que. No farewell to poor Isabel thy queen?

K. Edw. Yes, yes, for Mortimer, your lover's sake. *Exeunt omnes, manet Isabella.*

Que. Heavens can witness I love none but you! 15

From my embracements thus he breaks away
O that mine arms could close this isle about,
That I might pull him to me where I would!
Or that these tears that drizzle from mine eyes
Had power to mollify his stony heart, 20
That when I had him we might never part.

Enter the Barons [Lancaster, Warwick, Mortimer, and others]. Alarums

Lan. I wonder how he scap'd!

Mor. Who 's this? The queen!

Que. Ay, Mortimer, the miserable queen,
Whose pining heart her inward sighs have
blasted,

And body with continual mourning wasted. 25
These hands are tir'd with haling of my lord
From Gaveston, from wicked Gaveston,
And all in vain; for, when I speak him fair,
He turns away, and smiles upon his minion

Mor. Cease to lament, and tell us where 's the king? 30

Que. What would you with the king?
Is 't him you seek?

Lan. No, madam, but that cursed Gaveston
Far be it from the thought of Lancaster
To offer violence to his sovereign.

We would but rid the realm of Gaveston 35
Tell us where he remains, and he shall die.

Que. He 's gone by water unto Scarborough;

Pursue him quickly, and he cannot scape;
The king hath left him, and his train is small.

War. Forslow no time, sweet Lancaster;
let 's march. 40

Mor. How comes it that the king and he
is parted?

Que. That thus your army, going several ways,

Might be of lesser force; and with the power
That he intendeth presently to raise,
Be easily suppress'd; therefore be gone. 45

Mor. Here in the river rides a Flemish hoy;
Let 's all aboard, and follow him amain

Lan. The wind that bears him hence will fill
our sails.

Come, come aboard, 't is but an hour's sailing.

Mor. Madam, stay you within this castle here. 50

Que. No, Mortimer, I 'll to my lord the king.

Mor. Nay, rather sail with us to Scarborough.

Que. You know the king is so suspicious,
As if he hear I have but talk'd with you,
Mine honour will be call'd in question; 55

And therefore, gentle Mortimer, be gone

Mor. Madam, I cannot stay to answer you,
But think of Mortimer as he deserves

[*Exeunt all except Queen Isabella.*]

Que. So well hast thou deserv'd, sweet Mortimer,

As Isabel could live with thee for ever! 60

In vain I look for love at Edward's hand,
Whose eyes are fix'd on none but Gaveston;

Yet once more I 'll importune him with prayers.
If he be strange and not regard my words,

My son and I will over into France, 65
And to the king my brother there complain,

How Gaveston hath robb'd me of his love:
But yet I hope my sorrows will have end,
And Gaveston this blessed day be slain. *Exit.*

[SCENE V]

Enter Gaveston, pursued

Gav. Yet, lusty lords, I have escap'd your hands,

Your threats, your 'larums, and your hot pursuits;

And though divorced from King Edward's eyes,
Yet liveth Pierce of Gaveston unsurpris'd,

Breathing, in hope (*malgrado* all your beards, s
That muster rebels thus against your king),
To see his royal sovereign once again

Enter the Nobles [Warwick, Lancaster, Pembroke, Mortimer, Soldiers]

War. Upon him, soldiers, take away his weapons.

Mor. Thou proud disturber of thy country's peace,

Corrupter of thy king, cause of these broils, 10
Base flatterer, yield! and were it not for shame,
Shame and dishonour to a soldier's name,

⁴ hold: stronghold ⁴⁰ Forslow: waste
pris'd: uncaptured ⁵ malgrado: despite

⁴⁰ hoy: small vessel ⁶⁴ strange: cold ⁴ unsur-

Upon my weapon's point here shouldst thou
fall,

And welter in thy gore.

Lan. Monster of men!

That, like the Greekish strumpet, train'd to
arms

And bloody wars so many valiant knights.

Look for no other fortune, wretch, than death!
King Edward is not here to buckler thee.

War. Lancaster, why talk'st thou to the
slave?

Go, soldiers, take him hence, for, by my sword,
His head shall off. Gaveston, short warning

Shall serve thy turn, it is our country's cause
That here severely we will execute

Upon thy person Hang him at a bough

Gav. My lord! —

War. Soldiers, have him away, —
But for thou wert the favourite of a king,

Thou shalt have so much honour at our hands —

Gav. I thank you all, my lords: then I per-
ceive

That heading is one, and hanging is the other,
And death is all.

Enter Earl of Arundel

Lan. How now, my lord of Arundel?

Arun. My lords, King Edward greets you all
by me

War. Arundel, say your message

Arun. His majesty,

Hearing that you had taken Gaveston,
Entreateth you by me, yet but he may

See him before he dies, for why, he says,
And sends you word, he knows that die he shall,

And if you gratify his grace so far,
He will be mindful of the courtesy.

War. How now?

Gav. Renowned Edward, how thy name
Revives poor Gaveston!

War. No, it needeth not;
Arundel, we will gratify the king

In other matters, he must pardon us in this
Soldiers, away with him!

Gav. Why, my lord of Warwick,
Will not these delays beget my hopes?

I know it, lords, it is this life you aim at,
Yet grant King Edward this

Mor. Shalt thou appoint
What we shall grant? Soldiers, away with him!

Thus we 'll gratify the king:
We 'll send his head by thee; let him bestow

His tears on that, for that is all he gets
Of Gaveston, or else his senseless trunk

Lan. Not so, my lords, lest he bestow more
cost

In burying him than he hath ever earn'd.

Arun. My lords, it is his majesty's request, 55
And in the honour of a king he swears,

He will but talk with him, and send him back.

War. When? can you tell? Arundel, no;
we wot

He that the care of his realm remits,

And drives his nobles to these exigents 60

For Gaveston, will, if he sees him once,

Violate any promise to possess him.

Arun. Then if you will not trust his grace in
keep,

My lords, I will be pledge for his return. 64

Mor. It is honourable in thee to offer this;

But for we know thou art a noble gentleman,

We will not wrong thee so, to make away

A true man for a thief

Gav. How mean'st thou, Mortimer? That
is over-base

Mor. Away, base groom, robber of king's
renown! 70

Question with thy companions and thy mates.

Pem. My Lord Mortimer, and you, my lords,
each one.

To gratify the king's request therein,

Touching the sending of this Gaveston,

Because his majesty so earnestly 75

Desires to see the man before his death,

I will upon mine honour undertake

To carry him, and bring him back again;

Provided thus, that you, my lord of Arundel, 79
Will join with me.

War. Pembroke, what wilt thou do?

Cause yet more bloodshed? Is it not enough

That we have taken him, but must we now

Leave him on "had I wist," and let him go?

Pem. My lords, I will not over-woo your
honours,

But if you dare trust Pembroke with the pris-
oner, 85

Upon mine oath, I will return him back.

Arun. My lord of Lancaster, what say you
in this?

Lan. Why, I say, let him go on Pembroke's
word

Pem. And you, Lord Mortimer? 89

Mor. How say you, my lord of Warwick?

War. Nay, do your pleasures, I know how
't will prove

Pem. Then give him me.

Gav. Sweet sovereign, yet I come
To see thee ere I die

War. Yet not perhaps,

If Warwick's wit and policy prevail. [*Aside.*]

Mor. My lord of Pembroke, we deliver
him you; 95

¹⁵ Greekish strumpet: Helen train'd: enticed ⁵⁵ for why: because ⁶⁰ his: (Not in Qq.)
⁶⁰ exigents: violent courses ⁷⁰ sees: ('sease' Q 1) ⁷⁵ in keep: as keeper ⁸⁵ "had I wist":
conditions we shall later rue

Return him on your honour. Sound, away!

Exeunt [Mortimer, Warwick, and Lancaster]. Manent Pembroke, Arundel, Gaveston & Pembroke's men, four soldiers.

Pem. My lord Arundel, you shall go with me.

My house is not far hence; out of the way

A little, but our men shall go along.

We that have pretty wenches to our wives, 100

Sir, must not come so near and balk their lips

Arund. 'T is very kindly spoke, my lord of Pembroke;

Your honour hath an adamant of power

To draw a prince

Pem. So, my lord Come hither, James: *[Addressing one of the soldiers.]*

I do commit this Gaveston to thee 105

Be thou this night his keeper; in the morning

We will discharge thee of thy charge. Be gone.

Gav. Unhappy Gaveston, whither goest thou now?

Exit [Gaveston] cum servis Pen.

Horse-boy. My lord, we 'll quickly be at Cobham. *Exeunt ambo.*

[ACT III

SCENE I]

Enter Gaveston mourning, and the Earl of Pembroke's men [James &c]

Gav. O treacherous Warwick! thus to wrong thy friend.

James. I see it is your life these arms pursue.

Gav. Weaponless must I fall, and die in bands?

O! must this day be period of my life?

Centre of all my bliss! And ye be men, 5
Speed to the king.

Enter Warwick and his company

War. My lord of Pembroke's men, Strive you no longer. I will have that Gaveston.

James. Your lordship doth dishonour to yourself,

And wrong our lord, your honourable friend.

War. No, James, it is my country's cause I follow 10

Go, take the villain, soldiers: come away.

We 'll make quick work. Commend me to your master,

My friend, and tell him that I watch'd it well.

Come, let thy shadow parley with King Edward.

Gav. Treacherous earl, shall I not see the king? 15

War. The King of Heaven, perhaps; no other king.

Away! *Exeunt Warwick and his men with Gaveston Manet James cum ceteris.*

James. Come, fellows, it booteth not for us to strive.

We will in haste go certify our lord. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE II — *Near Boroughbridge, Yorkshre.*]

Enter King Edward and Spencer, [Baldock and Soldiers] with drums and fifes

K. Edw. I long to hear an answer from the barons

Touching my friend, my dearest Gaveston.

Ah, Spencer, not the riches of my realm

Can ransom him! Ah, he is mark'd to die!

I know the malice of the younger Mortimer, s

Warwick, I know, is rough, and Lancaster

Inexorable, and I shall never see

My lovely Pierce, my Gaveston, again!

The barons overbear me with their pride.

Spencer. Were I King Edward, England's sovereign, 10

Son to the lovely Eleanor of Spain,

Great Edward Longshanks' issue, would I bear

These braves, this rage, and suffer uncontroll'd

These barons thus to beard me in my land,

In mine own realm? My lord, pardon my speech 15

Did you retain your father's magnanimity,

Did you regard the honour of your name,

You would not suffer thus your majesty

Be counterbuff'd of your nobility.

Strike off their heads, and let them preach on poles! 20

No doubt, such lessons they will teach the rest,

As by their preachments they will profit much,

And learn obedience to their lawful king.

K. Edw. Yea, gentle Spencer, we have been too mild,

Too kind to them; but now have drawn our sword, 25

And if they send me not my Gaveston,

We 'll steel it on their crest, and poll their tops.

Bald. This haught resolve becomes your majesty,

Not to be tied to their affection,

⁹⁷ Arundel: (Not in Qq) ¹⁰¹ balk: leave unsaluted ¹⁰⁸ adamant: magnet ¹⁰⁸ s. d cum servis Pen.: s. e., with James and Pembroke's other soldiers ¹⁰⁹ s. d ambo: both (i. e., Pembroke, and Arundel with horse-boy) ¹ bands: fetters ⁴ period: end ⁵ And: if, an ¹⁴ shadow: ghost ¹⁷ s. d cum ceteris: with Pembroke's other men ¹⁸ booteth: availed ¹⁹ certify: inform ²³ braves: defiance ¹⁹ counterbuff'd of: buffeted by ²¹ they: the severed heads ²⁷ steel it: prove its temper ²⁸ poll: prune ²⁴ haught: proud

As though your highness were a schoolboy still,
And must be aw'd and govern'd like a child. 31

*Enter Hugh Spencer, an old man,
father to the Young Spencer, with
his truncheon and Soldiers*

Spen. pater. Long live my sovereign, the
noble Edward,
In peace triumphant, fortunate in wars!
K Edw Welcome, old man, com'st thou in
Edward's aid?

Then tell thy prince, of whence and what thou
art. 35

Spen pa Lo, with a band of bowmen and of
pikes,
Brown bills and targeteers, four hundred
strong,

Sworn to defend King Edward's royal right,
I come in person to your majesty,
Spencer, the father of Hugh Spencer there, 40
Bound to your highness everlastingly
For favours done, in him, unto us all.

K. Edw Thy father, Spencer?

Spen. filius True, and it like your grace,
That pours, in lieu of all your goodness shown,
His life, my lord, before your princely feet 45

K Edw Welcome ten thousand times, old
man, again

Spencer, this love, this kindness to thy king,
Argues thy noble mind and disposition.

Spencer, I here create thee Earl of Wiltshire,
And daily will enrich thee with our favour, 50
That, as the sunshine, shall reflect o'er thee
Beside, the more to manifest our love,
Because we hear Lord Bruce doth sell his land,
And that the Mortimers are in hand withal,
Thou shalt have crowns of us t' outbid the
barons 55

And, Spencer, spare them not, but lay it on
Soldiers, a largess, and thrice welcome all!

[Y.] *Spen.* My lord, here comes the queen

*Enter the Queen and her son [Prince Edward,]
and Levune, a Frenchman*

K Edw. Madam, what news?

Que. News of dishonour, lord, and discontent. 60

Our friend Levune, faithful and full of trust,
Informeth us, by letters and by words,
That Lord Valois our brother, King of France,
Because your highness hath been slack in hom-
age,

Hath seized Normandy into his hands 65
These be the letters, this the messenger

K Edw. Welcome, Levune Tush, Sib, if
this be all,

Valois and I will soon be friends again. —
But to my Gaveston; shall I never see,
Never behold thee now? — Madam, in this mat-
ter, 70

We will employ you and your little son;
You shall go parley with the king of France. —
Boy, see you bear you bravely to the king,
And do your message with a majesty.

Prince Commit not to my youth things of
more weight 75

Than fits a prince so young as I to bear,
And fear not, lord and father: Heaven's great
beams

On Atlas' shoulder shall not lie more safe,
Than shall your charge committed to my trust.

Que. Ah, boy! this towardness makes thy
mother fear 80

Thou art not mark'd to many days on earth.

K Edw Madam, we will that you with speed
be shipp'd,

And this our son, Levune shall follow you
With all the haste we can despatch him hence.
Choose of our lords to bear you company, 85
And go in peace, leave us in wars at home.

Que Unnatural wars, where subjects brave
their kung,

God end them once! My lord, I take my leave,
To make my preparation for France.

[Exit with Prince Edward]

Enter Lord Arundel

K Edw What, Lord Arundel, dost thou
come alone? 90

Arun Yea, my good lord, for Gaveston is
dead

K Edw Ah, traitors! have they put my
friend to death?

Tell me, Arundel, died he ere thou cam'st,
Or didst thou see my friend to take his death?

Arun Neither, my lord; for as he was sur-
pris'd, 95

Begirt with weapons and with enemies round,
I did your highness' message to them all;

Demanding him of them, entreating rather,
And said, upon the honour of my name,

That I would undertake to carry him 100
Unto your highness, and to bring him back.

K Edw And tell me, would the rebels deny
me that?

[Y.] *Spen* Proud recreants!

K. Edw. Yea, Spencer, traitors all

Arun I found them at the first inexorable.
The Earl of Warwick would not bide the hear-
ing, 105

Mortimer hardly; Pembroke and Lancaster

³¹ S D truncheon: mace ⁴⁴ lieu: recompense ⁵⁴ in hand: bargaining ⁵⁸ brother: (really, uncle) ⁶⁶ Normandy: (really, Aquitaine Normandy was not an English possession at this time) ⁶⁷ Sib: diminutive of Isabel ⁷⁷ beams: supports ⁸⁰ towardness: precocity ⁸⁸ S D Arundel: ('Matre[vis] Q and so throughout the scene The rôles of Arundel and Matrevis were doubtless doubled)

Spake least: and when they flatly had denied,
Refusing to receive me pledge for him,
The Earl of Pembroke mildly thus bespake:

"My lords, because our sovereign sends for him,
And promiseth he shall be safe return'd, 111
I will this undertake, to have him hence,
And see him re-deliver'd to your hands"

K. Edw. Well, and how fortunes it that he
came not?

[*Y.*] *Spem.* Some treason, or some villainy,
was cause 115

Arun. The Earl of Warwick seiz'd him on his
way;

For being deliver'd unto Pembroke's men,
Their lord rode home thinking his prisoner safe;
But ere he came, Warwick in ambush lay,
And bare him to his death, and in a trench 120
Strake off his head, and march'd unto the camp

[*Y.*] *Spem.* A bloody part, flatly against
law of arms!

K. Edw. O shall I speak, or shall I sigh and
die!

[*Y.*] *Spem.* My lord, refer your vengeance
to the sword

Upon these barons! hearten up your men! 125
Let them not unreveng'd murder your friends!
Advance your standard, Edward, in the field,
And march to fire them from their starting holes.

Edward kneels, and saith.

[*K. Edw.*] By earth, the common mother of
us all,

By Heaven, and all the moving orbs thereof, 130
By this right hand, and by my father's sword,
And all the honours 'longing to my crown,
I will have heads and lives for him, as many
As I have manors, castles, towns, and towers! —

[*Rises*]

Treacherous Warwick! traitorous Mortimer! 135
If I be England's king, in lakes of gore
Your headless trunks, your bodies will I trail,
That you may drink your fill, and quaff in blood,
And stain my royal standard with the same,
That so my bloody colours may suggest 140
Remembrance of revenge immortally
On your accursed traitorous progeny,
You villains, that have slain my Gaveston!
And in this place of honour and of trust,
Spencer, sweet Spencer, I adopt thee here: 145
And merely of our love we do create thee
Earl of Gloucester, and Lord Chamberlain,
Despite of times, despite of enemies.

[*Y.*] *Spem.* My lord, here 's a messenger
from the barons,

Desires access unto your majesty. 150

K. Edw. Admit him near.

*Enter the Herald from the Barons with his coat
of arms*

Her. Long live King Edward, England's
lawful lord!

K. Edw. So wish not they, I wis, that sent
thee hither.

Thou com'st from Mortimer and his 'complices:
A ranker rout of rebels never was. 155

Well, say thy message.

Her. The barons, up in arms, by me salute
Your highness with long life and happiness;
And bid me say, as plainer to your grace,
That if without effusion of blood 160

You will this grief have ease and remedy,
That from your princely person you remove
Thus Spencer, as a putrefying branch,
That deads the royal vine, whose golden leaves

Empale your princely head, your diadem, 165
Whose brightness such pernicious upstarts dim,
Say they; and lovingly advise your grace,
To cherish virtue and nobility,

And have old servitors in high esteem,
And shake off smooth dissembling flatterers. 170
This granted, they, their honours, and their
lives,

Are to your highness vow'd and consecrate.

[*Y.*] *Spem.* Ah, traitors! will they still dis-
play their pride?

K. Edw. Away, tarry no answer, but be
gone!

Rebels, will they appoint their sovereign 175
His sports, his pleasures, and his company?

Yet, ere thou go, see how I do divorce

Embrace Spencer.

Spencer from me. — Now get thee to thy lords,
And tell them I will come to chastise them
For murdering Gaveston. Hie thee, get thee
gone! 180

Edward with fire and sword follows at thy heels.

[*Exit Herald.*]

My lords, perceive you how these rebels swell?
Soldiers, good hearts, defend your sovereign's
right,

For now, even now, we march to make them
stoop.

Away! 185

Exeunt.

[SCENE III. — *Boroughbridge battlefield,
Yorkshire.*]

*Alarums, excursions, a great fight, and a retreat.
Enter the King, Spencer the father, Spencer
the son, and the Noblemen of the king's side*

K. Edw. Why do we sound retreat? Upon
them, lords!

¹¹⁴ it: (Not in Qq) ¹¹⁸ starting holes: fox-holes ¹¹⁹ wis: incorrect form of "wot" ¹²⁰ plainer:
complainant ¹²¹ will: wish that ¹²² lords: ('lord' Qq) Scene III (No change of scene on Eliza-
bethan stage)

This day I shall pour vengeance with my sword
On those proud rebels that are up in arms
And do confront and countermand their
king.

Spem. son. I doubt it not, my lord, right will
prevail.

Spem. fa. 'T is not amiss, my hege, for either
part

To breathe awhile; our men, with sweat and
dust

All chok'd, well near begin to faunt for heat;
And this retire refresheth horse and man

Spem. son. Here come the rebels 10

*Enter the Barons, Mortimer, Lancaster, War-
wick, Pembroke, cum ceteris*

Mor. Look, Lancaster, yonder is Edward
Among his flatters.

Lan. And there let him be
Till he pay dearly for their company

War. And shall, or Warwick's sword shall
smite in vain

K Edw. What, rebels, do you shrink and
sound retreat? 15

Mor. No, Edward. no; thy flatterers faint
and fly

Lan. Thou 'd best betimes forsake them,
and their trains,

For they 'll betray thee, traitors as they are

Spem. son. Traitor on thy face, rebellious
Lancaster!

Pem. Away, base upstart, brav'st thou
nobles thus? 20

Spem. fa. A noble attempt and honourable
deed,

Is it not, trow ye, to assemble aid,
And levy arms against your lawful king!

K Edw. For which ere long their heads shall
satisfy,

T' appease the wrath of their offended king 25
Mor. Then, Edward, thou wilt fight it to
the last,

And rather bathe thy sword in subjects' blood,
Than banish that pernicious company?

K Edw. Ay, traitors all, rather than thus
be brav'd,

Make England's civil towns huge heaps of
stones, 30

And ploughs to go about our palace-gates.

War. A desperate and unnatural resolution!
Alarum! to the fight!

St. George for England, and the barons' right!

K. Edw. Saint George for England, and
Edward's right! 35

[*Alarums. Exeunt the two parties severally*]

⁴ countermand: defy ⁵ well near: almost
trains: plots ²⁰ civil: filled with citizens ²⁵ advance: raise (on poles) ³⁰ watch'd: ambushed
³⁵ headed: beheaded ³⁷ temporal: harm in this life ⁴⁰ live: enjoy eternal life ⁴⁰ Winchester:
the elder Spencer ⁷⁰ virtue: driving force

*Enter Edward with the Barons [and Kent],
captives*

K. Edw. Now, lusty lords, now, not by
chance of war,

But justice of the quarrel and the cause,
Vail'd is your pride; methinks you hang the
heads,

But we 'll advance them, traitors. Now 't is time
To be aveng'd on you for all your braves, 40
And for the murther of my dearest friend,
To whom right well you knew our soul was
knit,

Good Pierce of Gaveston, my sweet favourite.
Ah, rebels! recreants! you made him away.

Kent Brother, in regard of thee, and of thy
land, 45

Did they remove that flatterer from thy throne.

K Edw. So, sir, you have spoke; away,
avoid our presence! [*Exit Kent*]

Accursed wretches, was 't in regard of us,
When we had sent our messenger to request

He might be spar'd to come to speak with us, 50
And Pembroke undertook for his return,

That thou, proud Warwick, watch'd the pris-
oner,

Poor Pierce, and headed him 'gainst law of
arms?

For which thy head shall overlook the rest,

As much as thou in rage outwent'st the rest 55
War Tyrant, I scorn thy threats and men-
aces,

It is but temporal that thou canst inflict

Lan The worst is death, and better die to
live

Than live in infamy under such a king

K Edw. Away with them, my lord of Win-
chester! 60

These lusty leaders, Warwick and Lancaster,
I charge you roundly — off with both their
heads!

Away!

War Farewell, vain world!

Lan Sweet Mortimer, farewell.

Mor England, unkind to thy nobility, 65
Groan for this grief, behold how thou art
maim'd!

K Edw. Go take that haughty Mortimer to
the Tower

There see him safe bestow'd; and for the rest,
Do speedy execution on them all.

Begone! 70

Mor. What, Mortimer! can ragged stony
walls

Immure thy virtue that aspires to Heaven?

¹⁷ Thou'd . . . them: ('Th'ad . . . thee' Qq)

²⁰ civil: filled with citizens ²⁵ advance: raise (on poles) ³⁰ watch'd: ambushed

³⁵ headed: beheaded ³⁷ temporal: harm in this life ⁴⁰ live: enjoy eternal life ⁴⁰ Winchester:

the elder Spencer ⁷⁰ virtue: driving force

No, Edward, England's scourge, it may not be;
Mortimer's hope surmounts his fortune far.

[*The captive Barons are led off*.]

K. Edw. Sound drums and trumpets! March
with me, my friends, 75

Edward this day hath crown'd him king anew.

Exit [*with his retinue*]. *Manent*
Spencer filius, Levune, & Baldock.

Spen. Levune, the trust that we repose in
thee,

Begets the quiet of King Edward's land.
Therefore begone in haste, and with advice
Bestow that treasure on the lords of France, 80
That, therewith all enchanted, like the guard
That suffered Jove to pass in showers of gold
To Danae, all aid may be denied
To Isabel, the queen, that now in France
Makes friends, to cross the seas with her young
son, 85

And step into his father's regiment
Levune. That's it these barons and the
subtle queen

Long levell'd at

Bald. Yea, but, Levune, thou seest,
These barons lay their heads on blocks to-
gether,

What they intend the hangman frustrates
clean 90

Levune. Have you no doubts, my lords, I'll
clap so close

Among the lords of France with England's gold,
That Isabel shall make her plaints in vain,
And France shall be obdurate with her tears.

Spen. Then make for France again;
Levune, away! 95

Proclaim King Edward's wars and victories.
Exeunt omnes.

[ACT IV]

SCENE I — *London, near the Tower.*]

Enter Edmund [*Kent*]

Kent. Fair blows the wind for France; blow,
gentle gale,

Till Edmund be arriv'd for England's good!
Nature, yield to my country's cause in this
A brother? No, a butcher of thy friends!
Proud Edward, dost thou banish me thy pres-
ence? 5

But I'll to France, and cheer the wronged
queen,

And certify what Edward's looseness is.
Unnatural king! to slaughter noblemen
And cherish flatterers! Mortimer, I stay
Thy sweet escape 10
Stand gracious, gloomy night, to his device.

Enter Mortimer, disguised

Mor. Holla! who walketh there?
Is 't you, my lord?

Kent. Mortimer, 't is I;

But hath thy potion wrought so happily?

Mor. It hath, my lord, the warders all
asleep, 15

I thank them, gave me leave to pass in peace.
But hath your grace got shipping unto France?

Kent. Fear it not. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE II. — *The French court, Paris.*]

Enter the Queen [*Isabella*] *and her son*

Que Ah, boy! our friends do fail us all in
France

The lords are cruel, and the king unkind;
What shall we do?

Prince Madam, return to England,
And please my father well, and then a fig
For all my uncle's friendship here in France 5
I warrant you, I'll win his highness quickly,
'A loves me better than a thousand Spencers

Que Ah, boy, thou art deceiv'd, at least in
this,

To think that we can yet be tun'd together,
No, no, we jar too far. Unkind Valois! 10
Unhappy Isabel! when France rejects,
Whither, oh! whither dost thou bend thy steps?

Enter Sir John of Hainault

Sir J Madam, what cheer?

Que Ah, good Sir John of Hainault
Never so cheerless, nor so far distress'd

Sir J. I hear, sweet lady, of the king's un-
kindness, 15

But droop not, madam; noble minds contemn
Despair Will your grace with me to Hainault,
And there stay time's advantage with your
son?

How say you, my lord, will you go with your
friends,

And share of all our fortunes equally? 20
Prince So pleaseth the queen, my mother,
me it likes.

The King of England, nor the court of France,
Shall have me from my gracious mother's side,
Till I be strong enough to break a staff, 24

And then have at the proudest Spencer's head
Sir J. Well said, my lord

Que. O, my sweet heart, how do I moan thy
wrong,

Yet triumph in the hope of thee, my joy!
Ah, sweet Sir John! even to the utmost verge
Of Europe, or the shore of Tanais, 30

⁷⁵ regiment: rule ⁸⁰ levell'd: aimed ('leued' Qq.) ⁹¹ clap so close: so insinuate ('claps close' Qq.)
⁹⁰ stay: await ⁹⁵ uncle's: the French king's ⁹⁹ share of: ('shake off' Qq.) ¹⁰⁰ staff: lance-shaft
¹⁰¹ Tanais: the Don River in South Russia

Will we with thee To Hainault! — so we will.
The marquis is a noble gentleman;
His grace, I dare presume, will welcome me.
But who are these?

Enter Edmund [Kent] and Mortimer

Kent Madam, long may you live,
Much happier than your friends in England do!

Que Lord Edmund and Lord Mortimer
alive! 36

Welcome to France! The news was here, my
lord,

That you were dead, or very near your death

Mor. Lady, the last was truest of the twain,
But Mortimer, reserv'd for better hap, 40

Hath shaken off the thralldom of the Tower,
And lives t' advance your standard, good my
lord

Prince. How mean you, and the king, my
father, lives?

No, my Lord Mortimer, not I, I trow

Que Not, son! why not? I would it were
no worse 45

But, gentle lords, friendless we are in France.

Mor Monsieur le Grand, a noble friend of
yours,

Told us, at our arrival, all the news
How hard the nobles, how unkind the king

Hath show'd himself, but, madam, right makes
room 50

Where weapons want, and, though a many
friends

Are made away, as Warwick, Lancaster,
And others of our party and faction,

Yet have we friends, assure your grace, in Eng-
land

Would cast up caps, and clap their hands for
joy, 55

To see us there, appointed for our foes

Kent. Would all were well, and Edward well
reclaim'd,

For England's honour, peace, and quietness

Mor. But by the sword, my lord, it must be
deserv'd,

The king will ne'er forsake his flatterers 60

Sir J My lords of England, sith the un-
gentle king

Of France refuseth to give aid of arms

To this distressed queen, his sister here,
Go you with her to Hainault Doubt ye not, 64

We will find comfort, money, men, and friends
Ere long, to bid the English king a base

How say, young prince? What think you of
the match?

Prince. I think King Edward will outrun
us all

Que Nay, son, not so; and you must not
discourage

Your friends, that are so forward in your aid 70
Kent Sir John of Hainault, pardon us, I

pray,

These comforts that you give our woful queen
Bind us in kindness all at your command

Que Yea, gentle brother, and the God of
heaven

Prosper your happy motion, good Sir John. 75
Mor Thus noble gentleman, forward in

arms,

Was born, I see, to be our anchor-hold.

Sir John of Hainault, be it thy renown,

That England's queen and nobles in distress,
Have been by thee restor'd and comforted. 80

Sir J Madam, along, and you my lords,
with me,

That England's peers may Hainault's welcome
see [Exeunt.]

[SCENE III. — *Edward's court*]

*Enter the King [Edward,] Arundel, the two
Spencers, with others*

K. Edw Thus after many threats of wrath-
ful war,

Triumpheth England's Edward with his friends;
And triumph, Edward, with his friends uncon-
troll'd!

My lord of Gloucester, do you hear the news?

Spen Jun What news, my lord? 5

K Edw Why, man, they say there is great
execution

Done through the realm; my lord of Arundel,
You have the note, have you not?

Arun From the Lieutenant of the Tower,
my lord

K Edw I pray let us see it [Takes the note] 10

What have we there?

Read it, Spencer

[Young] Spencer reads their names.

Why, so, they bark'd apace a month ago:

Now, on my life, they 'll neither bark nor bite.
Now, sirs, the news from France? Gloucester,

I trow

The lords of France love England's gold so well
As Isabella gets no aid from thence 16

What now remains? Have you proclaim'd,
my lord,

Reward for them can bring in Mortimer?

Spen Jun My lord, we have, and if he be
in England,

'A will be had ere long, I doubt it not. 20
K Edw. If, dost thou say? Spencer, as true

as death,

" want: are lacking " appointed: armed " base: challenge " match: game " lords:
('lord' Qq) " s. D. reads their names: (The list of names, written on a separate sheet of paper,
was not incorporated in the text of the play) " As: that

He is in England's ground; our portmasters
Are not so careless of their king's command.

Enter a Post

How now, what news with thee? From whence
come these?

Post. Letters, my lord, and tidings forth of
France; — 25

To you, my lord of Gloucester, from Levune.
[*Gives letters to Young Spencer.*]

K. Edw. Read.

Spencer reads the letter.

"My duty to your honour premised, &c., I
have, according to instructions in that behalf,
dealt with the King of France his lords, and [30]
effected that the queen, all discontented and
discomforted, is gone: whither, if you ask, with
Sir John of Hainault, brother to the marquis,
into Flanders. With them are gone Lord Ed-
mund, and the Lord Mortimer, having in [35]
their company divers of your nation, and
others; and, as constant report goeth, they in-
tend to give King Edward battle in England,
sooner than he can look for them. This is all
the news of import. 40

Your honour's in all service, Levune."

K. Edw. Ah, villains! hath that Mortimer
escap'd?

With him is Edmund gone associate?
And will Sir John of Hainault lead the round?
Welcome, a' God's name, madam, and your son:
England shall welcome you and all your rout. 46
Gallop apace, bright Phœbus, through the sky,
And dusky night, in rusty iron car.
Between you both shorten the time, I pray,
That I may see that most desired day 50
When we may meet these traitors in the field
Ah, nothing grieves me but my little boy
Is thus misled to countenance their ills
Come, friends, to Bristow, there to make us
strong;

And, winds, as equal be to bring them in, 55
As you injurious were to bear them forth!

[*Exeunt*]

[SCENE IV. — *English coast, near Harwich*]

*Enter the Queen, her son [Prince Edward],
Edmund [Kent], Mortimer, and Sir John
[of Hainault]*

Que. Now, lords, our loving friends and
countrymen,

Welcome to England all, with prosperous
winds!

Our kindest friends in Belgia have we left,
To cope with friends at home; a heavy case
When force to force is knit, and sword and
glaive 5

In civil brouls make kin and countrymen
Slaughter themselves in others, and their sides
With their own weapons gor'd! But what's the
help?

Misgovern'd kings are cause of all this wrack;
And, Edward, thou art one among them all, 10
Whose looseness hath betray'd thy land to spoil,
Who made the channels overflow with blood.
Of thine own people patron shouldst thou be,
But thou —

Mor. Nay, madam, if you be a warrior, 15
You must not grow so passionate in speeches.

Lords,
Sith that we are by sufferance of Heaven
Arriv'd and armed in this prince's right,
Here for our country's cause swear we to him 20
All homage, fealty, and forwardness,
And for the open wrongs and injuries
Edward hath done to us, his queen and land,
We come in arms to wreak it with the swords;
That England's queen in peace may repossess
Her dignities and honours, and withal 26
We may remove these flatterers from the king,
That havocs England's wealth and treasury.

Sir J. Sound trumpets, my lord, and forward
let us march

Edward will think we come to flatter him 30

Kent I would he never had been flatter'd
more. [*Exeunt*]

[SCENE V — *Near Bristol*]

*Enter the King, Baldock, and Spencer the son,
flying about the stage*

Spen. Fly, fly, my lord! the queen is over-
strong,
Her friends do multiply, and yours do fail
Shape we our course to Ireland, there to
breathe.

K. Edw. What! was I born to fly and run
away,
And leave the Mortimers conquerors behind? s
Give me my horse, and let's reinforce our
troops

And in this bed of honour die with fame

Bald. O no, my lord, thus princely resolution
Fits not the time; away! we are pursu'd
[*Exeunt*.]

[*Enter*] Edmund [*Kent*] alone with a sword
and target

Kent. This way he fled, but I am come too
late. 10

Edward, alas! my heart relents for thee.
Proud traitor, Mortimer, why dost thou chase
Thy lawful king, thy sovereign, with thy sword?
Vild wretch! and why hast thou, of all unkind,

"round: dance "ills: offenses "Bristow: Bristol "equal: just "cope: contend
"Misgovern'd: intemperate "havocs: ruin

Borne arms against thy brother and thy king?
 Rain showers of vengeance on my cursed head,
 Thou God, to whom in justice it belongs 17
 To punish this unnatural revolt!
 Edward, this Mortimer aims at thy life!
 O fly him, then! But, Edmund, calm this rage,
 Dissemble, or thou diest; for Mortimer 21
 And Isabel do kiss, while they conspire,
 And yet she bears a face of love forsooth.
 Fie on that love that hatcheth death and hate!
 Edmund, away! Bristow to Longshanks' blood
 Is false Be not found single for suspect 26
 Proud Mortimer pries near into thy walks.

Enter the Queen, Mortimer, the young Prince, and Sir John of Hainault

Que Successful battles gives the God of kings

To them that fight in right and fear his wrath.
 Since then successfully we have prevailed, 30
 Thanks be Heaven's great architect, and you.
 Ere farther we proceed, my noble lords,
 We here create our well-beloved son,
 Of love and care unto his royal person,
 Lord Warden of the realm, and sith the fates 35
 Have made his father so unfortunate,
 Deal you, my lords, in this, my loving lords,
 As to your wisdoms fittest seems in all

Kent. Madam, without offence, if I may ask,
 How will you deal with Edward in his fall? 40

Prince Tell me, good uncle, what Edward
 do you mean?

Kent. Nephew, your father; I dare not call
 him king

Mor. My lord of Kent, what needs these
 questions?

'Tis not in her controlment, nor in ours,
 But as the realm and parliament shall please, 45
 So shall your brother be disposed of —
 I like not this relenting mood in Edmund.
 Madam, 't is good to look to him betimes

[*Aside to the Queen*]

Que. My lord, the Mayor of Bristow knows
 our mind.

Mor Yea, madam, and they scape not
 easily 50

That fled the field

Que. Baldock is with the king,
 A goodly chancellor, is he not, my lord?

Sir J. So are the Spencers, the father and
 the son

Kent. This Edward is the ruin of the realm

*Enter Rice ap Howell and the Mayor of Bristow,
 with Spencer the father*

Rice God save Queen Isabel, and her princely
 son! 55

Madam, the mayor and citizens of Bristow,

In sign of love and duty to this presence,
 Present by me this traitor to the state,
 Spencer, the father to that wanton Spencer,
 That, like the lawless Catiline of Rome, 60
 Revelled in England's wealth and treasury.
Que. We thank you all.

Mor. Your loving care in this
 Deserveth princely favours and rewards.
 But where's the king and the other Spencer fled?

Rice Spencer the son, created Earl of Glou-
 cester, 65

Is with that smooth-tongu'd scholar Baldock
 gone,

And shipp'd but late for Ireland with the king.
Mor [*Aside*] Some whirlwind fetch them
 back or sink them all! —

They shall be started thence, I doubt it not.
Prince Shall I not see the king my father
 yet? 70

Kent. [*Aside*] Unhappy's Edward, chas'd
 from England's bounds

Sir J. Madam, what resteth? why stand ye
 in a muse?

Que I rue my lord's ill-fortune, but alas!
 Care of my country call'd me to this war

Mor Madam, have done with care and
 sad complaint, 75

Your king hath wrong'd your country and him-
 self,

And we must seek to right it as we may.
 Meanwhile, have hence this rebel to the block.

Your lordship cannot privilege your head
Spen pa Rebel is he that fights against his
 prince, 80

So fought not they that fought in Edward's
 right

Mor Take him away, he prates
 [*Exeunt Attendants with the Elder
 Spencer*]

You, Rice ap Howell,
 Shall do good service to her majesty,
 Being of countenance in your country here,
 To follow these rebellious runagates 85

We in meanwhile, madam, must take advice
 How Baldock, Spencer, and their 'complices
 May in their fall be followed to their end.

Exeunt omnes.

[SCENE VI — Neath Abbey]

*Enter the Abbot, Monks, [King] Edward,
 Spencer, and Baldock [the three latter dis-
 guised]*

Abbot. Have you no doubt, my lord;
 have you no fear;

As silent and as careful will we be,
 To keep your royal person safe with us,

¹⁷ single: alone for suspect: lest you arouse suspicion ⁶⁰ Thanks: ('Thank' Q 2, etc.)
²⁶ resteth: remains to do ⁸⁵ runagates: vagabonds

Free from suspect and fell invasion
Of such as have your majesty in chase, 5
Yourself, and those your chosen company,
As danger of this stormy time requires.

K. Edw. Father, thy face should harbour no
deceit.

O! hadst thou ever been a king, thy heart,
Pierced deeply with sense of my distress, 10
Could not but take compassion of my state.
Stately and proud, in riches and in train,
Whilom I was, powerful, and full of pomp.
But what is he whom rule and empery
Have not in life or death made miserable? 15
Come, Spencer; come, Baldock, come, sit
down by me;

Make trial now of that philosophy,
That in our famous nurseries of arts
Thou suck'dst from Plato and from Aristotle
Father, this life contemplative is Heaven 20
O that I might this life in quiet lead!
But we, alas! are chas'd; and you, my friends,
Your lives and my dishonour they pursue
Yet, gentle monks, for treasure, gold, nor
fee,

Do you betray us and our company 25
Monks Your grace may sit secure, if none
but we

Do wot of your abode
Spen Not one alive; but shrewdly I suspect
A gloomy fellow in a mead below
'A gave a long look after us, my lord; 30
And all the land, I know, is up in arms,
Arms that pursue our lives with deadly hate
Bald We were embark'd for Ireland,
wretched we!

With awkward winds and sore tempests driven
To fall on shore, and here to pine in fear 35
Of Mortimer and his confederates

K. Edw Mortimer! who talks of Mortimer?
Who wounds me with the name of Mortimer,
That bloody man? Good father, on thy lap
Lay I this head, laden with mickle care. 40
O might I never open these eyes again!
Never again lift up this drooping head!
O never more lift up this dying heart!

Spen Look up, my lord. — Baldock, this
drowsiness

Betides no good, here even we are betray'd. 45

*Enter, with Welsh hooks, Rice ap Howell, a
Mower, and the Earl of Leicester*

Mow. Upon my life, those be the men ye
seek.

Rice Fellow, enough. — My lord, I pray be
short.

A fair commission warrants what we do.

Leices. The queen's commission, urg'd by
Mortimer;

What cannot gallant Mortimer with the queen?
Alas! see where he sits, and hopes unseen 51
T' escape their hands that seek to reave his life.
Too true it is, *Quem dies vidit veniens superbum,
Hunc dies vidit fugiens jacentem*

But, Leicester, leave to grow so passionate. 55
Spencer and Baldock, by no other names,
I arrest you of high treason here
Stand not on titles, but obey th' arrest;
'T is in the name of Isabel the queen
My lord, why droop you thus? 60

K. Edw O day, the last of all my bliss on
earth!

Centre of all misfortune! O my stars,
Why do you lour unkindly on a king?
Comes Leicester, then, in Isabella's name
To take my life, my company, from me? 65
Here, man, rip up this panting breast of mine,
And take my heart in rescue of my friends!

Rice Away with them!
Spen It may become thee yet
To let us take our farewell of his grace

Abbot My heart with pity earns to see this
sight. — 70

A king to bear these words and proud com-
mands!

K. Edw Spencer, ah, sweet Spencer, thus
then must we part?

Spen We must, my lord, so will the angry
Heavens

K. Edw Nay, so will hell and cruel Morti-
mer,

The gentle Heavens have not to do in this. 75

Bald My lord, it is in vain to grieve or storm.
Here humbly of your grace we take our leaves,
Our lots are cast, I fear me, so is thine

K. Edw In Heaven we may, in earth never
shall we meet

And, Leicester, say, what shall become of us? 80

Leices Your majesty must go to Killing-
worth

K. Edw Must! 't is somewhat hard, when
kings must go

Leices Here is a litter ready for your grace,
That waits your pleasure, and the day grows old.

Rice As good be gone, as stay and be be-
nighted. 85

K. Edw A litter hast thou? Lay me in a
hearse,

And to the gates of hell convey me hence;
Let Pluto's bells ring out my fatal knell,
And hags howl for my death at Charon's shore,
For friends hath Edward none but these and
these, 90

⁴⁸ commission: authorization in writing ⁵³⁻⁵⁴ *Quem . . . jacentem*: "Whom the opening day
saw proud, the departing day saw lying low" (From Seneca's *Thyestes*) ⁵⁵ leave: cease ⁵⁷ rescue:
quittance ⁷⁰ earns: pines ⁸¹ Killingworth: Kenilworth ⁹⁰ but these: the monks

And these must die under a tyrant's sword

Rice. My lord, be going; care not for these,
For we shall see them shorter by the heads

K Edw. Well, that shall be, shall be; part
we must! ⁹⁴

Sweet Spencer, gentle Baldock, part we must!
Hence, feigned weeds! unfeigned are my woes

[*Throws off his disguise*]

Father, farewell! Leicester, thou stay'st for
me,

And go I must Life, farewell, with my friends

Exeunt Edward and Leicester

Spem O! is he gone? Is noble Edward
gone?

Parted from hence, never to see us more? ¹⁰⁰
Rent, sphere of Heaven! and, fire, forsake thy
orb!

Earth, melt to air! gone is my sovereign,

Gone, gone, alas! never to make return

Bald Spencer, I see our souls are fled
hence,

We are depriv'd the sunshine of our life ¹⁰⁵

Make for a new life, man, throw up thy eyes,

And heart, and hand to Heaven's immortal
throne,

Pay nature's debt with cheerful countenance,

Reduce we all our lessons unto this ¹⁰⁹

To die, sweet Spencer, therefore live we all,

Spencer, all live to die, and rise to fall

Rice Come, come, keep these preachments
till you come to the place appointed You,

and such as you are, have made wise work in
England Will your lordships away? ¹¹⁵

Mow. Your worship, I trust, will remember
me?

Rice Remember thee, fellow! what else?

Follow me to the town [*Exeunt*]

[ACT V

SCENE I — *Kenslworth Castle.*]

*Enter the King, Leicester, with a Bishop [of
Winchester] for the crown [and Sir William
Trusell]*

Leices Be patient, good my lord, cease to
lament

Imagine Killingworth Castle were your court,

And that you lay for pleasure here a space,

Not of compulsion or necessity

K Edw Leicester, if gentle words might
comfort me, ⁵

Thy speeches long ago had eas'd my sorrows,

For kind and loving hast thou always been

The griefs of private men are soon allay'd,

But not of kings. The forest deer, being struck,

Runs to an herb that closeth up the wounds; ¹⁰

But, when the imperial lion's flesh is gor'd,

He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,

And highly scorning that the lowly earth

Should drink his blood, mounts up into the air.

And so it fares with me, whose dauntless mind

The ambitious Mortimer would seek to curb, ¹⁶

And that unnatural queen, false Isabel,

That thus hath pent and mew'd me in a prison;

For such outrageous passions cloy my soul,

As with the wings of rancour and disdain ²⁰

Full often am I soaring up to Heaven,

To plan me to the gods against them both.

But when I call to mind I am a king,

Methinks I should revenge me of the wrongs

That Mortimer and Isabel have done. ²⁵

But what are kings, when regiment is gone,

But perfect shadows in a sunshine day?

My nobles rule, I bear the name of king;

I wear the crown, but am controll'd by them,

By Mortimer, and my unconstant queen, ³⁰

Who spots my nuptial bed with infamy;

Whilst I am lodg'd within this cave of care,

Where sorrow at my elbow still attends,

To company my heart with sad laments,

That bleeds within me for this strange ex-
change ³⁵

But tell me, must I now resign my crown,

To make usurping Mortimer a king?

Bish Your grace mistakes, it is for Eng-
land's good,

And princely Edward's right we crave the
crown

K Edw No, 't is for Mortimer, not Edward's
head, ⁴⁰

For he 's a lamb, encompassed by wolves,

Which in a moment will abridge his life.

But if proud Mortimer do wear this crown,

Heavens turn it to a blaze of quenchless fire!

Or like the snaky wreath of Tisiphon ⁴⁵

Engirt the temples of his hateful head!

So shall not England's vine be perished,

But Edward's name survives, though Edward
dies

Leices My lord, why waste you thus the
time away?

They stay your answer; will you yield your
crown? ⁵⁰

K Edw. Ah, Leicester, weigh how hardly I
can brook

To lose my crown and kingdom without cause,

To give ambitious Mortimer my right,

That like a mountain overwhelms my bliss! ⁵⁴

In which extreme my mind here murder'd is.

But what the heavens appoint, I must obey!

Here, take my crown, the life of Edward too!

¹⁰ And these: Spencer and Baldock ¹⁰¹ Rent: rend ¹¹⁶ remember: i.e., with a gratuity

¹¹ And: (Not in Qq) ¹⁷ sunshine: sunny ⁴⁵ Tisiphon: Tisiphone, one of the three Furies

⁴⁶ Engirt: may it surround ⁴⁷ vine: ('Vines' Qq) ⁵⁴ weigh: consider

Two kings in England cannot reign at once

[*Taking off the crown.*]

But stay awhile, let me be king till night,
That I may gaze upon this glittering crown; 60
So shall my eyes receive their last content,
My head the latest honour due to it,
And jointly both yield up their wished right.
Continue ever thou celestial sun;
Let never silent night possess this clime. 65
Stand still you watches of the element;
All times and seasons, rest you at a stay,
That Edward may be still fair England's
king!

But day's bright beams doth vanish fast away,
And needs I must resign my wished crown 70
Inhuman creatures! nurs'd with tiger's milk!
Why gape you for your sovereign's overthrow?
My diadem, I mean, and guiltless life.
See, monsters, see, I 'll wear my crown again!

[*He puts on the crown*]

What, fear you not the fury of your king? 75
But, hapless Edward, thou art fondly led;
They pass not for thy frowns as late they did,
But seeks to make a new-elected king;
Which fills my mind with strange despairing
thoughts,
Which thoughts are martyr'd with endless
torments 80

And in this torment comfort find I none,
But that I feel the crown upon my head;
And therefore let me wear it yet awhile.

Trus. My lord, the parliament must have
present news,
And therefore say, will you resign or no? 85

[*The King rageth.*]

K. Edw. I 'll not resign, but whilst I live be
king

Traitors, be gone and join you with Mortimer!
Elect, conspire, install, do what you will —
Their blood and yours shall seal these treach-
eries!

Bish. This answer we 'll return, and so
farewell [Going with *Trussel*.] 90

Leices. Call them again, my lord, and speak
them fair;

For if they go, the prince shall lose his right.

K. Edw. Call thou them back, I have no
power to speak

Leices. My lord, the king is willing to resign

Bish. If he be not, let him choose 95

K. Edw. O would I might, but heavens and
earth conspire

To make me miserable! Here receive my
crown

Receive it? No, these innocent hands of mine

Shall not be guilty of so foul a crime.

He of you all that most desires my blood, 100
And will be call'd the murderer of a king,
Take it. What, are you mov'd? Pity you me?
Then send for unrelenting Mortimer,
And Isabel, whose eyes, being turn'd to steel,
Will sooner sparkle fire than shed a tear. 105
Yet stay, for rather than I will look on them,
Here, here! [*Gives the crown.*]

Now, sweet God of Heaven,
Make me despise this transitory pomp.
And sit for aye enthronized in Heaven!
Come, death, and with thy fingers close my
eyes, 110

Or if I live, let me forget myself

Bish. My lord —

K. Edw. Call me not lord, away — out of
my sight!

Ah, pardon me. grief makes me lunatic!
Let not that Mortimer protect my son, 115
More safety is there in a tiger's jaws
Than his embracements Bear this to the queen,
Wet with my tears, and dried again with sighs

[*Gives a handkerchief.*]

If with the sight thereof she be not mov'd,
Return it back and dip it in my blood. 120
Commend me to my son, and bid him rule
Better than I Yet how have I transgress'd,
Unless it be with too much clemency?

Trus. And thus most humbly do we take our
leave. 124

K. Edw. Farewell, [*Exeunt the Bishop
of Winchester and Trussel*]

I know the next news that they bring
Will be my death; and welcome shall it be;
To wretched men death is felicity.

Enter Berkeley [*who gives a paper to Leicester*]

Leices. Another post! what news brings he?

K. Edw. Such news as I expect — come,
Berkeley, come,

And tell thy message to my naked breast. 130

Berk. My lord, think not a thought so vil-
lainous

Can harbour in a man of noble birth
To do your highness service and devoir,
And save you from your foes, Berkeley would
die.

Leices. My lord, the council of the queen
commands 135

That I resign my charge.

K. Edw. And who must keep me now? Must
you, my lord?

Berk. Ay, my most gracious lord; so 't is
decreed.

⁶⁶ watches: stars element: sky ⁶⁷ at a stay: immovable ⁷⁸ fondly led: deluded ⁸⁴ present: immediate ⁸⁸ be king: (Not in Qq) ¹⁰⁴ being: ('beene' Q 1) ¹¹⁸ protect: be guardian of ¹¹⁹ Berkeley: (spelled 'Bartley' Qq, which make him enter at line 112) ¹³⁰ tell thy message: s.e., aim thy dagger

K. Edw. [*Taking the paper*] By Mortimer,
whose name is written here¹ 139
Well may I rent his name that rends my heart!

[*Tears it.*]
This poor revenge hath something eas'd my
mind.

So may his limbs be torn, as is this paper!
Hear me, immortal Jove, and grant it too!

Berk. Your grace must hence with me to
Berkeley straight.

K. Edw. Whither you will; all places are
alike, 145

And every earth is fit for burial.

Leices. Favour him, my lord, as much as lieth
in you.

Berk. Even so betide my soul as I use him

K. Edw. Mine enemy hath pitied my estate,
And that 's the cause that I am now remov'd

Berk. And thanks your grace that Berkeley
will be cruel? 151

K. Edw. I know not; but of this am I as-
sured,

That death ends all, and I can die but once.
Leicester, farewell!

Leices. Not yet, my lord; I 'll bear you on
your way. *Exeunt omnes* 155

[SCENE II. — *London.*]

Enter Mortimer and Queen Isabel

Mor. Fair Isabel, now have we our desire:
The proud corrupters of the light-brain'd king
Have done their homage to the lofty gallows,
And he himself lies in captivity.

Be rul'd by me, and we will rule the realm. 5

In any case take heed of childish fear,
For now we hold an old wolf by the ears,
That, if he slip, will seize upon us both,
And gripe the sorer, being gripp'd himself.

Think therefore, madam, that imports us much
To erect your son with all the speed we may, 11

And that I be protector over him,
For our behoof will bear the greater sway
Whenas a king's name shall be under writ

Que. Sweet Mortimer, the life of Isabel,
Be thou persuaded that I love thee well, 16

And therefore, so the prince my son be safe,
Whom I esteem as dear as these mine eyes,
Conclude against his father what thou wilt,

And I myself will willingly subscribe. 20

Mor. First would I hear news that he were
depos'd,

And then let me alone to handle him.

Enter Messenger

Letters! from whence?

Mess. From Killingworth, my lord.

Que. How fares my lord the king?

Mess. In health, madam, but full of pensive-
ness. 25

Que. Alas, poor soul, would I could ease
his grief!

[*Enter the Bishop of Winchester with the crown*]

Thanks, gentle Winchester [*To the Messenger.*]

Sirrah, be gone [*Exit Messenger.*]

Bish. The king hath willingly resign'd his
crown

Que. O happy news! send for the prince,
my son.

Bish. Further, or this letter was seal'd,
Lord Berkeley came, 30

So that he now is gone from Killingworth;
And we have heard that Edmund laid a plot

To set his brother free, no more but so.
The lord of Berkeley is so pitiful

As Leicester that had charge of him before. 35

Que. Then let some other be his guardian.

Mor. Let me alone, here is the privy seal.

[*Exit Bishop.*]
Who 's there? — Call hither Gurney and Matre-
vis [*To Attendants within.*]

To dash the heavy-headed Edmund's drift, 39

Berkeley shall be discharg'd, the king remov'd,
And none but we shall know where he lieth.

Que. But, Mortimer, as long as he survives,
What safety rests for us, or for my son?

Mor. Speak, shall he presently be des-
patch'd and die?

Que. I would he were, so 't were not by
my means 45

Enter Matrevis and Gurney

Mor. Enough —

Matrevis, write a letter presently
Unto the lord of Berkeley from ourself,

That he resign the king to thee and Gurney; 49
And when 't is done, we will subscribe our name.

Mat. It shall be done, my lord

Mor. Gurney.

Gur. My lord.

Mor. As thou intendest to rise by Mortimer,
Who now makes Fortune's wheel turn as he

please,
Seek all the means thou canst to make him

droop, 54

And neither give him kind word nor good look.
Gur. I warrant you, my lord.

Mor. And this above the rest because we hear
That Edmund casts to work his liberty,

Remove him still from place to place by night,
Till at the last he come to Killingworth, 60

And then from thence to Berkeley back again,
And by the way, to make him fret the more,

¹⁴¹ something: somewhat ¹⁴⁹ enemy: i.e., Leicester ¹⁵⁰ imports: it concerns us: ('as' Q 1-2)
¹¹ erect: establish (as king) ¹³ behoof: interest ³⁰ or: before ³³ no . . . so: positively that
³⁴ so: equally ³⁷ Let me alone: Leave it to me.

Speak curstly to him, and in any case
 Let no man comfort him; if he chance to weep,
 But amplify his grief with bitter words. 65

Mat Fear not, my lord, we 'll do as you
 command.

Mor. So now away; post thitherwards
 amain.

Que. Whither goes this letter? To my
 lord the king?

Commend me humbly to his majesty,
 And tell him that I labour all in vain 70
 To ease his grief, and work his liberty,
 And bear him this as witness of my love.

[*Gives a token.*]

Mat. I will, madam.

*Exeunt Matrevis and Gurney. Manent
 Isabel and Mortimer.*

*Enter the young Prince and the Earl of Kent
 talking with him*

Mor. Finely dissembled Do so still, sweet
 queen.

Here comes the young prince with Earl of
 Kent. 75

Que Something he whispers in his childish
 ears.

Mor. If he have such access unto the prince,
 Our plots and stratagems will soon be dash'd

Que. Use Edmund friendly, as if all were
 well.

Mor. How fares my honourable lord of
 Kent? 80

Kent. In health, sweet Mortimer. How
 fares your grace?

Que. Well, if my lord your brother were
 enlarg'd.

Kent I hear of late he hath depos'd himself

Que. The more my grief.

Mor. And mine.

Kent. [*Aside*] Ah, they do dissemble!

Que. Sweet son, come hither, I must talk
 with thee 85

Mor Thou being his uncle, and the next
 of blood,

Do look to be protector o'er the prince

Kent Not I, my lord, who should protect
 the son,

But she that gave him life? I mean the queen

Prince. Mother, persuade me not to wear
 the crown. 90

Let him be king — I am too young to reign.

Que. But be content, seeing it his highness'
 pleasure.

Prince Let me but see him first, and then
 I will.

Kent. Ay, do, sweet nephew

Que. Brother, you know it is impossible 95

⁸¹ grace: i.e., the Queen ⁸⁵ enlarg'd: liberated ¹¹⁸ aged: the elder ¹¹⁹ chiefest . . . at:
 mark they chiefly aim at

Prince Why, is he dead?

Que. No, God forbid!

Kent. I would those words proceeded from
 your heart.

Mor. Inconstant Edmund, dost thou favour
 him,

That wast a cause of his imprisonment? 100

Kent The more cause have I now to make
 amends

Mor [*Aside to Que Isabel*] I tell thee, 't is not
 meet that one so false

Should come about the person of a prince —
 My lord, he hath betray'd the king his brother,

And therefore trust him not. 105

Prince But he repents, and sorrows for it now.

Que Come, son, and go with this gentle lord
 and me.

Prince. With you I will, but not with Mor-
 timer.

Mor Why, youngling, 'sdain'st thou so of
 Mortimer?

Then I will carry thee by force away 110

Prince Help, uncle Kent! Mortimer will
 wrong me

Que Brother Edmund, strive not, we are
 his friends,

Isabel is nearer than the Earl of Kent

Kent Sister, Edward is my charge, redeem
 him.

Que Edward is my son, and I will keep
 him. 115

Kent Mortimer shall know that he hath
 wrong'd me! —

[*Aside*] Hence will I haste to Killingworth
 Castle,

And rescue aged Edward from his foes,

To be reveng'd on Mortimer and thee

Exeunt omnes

[SCENE III — *Country, near Kenslworth.*]

*Enter Matrevis and Gurney [and Soldiers,]
 with the King*

Mat. My lord, be not pensive, we are your
 friends,

Men are ordain'd to live in misery

Therefore come, — dalliance dangereth our
 lives.

K Edw Friends, whither must unhappy
 Edward go?

Will hateful Mortimer appoint no rest? 5

Must I be vexed like the nightly bird,

Whose sight is loathsome to all winged fowls?

When will the fury of his mind assuage?

When will his heart be satisfied with blood?

If mine will serve, unbowel straight this breast,

And give my heart to Isabel and him; 11

It is the chiefest mark they level at.

Gur. Not so, my hege. the queen hath given
this charge

To keep your grace in safety;

Your passions make your dolours to increase

K. Edw. This usage makes my misery in-
crease. 16

But can my air of life continue long

When all my senses are annoy'd with stench?

Within a dungeon England's king is kept,

Where I am starv'd for want of sustenance. 20

My daily diet is heart-breaking sobs,

That almost rents the closet of my heart

Thus lives old Edward not reliev'd by any,

And so must die, though pitied by many.

O, water, gentle friends, to cool my thirst, 25

And clear my body from foul excrements!

Mat Here 's channel water, as our charge is
given

Sit down, for we 'll be barbers to your grace

K Edw Traitors, away! What, will you
murder me,

Or choke your sovereign with puddle water? 30

Gur No; but wash your face, and shave
away your beard,

Lest you be known and so be rescued

Mat. Why strive you thus? Your labour is
in vain!

K Edw. The wren may strive against the
lion's strength,

But all in vain so vainly do I strive 35

To seek for mercy at a tyrant's hand.

*They wash him with puddle water,
and shave his beard away*

Immortal powers! that knows the painful cares

That waits upon my poor distressed soul,

O level all your looks upon these daring men,

That wrongs their liege and sovereign, Eng-
land's king! 40

O Gaveston, it is for thee that I am wrong'd

For me, both thou and both the Spencers died!

And for your sakes a thousand wrongs I 'll take

The Spencers' ghosts, wherever they remain, 44

Wish well to mine, then tush, for them I 'll die

Mat 'Twixt theirs and yours shall be no en-
mity

Come, come away, now put the torches out,

We 'll enter in by darkness to Killingworth

Enter Edmund [Kent]

Gur. How now, who comes there?

Mat Guard the king sure: it is the Earl of
Kent. 50

K Edw. O gentle brother, help to rescue me!

Mat Keep them asunder; thrust in the king.

Kent! Soldiers, let me but talk to him one word

Gur. Lay hands upon the earl for this assault.

Kent. Lay down your weapons, traitors!

Yield the king! 55

Mat. Edmund, yield thou thyself, or thou
shalt die.

Kent. Base villains, wherefore do you gripe
me thus?

Gur. Bind him and so convey him to the court.

Kent. Where is the court but here? Here is
the king;

And I will visit him, why stay you me? 60

Mat The court is where Lord Mortimer re-
mains,

Thither shall your honour go; and so farewell.

*Exeunt Matrevis and Gurney, with
the king. Manent Edmund and the
Soldiers.*

Kent O miserable is that commonweal,
Where lords keep courts, and kings are lock'd
in prison!

Sol Wherefore stay we? On, sirs, to the
court! 65

Kent. Ay, lead me whither you will, even to
my death,

Seeing that my brother cannot be releas'd.

Exeunt omnes.

[SCENE IV. — *The Court, London.*]

Enter Mortimer, alone

Mor The king must die, or Mortimer goes
down,

The commons now begin to pity him

Yet he that is the cause of Edward's death,

Is sure to pay for it when his son's of age;

And therefore will I do it cunningly 5

This letter, written by a friend of ours,

Contains his death, yet bids them save his life.

[*Reads.*]

"*Edwardum occidere noli te timere, bonum est*"

Fear not to kill the king, 't is good he die "

But read it thus, and that 's another sense: 10

"*Edwardum occidere noli te, timere bonum est:*"

Kill not the king, 't is good to fear the worst."

Unpointed as it is, thus shall it go,

That, being dead, if it chance to be found,

Matrevis and the rest may bear the blame, 15

And we be quit that caus'd it to be done.

Within this room is lock'd the messenger

That shall convey it, and perform the rest;

And by a secret token that he bears,

Shall he be murder'd when the deed is done. —
Lightborn, come forth! 21

[*Enter Lightborn*]

Art thou as resolute as thou wast?

Light What else, my lord? And far more
resolute

Mor And hast thou cast how to accomplish
it?

Light. Ay, ay, and none shall know which
way he died. 25

Mor. But at his looks, Lightborn, thou wilt relent.

Light. Relent! ha, ha! I use much to relent.

Mor. Well, do it bravely, and be secret.

Light. You shall not need to give instructions;
'Tis not the first time I have kill'd a man. 30
I learn'd in Naples how to poison flowers;
To strangle with a lawn thrust through the
throat;

To pierce the windpipe with a needle's point;
Or whist one is asleep, to take a quill
And blow a little powder in his ears, 35
Or open his mouth and pour quicksilver down.
And yet I have a braver way than these.

Mor. What's that?

Light. Nay, you shall pardon me; none
shall know my tricks.

Mor. I care not how it is, so it be not spied 40
Deliver this to Gurney and Matrevis.

[*Gives letter*]

At every ten miles' end thou hast a horse
Take this; [*Gives money.*] away! and never see
me more.

Light. No?

Mor. No; 45

Unless thou bring me news of Edward's death

Light. That will I quickly do. Farewell,
my lord [Exit]

Mor. The prince I rule, the queen do I
command,

And with a lowly congé to the ground,
The proudest lords salute me as I pass; 50

I seal, I cancel, I do what I will
Fear'd am I more than lov'd, — let me be fear'd,

And when I frown, make all the court look pale.
I view the prince with Aristarchus' eyes,

Whose looks were as a breeching to a boy. 55
They thrust upon me the protectorship,
And sue to me for that that I desire.

While at the council-table, grave enough,
And not unlike a bashful puritan,

First I complain of imbecility, 60
Saying it is *onus quam gravissimum*,

Till being interrupted by my friends,
Suscepi that *provinciam* as they term it;

And to conclude, I am Protector now.
Now is all sure: the queen and Mortimer 65

Shall rule the realm, the king; and none rule us
Mine enemies will I plague, my friends advance;

And what I list command who dare control?
Major sum quam cui possit fortuna nocere.

And that this be the coronation-day, 70
It pleaseth me, and Isabel the queen

[*Trumpets within.*]

The trumpets sound, I must go take my place.

*Enter the young King, [Arch] Bishop, Champion,
Nobles, Queen*

Arch. Long live King Edward, by the
grace of God

King of England and Lord of Ireland!

Cham If any Christian, Heathen, Turk, or
Jew, 75

Dares but affirm that Edward 's not true
king,

And will avouch his saying with the sword,

I am the champion that will combat him.

Mor None comes, sound trumpets

[*Trumpets sound.*]

King [Edw III] Champion, here 's to thee.

[*Gives a purse.*]

Que. Lord Mortimer, now take him to your
charge. 80

Enter Soldiers, with the Earl of Kent prisoner

Mor. What traitor have we there with blades
and bills?

Sol. Edmund, the Earl of Kent

King [Edw. III] What hath he done?

Sol 'A would have taken the king away per-
force,

As we were bringing him to Killingworth

Mor Did you attempt his rescue, Ed-
mund? Speak 85

Kent. Mortimer, I did. He is our king,

And thou compell'st this prince to wear the
crown

Mor Strike off his head! he shall have
martial law

Kent Strike off my head! Base traitor, I
defy thee!

King My lord, he is my uncle, and shall
live 90

Mor My lord, he is your enemy, and shall
die

Kent Stay, villains!

King Sweet mother, if I cannot pardon him,
Entreat my Lord Protector for his life.

Que Son, be content; I dare not speak a
word. 95

King. Nor I, and yet methinks I should
command,

But, seeing I cannot, I 'll entreat for him. —

My lord, if you will let my uncle live,

I will requite it when I come to age

Mor. 'T is for your highness' good, and for
the realm's. — 100

How often shall I bid you bear him hence?

Kent. Art thou king? Must I die at thy
command?

¹¹ lawn: filmy cloth through: down ¹² congé: reverence ¹³ Aristarchus: an Alexandrian grammarian, famed for severity ¹⁴ breeching: flogging ¹⁵ imbecility: incompetence ¹⁶ onus, etc.: a most heavy burden ¹⁷ Suscepi . . . provinciam: I accepted the duty. ¹⁸ "I am too great for fortune to harm me." (Ovid, *Met.* vi. 195) ¹⁹ avouch: support

Mor. At our command — Once more away with him.

Kent. Let me but stay and speak; I will not go.

Either my brother or his son is king, 105
And none of both them thrust for Edmund's blood.

And therefore, soldiers, whither will you hale me?

They hale Edmund away, and carry him to be beheaded

King. What safety may I look for at his hands,

If that my uncle shall be murdered thus?

Que. Fear not, sweet boy, I'll guard thee from thy foes, 110

Had Edmund liv'd, he would have sought thy death.

Come, son, we'll ride a-hunting in the park

King. And shall my uncle Edmund ride with us?

Que. He is a traitor; think not on him, come. *Exeunt omnes*

[SCENE V. — Berkeley Castle]

Enter Matrevis and Gurney

Mat. Gurney, I wonder the king dies not, Being in a vault up to the knees in water, To which the channels of the castle run, From whence a damp continually ariseth, That were enough to poison any man, 5
Much more a king brought up so tenderly

Gur. And so do I, Matrevis yesternight I opened but the door to throw him meat, And I was almost stifled with the savour

Mat. He hath a body able to endure 10
More than we can inflict and therefore now Let us assail his mind another while

Gur. Send for him out thence, and I will anger him.

Mat. But stay, who 's this?

Enter Lightborn

Light. My Lord Protector greets you [*Gives letter*]

Gur. What 's here? I know not how to con-ster it 15

Mat. Gurney, it was left unpainted for the nonce,

"Edwardum occidere nolite timere,"

That 's his meaning.

Light. Know you this token? I must have the king. [*Gives token*]

Mat. Ay. Stay awhile, thou shalt have answer straight. — 20

[*Aside.*] This villain 's sent to make away the king.

Gur. [*Aside.*] I thought as much.

Mat. [*Aside.*] And when the murder 's done, See how he must be handled for his labour.

Pereat iste! Let him have the king. — 24
What else? Here is the keys, this is the lake. Do as you are commanded by my lord.

Light. I know what I must do. Get you away. Yet be not far off, I shall need your help; See that in the next room I have a fire, And get me a spit, and let it be red-hot. 30

Mat. Very well.

Gur. Need you anything besides?

Light. What else? A table and a feather-bed.

Gur. That 's all?

Light. Ay, ay, so, when I call you, bring it in.

Mat. Fear not you that 35

Gur. Here 's a light, to go into the dungeon [*Gives a light, and then exit with Matrevis*]

Light. So now

Must I about this gear; ne'er was there any So finely handled as this king shall be. 39

[*Draws curtain before rear stage*]

Foh! here 's a place indeed, with all my heart!

K Edw. Who 's there? What light is that?

Wherefore com'st thou?

Light. To comfort you, and bring you joyful news

K Edw. Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks

Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me 44

Light. To murder you, my most gracious lord! Far is it from my heart to do you harm

The queen sent me to see how you were used, For she relents at this your misery:

And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears, To see a king in this most piteous state? 50

K Edw. Weep'st thou already? List awhile to me

And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is, Or as Matrevis', hewn from the Caucasus,

Yet will it melt, ere I have done my tale 54

This dungeon where they keep me is the sink

Wherein the filth of all the castle falls

Light. O villains!

K Edw. And there in mire and puddle have I stood

This ten days' space; and, lest that I should sleep, 60

One plays continually upon a drum They give me bread and water, being a king;

So that, for want of sleep and sustenance, My mind 's distemper'd, and my body 's numb'd,

And whether I have limbs or no I know not. 64

O, would my blood dropp'd out from every vein, As doth this water from my tatter'd robes.

Tell Isabel, the queen, I look'd not thus,

¹⁰⁵ them: ('then' Q 1) ¹¹ conster: construe ¹⁴ for the nonce: by chance ²⁴ Pereat iste: "Let this fellow die." ²⁵ lake: dungeon ²⁶ gear: affair ⁴⁴ com'st: ('comes' Q 1)

When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
And there unhors'd the Duke of Cleremont.

Light. O speak no more, my lord! this breaks
my heart. 70

Lie on this bed, and rest yourself awhile

K. Edw. These looks of thine can harbour
nought but death:

I see my tragedy written in thy brows.

Yet stay awhile, forbear thy bloody hand,

And let me see the stroke before it comes, 75

That even then when I shall lose my life,

My mind may be more steadfast on my God

Light What means your highness to mis-
trust me thus?

K. Edw. What mean'st thou to dissemble
with me thus?

Light. These hands were never stain'd with
innocent blood, 80

Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's

K. Edw. Forgive my thought. For having
such a thought —

One jewel have I left — receive thou this.

[*Giving jewel*]

Still fear I, and I know not what 's the cause,
But every joint shakes as I give it thee 85

O, if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart,

Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy soul!

Know that I am a king O, at that name

I feel a hell of grief! Where is my crown?

Gone, gone! and do I remain alive? 90

Light You're overwatch'd, my lord, lie
down and rest

K. Edw. But that grief keeps me waking, I
should sleep;

For not these ten days have these eye-lids clos'd.

Now as I speak they fall, and yet with fear

Open again. O wherefore sitt'st thou here? 95

Light If you mistrust me, I'll begone, my
lord

K. Edw. No, no, for if thou mean'st to mur-
ther me,

Thou wilt return again, and therefore stay

Light He sleeps.

K. Edw. [*Waking*] O let me not die yet!

Stay, O stay a while! 100

Light How now, my lord?

K. Edw. Something still buzzeth in mine
ears,

And tells me, if I sleep I never wake.

This fear is that which makes me tremble thus

And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come?

Light. To rid thee of thy life. — Matrevis,
come! 106

[*Enter Matrevis and Gurney*]

K. Edw. I am too weak and feeble to re-
sist: —

Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul!

Light. Run for the table.

K. Edw. O spare me, or despatch me in a
trice. [*Matrevis brings in a table*] 110

Light So, lay the table down, and stamp on it,
But not too hard, lest that you bruise his body.

[*King Edward is murdered*]

Mat I fear me that this cry will raise the
town,

And therefore, let us take horse and away 114

Light. Tell me, sirs, was it not bravely done?

Gur. Excellent well: take this for thy reward.

Then Gurney slabs Lightborn

Come, let us cast the body in the moat,

And bear the king's to Mortimer our lord:

Away! *Exeunt omnes.*

[*SCENE VI — London*]

Enter Mortimer and Matrevis

Mor Is't done, Matrevis, and the mur-
therer dead?

Mat Ay, my good lord, I would it were
undone!

Mor Matrevis, if thou now growest penitent,
I'll be thy ghostly father; therefore choose,

Whether thou wilt be secret in this, 5

Or else die by the hand of Mortimer

Mat Gurney, my lord, is fled, and will, I fear,
Betray us both. Therefore let me fly.

Mor. Fly to the savages!

Mat. I humbly thank your honour [*Exit*] 10

Mor As for myself, I stand as Jove's huge
tree,

And others are but shrubs compar'd to me.

All tremble at my name, and I fear none,

Let's see who dare impeach me for his death!

Enter the Queen

Que Ah, Mortimer, the king, my son, hath
news 15

His father's dead, and we have murder'd him!

Mor What if he have? The king is yet a
child

Que Ay, ay, but he tears his hair, and
wrings his hands,

And vows to be reveng'd upon us both

Into the council-chamber he is gone, 20

To crave the aid and succour of his peers.

Ay me! see where he comes, and they with him.

Now, Mortimer, begins our tragedy

Enter the King [Edward the Third] with the Lords

1 *Lord.* Fear not, my lord, know that you
are a king

King Villain! — 25

Mor How now, my lord!

King. Think not that I am frighted with thy
words!

⁷⁸ even: ('and euen' Qq)

⁸¹ overwatch'd: weak from sleeplessness

⁹⁵ sitt'st: ('sits' Qq)

⁹⁴ 1 Lord: ('Lords' Qq.)

My father's murdered through thy treachery,
And thou shalt die, and on his mournful hearse
Thy hateful and accursed head shall lie, 30
To witness to the world, that by thy means
His kingly body was too soon interr'd

Que. Weep not, sweet son!

King Forbid not me to weep: he was my father,

And had you lov'd him half so well as I, 35
You could not bear his death thus patiently
But you, I fear, conspir'd with Mortimer

1 *Lord* Why speak you not unto my lord the king?

Mor Because I think scorn to be accus'd
Who is the man dare say I murdered him? 40

King Traitor! in me my loving father speaks,
And plainly saith, 't was thou that murd'redst him

Mor But hath your grace no other proof than this?

King Yes, if this be the hand of Mortimer
[*Shewing letter*]

Mor [*Aside*] False Gurney hath betray'd me and himself 45

Que [*Aside*] I fear'd as much, murder cannot be hid

Mor 'T is my hand, what gather you by this?

King That thither thou didst send a murderer.

Mor. What murderer? Bring forth the man I sent

King Ah, Mortimer, thou knowest that he is slain, 50

And so shalt thou be too — Why stays he here?
Bring him unto a hurdle, drag him forth,
Hang him, I say, and set his quarters up,
But bring his head back presently to me

Que For my sake, sweet son, pity Mortimer! 55

Mor Madam, entreat not, I will rather die,
Than sue for life unto a paltry boy

King Hence with the traitor! with the murderer!

Mor Base Fortune, now I see, that in thy wheel

There is a point, to which when men aspire, 60
They tumble headlong down that point I touch'd,

And, seeing there was no place to mount up higher,

Why should I grieve at my declining fall? —
Farewell, fair queen, weep not for Mortimer,
That scorns the world, and, as a traveller, 65
Goes to discover countries yet unknown

King. What! suffer you the traitor to delay?
[*Mortimer is led away.*]

Que As thou receivest thy life from me,
Spill not the blood of gentle Mortimer!

King This argues that you spilt my father's blood, 70

Else would you not entreat for Mortimer.

Que I spill his blood? No!

King Ay, madam, you; for so the rumour runs

Que That rumour is untrue, for loving thee,

Is this report rais'd on poor Isabel. 75

King I do not think her so unnatural.

2 *Lord* My lord, I fear me it will prove too true

King Mother, you are suspected for his death,

And therefore we commit you to the Tower
Till further trial may be made thereof; 80

If you be guilty, though I be your son,

Think not to find me slack or pitiful.

Que Nay, to my death, for too long have I liv'd,

Whenas my son thinks to abridge my days.

King Away with her, her words enforce these tears, 85

And I shall pity her if she speak again.

Que Shall I not mourn for my beloved lord,

And with the rest accompany him to his grave?

2 *Lord* Thus, madam, 't is the king's will you shall hence

Que He hath forgotten me, stay, I am his mother 90

2 *Lord* That boots not, therefore, gentle madam, go

Que Then come, sweet death, and rid me of this grief [Exit]

[Re-enter 1 *Lord*, with the head of Mortimer]

1 *Lord* My lord, here is the head of Mortimer

King Go fetch my father's hearse where it shall lie,

And bring my funeral robes

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Accursed head, 95

Could I have rul'd thee then, as I do now,
Thou had'st not hatch'd this monstrous treachery! —

Here comes the hearse, help me to mourn, my lords

[Enter Attendants with the hearse and funeral robes]

Sweet father, here unto thy murdered ghost
I offer up this wicked traitor's head; 100

And let these tears, distilling from mine eyes,
Be witness of my grief and innocence.

[*Exeunt*]

THE SHOEMAKERS Holiday.

OR

The Gentle Craft.

With the humorous life of Simon
Eyre, shoemaker, and Lord Maior
of London.

As it was acted before the Queenes most excellent Ma-
iestie on New-yeares day at night last, by the right
honourable the Earle of Nottingham, Lord high Ad-
mirall of England, his seruants.



Printed by Valentine Sims dwelling at the foote of Adling
hill, neere Baimards Castle, at the signe of the White
Swanne, and are there to be sold.

1 6 0 0.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL RECORD. Valentine Simmes, a good printer with a rather bad civic record, published the first edition of *The Shoemakers' Holiday* in 1600, prefacing it with the following advertisement to the readers:—*To All Good Fellowes, Professors of the Gentle Craft, of what degree soever. Kinde gentlemen and honest boone companions, I present you here with a merrie-conceited comedie, called The Shoemakers Holyday, acted by my Lorde Admiralls Players this present Christmasse before the Queenes most excellent Maiestie. For the mirth and pleasant matter by her Highnesse graciously accepted, being indeede no way offensive. The Argument of the play I will set downe in this epistle: Sir Hugh Lacie, Earle of Lincolne, had a yong Gentleman of his owne name, his nere kinsman, that loued the Lorde Mayors daughter of London; to preuent and crosse which loue, the earle caused his kinsman to be sent coronell of a companie into France who resigned his place to another gentleman his friend, and came disguised like a Dutche shoemaker to the house of Symon Eyre in Towersstreete, who serued the Mayor and his household with shooes. The merriments that passed in Eyres house, his comming to be Mayor of London, Lacies getting his loue, and other accidents, with two merry Three-mens songs. Take all in good worth that is well intended, for nothing is purposed but mirth; mirth lengthneth long life, which, with all other blessings, I heartily wish you. Farewell!*

Simmes, who was having trouble with the authorities at the time, and who did not usually publish the books he printed, seems not to have entered the play on the Stationers' Register; but on April 19, 1610, he transferred his claim to it to John Wright, reserving the right to "haue the workmanship of the printinge thereof for the vse of the sayd John Wrighte during his lyfe." Wright consequently published the second edition in 1610, but employed George Eld, not Simmes, to print it. Other editions were published by Wright in 1618, 1624, and 1631, and a sixth came out in 1657. It is noteworthy that all these quartos are printed in black-letter type, which, even in 1600, was being seldom used except in books that appealed to old-fashioned readers. (The same peculiarity is found in the editions of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* and *Dr Faustus*.) All the quartos of *The Shoemakers' Holiday* are anonymous.

DATE AND STAGE PERFORMANCE. The date of the play, as well as its authorship, is determined by an entry in Henslowe's Diary: "Lent vnto Samewell Rowley & Thomas downton the 15 of July 1599 to bye a Boocke of thomas dickers Called the gentle craft the some of 11 11." This £3 was doubtless a part payment (being half of what Dekker normally received) and it was paid in behalf of the company of the Earl of Nottingham (Lord Admiral), by whom the Quarto tells us the comedy had been produced. The production at court before the Queen, by the same company, occurred Jan. 1, 1600. An interesting article on "The Players Who Acted in *The Shoemakers' Holiday*" in the *Shakespeare Society Papers*, iv 110-122 (1849) purports to give, from early manuscript notes in a copy of the 1600 Quarto, the names of the actors who performed the different rôles (Downton having the part of Eyre and Rowley that of Lincoln). The same authority asserts that in this copy the epistle "To all Good Fellowes" quoted above has the signatures, likewise in manuscript, of T. Dekker and R. Wilson; from which he argues that Dekker was assisted in the play by the dramatist Robert Wilson. These things may be true, but the copy of the play with the alleged annotations has not since been heard of, and the tendency is to regard the article as a fraud.

STRUCTURE The play is of the loose "chronicle" type, suited to the rapid and often vague technique of Henslowe's playhouse. The quartos mark neither acts nor scenes, and the act divisions of modern editions are purely artificial. Dekker probably bothered about the matter only to the extent of inserting an "Exeunt," and in verse passages usually a rime-tag, at the close of each episode in his panorama. His main purpose was to present a foreshortened view of the progress up the civic ladder of the legendary Simon Eyre, stated by Stow to have built Leadenhall in 1419, become sheriff of London in 1434, and Lord Mayor in 1445. This serves as stiffening for the rich incrustation of episodes, romantic and realistic, attached to it.

SOURCES The definite source and inspiration for Dekker's play were a series of prose tales about romantic shoemakers by Thomas Deloney, entitled *The Gentle Craft*, published in the preceding year. Here was found a long account of Eyre; also the tale of Crispine and Crispianus, which suggested the Rose and Lacy plot, and the legend of St. Hugh's bones. In developing his theme Dekker frequently echoes Marlowe, as was his habit, and still more often points to the popular plays by Shakespeare which were filling the rival theatre of the Globe. The King (historically Henry VI) and the wars in France are evidently meant to suggest the hero of the contemporary *Henry V* (who won Agincourt on St. Crispine's Day), and passages in the Hammon story, as Professor R. A. Law has pointed out (*Studies in Philology*, Apr., 1924, p. 356 ff.) echo *Romeo and Juliet*. The name Lacy for the juvenile hero comes from Greene's *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*.

THOMAS DEKKER (1572?–1632)

THE SHOEMAKERS' HOLIDAY

[DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE KING (Henry V?)
 EARL OF LINCOLN (Sir Hugh Lacy)
 EARL OF CORNWALL
 ROWLAND LACY, Lincoln's nephew
 ASKEW, another relative
 LOVELL, a courtier
 DODGER, servant to Lincoln

SIR ROGER OTLEY, Lord Mayor of London
 Master HAMMON,
 Master WARNER, } Citizens of London
 Master SCOTT,

SIMON EYRE, the Shoemaker
 ROGER (known as HODGE),
 FIRK,
 RAFF DAMPORT, } EYRE's workmen

ROSE, daughter of OTLEY
 SYBIL, her maid
 MARGERY, wife of EYRE
 JANE, wife of RAFF

A Dutch Skipper, a Boy, Officers, Soldiers, Shoemakers, and Apprentices.

SCENE. The City of London and the adjacent village of Old Ford.]

THE PROLOGUE

As it was pronounced before the Queen's Majesty

As wretches in a storm, expecting day,
 With trembling hands and eyes cast up to heaven,
 Make prayers the anchor of their conquer'd hopes,
 So we, dear goddess, wonder of all eyes,
 Your meanest vassals, through mistrust and fear 5
 To sink into the bottom of disgrace
 By our imperfect pastimes, prostrate thus
 On bended knees, our sails of hope do strike,
 Dreading the bitter storms of your dislike
 Since then, unhappy men, our hap is such 10
 That to ourselves ourselves no help can bring,
 But needs must perish, if your saint-like ears,
 Locking the temple where all mercy sits,
 Refuse the tribute of our begging tongues,
 Oh, grant, bright mirror of true chastity, 15
 From those life-breathing stars, your sun-like eyes,
 One gracious smile, for your celestial breath
 Must send us life, or sentence us to death.

[ACT I

SCENE I — *A London Street.*]

Enter Lord Mayor, [and the Earl of] Lincoln

Linc. My lord mayor, you have sundry times
 Feasted myself and many courtiers more;
 Seldom or never can we be so kind
 To make requital of your courtesy.

But, leaving this, I hear my cousin Lacy 5
 Is much affected to your daughter Rose.

L. Mayor. True, my good lord, and she loves
 him so well

That I mislike her boldness in the chase.

Linc. Why, my lord mayor, think you it
 then a shame,

To join a Lacy with an Otley's name? 10

L. Mayor. Too mean is my poor girl for his
 high birth;

5 cousin: nephew

Poor citizens must not with courtiers wed,
Who will in silks and gay apparel spend
More in one year than I am worth, by far:
Therefore your honour need not doubt my
girl. 15

Linc. Take heed, my lord; advise you what
you do!

A verier unthrift lives not in the world,
Than is my cousin, for I 'll tell you what:
'T is now almost a year since he requested
To travel countries for experience. 20
I furnish'd him with coin, bills of exchange,
Letters of credit, men to wait on him,
Solicited my friends in Italy
Well to respect him But, to see the end!
Scant had he journey'd through half Germany,
But all his coin was spent, his men cast off, 26
His bills embezzl'd, and my jolly coz,
Asham'd to show his bankrupt presence here,
Became a shoemaker in Wittenberg.
A goodly science for a gentleman 30
Of such descent! Now judge the rest by this
Suppose your daughter have a thousand pound,
He did consume me more in one half year.
And make him heir to all the wealth you
have,

One twelvemonth's rioting will waste it all. 35
Then seek, my lord, some honest citizen
To wed your daughter to

L. Mayor. I thank your lordship.

[*Aside*] Well, fox, I understand your
subtlety.—

As for your nephew, let your lordship's eye
But watch his actions, and you need not fear,
For I have sent my daughter far enough 41
And yet your cousin Rowland might do well,
Now he hath learn'd an occupation:
And yet I scorn to call him son-in-law.

Linc. Ay, but I have a better trade for him
I thank his grace, he hath appointed him 46
Chief colonel of all those companies
Must' red in London and the shires about,
To serve his highness in those wars of France
See where he comes! —

Enter Lovell, Lacy, and Askew

Lovell, what news with you?

Lovell. My Lord of Lincoln, 't is his high-
ness' will, 51

That presently your cousin ship for France
With all his powers; he would not for a million,
But they should land at Dieppe within four
days.

Linc. Go certify his grace, it shall be done.

Exit Lovell.

Now, cousin Lacy, in what forwardness 56
Are all your companies?

Lacy. All well prepar'd.
The men of Hertfordshire lie at Mile-end;
Suffolk and Essex train in Tothill-fields;
The Londoners and those of Middlesex, 60
All gallantly prepar'd in Finsbury,
With frolic spirits long for their parting hour.

L. Mayor. They have their imprest, coats,
and furniture;

And, if it please your cousin Lacy come
To the Guildhall, he shall receive his pay; 65
And twenty pounds besides my brethren
Will freely give him, to approve our loves
We bear unto my lord, your uncle here.

Lacy I thank your honour.

Linc. Thanks, my good lord mayor. 69

L. Mayor. At the Guildhall we will expect
your coming *Exit.*

Linc. To approve your loves to me! No
subtlety!

Nephew, that twenty pound he doth bestow
For joy to rid you from his daughter Rose.
But, cousins both, now here are none but
friends,

I would not have you cast an amorous eye 75
Upon so mean a project as the love
Of a gay, wanton, painted citizen
I know, this churl even in the height of scorn
Doth hate the mixture of his blood with thine.
I pray thee, do thou so! Remember, coz, 80
What honourable fortunes wait on thee
Increase the king's love, which so brightly
shines,

And gilds thy hopes I have no heir but thee, —
And yet not thee, if with a wayward spirit
Thou start from the true bias of my love. 85

Lacy My lord, I will for honour, not desire
Of land or livings, or to be your heir,
So guide my actions in pursuit of France,
As shall add glory to the Lacies' name.

Linc. Coz, for those words here 's thirty
portagues, 90

And, nephew Askew, there 's a few for you.
Fair Honour, in her loftiest eminence,
Stays in France for you, till you fetch her
thence.

Then, nephews, clap swift wings on your de-
signs. 94

Begone, begone, make haste to the Guildhall;
There presently I 'll meet you Do not stay:
Where honour beckons, shame attends delay.

Exit.

Askew. How gladly would your uncle have
you gone!

¹⁵ doubt: concern yourself about ²⁷ embezzl'd: run through ⁴¹ sent: (Not in Q 1) ⁴⁶ grace: majesty ⁵¹ presently: at once ⁶⁵ imprest: enlistment pay ⁶⁹ furniture: equipment ⁸⁰ brethren: i.e., the aldermen ⁸⁵ approve: testify ⁹⁰ bias: bent, tendency ⁹⁴ portagues: large gold coins worth nearly £5 ⁹⁵ beckons: (misprinted 'becomes' Qq.)

Lacy True, coz, but I 'll o'erreach his policies.

I have some serious business for three days, 100
Which nothing but my presence can dispatch.
You, therefore, cousin, with the companies,
Shall haste to Dover; there I 'll meet with you:

Or, if I stay past my prefixed time, 104
Away for France; we 'll meet in Normandy
The twenty pounds my lord mayor gives to me
You shall receive, and these ten portagues,
Part of mine uncle's thirty. Gentle coz,
Have care to our great charge; I know your wisdom

Hath tried itself in higher consequence. 110
Askew. Coz, all myself am yours: yet have this care,

To lodge in London with all secrecy
Our uncle Lincoln hath, besides his own,
Many a jealous eye, that in your face
Stares only to watch means for your disgrace.

Lacy. Stay, cousin, who be these? 116

Enter Simon Eyre, [Margery] his wife, Hodge, Firk, Jane, and Rafe with a piece

Eyre. Leave whining, leave whining! Away with this whump'ring, this puling, these blub-b'ring tears, and these wet eyes! I 'll get thy husband discharg'd, I warrant thee, sweet Jane. Go to! 121

Hodge Master, here be the captains.

Eyre Peace, Hodge; husht, ye knave, husht!

Firk Here be the cavaliers and the coronels, master. 125

Eyre Peace, Firk; peace, my fine Firk! Stand by with your pishery-pashery, away! I am a man of the best presence, I 'll speak to them, and they were Popes. — Gentlemen, captains, colonels, commanders! Brave men, 130 brave leaders, may it please you to give me audience. I am Simon Eyre, the mad shoemaker of Tower Street, this wench, with the mealy mouth that will never tire, is my wife, I can tell you; here 's Hodge, my man and my foreman, 135 here 's Firk, my fine firkling journeyman, and this is blubbered Jane. All we come to be suitors for this honest Rafe. Keep him at home, and as I am a true shoemaker and a gentleman of the gentle craft, buy spurs yourself, and I 'll 140 find ye boots these seven years

Wife. Seven years, husband?

Eyre. Peace, midriff, peace! I know what I do. Peace! 144

Firk. Truly, master cormorant, you shall

do God good service to let Rafe and his wife stay together. She 's a young new-married woman; if you take her husband away from her a-night, you undo her. She may beg in the day-time, for he 's as good a workman at a prick and an awl as any is in our trade. 151

Jane. O let him stay, else I shall be undone.

Firk. Ay, truly, she shall be laid at one side like a pair of old shoes else, and be occupied for no use. 155

Lacy Truly, my friends, it lies not in my power.

The Londoners are press'd, paid, and set forth By the lord mayor, I cannot change a man.

Hodge. Why, then you were as good be a corporal as a colonel, if you cannot discharge 160 one good fellow, and I tell you true, I think you do more than you can answer, to press a man within a year and a day of his marriage.

Eyre Well said, melancholy Hodge; grammarcy, my fine foreman 165

Wife Truly, gentlemen, it were ill done for such as you, to stand so stiffly against a poor young wife, considering her case, she is new-married, but let that pass I pray, deal not roughly with her, her husband is a young man, and but newly ent'red, but let that pass 171

Eyre. Away with your pishery-pashery, your pols and your edipols! Peace, midriff, silence, Cicely Bumtrinket! Let your head speak 175

Firk Yea, and the horns too, master.

Eyre Too soon, my fine Firk, too soon! Peace, scoundrels! See you this man? Captains, you will not release him? Well, let him go, he 's a proper shot, let him vanish! 180 Peace, Jane, dry up thy tears, they 'll make his powder dankish. Take him, brave men! Hector of Troy was an hackney to him, Hercules and Termagant scoundrels, Prince Arthur's Round-table — by the Lord of Ludgate — 185 ne'er fed such a tall, such a dapper swordman; by the life of Pharaoh, a brave resolute swordman! Peace, Jane! I say no more, mad knaves.

Firk See, see, Hodge, how my master raves in commendation of Rafe! 190

Hodge Rafe, th' art a gull, by this hand, and thou goest not

Askew I am glad, good Master Eyre, it is my hap

To meet so resolute a soldier.

Trust me, for your report and love to him, 195 A common slight regard shall not respect him.

Lacy. Is thy name Rafe?

¹⁰⁴ prefixed: appointed ¹¹⁶ S. D. piece: musket ¹²⁴ coronels: colonels ¹²⁷ pishery-pashery: nonsense ¹²⁹ and: an, if ¹³⁶ firkling: bouncing ¹⁴¹ midriff: diaphragm, talking machine
¹⁴² cormorant: (punning on "colonel") ¹⁴⁷ press'd: enlisted ¹⁴⁴⁻¹⁴⁵ grammarcy: thanks ¹⁷⁵ pols, edipols: exclamations ¹⁸³ hackney: spiritless beast ¹⁸⁴ Termagant: a fictitious Paynim fire-eater
¹⁹¹ gull: fool ¹⁹⁶ "He shall have uncommon consideration"

Rafe.

Yes, sir

Lacy.

Give me thy hand,

Thou shalt not want, as I am a gentleman.

Woman, be patient. God, no doubt, will send
Thy husband safe again, but he must go, 200
His country's quarrel says it shall be so.

Hodge. Th' art a gull, by my sturp, if thou
dost not go. I will not have thee strike thy
gimlet into these weak vessels, prick thine
enemies, Rafe. 205

Enter Dodger

Dodger My lord, your uncle on the Tower-
hill

Stays with the lord mayor and the aldermen,
And doth request you, with all speed you may,
To hasten thither.

Askew

Cousin, let's go

Lacy Dodger, run you before, tell them we
come. — *Exit Dodger.* 210

This Dodger is mine uncle's parasite,
The arrant'st varlet that e'er breath'd on earth.
He sets more discord in a noble house
By one day's broaching of his pickthank tales,
Than can be salv'd again in twenty years; 215
And he, I fear, shall go with us to France,
To pry into our actions.

Askew

Therefore, coz,

It shall behoove you to be circumspect.

Lacy. Fear not, good cousin — Rafe, hie to
your colours [*Exit Lacy and Askew.*]

Rafe I must, because there's no remedy,
But, gentle master and my loving dame, 221
As you have always been a friend to me,
So in mine absence think upon my wife.

Jane. Alas, my Rafe!

Wife. She cannot speak for weeping. 224

Eyre Peace, you crack'd groats, you must-
ard tokens, disquiet not the brave soldier
Go thy ways, Rafe!

Jane. Ay, ay, you bid him go! what shall I
do

When he is gone?

Firk. Why, be doing with me or my fellow
Hodge; be not idle 231

Eyre Let me see thy hand, Jane This fine
hand, this white hand, these pretty fingers must
spin, must card, must work, work, you bombast
cotton-candle-quean; work for your living, 235
with a pox to you — Hold thee, Rafe, here's
five sixpences for thee, fight for the honour of
the gentle craft, for the gentlemen shoemakers,
the courageous cordwainers, the flower of St.
Martin's, the mad knaves of Bedlam, Fleet 240
Street, Tower Street and Whitechapel, crack

me the crowns of the French knaves; a pox on
them, crack them, fight, by the Lord of Lud-
gate; fight, my fine boy!

Firk. Here, Rafe, here's three two- 245
pences; two carry into France, the third shall
wash our souls at parting, for sorrow is dry For
my sake, firk the *Basa mon cues*.

Hodge Rafe, I am heavy at parting, but
here's a shilling for thee God send thee to 250
cram thy slops with French crowns, and thy
enemies' bellies with bullets.

Rafe. I thank you, master, and I thank
you all

Now, gentle wife, my loving lovely Jane,
Rich men, at parting, give their wives rich
gifts, 255

Jewels and rings, to grace their lily hands.

Thou know'st our trade makes rings for
women's heels

Here take this pair of shoes, cut out by Hodge,
Stitch'd by my fellow Firk, seam'd by myself,
Made up and pink'd with letters for thy name
Wear them, my dear Jane, for thy husband's
sake, 261

And every morning when thou pull'st them on,
Remember me, and pray for my return

Make much of them, for I have made them so
That I can know them from a thousand mo 265

*Sound drum. Enter Lord Mayor, Lincoln, Lacy,
Askew, Dodger, and Soldiers They pass
over the stage, Rafe falls in amongst them,
Firk and the rest cry "Farewell," etc., and
so exeunt*

[ACT II

SCENE I — *Lord Mayor's Garden, Old Ford*]*Enter Rose, alone, making a garland*

Here sit thou down upon this flow'ry bank
And make a garland for thy Lacy's head
These pinks, these roses, and these violets,
These blushing gilliflowers, these margolds, 5
The fair embroidery of his coronet,
Carry not half such beauty in their cheeks,
As the sweet count'nance of my Lacy doth
O my most unkind father! O my stars,
Why lower'd you so at my nativity,
To make me love, yet live robb'd of my love? 11
Here as a thief am I imprisoned
For my dear Lacy's sake within those walls,
Which by my father's cost were builded up
For better purposes Here must I languish
For him that doth as much lament, I know, 15
Mine absence, as for him I pine in woe.

²⁰² stirrup: strap that held shoemakers' work in place ²²⁵⁻²²⁶ groats: fourpenny bits ²²⁴ mustard tokens: substitute currency, issued by shopkeepers ²⁴⁴ firk: trounce ²⁴⁵ *Basa mon cues*: "baisez mon cule," opprobrious name for the French ²⁵⁰ send: grant ²⁵¹ slops: loose breeches ²⁶⁰ pink'd: perforated ²⁶⁵ mo: more, others ¹ Compare *Midsummer Night's Dream* IV. 1

Enter Sybil

Sybil. Good morrow, young mistress. I am sure you make that garland for me, against I shall be Lady of the Harvest

Rose. Sybil, what news at London? 20

Sybil. None but good my lord mayor, your father, and master Philpot, your uncle, and Master Scott, your cousin, and Mistress Frigbottom by Doctors' Commons, do all, by my troth, send you most hearty commendations 25

Rose. Did Lacy send kind greetings to his love?

Sybil. O yes, out of cry, by my troth I scant knew him, here 'a wore a scarf, and here a scarf, here a bunch of feathers, and here precious stones and jewels, and a pair 30 of garters, — O, monstrous! like one of our yellow silk curtains at home here in Old Ford House here, in Master Bellymount's chamber I stood at our door in Cornhill, look'd at him, he at me indeed, spake to him, but he not 35 to me, not a word Marry gup, thought I, with a wanion! He pass'd by me as proud — Marry foh! are you grown humorous, thought I, and so shut the door, and in I came.

Rose. O Sybil, how dost thou my Lacy wrong! 40

My Rowland is as gentle as a lamb, No dove was ever half so mild as he

Sybil. Mild? yea, as a bushel of stamp'd crabs He look'd upon me as sour as verjuice Go thy ways, thought I, thou may'st be 45 much in my gaskins, but nothing in my netherstocks This is your fault, mistress, to love him that loves not you, he thinks scorn to do as he's done to, but if I were as you, I'd cry, "Go by, Jeronimo, go by!" 50

I'd set mine old debts against my new driblets, And the hare's foot against the goose giblets, For if ever I sigh, when sleep I should take, Pray God I may lose my maidenhead when I wake

Rose. Will my love leave me then, and go to France? 55

Sybil. I know not that, but I am sure I see him stalk before the soldiers By my troth, he is a proper man, but he is proper that proper doth. Let him go snick-up, young mistress 60

Rose. Get thee to London, and learn perfectly

Whether my Lacy go to France, or no. Do this, and I will give thee for thy pains My cambric apron and my Romish gloves, My purple stockings and a stomacher. 65 Say, wilt thou do this, Sybil, for my sake?

Sybil. Will I, quoth 'a? At whose suit? By my troth, yes, I'll go. A cambric apron, gloves, a pair of purple stockings, and a stomacher! I'll sweat in purple, mistress, for you, 70 I'll take anything that comes a' God's name. O rich! a cambric apron! Faith, then have at 'up tails all' I'll go juggy-joggy to London, and be here in a trice, young mistress. *Exit.*

Rose. Doso, good Sybil Meantime wretched I Will sit and sigh for his lost company. *Exit.* 76

[SCENE II — Tower Street, London.]

Enter Rowland Lacy, like a Dutch Shoemaker

Lacy. How many shapes have gods and kings devis'd, Thereby to compass their desired loves! It is no shame for Rowland Lacy, then, To clothe his cunning with the gentle craft, That, thus disguis'd, I may unknown possess 5 The only happy presence of my Rose Incur'd the king's displeasure, and stirr'd up Rough hatred in mine uncle Lincoln's breast. O love, how powerful art thou, that canst change 10

High birth to baseness, and a noble mind To the mean semblance of a shoemaker! But thus it must be, for her cruel father, Hating the single union of our souls, 14 Hath secretly convey'd my Rose from London, To bar me of her presence, but I trust, Fortune and this disguise will further me Once more to view her beauty, gain her sight Here in Tower Street with Eyre the shoemaker Mean I a while to work I know the trade, 20 I learnt it when I was in Wittenberg Then cheer thy hoping sprites, be not dismay'd, Thou canst not want do Fortune what she can, The gentle craft is living for a man *Exit.*

[SCENE III — Before Eyre's Shop.]

Enter Eyre, making himself ready

Eyre. Where be these boys, these girls, these drabs, these scoundrels? They wallow in the fat brewess of my bounty, and lick up the crumbs of my table, yet will not rise to see my walks

³⁷ out of cry: beyond expression (ironic) ³⁸ Marry gup: Go your way, forsooth! ³⁹ wanion: plague ⁴⁰ humorous: capricious ⁴¹ crabs: crabapples ⁴² verjuice: juice of green fruit ⁴³⁻⁴⁷ gaskins: breeches ⁴⁴ netherstocks: stockings ⁴⁵ (Cf. *Spanish Tragedy* III.ii.30) ⁴⁶ hare's . . . giblets: reconcile one thing with another Cf. Dekker and Webster, *Westward Ho!* V.iii (last page but one): 'set the hare's head against the goose-giblets, put all instruments in tune' ⁴⁷ proper: good-looking ⁴⁸ snick-up: hang ⁴⁹ up tails all: a card game ⁵⁰ baseness: ('bareness' Qq 1-3) ⁵¹ sprites: spirits Sc. III. s. d. making . . . ready: dressing ⁵² brewess: broth

cleansed. Come out, you powder-beef queans! What, Nan! what, Madge Mumble-crust! [6 Come out, you fat midriff, swag-belly-whores, and sweep me these kennels that the noisome stench offend not the noses of my neighbours What, Firk, I say; what, Hodge! Open my [10 shop windows! What, Firk, I say!]

Enter Firk

Firk. O master, is 't you that speak bandog and Bedlam this morning? I was in a dream, and mused what madman was got into the street so early. Have you drunk this morning that [15 your throat is so clear?

Eyre. Ah, well said, Firk, well said, Firk. To work, my fine knave, to work! Wash thy face, and thou 't be more blest

Firk. Let them wash my face that will eat [20 it. Good master, send for a souse-wife, if you 'll have my face cleaner.

Enter Hodge

Eyre. Away, sloven! avault, scoundrel! — Good-morrow, Hodge, good-morrow, my fine foreman [25

Hodge. O master, good-morrow; y' are an early sturrer Here 's a fair morning — Good-morrow, Firk, I could have slept this hour Here 's a brave day towards

Eyre. Oh, haste to work, my fine foreman, [30 haste to work.

Firk. Master, I am dry as dust to hear my fellow Roger talk of fair weather, let us pray for good leather, and let clowns and plough-boys and those that work in the fields pray [35 for brave days We work in a dry shop, what care I if it rain?

Enter Eyre's wife

Eyre. How now, Dame Margery, can you see to rise? Trip and go, call up the drabs, your maids [40

Marg. See to rise? I hope 't is time enough! 't is early enough for any woman to be seen abroad. I marvel how many wives in Tower Street are up so soon Gods me, 't is not noon, — here 's a yawling! [45

⁵ powder-beef: salt-beef ⁶ kennels: gutters ¹² bandog: chained dog ¹³ Bedlam: madman ²¹ souse-wife: vendor of pickled pigs' ears ²² towards: in prospect ⁴⁵ yawling: howling ⁴¹ dry: one that draws no blood (with pun) ⁴²⁻⁴⁴ Dubious Dutch, probably meaning

There was a boor from Gelderland,

Jolly they be,

He was so drunk he could not stand,

Drunken (?) they be

Clunk on the cannikin,

Drunk, pretty little man!

Eyre. Peace, Margery, peace! Where 's Cicely Bumtrinket, your maid? She has a privy fault, she farts in her sleep Call the quean up; if my men want shoe-thread, I 'll swinge her in a sturup [50

Firk. Yet, that 's but a dry beating, here 's still a sign of drought

Enter Lacy [disguised], singing

Lacy. *Der was een bore van Gelderland*

Frolick st byen,

He was als dronck he cold nyet stand,

Upsolce st byen [56

Tap eens de canneken,

Drincke, schone mannekin.

Firk. Master, for my life, yonder 's a [59 brother of the gentle craft, if he bear not Saint Hugh's bones, I 'll forfeit my bones He 's some uplandish workman hire him, good master, that I may learn some gibble-gabble, 't will make us work the faster [64

Eyre. Peace, Firk! A hard world! Let him pass, let him vanish, we have journeymen enow. Peace, my fine Firk!

Wife. Nay, y' are best follow your man's counsel, you shall see what will come on 't We have not men enow, but we must entertain [70 every butter-box; but let that pass

Hodge. Dame, 'fore God, if my master follow your counsel, he 'll consume little beef He shall be glad of men, and he can catch them

Firk. Ay, that he shall [75

Hodge. 'Fore God, a proper man, and I warrant, a fine workman Master, farewell, dame, adieu, if such a man as he cannot find work, Hodge is not for you [Offers to go.

Eyre. Stay, my fine Hodge [80

Firk. Faith, and your foreman go, dame, you must take a journey to seek a new journeyman, if Roger remove, Firk follows If Saint Hugh's bones shall not be set a-work, I may prick mine awl in the walls, and go play. Fare ye well, master, good-bye, dame [86

Eyre. Tarry, my fine Hodge, my brisk foreman! Stay, Firk! Peace, pudding-broth! By the Lord of Ludgate, I love my men as my life. Peace, you gallimaufry! Hodge, if he want [90

⁶⁰⁻⁶¹ Saint Hugh's bones: bones of the shoemaker-martyr, turned into tools by his followers ⁶² uplandish: provincial ⁷⁰ entertain: hire ⁷¹ butter-box: Dutchman ^{74, 81} and: if ⁹⁰ gallimaufry: hodge-podge (of left-over meats)

work, I 'll hire him. One of you to him; stay, — he comes to us.

Lacy. *Goeden dach, meester, ende u vro oak*

Firk Nails! if I should speak after him without drinking, I should choke And you, [95 friend Oake, are you of the gentle craft?

Lacy. *Yaw, yaw, ik bin den skomawker*

Firk. "Den skomaker," quoth 'a! And hark you, "skomaker," have you all your tools, a good rubbing-pin, a good stopper, a good [100 dresser, your four sorts of awls, and your two balls of wax, your paring knife, your hand-and-thumb-leathers, and good St. Hugh's bones to smooth up your work? 104

Lacy *Yaw, yaw, be niet vorveerd Ik hab all de dinggen voour mack skooes groot and cleane*

Firk Ha, ha! Good master, hire him, he 'll make me laugh so that I shall work more in mirth than I can in earnest

Eyre. Hear ye, friend, have ye any skill [110 in the mystery of cordwainers?

Lacy. *Ik weel niet wat yow seg, ich verstaw you niet.*

Firk. Why, thus, man: [Imitating by ges- [114 ture a shoemaker at work] "Ich verste u niet," quoth 'a

Lacy. *Yaw, yaw, yaw, ick can dat wel doen*

Firk *Yaw, yaw!* He speaks yawing like a jackdaw that gapes to be fed with cheese-curds Oh, he 'll give a villainous pull at a [120 can of double-beer, but Hodge and I have the vantage, we must drink first, because we are the eldest journeymen.

Eyre What is thy name?

Lacy. Hans — Hans Meulter 125

Eyre Give me thy hand, th' art welcome — Hodge, entertain him, Firk, bid him welcome, come, Hans Run, wife, bid your maids, your trullibubs, make ready my fine men's breakfasts. To him, Hodge! 130

Hodge Hans, th' art welcome, use thyself friendly, for we are good fellows, if not, thou shalt be fought with, wert thou bigger than a giant.

Firk. Yea, and drunk with, wert thou [135 Gargantua. My master keeps no cowards, I tell thee — Ho, boy, bring him an heel-block, here 's a new journeyman

Enter Boy

Lacy. *O, ich wersto you; ich moet een halve dossen cans betaelen, here, boy, nempt dis skillen, tap eens freeelcke* *Exit Boy.* 141

Eyre. Quick, snipper-snapper, away! Firk, scour thy throat; thou shalt wash it with Castilian liquor.

Enter Boy

Come, my last of the fives, give me a can. Have to thee, Hans, here, Hodge, here, Firk; [146 drink, you mad Greeks, and work like true Trojans, and pray for Simon Eyre, the shoemaker. — Here, Hans, and th' art welcome.

Firk Lo, dame, you would have lost a good fellow that will teach us to laugh. This [151 beer came hopping in well

Wife. Simon, it is almost seven

Eyre Is 't so, Dame Clapper-dudgeon? Is 't seven o'clock, and my men's breakfast not ready? Trip and go, you sous'd conger, [156 away! Come, you mad hyperboreans; follow me, Hodge; follow me, Hans, come after, my fine Firk, to work, to work a while, and then to breakfast *Exit.*

Firk Soft! *Yaw, yaw,* good Hans, [161 though my master have no more wit but to call you afore me, I am not so foolish to go behind you, I being the elder journeyman. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE IV — *Field near Old Ford.*]

Halloaing within Enter Warner and Hammon, like Hunters

Ham Cousin, beat every brake, the game 's not far

This way with winged feet he fled from death, Whilst the pursuing hounds, scenting his steps, Find out his highway to destruction Besides, the miller's boy told me even now, 5 He saw him take soil, and he halloaed him, Affirming him to have been so emboss'd That long he could not hold

Warn If it be so,

'T is best we trace these meadows by Old Ford.

A noise of Hunters within. Enter a Boy

Ham How now, boy? Where 's the deer? speak, saw'st thou him? 11

Boy O yea, I saw him leap through a hedge, and then over a ditch, then at my lord mayor's pale over he skipp'd me, and in he went me, and "Holla" the hunters cried, and "There, [15 boy, there, boy!" But there he is, o' mine honesty

Ham Boy, Godamercy Cousin, let 's away; I hope we shall find better sport to-day. 19

Exeunt.

" "Good day, sir, and you, lady, too " 106-108 "Yes, yes, be not fearful I have all the things to make shoes, great and small " 111 mystery: trade 112 verstaŭ understand 139-141 "O, I understand you; I should like to pay for a half-dozen cans take this shilling, drink gayly " 144 last . . . fives: number five last, diminutive 144 Clapper-dudgeon: beggar 6 take soil: properly, seek refuge in water or marsh 7 to . . . been: (Not in Qq) emboss'd: foaming 18 Godamercy: many thanks

[SCENE V. — *Lord Mayor's Garden, Old Ford.*]*Hunting within. Enter Rose and Sybil**Rose.* Why, Sybil, wilt thou prove a forester?

Sybil. Upon some, no Forester? Go by; no, faith, mistress. The deer came running into the barn through the orchard and over the pale, I wot well, I look'd as pale as a new cheese to see him. But whip, says Goodman Pin- [6 close, up with his flail, and our Nick with a prong, and down he fell, and they upon him, and I upon them. By my troth, we had such sport, and in the end we ended him, his throat we cut, flay'd him, unhorn'd him, and my [11 lord mayor shall eat of him anon, when he comes.

Horns sound within.

Rose Hark, hark, the hunters come; y' are best take heed,
They 'll have a saying to you for this deed. 15

*Enter Hammon, Warner, Huntsmen, and Boy**Ham* God save you, fair ladies.*Sybil* Ladies! O gross!*Warn* Came not a buck this way?*Rose.* No, but two does.*Ham* And which way went they? Faith, we 'll hunt at those.*Sybil* At those? Upon some, no. When, can you tell?*Warn* Upon some, ay*Sybil.* Good Lord!*Warn.* Wounds! Then farewell! 20*Ham* Boy, which way went he?*Boy.* This way, sir, he ran*Ham* This way he ran indeed, fair Mistress Rose;

Our game was lately in your orchard seen

Warn. Can you advise, which way he took his flight?*Sybil.* Follow your nose, his horns will guide you right 25*Warn.* Th' art a mad wench.*Sybil.* O, rich!*Rose.* Trust me, not I

It is not like that the wild forest-deer

Would come so near to places of resort,

You are deceiv'd, he fled some other way

Warn Which way, my sugar-candy, can you shew? 30*Sybil.* Come up, good honeysops! upon some, no.*Rose.* Why do you stay, and not pursue your game?*Sybil.* I 'll hold my life, their hunting-nags be lame.*Ham.* A deer more dear is found within this place*Rose.* But not the deer, sir, which you had in chase. 35*Ham.* I chas'd the deer, but this dear chaseth me*Rose.* The strangest hunting that ever I see. But where 's your park? *She offers to go away.**Ham.* 'T is here: O stay!*Rose* Impale me, and then I will not stray.*Warn.* They wrangle, wench; we are more kind than they. 40*Sybil.* What kind of hart is that dear heart you seek?*Warn.* A hart, dear heart.*Sybil.* Who ever saw the like?*Rose.* To lose your hart, is 't possible you can?*Ham* My heart is lost*Rose.* Alack, good gentleman!*Ham* This poor lost heart would I wish you might find 45*Rose* You, by such luck, might prove your hart a hind*Ham* Why Luck had horns, so have I heard some say*Rose* Now, God, and 't be his will, send Luck into your way*Enter Lord Mayor and Servants**L. Mayor.* What, Master Hammon? Welcome to Old Ford!*Sybil* Gods pittikins, hands off, sir! Here 's my lord 50*L. Mayor.* I hear you had ill luck, and lost your game.*Ham.* 'T is true, my lord*L. Mayor.* I am sorry for the same.

What gentleman is this?

Ham My brother-in-law.*L. Mayor* Y' are welcome both, sith Fortune offers you

Into my hands, you shall not part from hence,

Until you have refresh'd your wearied limbs. 56

Go, Sybil, cover the board! You shall be guest To no good cheer, but even a hunter's feast.

Ham. I thank your lordship. — Cousin, on my life,

For our lost venison I shall find a wife 60

L. Mayor. In, gentlemen; I 'll not be absent long. — *Exeunt [all but Mayor].*

This Hammon is a proper gentleman,

A citizen by birth, fairly allied,

How fit an husband were he for my girl!

Well, I will in, and do the best I can, 65

To match my daughter to this gentleman. *Exit.*

¹ Upon some, no: a finical asseveration ¹⁵ have . . . to: pick a crow with ¹⁶ gross: gross
flattery ²⁵ not I: (in answer to Warner's question, line 24) ³⁵ hold: wager ³⁹ Impale: put
within a fence

[ACT III]

SCENE I. — *Eyre's House.*]

Enter Lacy [as Hans], Skipper, Hodge, and Firk

Skip. *Ick sal you wat seggen, Hans, dis skip dat comen from Candy, is all vol, by Got's sacrament, van sugar, cwei, almonds, cambrick, end alle dinghen, tiousand tiousand ding. Nempt it, Hans, nempt it vor u meester. Daer be de bils [5 van laden. Your meester Simon Eyre sal hae good copen. Wat seggen you, Hans?*

Firk. *Wat seggen de reggen de copen, slopen — laugh, Hodge, laugh!* 9

Hans. *Mine liever broder Firk, bringt Meester Eyre tot del signe un Swanneken, daer sal you finde dis skipper end me. Wat seggen you, broder Firk? Doot it, Hodge. Come, skipper.*

Exeunt.

Firk. *Bring him, quod you? Here's no [14 knavery, to bring my master to buy a ship worth the lading of two or three hundred thousand pounds. Alas, that's nothing, a trifle, a bauble, Hodge*

Hodge. *The truth is, Firk, that the merchant owner of the ship dares not shew his head, [20 and therefore this skipper that deals for him, for the love he bears to Hans, offers my master Eyre a bargain in the commodities. He shall have a reasonable day of payment, he may [24 sell the wares by that time, and be an huge gainer himself*

Firk. *Yea, but can my fellow Hans lend my master twenty porpentine's as an earnest penny?*

Hodge. *Portagues, thou wouldst say; here [29 they be, Firk, hark, they jingle in my pocket like St. Mary Overy's bells*

Enter Eyre and his Wife

Firk. *Mum! here comes my dame and my master. She'll scold, on my life, for loitering this Monday, but all's one. Let them all say what they can, Monday's our holiday* 35

Wife. *You sing, Sir Sauce, but I beshrew your heart*

I fear, for this your singing we shall smart

Firk. *Smart for me, dame, why, dame, why?*

Hodge. *Master, I hope you'll not suffer my dame to take down your journeymen* 40

Firk. *If she take me down, I'll take her up. Yea, and take her down too, a button-hole lower*

Eyre. *Peace, Firk; not I, Hodge; by the life of Pharaoh, by the Lord of Ludgate, by this beard, every hair whereof I value at a [45*

king's ransom, she shall not meddle with you. — Peace, you bombast-cotton-candle-quean; away, queen of clubs, quarrel not with me and my men, with me and my fine Firk; I'll firk you, if you do. 50

Wife. *Yea, yea, man, you may use me as you please; but let that pass.*

Eyre. *Let it pass, let it vanish away; peace! Am I not Simon Eyre? Are not these my [54 brave men, brave shoemakers, all gentlemen of the gentle craft? Prince am I none, yet am I nobly born, as being the sole son of a shoemaker. Away, rubbish! vanish, melt; melt like kitchen-stuff.* 59

Wife. *Yea, yea, 't is well, I must be call'd rubbish, kitchen-stuff, for a sort of knaves.*

Firk. *Nay, dame, you shall not weep and wail in woe for me. Master, I'll stay no longer; here's a vennymentory of my shop-tools. Adieu, master; Hodge, farewell.* 65

Hodge. *Nay, stay, Firk, thou shalt not go alone*

Wife. *I pray, let them go, there be mo maids than Mawkin, more men than Hodge, and more fools than Firk* 70

Firk. *Fools? Nails! if I tarry now, I would my guts might be turn'd to shoe-thread.*

Hodge. *And if I stay, I pray God I may be turn'd to a Turk, and set in Finsbury for boys to shoot at — Come, Firk* 75

Eyre. *Stay, my fine knaves, you arms of my trade, you pillars of my profession. What, shall a tittle-tattle's words make you forsake Simon Eyre? — Avaunt, kitchen-stuff! Rip, you brown-bread Tannikin, out of my sight! Move me not! Have not I ta'en you from [81 selling tripes in Eastcheap, and set you in my shop, and made you hail-fellow with Simon Eyre, the shoemaker? And now do you deal [84 thus with my journeymen? Look, you powder-beef-quean, on the face of Hodge: here's a face for a lord*

Firk. *And here's a face for any lady in Christendom.* 89

Eyre. *Rip, you chitterling, avaunt! Boy, bid the tapster of the Boar's Head fill me a dozen cans of beer for my journeymen.*

Firk. *A dozen cans? O, brave! Hodge, now I'll stay.*

Eyre. *[Aside to Boy.] And the knave fills [95 any more than two, he pays for them. [Exit Boy. Aloud.] — A dozen cans of beer for my journeymen. [Re-enter Boy.] Here, you mad Mesopotamians, wash your livers with this liquor. Where be the odd ten? — No more, [100*

¹ Nempt: take ² copen: bargain ³¹ Overy: over-the-water (a church on south bank of Thames, near London Bridge) ³² kitchen-stuff: grease ³³ sort: crew ³⁴ vennymentory: inventory ³⁵ Finsbury: a practice ground for archers ³⁶ Tannikin: nickname for Dutch women ³⁷ chitterling: sausage

Madge, no more. — Well said. Drink and to work! — What work dost thou, Hodge? What work?

Hodge. I am a-making a pair of shoes for my lord mayor's daughter, Mistress Rose ¹⁰⁵

Firk. And I a pair of shoes for Sybil, my lord's maid. I deal with her

Eyre. Sybil? Fie, defile not thy fine workmanly fingers with the feet of kitchenstuff ¹⁰⁹ and basting-ladles Ladies of the court, fine ladies, my lads, commit their feet to our apparelling; put gross work to Hans. Yark and seam, yark and seam!

Firk. For yarking and seaming let me alone, and I come to 't ¹¹⁵

Hodge. Well, master, all this is from the bias. Do you remember the ship my fellow Hans told you of? The skipper and he are both drinking at the Swan Here be the porta- ¹¹⁹gues to give earnest. If you go through with it, you cannot choose but be a lord at least

Firk. Nay, dame, if my master prove not a lord, and you a lady, hang me

Wife. Yea, like enough, if you may loiter and tittle thus ¹²⁵

Firk. Tittle, dame? No, we have been bargaining with Skellum-Skanderbag-can-you-Dutch-spreken for a ship of silk cypress, laden with sugar-candy ¹²⁹

Enter the Boy with a velvet coat and an Alderman's gown. Eyre puts it on.

Eyre. Peace, Firk; silence, Tittle-tattle! Hodge, I'll go through with it Here's a seal-ring, and I have sent for a guarded gown and a damask cassock See where it comes! look here, Maggy, help me, Firk; apparel me, Hodge. silk and satin, you mad Philistines, ¹³⁵ silk and satin!

Firk. Ha, ha! my master will be as proud as a dog in a doublet, all in beaten damask and velvet. ¹³⁹

Eyre. Softly, Firk, for rearing of the nap, and wearing threadbare my garments. How dost thou like me, Firk? How do I look, my fine Hodge?

Hodge. Why, now you look like yourself, master. I warrant you, there's few in the ¹⁴⁵city but will give you the wall, and come upon you with the "right worshipful"

Firk. Nails, my master looks like a threadbare cloak new turn'd and dress'd. Lord, ¹⁴⁹Lord, to see what good raiment doth! Dame, dame, are you not enamoured?

Eyre. How say'st thou, Maggy, am I not brisk? Am I not fine?

Wife. Fine? By my troth, sweetheart, very fine! By my troth, I never lik'd thee so well ¹⁵⁵ in my life, sweetheart; but let that pass. I warrant, there be many women in the city have not such handsome husbands, but only for their apparel; but let that pass too. ¹⁵⁹

Enter Hans and Skipper

Hans. *Goddien day, mester Dis be de skipper dat heb de skip van marchandise, de commodity ben good, nempt it, mester, nempt it.*

Eyre. Godamercy, Hans; welcome, skipper. Where lies this ship of merchandise? ¹⁶⁴

Skip. *De skip ben in revere, dor be van sugar, civet, almonds, cambrick, and a tousand, tousand tings, gotz sacrament, nempt it, mester: ye sal heb good copen*

Firk. To him, master! O sweet master! ¹⁶⁹ O sweet wares! Prunes, almonds, sugar-candy, carrot-roots, turnips, O brave fattening meat! Let not a man buy a nutmeg but yourself

Eyre. Peace, Firk! Come, skipper, I'll go aboard with you. — Hans, have you made him drink? ¹⁷⁵

Skip. *Yaw, yaw, ic heb veale gedrunck.*

Eyre. Come, Hans, follow me. Skipper, thou shalt have my countenance in the city.

Exeunt.

Firk. "Yaw, heb veale gedrunck," quoth 'a. They may well be called butter-boxes, when ¹⁸⁰ they drink fat veal and thick beer too. But come, dame, I hope you'll chide us no more.

Wife. No, faith, Firk, no, perdy, Hodge. I do feel honour creep upon me, and, which is more, a certain rising in my flesh; but let that pass ¹⁸⁶

Firk. Rising in your flesh do you feel, say you? Ay, you may be with child, but why should not my master feel a rising in his flesh, having a gown and a gold ring on? But you are such a shrew, you'll soon pull him down ¹⁹¹

Wife. Ha, ha! prithee, peace! Thou mak'st my worship laugh; but let that pass. Come, I'll go in. Hodge, prithee, go before me; Firk, follow me ¹⁹⁵

Firk. Firk doth follow: Hodge, pass out in state. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE II. — *Earl of Lincoln's House.*]

Enter Lincoln and Dodger

Lin. How now, good Dodger, what's the news in France?

Dodger. My lord, upon the eighteenth day of May The French and English were prepar'd to fight;

¹¹³ Yark: pull (on the needle) ¹¹⁸⁻¹¹⁷ from . . . bias: irrelevant ¹²⁷ Skellum: knave ¹²⁸ Skanderbag: John Kastriota, hero of a melodramatic play ¹²⁹ cypress: fine cloth ¹³² guarded: richly bordered ¹³⁸ beaten: stamped ¹⁴⁸ give . . . wall: yield precedence ¹⁶⁸ revere: river ¹⁷⁸ veale: much

Each side with eager fury gave the sign
Of a most hot encounter. Five long hours 5
Both armies fought together, at the length
The lot of victory fell on our sides.
Twelve thousand of the Frenchmen that day
died,

Four thousand English, and no man of name
But Captain Hyam and young Ardington, 10
Two gallant gentlemen, I knew them well

Linc. But Dodger, prithee, tell me, in this
fight

How did my cousin Lacy bear himself?

Dodger. My lord, your cousin Lacy was not
there

Linc. Not there?

Dodger. No, my good lord

Linc. Sure, thou mistakest. 15

I saw him shipp'd, and a thousand eyes beside
Were witnesses of the farewells which he gave,
When I, with weeping eyes, bid him adieu.
Dodger, take heed.

Dodger. My lord, I am advis'd
That what I spake is true to prove it so, 20
His cousin Askew, that supplied his place,
Sent me for him from France, that secretly
He might convey himself thither

Linc. Is 't even so?
Dares he so carelessly venture his life
Upon the indignation of a king? 25
Has he despid my love, and spurn'd those
favours

Which I with prodigal hand pour'd on his head?
He shall repent his rashness with his soul
Since of my love he makes no estimate,
I'll make him wish he had not known my
hate 30

Thou hast no other news?

Dodger. None else, my lord

Linc. None worse I know thou hast. — Pro-
cure the king

To crown his giddy brows with ample honours,
Send him chief colonel, and all my hope 34
Thus to be dash'd! But 't is in vain to grieve.
One evil cannot a worse relieve
Upon my life, I have found out his plot,
That old dog, Love, that fawn'd upon him so,
Love to that puling girl, his fair-cheek'd Rose,
The lord mayor's daughter, hath distracted
him, 40

And in the fire of that love's lunacy
Hath he burnt up himself, consum'd his credit,
Lost the king's love, yea, and, I fear, his life,
Only to get a wanton to his wife,
Dodger, it is so

Dodger. I fear so, my good lord 45

Linc. It is so — nay, sure it cannot be!
I am at my wits' end. — *Dodger!*

Dodger. Yea, my lord.

Linc. Thou art acquainted with my neph-
ew's haunts

Spend this gold for thy pains, go seek him out.
Watch at my lord mayor's — there, if he live, so
Dodger, thou shalt be sure to meet with him.

Prithee, be diligent — Lacy, thy name
Liv'd once in honour, now 't is dead in shame. —
Be circumspect. *Exit.*

Dodger. I warrant you, my lord. *Exit.*

[SCENE III — *Lord Mayor's House, London.*]

Enter L. Mayor and Master Scott

L. Mayor. Good Master Scott, I have been
bold with you,
To be a witness to a wedding-knot
Betwixt young Master Hammon and my daugh-
ter
O, stand aside, see where the lovers come.

Enter Hammon and Rose

Rose. Can it be possible you love me so? 5
No, no, within those eyeballs I espy
Apparent likelihoods of flattery.
Pray now, let go my hand

Ham. Sweet Mistress Rose,
Misonstrue not my words, nor misconceive
Of my affection, whose devoted soul 10
Swears that I love thee dearer than my heart.

Rose. As dear as your own heart? I judge
it right,
Men love their hearts best when th' are out of
sight

Ham. I love you, by this hand.

Rose. Yet hands off now!
If flesh be frail, how weak and frail 's your vow!

Ham. Then by my life I swear
Rose. Then do not brawl, 16
One quarrel loseth wife and life and all.
Is not your meaning thus?

Ham. In faith, you jest.
Rose. Love loves to sport, therefore leave
love, y' are best

L. Mayor. What? square they, Master Scott?
Scott. Sir, never doubt. 21

Lovers are quickly in, and quickly out.

Ham. Sweet Rose, be not so strange in
fancying me

Nay, never turn aside, shun not my sight.
I am not grown so fond, to fond my love
On any that shall quit it with disdain, 26
If you will love me, so, — if not, farewell.

L. Mayor. Why, how now, lovers, are you
both agreed?

Ham. Yes, faith, my lord.

L. Mayor. 'T is well, give me your hand.

¹⁰ advis'd: assured ²² thither: ('thither' Qq) ²³ 't is: (Not in Qq) ²⁴ square: wrangle
²⁵ strange: reserved ²⁶ fond: found, settle (with pun) ²⁷ quit: requite

Give me yours, daughter — How now, both
pull back! 30

What means this, girl?

Rose. I mean to live a maid.

Ham. [*Aside.*] But not to die one; pause, ere
that be said

L. Mayor. Will you still cross me, still be
obstinate?

Ham. Nay, chide her not, my lord, for doing
well;

If she can live an happy virgin's life, 35
"T is far more blessed than to be a wife.

Rose. Say, sur, I cannot, I have made a vow:
Whoever be my husband, 't is not you

L. Mayor. Your tongue is quick; but Mas-
ter Hammon, know,

I bade you welcome to another end. 40

Ham. What, would you have me pule and
pine and pray,

With "lovely lady," "mistress of my heart,"
"Pardon your servant," and the rhymer play,

Railing on Cupid and his tyrant's-dart;
Or shall I undertake some martial spoil, 45

Wearing your glove at tourney and at tilt,
And tell how many gallants I unhors'd —
Sweet, will this pleasure you?

Rose. Yea, when wilt begin?
What, love rhymes, man? Fie on that deadly
sun!

L. Mayor. If you will have her, I 'll make
her agree 50

Ham. Enforced love is worse than hate to
me

[*Aside*] There is a wench keeps shop in the
Old Change,

To her will I — it is not wealth I seek.
I have enough — and will prefer her love

Before the world — [*Aloud.*] My good lord
mayor, adieu 55

Old love for me, I have no luck with new. *Exit.*
L. Mayor. Now, mammet, you have well

behav'd yourself,

But you shall curse your coyness if I live. —
Who 's within there? See you convey your mis-
tress

Straight to th' Old Ford! I 'll keep you
straight enough. 60

Fore God, I would have sworn the puling girl
Would willingly accepted Hammon's love;

But banish him, my thoughts! — Go, minion,
in! *Exit Rose.*

Now tell me, Master Scott, would you have
thought

That Master Simon Eyre, the shoemaker, 65
Had been of wealth to buy such merchandise?

Scott. 'T was well, my lord, your honour and
myself

Grew partners with him; for your bills of lading
Shew that Eyre's gains in one commodity
Rise at the least to full three thousand pound,
Besides like gain in other merchandise. 71

L. Mayor. Well, he shall spend some of his
thousands now,

For I have sent for him to the Guildhall.

Enter Eyre

See, where he comes — Good morrow, Master
Eyre

Eyre. Poor Simon Eyre, my lord, your shoe-
maker. 75

L. Mayor. Well, well, it likes yourself to
term you so.

Enter Dodger

Now Master Dodger, what 's the news with
you?

Dodger. I 'd gladly speak in private to your
honour

L. Mayor. You shall, you shall. — Master
Eyre and Master Scott,

I have some business with this gentleman; 80
I pray, let me entreat you to walk before

To the Guildhall; I 'll follow presently.
Master Eyre, I hope ere noon to call you sheriff.

Eyre. I would not care, my lord, if you
might call me

King of Spain — Come, Master Scott 85
Exeunt [Eyre and Scott]

L. Mayor. Now, Master Dodger, what 's the
news you bring?

Dodger. The Earl of Lincoln by me greets
your lordship,

And earnestly requests you, if you can,
Inform him where his nephew Lacy keeps

L. Mayor. Is not his nephew Lacy now in
France? 90

Dodger. No, I assure your Lordship, but dis-
gus'd

Lurks here in London

L. Mayor. London? Is 't even so?
It may be, but upon my faith and soul,

I know not where he lives, or whether he lives:
So tell my Lord of Lincoln. — Lurch in Lon-
don? 95

Well, Master Dodger, you perhaps may start
him,

Be but the means to rid him into France,
I 'll give you a dozen angels for your pains:

So much I love his honour, hate his nephew.
And, prithee, so inform thy lord from me. 100

Dodger. I take my leave. *Exit Dodger.*
L. Mayor. Farewell, good Master Dodger.

Lacy in London? I dare pawn my life,
My daughter knows thereof, and for that cause

⁸⁸ Old Change: near St Paul's (predecessor of Sir Thos. Gresham's "New Exchange") ⁸⁷ mam-
met: puppet ⁷⁶ likes: pleases ⁹⁶ Lurch: lurk

Denied young Master Hammon in his love.
Well, I am glad I sent her to Old Ford.
Gods Lord, 't is late! to Guildhall I must hie;
I know my brethren stay my company. *Exit.* 107

[SCENE IV. — *Eyre's Shop.*]

Enter Firk, Eyre's wife, [Lacy as] Hans, Roger

Wife. Thou goest too fast for me, Roger.
O, Firk.

Firk. Ay, forsooth.

Wife. I pray thee, run — do you hear? — run to Guildhall, and learn if my husband, Mas-
ter Eyre, will take that worshipful vocation of
Master Sheriff upon him. Hie thee, good Firk.

Firk. Take it? Well, I go; and he should not take it, Firk swears to forswear him. Yes, forsooth, I go to Guildhall. 10

Wife. Nay, when? Thou art too compendious and tedious

Firk. O rare, your excellence is full of eloquence. How like a new cart-wheel my dame speaks, and she looks like an old musty ale-
bottle going to scalding. 115

Wife. Nay, when? Thou wilt make me melancholy.

Firk. God forbid your worship should fall into that humour, — I run *Exit* 20

Wife. Let me see now, Roger and Hans

Hodge. Ay, forsooth, dame — mistress, I should say, but the old term so sticks to the roof of my mouth, I can hardly lick it off

Wife. Even what thou wilt, good Roger, 125
dame is a fair name for any honest Christian, but let that pass. How dost thou, Hans?

Hans. *Mee lanck you, vro.*

Wife. Well, Hans and Roger, you see, God hath bless'd your master, and, perdy, if ever 130
he comes to be Master Sheriff of London — as we are all mortal — you shall see, I will have some odd thing or other in a corner for you. I will not be your back-friend, but let that pass. Hans, pray thee, tie my shoe 35

Hans. *Yaw, ic sal, vro*

Wife. Roger, thou know'st the length of my foot, as it is none of the biggest, so I thank God, it is handsome enough, prithee, let me have a pair of shoes made. cork, good Roger, 140
wooden heel too.

Hodge. You shall

Wife. Art thou acquainted with never a fardingale-maker, nor a French hood-maker? I must enlarge my bum, ha, ha! How shall 145
I look in a hood, I wonder! Perdy, oddly, I think.

Hodge. [*Aside.*] As a cat out of a pillory. — Very well, I warrant you, mistress.

Wife. Indeed, all flesh is grass; and, 150

Roger, canst thou tell where I may buy a good hair?

Hodge. Yes, forsooth, at the poulterer's in Gracious Street.

Wife. Thou art an ungracious wag: perdy, 155
I mean a false hair for my periwig.

Hodge. Why, mistress, the next time I cut my beard, you shall have the shavings of it; but they are all true hairs.

Wife. It is very hot. I must get me a fan 160
or else a mask

Hodge [*Aside*] So you had need, to hide your wicked face

Wife. Fie upon it, how costly this world's calling is, perdy, but that it is one of the 165
wonderful works of God, I would not deal with it — Is not Firk come yet? Hans, be not so sad, let it pass and vanish, as my husband's worship says

Hans. *Ich bin vroliche, lot see you soo.* 70

Hodge. Mistress, will you drink a pipe of tobacco?

Wife. Oh, fie upon it, Roger, perdy! These filthy tobacco-pipes are the most idle slaving baubles that ever I felt. Out upon it! God 175
bless us, men look not like men that use them.

Enter Rafe, being lame

Hodge. What, fellow Rafe? Mistress, look here, Jane's husband! Why, how now, lame? Hans, make much of him, he's a brother of our trade, a good workman, and a tall soldier. 80

Hans. You be welcome, broder.

Wife. Perdy, I knew him not. How dost thou, good Rafe? I am glad to see thee well.

Rafe. I would to God you saw me, dame, as well

As when I went from London into France. 85

Wife. Trust me, I am sorry, Rafe, to see thee impotent. Lord, how the wars have made him sunburnt! The left leg is not well; 't was a fair gift of God the infirmity took not hold a little higher, considering thou camest from 90
France; but let that pass

Rafe. I am glad to see you well, and I rejoice To hear that God hath bless'd my master so Since my departure

Wife. Yea, truly, Rafe. I thank my 95
Maker; but let that pass

Hodge. And, surrah Rafe, what news, what news in France?

Rafe. Tell me, good Roger, first, what news in England?

How does my Jane? When didst thou see my wife? 100

Where lives my poor heart? She 'll be poor indeed,

Now I want limbs to get whereon to feed.

¹⁰ vro: mistress ¹¹ back-friend: false friend ¹² drink: smoke ¹³ to: (Not in Qq)

Hodge. Limbs? Hast thou not hands, man? Thou shalt never see a shoemaker want bread, though he have but three fingers on a hand. ¹⁰⁵

Rafe. Yet all this while I hear not of my Jane.

Wife. O Rafe, your wife, — perdy, we know not what's become of her. She was here a while, and because she was married, grew more stately than became her, I check'd her, and ¹¹⁰ so forth; away she flung, never returned, nor said bye nor bah, and, Rafe, you know, "ka me, ka thee." And so, as I tell ye — Roger, is not Firke come yet?

Hodge. No, forsooth ¹¹⁵

Wife. And so, indeed, we heard not of her, but I hear she lives in London, but let that pass. If she had wanted, she might have opened her case to me or my husband, or to any of my men. I am sure, there's not any of them, ¹²⁰ perdy, but would have done her good to his power. Hans, look if Firke be come.

Hans. Yaw, *ik sal, vro* *Exit Hans.*

Wife. And so, as I said — but, Rafe, why dost thou weep? Thou knowest that naked ¹²⁵ we came out of our mother's womb, and naked we must return, and, therefore, thank God for all things.

Hodge. No, faith, Jane is a stranger here, but, Rafe, pull up a good heart. I know ¹³⁰ thou hast one. Thy wife, man, is in London; one told me, he saw her a while ago very brave and neat, we'll ferret her out, and London hold her.

Wife. Alas, poor soul, he's overcome ¹³⁵ with sorrow, he does but as I do, weep for the loss of any good thing. But, Rafe, get thee in, call for some meat and drink. thou shalt find me worshipful towards thee.

Rafe. I thank you, dame, since I want lums and lands, ¹⁴⁰
I'll trust to God, my good friends, and my hands *Exit.*

Enter Hans and Firke running

Firke. Run, good Hans! O Hodge, O mistress! Hodge, heave up thine ears, mistress, smug up your looks, on with your best apparel; my master is chosen, my master is called, nay, ¹⁴⁵ condemn'd by the cry of the country to be sheriff of the city for this famous year now to come. And, time now being, a great many men in black gowns were ask'd for their voices and their hands, and my master had all their ¹⁵⁰ fists about his ears presently, and they cried "Ay, ay, ay, ay," — and so I came away —

Wherefore without all other grieve

I do salute you, Mistress Shrieve.

Hans. Yaw, *my mester is de groot man, de* ¹⁵⁵ *shrieve.*

Hodge. Did not I tell you, mistress? Now I may boldly say: Good-morrow to your worship.

Wife. Good-morrow, good Roger. I ¹⁶⁰ thank you, my good people all. — Firke, hold up thy hand! here's a three-penny piece for thy tidings.

Firke. 'T is but three-half-pence, I think. Yes, 't is three-pence, I smell the rose. ¹⁶⁵

Hodge. But, mistress, be rul'd by me, and do not speak so pulingly.

Firke. 'T is her worship speaks so, and not she. No, faith, mistress, speak me in the old key. "To it, Firke," "there, good Firke;" ¹⁷⁰ "ply your business, Hodge," "Hodge, with a full mouth," "I'll fill your bellies with good cheer, till they cry twang."

Enter Simon Eyre wearing a gold chain

Hans. See, *myn liever broder, heer comt my meester.* ¹⁷⁵

Wife. Welcome home, Master Shrieve; I pray God continue you in health and wealth.

Eyre. See here, my Maggy, a chain, a gold chain for Simon Eyre. I shall make thee a lady, here's a French hood for thee, on ¹⁸⁰ with it, on with it! dress thy brows with this flap of a shoulder of mutton, to make thee look lovely. Where be my fine men? Roger, I'll make over my shop and tools to thee, Firke, thou shalt be the foreman; Hans, thou shalt ¹⁸⁵ have an hundred for twenty. Be as mad knaves as your master Sim Eyre hath been, and you shall live to be sheriffs of London. — How dost thou like me, Margery? Prince am I none, ¹⁸⁹ yet am I princely born. Firke, Hodge, and Hans!

All Three. Ay, forsooth, what says your worship, Master Sheriff?

Eyre. Worship and honour, you Babylonian knaves, for the gentle craft. But I forgot myself. I am bidden by my lord mayor to din- ¹⁹⁵ ner to Old Ford, he's gone before, I must after. Come, Madge, on with your trinkets! Now, my true Trojans, my fine Firke, my dapper Hodge, my honest Hans, some device, some odd crotchets, some morris, or such like, for the ²⁰⁰ honour of the gentle shoemakers. Meet me at Old Ford, you know my mind. Come, Madge, away. Shut up the shop, knaves, and make holiday. *Exeunt.*

¹¹⁵⁻¹¹⁸ *Ka . . . thee:* One good turn deserves another ¹⁴¹ *I'll . . . hands:* ('Ile to God, my good friends, and to these my hands' Q 1-2) ¹⁴⁵ *smug:* smarten ¹⁴⁶ *rose:* (A rose identified some Elizabethan coins) ¹⁸² *flap . . . mutton:* sheep's fur ¹⁸⁸ *for twenty:* (in return for the 20 portugues mentioned above, III i 27) ¹⁹² *Master:* ('mistress' Q 1-4) ²⁰⁰ *morris:* morris-dance

Firk. O rare! O brave! Come, Hodge,
follow me, Hans; 205
We 'll be with them for a morris-dance.

Exeunt.

[SCENE V. — *At Old Ford.*]

*Enter Lord Mayor, [Rose,] Eyre, his wife in
a French hood, Sybil, and other Servants*

L. Mayor. Trust me, you are as welcome to
Old Ford
As I myself

Wife. Truly, I thank your lordship

L. Mayor. Would our bad cheer were worth
the thanks you give

Eyre. Good cheer, my lord mayor, fine cheer!
A fine house, fine walls, all fine and neat 5

L. Mayor. Now, by my troth, I 'll tell thee,
Master Eyre,

It does me good, and all my brethren,
That such a madcap fellow as thyself
Is ent' red into our society

Wife. Ay, but, my lord, he must learn now
to put on gravity 10

Eyre. Peace, Maggy, a fig for gravity! When
I go to Guildhall in my scarlet gown, I 'll look
as demurely as a saint, and speak as gravely as
a justice of peace, but now I am here at Old
Ford, at my good lord mayor's house, let it 15
go by, vanish, Maggy, I 'll be merry, away with
flip-flap, these fooleries, these gulleries What,
honey? Prince am I none, yet am I princely
born What says my lord mayor?

L. Mayor. Ha, ha, ha! I had rather than 20
a thousand pound I had an heart but half so
light as yours

Eyre. Why, what should I do, my lord? A
pound of care pays not a dram of debt Hum,
let 's be merry, whiles we are young, old age, 25
sack and sugar will steal upon us ere we be
aware

THE FIRST THREE-MAN'S SONG

O the month of May, the merry month of May,
So frolic, so gay, and so green, so green, so
green! 30

O, and then did I unto my true love say
"Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my summer's queen!"

"Now the nightingale, the pretty nightingale,
The sweetest singer in all the forest's choir,
Entreats thee, sweet Peggy, to hear thy true love's
tale, 34

Lo, yonder she sitteth, her breast against a brier

"But O, I spy the cuckoo, the cuckoo, the cuckoo;
See where she sitteth come away, my joy;
Come away, I prithee I do not like the cuckoo
Should sing where my Peggy and I kiss and
toy"

35-4 *Three-Man's Song:* song for three voices
without indicating where they were introduced)

O the month of May, the merry month of May, 40
So frolic, so gay, and so green, so green, so green!
And then did I unto my true love say

"Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my summer's queen!"

L. Mayor. It 's well done. Mistress Eyre,
pray, give good counsel

To my daughter. 45

Wife. I hope, Mistress Rose will have the
grace to take nothing that 's bad.

L. Mayor. Pray God she do; for i' faith,
Mistress Eyre,

I would bestow upon that peevish girl
A thousand marks more than I mean to give her
Upon condition she 'd be rul'd by me 51

The ape still crosseth me. There came of late
A proper gentleman of fair revénues,
Whom gladly I would call son-in-law:

But my fine cockney would have none of him.
You 'll prove a coxcomb for it, ere you die 56
A courtier, or no man, must please your eye.

Eyre. Be rul'd, sweet Rose. th' art ripe
for a man Marry not with a boy that has no
more hair on his face than thou hast on thy 60
cheeks A courtier's wash, go by, stand not upon
pushery-pashery those silken fellows are but
painted images, outsides, outsides, Rose; their
inner linings are torn No, my fine mouse,
marry me with a gentleman grocer like my 65
lord mayor, your father, a grocer is a sweet
trade plums, plums Had I a son or daughter
should marry out of the generation and blood
of the shoemakers, he should pack What, the
gentle trade is a living for a man through
Europe, through the world 71

A noise within of a labor and a pipe.

L. Mayor. What noise is this?

Eyre. O my lord mayor, a crew of good fel-
lows that for love to your honour are come
hither with a morris-dance Come in, my Meso-
potamians, cheerly. 76

*Enter Hodge, Hans, Rafe, Firk, and other Shoe-
makers, in a morris, after a little dancing,
the Lord Mayor speaks*

L. Mayor. Master Eyre, are all these shoe-
makers?

Eyre. All cordwainers, my good lord mayor
Rose [Aside.] How like my Lacy looks yond
shoemaker!

Hans [Aside.] O that I durst but speak unto
my love! 80

L. Mayor. Sybil, go fetch some wine to
make these drink You are all welcome.

All. We thank your lordship.

Rose takes a cup of wine and goes to Hans.

Rose. For his sake whose fair shape thou rep-
resent'st,

(Qq. prefix to the play this and the other in V. iv
11 s d. tabor: small drum

Good friend, I drink to thee.

85

Hans. *Ik bedancke, good frister.*

Wife. I see, Mistress Rose, you do not want judgment; you have drunk to the properest man I keep.

Firk. Here be some have done their parts to be as proper as he.

91

L. Mayor. Well, urgent business calls me back to London.

Good fellows, first go in and taste our cheer, And to make merry as you homeward go, Spend these two angels in beer at Stratford-Bow.

95

Eyre. To these two, my mad lads, Sim Eyre adds another; then cheerily, Firk; tickle it, Hans, and all for the honour of shoemakers.

All go dancing out.

L. Mayor. Come, Master Eyre, let's have your company.

Exeunt.

Rose. Sybil, what shall I do?

100

Sybil. Why, what's the matter?

Rose. That Hans the shoemaker is my love Lacy,

Disguis'd in that attire to find me out

103

How should I find the means to speak with him?

Sybil. What, mistress, never fear; I dare venture my maidenhead to nothing, and that's great odds, that Hans the Dutchman, when we come to London, shall not only see and speak with you, but in spite of all your father's policies steal you away and marry you. Will not this please you?

111

Rose. Do this, and ever be assured of my love.

Sybil. Away, then, and follow your father to London, lest your absence cause him to suspect something:

115

To-morrow, if my counsel be obey'd,
I'll bind you prentice to the gentle trade

[Exeunt]

[ACT IV

SCENE I. — The "Old Change"]

Enter Jane in a Sempster's shop, working, and Hammon, muffled, at another door. He stands aloof

Ham. Yonder's the shop, and there my fair love sits

She's fair and lovely, but she is not mine O, would she were! Thrice have I courted her, Thrice hath my hand been moist'ned with her hand,

Whilst my poor famish'd eyes do feed on that Which made them famish. I am infortunate: I still love one, yet nobody loves me.

I muse in other men what women see That I so want! Fine Mistress Rose was coy, And this too curious! Oh, no, she is chaste,

10

⁸⁵ frister: Miss Sc I: Enter Jane: (She is discovered by drawing curtain before rear stage. Hammon enters on outer stage.) ¹⁰ curious: squeamish ²⁵ Good cheap: at a bargain

And for she thinks me wanton, she denies To cheer my cold heart with her sunny eyes. How prettily she works! Oh pretty hand! Oh happy work! It doth me good to stand Unseen to see her. Thus I oft have stood

15

In frosty evenings, a light burning by her, Enduring biting cold, only to eye her. One only look hath seem'd as rich to me As a king's crown; such is love's lunacy. Muffled I'll pass along, and by that try

20

Whether she know me.

Jane. Sir, what is 't you buy? What is 't you lack, sir? calico, or lawn, Fine cambric shirts, or bands? what will you buy?

Ham. *[Aside]* That which thou wilt not sell.

Faith, yet I'll try: —

How do you sell this handkercher?

Jane. Good cheap.

25

Ham. And how these ruffs?

Jane. Cheap too

Ham. And how this band?

Jane. Cheap too. *[hand?]*

Ham. All cheap; how sell you then this

Jane. My hands are not to be sold.

Ham. To be given then!

Nay, faith, I come to buy

Jane. But none knows when.

Ham. Good sweet, leave work a little while, let's play.

30

Jane. I cannot live by keeping holiday

Ham. I'll pay you for the time which shall be lost

Jane. With me you shall not be at so much cost

Ham. Look, how you wound this cloth, so you wound me.

Jane. It may be so.

Ham. 'T is so

Jane. What remedy?

35

Ham. Nay, faith, you are too coy

Jane. Let go my hand.

Ham. I will do any task at your command. I would let go this beauty, were I not In mind to disobey you by a power That controls kings. I love you!

Jane. So, now part.

40

Ham. With hands I may, but never with my heart.

In faith, I love you.

Jane. I believe you do

Ham. Shall a true love in me breed hate in you?

Jane. I hate you not

Ham. Then you must love?

Jane. I do

What are you better now? I love not you.

45

Ham. All this, I hope, is but a woman's fray,
That means, "Come to me," when she cries,
"Away!"

In earnest, mistress, I do not jest,
A true chaste love hath ent'red in my breast.
I love you dearly, as I love my life, 50
I love you as a husband loves a wife;
That, and no other love, my love requires.
Thy wealth, I know, is little; my desires
Thirst not for gold Sweet, beauteous Jane,
what 's mine 54
Shall, if thou make myself thine, all be thine
Say, judge, what is thy sentence, life or death?
Mercy or cruelty lies in thy breath.

Jane Good sir, I do believe you love me
well,

For 't is a silly conquest, silly pride,
For one like you — I mean a gentleman — 60
To boast that by his love-tricks he hath brought
Such and such women to his amorous lure;
I think you do not so, yet many do,
And make it even a very trade to woo
I could be coy, as many women be, 65
Feed you with sunshine smiles and wanton
looks,

But I detest witchcraft, say that I
Do constantly believe you, constant have —

Ham. Why dost thou not believe me?

Jane. I believe you, 69
But yet, good sir, because I will not grieve
you

With hopes to taste fruit which will never fall,
In simple truth this is the sum of all
My husband lives, — at least, I hope he lives
Press'd was he to these bitter wars in France,
Bitter they are to me by wanting him 75
I have but one heart, and that heart 's his due
How can I then bestow the same on you?
Whilst he lives, his I live, be it ne'er so poor,
And rather be his wife than a king's whore

Ham Chaste and dear woman, I will not
abuse thee, 80

Although it cost my life, if thou refuse me.
Thy husband, press'd for France, what was his
name?

Jane Rafe Dampont.

Ham. Dampont? — Here 's a letter sent
From France to me, from a dear friend of
mine,

A gentleman of place; here he doth write 85
Their names that have been slain in every
fight.

Jane. I hope death's scroll contains not my
love's name

Ham. Cannot you read?

Jane. I can

Ham. Peruse the same.

To my remembrance such a name I read
Amongst the rest. See here.

Jane. Ay me, he 's dead! 90
He 's dead! If this be true, my dear heart 's
slain!

Ham. Have patience, dear love.

Jane. Hence, hence!

Ham. Nay, sweet Jane,
Make not poor sorrow proud with these rich
tears

I mourn thy husband's death, because thou
mourn'st

Jane. That bill is forg'd; 't is sign'd by for-
gery 95

Ham. I 'll bring thee letters sent besides to
many,

Carrying the like report Jane, 't is too true.
Come, weep not mourning, though it rise from
love,

Helps not the mourned, yet hurts them that
mourn

Jane For God's sake, leave me.

Ham Whither dost thou turn? 100
Forget the dead, love them that are alive;
His love is faded, try how mine will thrive

Jane 'T is now no time for me to think on
love

Ham 'T is now best time for you to think
on love,

Because your love lives not

Jane Though he be dead, 105
My love to him shall not be buried,
For God's sake, leave me to myself alone.

Ham 'T would kill my soul, to leave thee
drown'd in moan

Answer me to my suit, and I am gone,
Say to me yea or no

Jane No

Ham Then farewell! 110
One farewell will not serve, I come again
Come, dry these wet cheeks, tell me, faith,
sweet Jane,

Yea or no, once more

Jane Once more I say no;
Once more be gone, I pray; else will I go

Ham Nay, then I will grow rude, by this
white hand, 115
Until you change that cold "no", here I 'll
stand

Till by your hard heart —

Jane Nay, for God's love, peace!
My sorrows by your presence more increase.

Not that you thus are present, but all grief
Desires to be alone, therefore in brief 120
Thus much I say, and saying bid adieu:
If ever I wed man, it shall be you.

Ham. O blessed voice! Dear Jane, I 'll urge
no more;

Thy breath hath made me rich.

Jane. Death makes me poor.
Exeunt.

[SCENE II. — *Hodge's Shop, Tower St.*]

Enter Hodge, at his shop-board, Rafe, Firk, Hans, and a Boy at work

All. Hey, down a down, down derry

Hodge. Well said, my hearts; ply your work to-day, we lout'ed yesterday; to it pell-mell, that we may live to be lord mayors, or aldermen at least. 5

Firk. Hey, down a down, derry.

Hodge. Well said, i' faith! How say'st thou, Hans, doth not Firk tickle it?

Hans. Yaw, mesler.

Firk. Not so neither; my organ-pipe [10 squeaks this morning for want of liquoring Hey, down a down, derry!]

Hans. Forward, Firk, tow best un jolly yongster. Hort, I, mesler, ic bid yo, cut me un pair vampsres vor Mesler Jeffre's boots 15

Hodge. Thou shalt, Hans.

Firk. Master!

Hodge. How now, boy?

Firk. Pray, now you are in the cutting vein, cut me out a pair of counterfeitis, or else [20 my work will not pass current; hey, down a down!]

Hodge. Tell me, sirs, are my cousin Mrs. Priscilla's shoes done? 24

Firk. Your cousin? No, master, one of your aunts, hang her, let them alone

Rafe. I am in hand with them; she gave charge that none but I should do them for her

Firk. Thou do for her? Then 't will be [30 a lame doing, and that she loves not Rafe, thou might'st have sent her to me, in faith, I would have yarked and firked your Priscilla Hey, down a down, derry. This gear will not hold 35]

Hodge. How say'st thou, Firk, were we not merry at Old Ford?

Firk. How, merry! Why, our buttocks went jiggy-joggy like a quagmire Well, Sir Roger Oatmeal, if I thought all meal of that nature, I would eat nothing but bagpuddings. 41

Rafe. Of all good fortunes my fellow Hans had the best

Firk. 'T is true, because Mistress Rose drank to him. 45

Hodge. Well, well, work apace. They say, seven of the aldermen be dead, or very sick

Firk. I care not, I 'll be none

Rafe. No, nor I; but then my Master Eyre will come quickly to be lord mayor. 50

Enter Sybil

Firk. Whoop, yonder comes Sybil.

Hodge. Sybil, welcome, i' faith; and how dost thou, mad wench?

Firk. Sib-whore, welcome to London. 54

Sybil. Godamercy, sweet Firk; good lord, Hodge, what a delicious shop you have got! You tuckle it, i' faith

Rafe. Godamercy, Sybil, for our good cheer at Old Ford

Sybil. That you shall have, Rafe. 60

Firk. Nay, by the mass, we had tickling cheer, Sybil; and how the plague dost thou and Mistress Rose and my lord mayor? I put the women in first

Sybil. Well, Godamercy; but God's me, [65 I forget myself, where 's Hans the Fleming?

Firk. Hark, butter-box, now you must yelp out some spreken

Hans. Wat begave you? Val vod you, Frister?

Sybil. Marry, you must come to my young mistress, to pull on her shoes you made last. [71

Hans. Vare ben your egle fro, vare ben your mistris? 75

Sybil. Marry, here at our London house in Cornhill.

Firk. Will nobody serve her turn but Hans? 80

Sybil. No, sir. Come, Hans, I stand upon needles

Hodge. Why then, Sybil, take heed of pricking 80

Sybil. For that let me alone I have a trick in my budget Come, Hans

Hans. Yaw, yaw, ic sall meete yo gane

Exit Hans and Sybil.

Hodge. Go, Hans, make haste again. Come, who lacks work? 85

Firk. I, master, for I lack my breakfast, 't is munching-time, and past.

Hodge. Is 't so? Why, then, leave work, Rafe. To breakfast! Boy, look to the tools Come, Rafe; come, Firk 90

[SCENE III. — *The Same*]*Enter a Serving-man*

Serv. Let me see now! the sign of the Last in Tower Street. Mass, yonder 's the house. What, ho! Who 's within?

Enter Rafe

Rafe. Who calls there? What want you, sir? 5

Serv. Marry, I would have a pair of shoes

Sc II S D at . . . shop-board: opening the shutters of his shop 13 tow best: thou art 14 Hort: listen 15 vampsres: vamps 16 counterfeitis: patterns 17 aunts: slang name for harlots 18 in hand: at work 19 Oatmeal: (pun on name of Otley, Oatley) 20 begave: desire 21 egle fro: noble lady 22 meete yo gane: go with you

made for a gentlewoman against to-morrow morning. What, can you do them?

Rafe. Yes, sir, you shall have them. But what length 's her foot? 10

Serv. Why you must make them in all parts like this shoe, but, at any hand, fail not to do them, for the gentlewoman is to be married very early in the morning

Rafe. How? by this shoe must it be made? By this? Are you sure, sir, by this? 16

Serv. How, by this? Am I sure, by this? Art thou in thy wits? I tell thee, I must have a pair of shoes, — dost thou mark me? A pair of shoes, two shoes, made by this very shoe, this same 20 shoe, against to-morrow morning by four o'clock. Dost understand me? Canst thou do 't?

Rafe. Yes, sir, yes — I — I — I can do 't. By this shoe, you say? I should know this shoe. Yes, sir, yes, by this shoe I can do 't. Four 25 o'clock, well. Whither shall I bring them?

Serv. To the sign of the Golden Ball in Watling Street; enquire for one Master Hammon, a gentleman, my master.

Rafe. Yea, sir, by this shoe, you say? 30

Serv. I say, Master Hammon at the Golden Ball, he's the bridegroom, and those shoes are for his bride

Rafe. They shall be done by this shoe. Well, well, Master Hammon at the Golden Shoe — I would say, the Golden Ball, very well, very 36 well. But I pray you, sir, where must Master Hammon be married?

Serv. At Saint Faith's Church, under Paul's. But what's that to thee? Prthee, dispatch those shoes, and so farewell. *Exit.* 41

Rafe. By this shoe, said he. How am I amaz'd

At this strange accident! Upon my life, This was the very shoe I gave my wife, When I was press'd for France, since when, alas! 45

I never could hear of her. It is the same, And Hammon's bride no other but my Jane.

Enter Firik

Firik. 'Snails, Rafe, thou hast lost thy part of three pots a countryman of mine gave me to breakfast 50

Rafe. I care not, I have found a better thing

Firik. A thing? Away! Is it a man's thing, or a woman's thing?

Rafe. Firik, dost thou know this shoe?

Firik. No, by my troth; neither doth that 56 know me! I have no acquaintance with it, 't is a mere stranger to me

Rafe. Why, then, I do; this shoe, I durst be sworn,

Once covered the instep of my Jane. 60

This is her size, her breadth, thus trod my love; These true-love knots I prick'd. I hold my life, By this old shoe I shall find out my wife.

Firik. Ha, ha! Old shoe, that wert new! How a murrain came this ague-fit of foolish- 65 ness upon thee?

Rafe. Thus, Firik: even now here came a serving-man

By this shoe would he have a new pair made Against to-morrow morning for his mistress, That 's to be married to a gentleman 70 And why may not this be my sweet Jane?

Firik. And why may'st not thou be my sweet ass?

Ha, ha!

Rafe. Well, laugh and spare not! But the truth is this

Against to-morrow morning I 'll provide 75 A lusty crew of honest shoemakers,

To watch the going of the bride to church.

If she prove Jane, I 'll take her in despite From Hammon and the devil, were he by.

If it be not my Jane, what remedy? 80

Hereof am I sure, I shall live till I die,

Although I never with a woman lie. *Exit.*

Firik. Thou lie with a woman to build nothing but Cripple-gates! Well, God sends fools fortune, and it may be, he may light upon 85 his matrimony by such a device, for wedding and hanging goes by destiny. *Exit.*

[SCENE IV. — *Sir Roger Olley's House, Cornhill*]

Enter [Lacy as] Hans and Rose, arm in arm

Hans. How happy am I by embracing thee! Oh, I did fear such cross mishaps did reign That I should never see my Rose again.

Rose. Sweet Lacy, since fair opportunity Offers herself to further our escape, 5 Let not too over-fond esteem of me Hinder that happy hour. Invent the means, And Rose will follow thee through all the world

Hans. Oh, how I surfeit with excess of joy, Made happy by thy rich perfection! 10

But since thou pay'st sweet interest to my hopes,

Redoubling love on love, let me once more Like to a bold-fac'd debtor crave of thee This night to steal abroad, and at Eyre's house, Who now by death of certain aldermen 15

Is mayor of London, and my master once, Meet thou thy Lacy, where in spite of change, Your father's anger, and mine uncle's hate, Our happy nuptials will we consummate.

¹⁵ at . . . hand: by all means ⁶⁰ murrain: plague ⁸⁵ matrimony: wife ⁵ further: ('further' Qq.)

Enter Sybil

Sybil. Oh God, what will you do, mistress? [20
Shift for yourself, your father is at hand! He 's
coming, he 's coming! Master Lacy, hide your-
self in my mistress! For God's sake, shift for
yourselves!

Hans. Your father come! Sweet Rose, what
shall I do? 25

Where shall I hide me? How shall I escape?

Rose. A man, and want wit in extremity?
Come, come, be Hans still, play the shoemaker,
Pull on my shoe.

Enter Sir Roger Otley

Hans. Mass, and that 's well rememb'ed.

Sybil. Here comes your father 31

Hans. *Forware, melresse, 't is un good skow,
it sal vel dute, or ye sal net betallen.*

Rose. Oh God, it pincheth me; what will
you do?

Hans [*Aside*] Your father's presence pinch-
eth, not the shoe 35

Otley. Well done, fit my daughter well,
and she shall please thee well

Hans *Yaw, yaw, ick weit dat well, forware,
't is un good skow, 't is gimast van neils lether:
se euer, mine here.* 40

Enter a Prentice

Otley I do believe it. — What 's the news
with you?

Prentice. Please you, the Earl of Lincoln at
the gate

Is newly lighted, and would speak with you.

Otley. The Earl of Lincoln come to speak
with me?

Well, well, I know his errand Daughter Rose,
Send hence your shoemaker, dispatch, have
done! 46

Syb, make things handsome! Sir boy, follow
me *Exit.*

Hans. Mine uncle come! Oh, what may
this portend?

Sweet Rose, this of our love threatens an end

Rose Be not dismay'd at this, whate'er be-
fall, 50

Rose is thine own To witness I speak truth,
Where thou appoints the place, I 'll meet with
thee.

I will not fix a day to follow thee,
But presently steal hence. Do not reply

Love which gave strength to bear my father's
hate, 55

Shall now add wings to further our escape
Exeunt.

[SCENE V. — *The Same.*]*Enter Sir Roger Otley and Lincoln*

Otley. Believe me, on my credit, I speak
truth:

Since first your nephew Lacy went to France,
I have not seen him. It seem'd strange to me,
When Dodger told me that he stay'd behind,
Neglecting the high charge the king imposed. 5

Lincoln Trust me, Sir Roger Otley, I did
think

Your counsel had given head to this attempt,
Drawn to it by the love he bears your child.
Here I did hope to find him in your house;
But now I see mine error, and confess, 10
My judgment wrong'd you by conceiving so.

Otley. Lodge in my house, say you?

Trust me, my lord,

I love your nephew Lacy too too dearly,
So much to wrong his honour, and he hath
done so, 14

That first gave him advice to stay from France.
To witness I speak truth, I let you know
How careful I have been to keep my daughter
Free from all conference or speech of him,
Not that I scorn your nephew, but in love
I bear your honour, lest your noble blood 20
Should by my mean worth be dishonoured.

Lincoln. [*Aside*] How far the churl's tongue
wanders from his heart! —

Well, well, Sir Roger Otley, I believe you,
With more than many thanks for the kind love
So much you seem to bear me But, my lord, 25
Let me request your help to seek my nephew,
Whom, if I find, I 'll straight embark for France.
So shall your Rose be free, my thoughts at rest,
And much care die which now lies in my breast.

Enter Sybil

Sybil Oh Lord! Help, for God's sake! [30
My mistress, oh, my young mistress!]

Otley. Where is thy mistress? What 's be-
come of her?

Sybil. She 's gone, she 's fled!

Otley Gone! Whither is she fled? 35

Sybil. I know not, forsooth, she 's fled out
of doors with Hans the shoemaker; I saw them
scud, scud, scud, apace, apace!

Otley Which way? What, John! Where be
my men? Which way? 40

Sybil. I know not, and it please your worship.

Otley Fled with a shoemaker? Can this
be true?

Sybil. Oh Lord, sir, as true as God 's in
Heaven.

Lincoln. Her love turn'd shoemaker? I am
glad of this.

²⁰ S.D. Sir Roger Otley: (Qq. continue to call him by the title of 'Lord Mayor') ²⁵ Forware:
truly ²⁸ dute: fit (?) ³⁰ betallen: pay ³⁵ weit: know ⁴⁰ gimait: made ⁴⁴ to: (Not in Qq)

Olley. A Fleming butter-box, a shoemaker! 45

Will she forget her birth, requite my care
With such ingratitude? Scorn'd she young
Hammon

To love a honnikin, a needy knave?
Well, let her fly, I'll not fly after her, 49
Let her starve, if she will: she's none of mine.

Lincoln. Be not so cruel, sir.

Enter Firk with shoes

Sybl. I am glad, she's scap'd.

Olley. I'll not account of her as of my
child.

Was there no better object for her eyes,
But a foul drunken lubber, swill-belly,
A shoemaker? That's brave! 55

Firk. Yea, forsooth, 't is a very brave shoe,
and as fit as a pudding

Olley. How now, what knave is this?
From whence comest thou?

Firk. No knave, sir. I am Firk the shoe- 60
maker, lusty Roger's chief lusty journeyman,
and I come hither to take up the pretty leg
of sweet Mistress Rose, and thus hoping your
worship is in as good health, as I was at the
making hereof, I bid you farewell, yours, 65
Firk.

Olley. Stay, stay, Sir Knave!

Lincoln. Come hither, shoemaker!

Firk. 'T is happy the knave is put before the
shoemaker, or else I would not have vouch- 70
safed to come back to you I am moved, for I
stir

Olley. My lord, this villain calls us knaves
by craft

Firk. Then 't is by the gentle craft, and 75
to call one knave gently is no harm Sit your
worship merry! Syb, your young mistress —
I'll so bob them, now my master, Master Eyre,
is lord mayor of London

Olley. Tell me, sirrah, whose man are you? 80

Firk. I am glad to see your worship so merry.
I have no maw to this gear, no stomach as yet
to a red petticoat *Pointing to Sybl.*

Lincoln. He means not, sir, to woo you to
his maid,

But only doth demand whose man you are. 85

Firk. I sang now to the tune of Rogero.
Roger, my fellow, is now my master.

Lincoln. Sirrah, know'st thou one Hans, a
shoemaker? 89

Firk. Hans, shoemaker? Oh yes, stay, yes,
I have him. I tell you what, I speak it in secret:

Mistress Rose and he are by this time — no, not
so, but shortly are to come over one another
with "Can you dance the shaking of the 94
sheets?" It is that Hans — [*Aside.*] I'll so
gull these diggers!

Olley. Know'st thou, then, where he is?

Firk. Yes, forsooth, yea, marry!

Lincoln. Canst thou, in sadness —

Firk. No, forsooth, no, marry! 100

Olley. Tell me, good honest fellow, where
he is,

And thou shalt see what I'll bestow of thee.

Firk. Honest fellow? No, sir; not so, sir;
my profession is the gentle craft; I care not 104
for seeing, I love feeling, let me feel it here;
aurium lenus, ten pieces of gold, *genium lenus*,
ten pieces of silver, and then Firk is your man
— [*Aside*] in a new pair of stretchers

Olley. Here is an angel, part of thy re-
ward, 109

Which I will give thee, tell me where he is.

Firk. No point! Shall I betray my brother?
No! Shall I prove Judas to Hans? No! Shall
I cry treason to my corporation? No, I shall
be firk'd and yerk'd then But give me your
angel, your angel shall tell you. 115

Lincoln. Do so, good fellow; 't is no hurt to
thee

Firk. Send simpering Syb away.

Olley. Huswife, get you in. 118

Exit Sybl.

Firk. Pitchers have ears, and maids have
wide mouths; but for Hans Prauns, upon my
word, to-morrow morning he and young Mis-
tress Rose go to this gear. they shall be married
together, by this rush, or else turn Firk to a
firkin of butter, to tan leather withal.

Olley. But art thou sure of this? 125

Firk. Am I sure that Paul's steeple is a
handful higher than London Stone, or that
the Pissing-Conduit leaks nothing but pure 128
Mother Bunch? Am I sure I am lusty Firk?
God's nails, do you think I am so base to gull
you?

Lincoln. Where are they married? Dost
thou know the church? 133

Firk. I never go to church, but I know the
name of it; it is a swearing church — stay a
while, 't is — ay, by the mass, no, no, — 't is —
ay, by my troth, no, nor that; 't is — ay, by my
faith, that, that, 't is, ay, by my Faith's
Church under Paul's Cross. There they 139
shall be knit like a pair of stockings in matri-
mony; there they'll be incone

* honnikin: Hankin, Dutchman (?) 78 bob: outwit " diggers: crafty questioners " sad-
ness: earnest 102 of: on 106 aurium tenus: up to the ears genium tenus: up to the knees (Firk
mistranslates) 108 stretchers: quibbles 111 No point: by no means 128 rush: the rush floor-
covering 127 London Stone: a Roman mile-stone in Cannon St 129 Mother Bunch: ale (alluding
to 2 Henry VI, IV. vi 1-57) 141 incone: a vague adjective of approval, dainty

Lincoln. Upon my life, my nephew Lacy walks

In the disguise of this Dutch shoemaker.

Firk. Yes, forsooth.

Lincoln. Doth he not, honest fellow? 145

Firk. No, forsooth; I think Hans is nobody but Hans, no spirit.

Olley. My mund misgives me now, 't is so, indeed.

Lincoln. My cousin speaks the language, knows the trade 149

Olley. Let me request your company, my lord; Your honourable presence may, no doubt, Refrain their headstrong rashness, when myself Going alone perchance may be o'erborne. Shall I request this favour?

Lincoln. This, or what else. 154

Firk. Then you must rise betimes, for they mean to fall to their hey-pass and repass, pindy-pandy, which hand will you have, very early.

Olley. My care shall every way equal their haste. 159

This night accept your lodging in my house.

The earlier shall we stir, and at Saint Faith's

Prevent this giddy hare-brain'd nuptial

This traffic of hot love shall yield cold gains:

They ban our loves, and we'll forbid their banns. *Exit.*

Lincoln. At Saint Faith's Church, thou say'st? 165

Firk. Yes, by their troth

Lincoln. Be secret, on thy life. *Exit.*

Firk. Yes, when I kiss your wife! Ha, ha, here 's no craft in the gentle craft I came 169 hither of purpose with shoes to Sir Roger's worship, whilst Rose, his daughter, be cony-catch'd by Hans Soft now; these two gulls will be at Saint Faith's Church to-morrow 173 morning, to take Master Bridegroom and Mistress Bride napping, and they, in the mean time, shall chop up the matter at the Savoy. But the best sport is, Sir Roger Otley will find my fellow lame Rafe's wife going to 178 marry a gentleman, and then he'll stop her instead of his daughter Oh brave! there will be fine tickling sport. Soft now, what have I to do? Oh, I know, now a mess of shoemakers meet at the Woolsack in Ivy Lane, to cozen my gentleman of lame Rafe's wife. that 's 184 true.

Alack, alack!

Girls, hold out tack!

For now smocks for this jumbling

Shall go to wrack 189

Exit.

[ACT V

SCENE I. — *Eyre's House.*]

Enter Eyre, his wife, [Lacy as] Hans, and Rose

Eyre. This is the morning, then; say, my bully, my honest Hans, is it not?

Hans. This is the morning that must make us two happy or miserable; therefore, if you — 5

Eyre. Away with these ifs and ans, Hans, and these et ceteras! By mine honour, Rowland Lacy, none but the king shall wrong thee Come, fear nothing, am not I Sim Eyre? Is not Sim Eyre lord mayor of London? Fear 10 nothing, Rose. let them all say what they can; dainty, come thou to me — laughest thou?

Wife. Good my lord, stand her friend in what thing you may

Eyre. Why, my sweet Lady Madgy, think 15 you Simon Eyre can forget his fine Dutch journeyman? No, vah! Fie, I scorn it It shall never be cast in my teeth, that I was unthankful Lady Madgy, thou had'st never cover'd thy Saracen's head with this French flap, nor 20 loaden thy bum with this farthingale, ('t is trash, trumpery, vanity); Simon Eyre had never walk'd in a red petticoat, nor wore a chain of gold, but for my fine journeyman's portagues — And shall I leave him? No! 25 Prince am I none, yet bear a princely mind.

Hans. My lord, 't is time for us to part from hence.

Eyre. Lady Madgy, Lady Madgy, take two or three of my pie-crust-eaters, my buff-jerkin varlets, that do walk in black gowns at 30 Simon Eyre's heels, take them, good Lady Madgy, trip and go, my brown queen of periwigs, with my delicate Rose and my jolly Rowland to the Savoy; see them link'd, countenance the marriage; and when it is done, cling, 35 cling together, you Hamborow turtle-doves. I'll bear you out: come to Simon Eyre, come, dwell with me, Hans, thou shalt eat minc'd-pies and marchpane Rose, away, cricket, trip and go, my Lady Madgy, to the Savoy; Hans, wed, and to bed, kiss, and away! Go, vanish! 42

Wife. Farewell, my lord

Rose. Make haste, sweet love

Wife. She'd fain the deed were done.

Hans. Come, my sweet Rose; faster than deer we'll run 45

They go out.

Eyre. Go, vanish, vanish! Avaunt, I say!

By the Lord of Ludgate, it's a mad life to be

184 hey-pass, etc.: (juggling terms) 184 ban: repudiate banns: ('baines' Qq, perhaps with pun on "banes") 171-172 cony-catch'd: taken in 183 mess: party of four 187 hold... tack: make good resistance 1 say: ('stay' Qq) 18 Hamborow: Hamburg, German 19 marchpane: a sweetmeat

a lord mayor; it 's a stirring life, a fine life, a velvet life, a careful life. Well, Simon Eyre, yet set a good face on it, in the honour of Saint 50 Hugh. Soft, the king this day comes to dine with me, to see my new buildings; his majesty is welcome, he shall have good cheer, delicate cheer, princely cheer This day, my fellow prentices of London come to dine with me too, 55 they shall have fine cheer, gentlemanlike cheer. I promised the mad Cappadocians, when we all served at the Conduit together, that if ever I came to be mayor of London, I would feast them all, and I 'll do 't, I 'll do 't, by the life 60 of Pharaoh, by this beard, Sim Eyre will be no flincher Besides, I have procur'd that upon every Shrove-Tuesday, at the sound of the pancake bell, my fine dapper Assyrian lads shall clap up their shop windows, and away 65 This is the day, and this day they shall do 't, they shall do 't

Boys, that day are you free, let masters care,
And prentices shall pray for Simon Eyre

Exit.

[SCENE II. — *Near St Faith's Church*]

Enter Hodge, Firk, Rafe, and five or six Shoemakers, all with cudgels or such weapons

Hodge Come, Rafe, stand to it, Firk My masters, as we are the brave bloods of the shoemakers, heirs apparent to Saint Hugh, and perpetual benefactors to all good fellows, thou shalt have no wrong were Hammon a king 15 of spades, he should not delve in thy close without thy sufferance But tell me, Rafe, art thou sure 't is thy wife?

Rafe Am I sure this is Firk? This morning, when I strok'd on her shoes, I look'd upon 20 her, and she upon me, and sighed, ask'd me if ever I knew one Rafe Yes, said I For his sake, said she — tears standing in her eyes — and for thou art somewhat like him, spend this piece of gold. I took it; my lame leg and 25 my travel beyond sea made me unknown. All is one for that I know she 's mine.

Firk Did she give thee this gold? O glorious glittering gold! She 's thine own, 't is thy wife, and she loves thee; for I 'll stand to 't, 30 there 's no woman will give gold to any man, but she thinks better of him that she thinks of them she gives silver to And for Hammon, neither Hammon nor hangman shall wrong thee in London! Is not our old master Eyre 35 lord mayor? Speak, my hearts

All Yes, and Hammon shall know it to his cost.

Enter Hammon, his man, Jane, and others

Hodge Peace, my bullies; yonder they come 29

Rafe Stand to 't, my hearts. Firk, let me speak first

Hodge No, Rafe, let me. — Hammon, whither away so early?

Ham Unmannerly, rude slave, what 's that to thee? 34

Firk To him, sir? Yes, sir, and to me, and others Good-morrow, Jane, how dost thou? Good Lord, how the world is changed with you! God be thanked!

Ham Villains, hands off! How dare you touch my love? 39

All Villains? Down with them! Cry clubs for prentices!

Hodge Hold, my hearts! Touch her, Hammon? Yea, and more than that: we 'll carry her away with us My masters and gentlemen, never draw your bird-spits; shoemakers are steel to the cold, men every inch of them, 46 all spirit

All of Hammon's side Well, and what of all this?

Hodge I 'll show you — Jane, dost thou 50 know this man? 'T is Rafe, I can tell thee; nay, 't is he in faith, though he be lam'd by the wars. Yet look not strange, but run to him, fold him about the neck and kiss him

Jane Lives then my husband? Oh God, let me go, 55

Let me embrace my Rafe

Ham What means my Jane?

Jane Nay, what meant you, to tell me he was slain?

Ham Pardon me, dear love, for being misled. [To Rafe] 'T was rumour'd here in London, thou wert dead

Firk Thou seest he lives Lass, go, pack home with him. 60

Now, Master Hammon, where 's your mistress, your wife?

Serv 'Swounds, master, fight for her! Will you thus lose her?

All Down with that creature! Clubs! Down with him! 65

Hodge Hold, hold!

Ham Hold, fool! Sirs, he shall do no wrong. Will my Jane leave me thus, and break her faith?

Firk Yea, sir! She must, sir! She shall, sir! What then? Mend it! 70

Hodge Hark, fellow Rafe, follow my counsel. set the wench in the midst, and let her choose her man, and let her be his woman.

57-58 when . . . Conduit: (Carrying water from the conduit for domestic use was a duty of apprentices See V. v. 188 ff.) 54 pancake bell: (Pancake feasts celebrated the approach of Lent) 46 clubs: the battle cry of London 'prentices

Jane. Whom should I choose? Whom should my thoughts affect
But him whom Heaven hath made to be my love? ⁷⁵

Thou art my husband, and these humble weeds
Makes thee more beautiful than all his wealth.
Therefore, I will but put off his attire,
Returning it into the owner's hand,
And after ever be thy constant wife. ⁸⁰

Hodge. Not a rag, Jane! The law 's on our side: he that sows in another man's ground, forfeits his harvest. Get thee home, Rafe; follow him, Jane; he shall not have so much as a busk-point from thee ⁸⁵

Firk. Stand to that, Rafe; the appurtenances are thine own. Hammon, look not at her!

Serv. O, swounds, no! ⁸⁹

Firk. Blue coat, be quiet, we 'll give you a new livery else; we 'll make Shrove Tuesday Saint George's Day for you Look not, Hammon, leer not! I 'll firk you! For thy head now, one glance, one sheep's eye, anything, at her! Touch not a rag, lest I and my brethren beat you to clouts ⁹⁶

Serv. Come, Master Hammon, there 's no striving here

Ham. Good fellows, hear me speak; and, honest Rafe,

Whom I have injur'd most by loving Jane,
Mark what I offer thee: here in fair gold ¹⁰⁰
Is twenty pound, I 'll give it for thy Jane;
If this content thee not, thou shalt have more.

Hodge. Sell not thy wife, Rafe; make her not a whore.

Ham. Say, wilt thou freely cease thy claim in her,
And let her be my wife?

All. No, do not, Rafe ¹⁰⁵

Rafe. Sirrah Hammon, Hammon, dost thou think a shoemaker is so base to be a bawd to his own wife for commodity? Take thy gold, choke with it! Were I not lame, I would make thee eat thy words ¹¹⁰

Firk. A shoemaker sell his flesh and blood? Oh indignity!

Hodge. Sirrah, take up your pelf, and be packing

Ham. I will not touch one penny, but in lieu Of that great wrong I offered thy Jane, ¹¹⁶
To Jane and thee I give that twenty pound.
Since I have fail'd of her, during my life,
I vow, no woman else shall be my wife.
Farewell, good fellows of the gentle trade: ¹²⁰
Your morning mirth my mourning day hath made. *Exit.*

Firk [*To the Serving-man.*] Touch the gold, creature, if you dare! Y' are best be trudging. Here, Jane, take thou it. Now let 's home, my hearts. ¹²⁵

Hodge. Stay! Who comes here? Jane, on again with thy mask!

Enter Lincoln, Olley, and Servants

Lincoln. Yonder 's the lying varlet mock'd us so. ¹³⁰

Olley. Come hither, sirrah!

Firk. I, sir? I am sirrah? You mean me, do you not? ¹³⁰

Lincoln. Where is my nephew married?

Firk. Is he married? God give him joy, I am glad of it. They have a fair day, and the sign is in a good planet, Mars in Venus.

Olley. Villain, thou toldst me that my daughter Rose ¹³⁵

This morning should be married at Saint Faith's. We have watch'd there these three hours at the least,

Yet see we no such thing

Firk. Truly, I am sorry for 't, a bride 's a pretty thing ¹⁴⁰

Hodge. Come to the purpose. Yonder 's the bride and bridegroom you look for, I hope. Though you be lords, you are not to bar by your authority men from women, are you?

Olley. See, my daughter 's mask'd.

Lincoln. True, and my nephew, ¹⁴⁵
To hide his guilt, counterfeits him lame.

Firk. Yea, truly; God help the poor couple, they are lame and blind

Olley. I 'll ease her blindness

Lincoln. I 'll his lameness cure ¹⁴⁹
Firk. Lie down, sirs, and laugh! My fellow Rafe is taken for Rowland Lacy, and Jane for Mistress Damask Rose. This is all my knavery.

Olley. What, have I found you, minion?

Lincoln. O base wretch! ¹⁵⁵
Nay, hide thy face; the horror of thy guilt Can hardly be wash'd off. Where are thy powers?

What battles have you made? O yes, I see, Thou fought'st with Shame, and Shame hath conquer'd thee.

This lameness will not serve.

Olley. Unmask yourself.

Lincoln. Lead home your daughter

Olley. Take your nephew hence ¹⁵⁹

Rafe. Hence! Swounds, what mean you? Are you mad? I hope you cannot enforce my wife from me Where 's Hammon?

Olley. Your wife?

Lincoln. What, Hammon? ¹⁶⁴

⁸⁵ busk-point: corset-string ⁹⁰ Blue coat: common attire of liveried servants ⁹² Saint George's Day: (April 23) the servingman's holiday ⁹³ For: on peril of ¹¹³ morning: ('mornings' Q 1) ¹¹⁸⁻¹²⁴ sign . . . planet: nonsensical astrology (planets are in signs, not the reverse)

Rafe. Yea, my wife; and, therefore, the proudest of you that lay hands on her first, I 'll lay my crutch 'cross his pate.

Firk. To him, lame Rafe! Here 's brave sport! 169

Rafe. Rose call you her? Why, her name is Jane. Look here else; do you know her now? 170

[*Unmasking Jane.*]

Lincoln Is this your daughter?

Olley. No, nor this your nephew My Lord of Lincoln, we are both abus'd

By this base, crafty varlet 174

Firk. Yea, forsooth, no varlet; forsooth, no base; forsooth, I am but mean; no crafty neither, but of the gentle craft.

Olley. Where is my daughter Rose?

Where is my child?

Lincoln Where is my nephew Lacy married?

Firk. Why, here is good lac'd mutton, as I promis'd you. 181

Lincoln Villain, I 'll have thee punish'd for this wrong

Firk Punish the journeyman villain, but not the journeyman shoemaker

Enter Dodger

Dodger My lord, I come to bring unwelcome news 185

Your nephew Lacy and your daughter Rose Early this morning wedded at the Savoy, None being present but the lady mayoress Besides, I learnt among the officers, 189 The lord mayor vows to stand in their defence 'Gainst any that shall seek to cross the match

Lincoln Dares Eyre the shoemaker uphold the deed?

Firk Yes, sir, shoemakers dare stand in a woman's quarrel, I warrant you, as deep as another, and deeper too 195

Dodger Besides, his grace to-day dines with the mayor;

Who on his knees humbly intends to fall And beg a pardon for your nephew's fault

Lincoln But I 'll prevent him! Come, Sir

Roger Otley,

The king will do us justice in this cause 200 Howe'er their hands have made them man and wife,

I will disjoin the match, or lose my life.

Exeunt.

Firk. Adieu, Monsieur Dodger! Farewell, fools! Ha, ha! Oh, if they had stay'd, I [204 would have so lamm'd them with flouts! O heart, my codpiece-point is ready to fly in pieces every time I think upon Mistress Rose. But let that pass, as my lady mayoress says

Hodge This matter is answer'd. Come, Rafe; home with thy wife. Come, my fine [210 shoemakers, let 's to our master's the new lord mayor, and there swagger this Shrove Tuesday. I 'll promise you wine enough, for Madge keeps the cellar

All O rare! Madge is a good wench. 215

Firk And I 'll promise you meat enough, for sumpring Susan keeps the larder. I 'll lead you to victuals, my brave soldiers; follow your captain O brave! Hark, hark! *Bell rings.* [219

All The pancake-bell rings, the pancake-bell! Trilili, my hearts!

Firk Oh brave! Oh sweet bell! O delicate pancakes! Open the doors, my hearts, and shut up the windows! keep in the house, let out [224 the pancakes! Oh rare, my hearts! Let 's march together for the honour of Saint Hugh to the great new hall in Gracious Street corner, which our master, the new lord mayor, hath built.

Rafe. O the crew of good fellows that will dine at my lord mayor's cost to-day! 230

Hodge By the Lord, my lord mayor is a most brave man How shall prentices be bound to pray for him and the honour of the gentlemen shoemakers! Let 's feed and be fat with my lord's bounty. 235

Firk O musical bell, still! O Hodge, O my brethren! There 's cheer for the heavens. venison-pasties walk up and down piping hot, like sergeants, beef and brewess comes march- [239 ing in dry-fats, fritters and pancakes comes trotting in in wheel-barrows, hens and oranges hopping in porters' baskets, collops and eggs in scuttles, and tarts and custards comes quavering in in malt-shovels

Enter more Prentices

All Whoop, look here, look here! 245

Hodge How now, mad lads, whither away so fast?

1 Pren Whither? Why, to the great new hall, know you not why? The lord mayor [249 hath bidden all the prentices in London to breakfast this morning

All. Oh brave shoemaker, oh brave lord of incomprehensible good-fellowship! Whooh! Hark you! The pancake-bell rings. 254

Cast up caps.

Firk. Nay, more, my hearts! Every Shrove-Tuesday is our year of jubilee, and when the pancake-bell rings, we are as free as my lord mayor; we may shut up our shops, and make holiday; I 'll have it call'd Saint Hugh's Holiday. 260

All Agreed, agreed! Saint Hugh's Holiday.

¹⁷⁰ mean: tenor (punning on "bass" as musical term) ¹⁸⁰ lac'd mutton: cant term for a common woman (with gibe at Lacy's name) ¹⁸⁷ new hall: Leadenhall (supposed to have been built at Eyre's expense) ²³⁰ brewess: broth ²⁴⁰ dry-fats: casks ²⁴² collops: slices of meat

Hodge. And this shall continue for ever.

All. Oh brave! Come, come, my hearts!
Away, away!

Firk. O eternal credit to us of the gentle
craft! March fair, my hearts! Oh rare! 265
Exeunt.

[SCENE III. — *Street near Leadenhall*]

Enter King and his Train over the stage

King Is our lord mayor of London such a
gallant?

Nobleman One of the merriest madcaps in
your land

Your grace will think, when you behold the man,
He's rather a wild ruffian than a mayor
Yet thus much I'll ensure your majesty: 5
In all his actions that concern his state
He is as serious, provident, and wise,
As full of gravity amongst the grave,
As any mayor hath been these many years

King. I am with child till I behold this huff-
cap. 10

But all my doubt is, when we come in presence,
His madness will be dash'd clean out of counte-
nance

Nobleman. It may be so, my hege

King. Which to prevent,
Let some one give him notice, 't is our pleasure
That he put on his wonted merriment. 15
Set forward!

All. On afore! *Exeunt.*

[SCENE IV — *Leadenhall.*]

*Enter Eyre, Hodge, Firk, Rafe, and other
Shoemakers, all with napkins on their shoulders*

Eyre Come, my fine Hodge, my jolly gentle-
men shoemakers! soft, where be these cannibals,
these varlets, my officers? Let them all
walk and wait upon my brethren, for my mean-
ing is, that none but shoemakers, none but the 15
livery of my company shall in their satin hoods
wait upon the trencher of my sovereign.

Firk O my lord, it will be rare!

Eyre No more, Firk; come, lively! Let your
fellow-prentices want no cheer; let wine be 10
plentiful as beer, and beer as water Hang these
penny-punching fathers, that cram wealth in in-
nocent lamb-skins Rip, knaves, avaunt!
Look to my guests!

Hodge. My lord, we are at our wits' end 15
for room; those hundred tables will not feast
the fourth part of them.

Eyre. Then cover me those hundred tables
again, and again, till all my jolly prentices be

feasted. Avoid, Hodge! Run, Rafe! Frisk 20
about, my nimble Firk! Carouse me fadom-
healths to the honour of the shoemakers. Do
they drink lively, Hodge? Do they tickle it,
Firk?

Firk. Tickle it? Some of them have taken 25
their liquor standing so long that they can stand
no longer, but for meat, they would eat it and
they had it

Eyre. Want they meat? Where's this swag-
belly, this greasy kitchen-stuff cook? Call 30
the varlet to me! Want meat? Firk, Hodge,
lame Rafe, run, my tall men, beleaguer the
shambles, beggar all Eastcheap, serve me whole
oxen in chargers, and let sheep whine upon the
tables like pigs for want of good fellows to 35
eat them. Want meat? Vanish, Firk! Avaunt,
Hodge!

Hodge. Your lordship mistakes my man
Firk, he means, their bellies want meat, not
the boards; for they have drunk so much, 40
they can eat nothing

THE SECOND THREE-MAN'S SONG

Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain,

Saint Hugh be our good speed

Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,

Nor helps good hearts in need 45

Trowl the bowl, the jolly nut-brown bowl,

And here, kind mate, to thee

Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul,

And down it merrily

Down a down, hey down a down, 50

(*Close with the tenor boy*)

Hey derry derry, down a down!

Ho, well done, to me let come!

Ring, compass gentle joy

Trowl the bowl, the nut-brown bowl,

And here, kind mate, to thee etc 55

[*Repeat*] as often as there be men to drink.

At last when all have drunk, this verse

Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain,

Saint Hugh be our good speed

Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,

Nor helps good hearts in need

Enter Hans, Rose, and Wife

Wife. Where is my lord? 60

Eyre How now, Lady Madgy?

Wife The king's most excellent majesty is
new come; he sends me for thy honour; one of
his most worshipful peers bade me tell thou must
be merry, and so forth, but let that pass 65

Eyre. Is my sovereign come? Vanish, my
tall shoemakers, my nimble brethren; look to
my guests, the prentices. Yet stay a little!
How now, Hans? How looks my little Rose? 69

¹⁰ with child: filled with longing huff-cap: blusterer ¹⁵ lamb-skins: parchment bonds (or purses) ²⁵⁻²⁷ fadom-healths: healths a fathom deep ³⁷ and: if ⁴⁵⁻⁴⁹ (Printed separately in Qq. with note: "This is to be sung at the latter end") ⁴⁶ Trowl: pass around

Hans. Let me request you to remember me I know, your honour easily may obtain Free pardon of the king for me and Rose, And reconcile me to my uncle's grace

Eyre. Have done, my good Hans, my honest journeyman, look cheerly! I'll fall upon [75 both my knees, till they be as hard as horn, but I'll get thy pardon

Wife Good my lord, have a care what you speak to his grace 79

Eyre. Away, you Islington whitepot! hence, you hopper-arse! hence, you barley-pudding, full of maggots! you broiled carbonado! avaunt, avaunt, avoid, Mephistophilus! Shall Sum Eyre learn to speak of you, Lady Madgy? Vanish, Mother Miniver-cap, vanish, go, trip and [85 go; meddle with your partlets and your pishery-pashery, you flewes and your whirligigs, go, rub, out of mine alley! Sim Eyre knows how to speak to a Pope, to Sultan Soliman, to Tamburlaine, an he were here, and shall I melt, [90 shall I droop before my sovereign? No, come, my Lady Madgy! Follow me, Hans! About your business, my frolic free-booters! Frk, frisk about, and about, and about, for the honour of mad Simon Eyre, lord mayor of London 95

Frk. Hey, for the honour of the shoemakers! *Exeunt.*

[SCENE V — Outside Leadenhall]

A long flourish, or two Enter King, Nobles, Eyre, his Wife, Lacy, Rose Lacy and Rose kneel

King Well, Lacy, though the fact was very foul

Of your revolting from our kingly love And your own duty, yet we pardon you Rise both, and, Mistress Lacy, thank my lord mayor

For your young bridegroom here. 5

Eyre So, my dear liege, Sum Eyre and my brethren, the gentlemen shoemakers, shall set your sweet majesty's image cheek by jowl by Saint Hugh for this honour you have done poor Simon Eyre I beseech your grace, pardon [10 my rude behaviour; I am a handicraftsman, yet my heart is without craft; I would be sorry at my soul that my boldness should offend my king

King. Nay, I pray thee, good lord mayor, be even as merry 15

As if thou wert among thy shoemakers, It does me good to see thee in this humour

Eyre. Say'st thou me so, my sweet Dioclesian? Then, hump! Prince am I none, yet am

I princely born. By the Lord of Ludgate, my liege, I'll be as merry as a pie 21

King Tell me, in faith, mad Eyre, how old thou art.

Eyre. My liege, a very boy, a stripling, a younker, you see not a white hair on my head, not a gray in this beard Every hair, I as- [25 sure thy majesty, that sticks in this beard, Sum Eyre values at the King of Babylon's ransom. Tamar Cham's beard was a rubbing brush to 't yet I'll shave it off, and stuff tennis-balls with it, to please my bully king. 30

King. But all this while I do not know your age

Eyre My liege, I am six-and-fifty year old, yet I can cry hump! with a sound heart for the honour of Saint Hugh Mark this old wench, my king. I danc'd the shaking of the sheets [35 with her six and thirty years ago, and yet I hope to get two or three young lord mayors, ere I die I am lusty still, Sum Eyre still Care and cold lodging brings white hairs My sweet Majesty, let care vanish, cast it upon thy nobles: [40 it will make thee look always young like Apollo, and cry hump! Prince am I none, yet am I princely born

King. Ha, ha!

Say, Cornwall, didst thou ever see his like? 45 Nobleman Not I, my lord

Enter Lincoln and Sir Roger Olley

King. Lincoln, what news with you? *Lincoln* My gracious lord, have care unto yourself,

For there are traitors here.

All Traitors? Where? Who?

Eyre. Traitors in my house? God forbid! [49 Where be my officers? I'll spend my soul, ere my king feel harm.

King Where is the traitor, Lincoln?

Lincoln Here he stands.

King. Cornwall, lay hold on Lacy! — Lincoln, speak,

What canst thou lay unto thy nephew's charge?

Lincoln This, my dear liege' your Grace, to do me honour, 55

Heap'd on the head of this degenerous boy Desertless favours, you made choice of him To be commander over powers in France.

But he —

King Good Lincoln, prithee, pause a while! Even in thine eyes I read what thou wouldst speak. 60

I know how Lacy did neglect our love, Ran himself deeply, in the highest degree, Into vile treason —

¹⁰ whitepot: concoction of milk, eggs, raisins, and sugar ¹¹ hopper-arse: swag-body ¹² carbonado: steak ¹³ Miniver: fur ¹⁴ partlets: neckbands ¹⁵ flewes: flapping skirts ¹⁶ rub: obstacle (bowling term) ¹⁷ pie: magpie ¹⁸ degenerous: degenerate

Lincoln. Is he not a traitor?

King. Lincoln, he was, now have we pardon'd him.

'T was not a base want of true valour's fire, 65
That held him out of France, but love's desire.

Lincoln. I will not bear his shame upon my back.

King. Nor shalt thou, Lincoln; I forgive you both.

Lincoln. Then, good my liege, forbid the boy to wed

One whose mean birth will much disgrace his bed. 70

King. Are they not married?

Lincoln. No, my liege.

Both. We are.

King. Shall I divorce them then? O be it far
That any hand on earth should dare untie

The sacred knot, knut by God's majesty, 74
I would not for my crown disjoin their hands

That are conjoin'd in holy nuptial bands.
How say'st thou, Lacy, wouldst thou lose thy
Rose?

Lacy. Not for all India's wealth, my sovereign.

King. But Rose, I am sure, her Lacy would forgo?

Rose. If Rose were ask'd that question, she'd say no 80

King. You hear them, Lincoln?

Lincoln. Yea, my liege, I do.

King. Yet canst thou find i' th' heart to part these two?

Who seeks, besides you, to divorce these lovers?

Otley. I do, my gracious lord I am her father.

King. Sir Roger Otley, our last mayor, I think? 85

Nobleman. The same, my liege

King. Would you offend Love's laws?

Well, you shall have your wills You sue to me
To prohibit the match. Soft, let me see —

You both are married, Lacy, art thou not?

Lacy. I am, dread sovereign.

King. Then, upon thy life, 90
I charge thee, not to call this woman wife.

Otley. I thank your grace.

Rose. O my most gracious lord!

Kneel.

King. Nay, Rose, never woo me; I tell you true,

Although as yet I am a bachelor,
Yet I believe I shall not marry you 95

Rose. Can you divide the body from the soul,
Yet make the body live?

King. Yea, so profound?

I cannot, Rose, but you I must divide
This fair maid, bridegroom, cannot be your bride.

⁷⁰ India's: ('Indians' Qq)

⁹⁰ This . . . bridegroom: ('Faire made, this bridegroom' Qq.)

Are you pleas'd, Lincoln? Otley, are you pleas'd? 100

Both. Yes, my lord

King. Then must my heart be eas'd;

For, credit me, my conscience lives in pain,
Till these whom I divorc'd, be join'd again.

Lacy, give me thy hand; Rose, lend me thine!
Be what you would be! Kiss now! So, that's fine. 105

At night, lovers, to bed! — Now, let me see,
Which of you all mislikes this harmony.

Otley. Will you then take from me my child perforce?

King. Why tell me, Otley: shines not Lacy's name 109

As bright in the world's eye as the gay beams
Of any citizen?

Lincoln. Yea, but, my gracious lord,
I do mislike the match far more than he;
Her blood is too too base.

King. Lincoln, no more.
Dost thou not know that love respects no blood,
Cares not for difference of birth or state? 115

The maid is young, well born, fair, virtuous,
A worthy bride for any gentleman

Besides, your nephew for her sake did stoop
To bare necessity, and, as I hear,

Forgetting honours and all courtly pleasures, 120
To gain her love, became a shoemaker

As for the honour which he lost in France,
Thus I redeem it: Lacy, kneel thee down! —

Arise, Sir Rowland Lacy! Tell me now, 124
Tell me in earnest, Otley, canst thou chide,

Seeing thy Rose a lady and a bride?

Otley. I am content with what your grace hath done

Lincoln. And I, my liege, since there's no remedy.

King. Come on, then, all shake hands: I'll have you friends;

Where there is much love, all discord ends 130
What says my mad lord mayor to all this love?

Eyre. O my liege, this honour you have done
to my fine journeyman here, Rowland Lacy,

and all these favours which you have shown 134
to me this day in my poor house, will make

Simon Eyre live longer by one dozen of warm
summers more than he should

King. Nay, my mad lord mayor, that shall be thy name,

If any grace of mine can length thy life,
One honour more I'll do thee: that new building, 140

Which at thy cost in Cornhill is erected,
Shall take a name from us; we'll have it call'd

The Leadenhall, because in digging it
You found the lead that covereth the same. 144

Eyre. I thank your majesty.

Wife. God bless your grace!
King. Lincoln, a word with you!

Enter Hodge, Firk, Rafe, and more Shoemakers

Eyre. How now, my mad knaves? Peace, speak softly; yonder is the king.

King. With the old troop, which there we keep in pay,

We will incorporate a new supply. 150
 Before one summer more pass o'er my head,
 France shall repent, England was injured
 What are all those?

Lacy. All shoemakers, my liege,
 Sometimes my fellows, in their companies
 I liv'd as merry as an emperor. 155

King. My mad lord mayor, are all these shoemakers?

Eyre. All shoemakers, my liege, all gentlemen of the gentle craft, true Trojans, courageous cordwainers, they all kneel to the shrine of holy Saint Hugh 160

All. God save your majesty, all shoemakers!

King. Mad Simon, would they anything with us?

Eyre. Mum, mad knaves! Not a word! I 'll do 't, I warrant you. They are all beggars, my liege; all for themselves, and I for them 165
 all on both my knees do entreat, that for the honour of poor Simon Eyre and the good of his brethren, these mad knaves, your grace would vouchsafe some privilege to my new Leadenhall, that it may be lawful for us to buy and sell leather there two days a week 171

King. Mad Sim, I grant your suit, you shall have patent

To hold two market-days in Leadenhall
 Mondays and Fridays, those shall be the times
 Will this content you?

All. Jesus bless your grace! 175

¹⁶⁴ Sometimes: formerly

Eyre. In the name of these my poor brethren shoemakers, I most humbly thank your grace. But before I rise, seeing you are in the giving vein and we in the begging, grant Sim Eyre one boon more 180

King. What is it, my lord mayor?

Eyre. Vouchsafe to taste of a poor banquet that stands sweetly waiting for your sweet presence. 184

King. I shall undo thee, Eyre, only with feasts,

Already have I been too troublesome;
 Say, have I not?

Eyre. O my dear king, Sim Eyre was taken unawares upon a day of shroving, which I 189
 promis'd long ago to the prentices of London. For, an 't please your highness, in time past, I bare the water-tankard, and my coat
 Sits not a whit the worse upon my back;
 And then, upon a morning, some mad boys
 (It was Shrove Tuesday, even as 't is now) 195
 gave me my breakfast, and I swore then by the stopple of my tankard, if ever I came to be lord mayor of London, I would feast all the prentices This day, my liege, I did it, and the slaves had an hundred tables five times covered. They are gone home and vanish'd 201
 Yet add more honour to the gentle trade:
 Taste of Eyre's banquet, Simon 's happy made.

King. Eyre, I will taste of thy banquet, and will say,

I have not met more pleasure on a day 205
 Friends of the gentle craft, thanks to you all.
 Thanks, my kind lady mayoress, for our cheer —

Come, lords, a while let 's revel it at home!
 When all our sports and banquetings are done,
 Wars must right wrongs which Frenchmen
 have begun

Exeunt. 210

FINIS

¹⁸⁹ shroving: celebration

with Kindneſſe.

Written by T H O. H E Y W O O D.

The third Edition.



L O N D O N,
Printed by Isaac Iaggard, 1617

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL RECORD. The earliest known edition of *A Woman Killed with Kindness* is a Quarto dated 1607. The only other surviving early Quarto, that of 1617, is described on the title-page as the "third edition," so that there was probably another edition of which no copy is known to have been preserved. The Quarto of 1617, here referred to as "Q 2," provides a better text than that of 1607, and forms the basis of the present edition. The play was not entered on the Registers of the Stationers' Co. In neither of the Quartos is it divided into acts and scenes.

DATE AND STAGE PERFORMANCE The date of composition and performance of this play is fixed with some accuracy by entries in Henslowe's Diary. On Feb 12 and March 6, 1603, Henslowe paid to Heywood on behalf of Worcester's company of players the sum of £6 for the play itself, and during the same months made payments amounting to more than £8 for a "womones gowne of blacke velluett" and a "blacke satten sewt" for use in the play. The original performance seems to have been by Worcester's Men, and the title-page of the Quarto of 1617 states that the play had been "oftentimes Acted" by Queen Anne's Men, by which title Worcester's company became known soon after the accession of James I. This play, like others of Heywood's, was particularly popular with the bourgeois. An early allusion in Middleton's (?) *Black Book* (1604) speaks of it and *The Merry Devil of Edmonton* as the two current theatrical offerings that could be counted on to tempt an "honest, simple" London servingman. It has shown itself effective also on the modern stage: in 1887 at the Olympic Theatre, London, in 1914 in New York, in 1922 as produced by the Birmingham Repertory Company, and in French translation by J. Copeau at the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier, Paris, 1914.

SOURCES. Some similarities have been noted between Heywood's play and certain novels in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, but the material derived from these tales has been very freely used. The three stories from Painter drawn upon are: for the main plot, Bk I, nos 43 and 58, for the subplot, Bk II, no. 30 (See R. G. Martin, "A New Source for *A Woman Killed with Kindness*" *Englische Studien*, xlii 229 ff.) The scene has been definitely localized in Heywood's England, and the play represents the type of domestic drama which was his particular contribution to the Elizabethan stage.

THOMAS HEYWOOD (c. 1574–1641)

A WOMAN KILLED WITH KINDNESS

[DRAMATIS PERSONAE

SIR FRANCIS ACTON, Brother to Mistress Frankford	NICHOLAS,	} Household Servants to Frankford
SIR CHARLES MOUNTFORD	JENKIN,	
MASTER JOHN FRANKFORD	SPIGOT, Butler,	
MASTER MALBY, friend to Sir Francis	ROGER BRICKBAT,	} Country Fellows
MASTER WENDOLL, friend to Frankford	JACK SLIME,	
MASTER CRANWELL	MISTRESS ANNE FRANKFORD	
MASTER SHAFTON, false friend to Sir Charles	SUSAN, Sister to Sir Charles Mountford	
OLD MOUNTFORD, Uncle to Sir Charles	CICELY, Maid to Mistress Frankford	
MASTER SANDY	JOAN MINIVER,	} Country Wenches
MASTER RODER	JANE TRUBKIN,	
MASTER TIDY, Cousin to Sir Charles	ISBELL MOTLEY,	

Sheriff, Keeper of the Prison; Officers; Huntsmen, Falconers, Coachmen, Carters; Servants; Musicians, Children

Scene — Yorkshire]

THE PROLOGUE

I COME but as a harbinger, being sent
 To tell you what these preparations mean.
 Look for no glorious state, our Muse is bent
 Upon a barren subject, a bare scene
 We could afford this twig a timber-tree, 5
 Whose strength might boldly on your favours build;
 Our russet, tissue, drone, a honey-bee,
 Our barren plot, a large and spacious field,
 Our coarse fare, banquets, our thin water, wine,
 Our brook, a sea; our bat's eyes, eagle's sight, 10
 Our poet's dull and earthy Muse, divine,
 Our ravens, doves, our crow's black feathers, white.
 But gentle thoughts, when they may give the foil,
 Save them that yield, and spare where they may spoil.

[ACT I

SCENE I. — A Room in Frankford's House.]

Enter Master John Frankford, Mistress Anne, Sir Francis Acton, Sir Charles Mountford, Master Malby, Master Wendoll, and Master Cranwell

Francis. Some music, there! None lead the bride a dance?

Charles Yes, would she dance *The Shaking of the Sheets*,

But that 's the dance her husband means to lead her.

Wen That 's not the dance that every man must dance,

According to the ballad

Fran Music, ho! 5

By your leave, sister, — by your husband's leave,

I should have said, — the hand that but this day

Was given you in the church I 'll borrow. — Sound!

This marriage music hoists me from the ground.

Frank Ay, you may caper; you are light and free! 10

Prolog. ' could afford: would fain have ' russet: homespun cloth ' foil: defeat ' Shaking . . . Sheets: a popular ballad

Marriage hath yok'd my heels; pray pardon me

Fran. I'll have you dance too, brother!

Char. Master Frankford,

Y' are a happy man, sir, and much joy
Succeed your marriage mirth: you have a wife
So qualified, and with such ornaments 15
Both of the mind and body. First, her birth
Is noble, and her education such
As might become the daughter of a prince;
Her own tongue speaks all tongues, and her
own hand

Can teach all strings to speak in their best
grace, 20

From the shrill'st treble to the hoarsest base.

To end her many praises in one word,
She 's Beauty and Perfection's eldest daughter,
Only found by yours, though many a heart hath
sought her.

Frank. But that I know your virtues and
chaste thoughts, 25

I should be jealous of your praise, Sir Charles.

Cran. He speaks no more than you approve.

Mal. Nor flatters he that gives to her her due.

Anne. I would your praise could find a fitter
theme

Than my imperfect beauties to speak on! 30

Such as they be, if they my husband please,

They suffice me now I am married

His sweet content is like a flatt'ring glass,

To make my face seem fairer to mine eye;

But the least wrinkle from his stormy brow 35

Will blast the roses in my cheeks that grow

Fran. A perfect wife already, meek and
patient!

How strangely the word husband fits your
mouth,

Not married three hours since! Sister, 't is
good; 39

You that begin betimes thus must needs prove
Pliant and duteous in your husband's love —
Gramercies, brother! Wrought her to 't al-
ready, —

'Sweet husband,' and a curtesy, the first day?

Mark this, mark this, you that are bachelors,

And never took the grace of honest man, 45

Mark this, against you marry, this one phrase.

'In a good time that man both wins and woos
That takes his wife down in her wedding shoes'

Frank. Your sister takes not after you, Sir
Francis

All his wild blood your father spent on you; 50
He got her in his age, when he grew civil.

All his mad tricks were to his land entail'd,

And you are heir to all; your sister, she

Hath to her dower her mother's modesty.

Char. Lord, sir, in what a happy state live
you! 55

This morning, which to many seems a burthen,
Too heavy to bear, is unto you a pleasure.

This lady is no clog, as many are;

She doth become you like a well-made suit,

In which the tailor hath us'd all his art; 60

Not like a thick coat of unseason'd frieze,

Forc'd on your back in summer. She 's no chain

To tie your neck, and curb ye to the yoke;

But she 's a chain of gold to adorn your neck.

You both adorn each other, and your hands, 65

Methinks, are matches. There 's equality

In this fair combination; y' are both scholars,

Both young, both being descended nobly.

There 's music in this sympathy; it carries

Consort and expectation of much joy, 70

Which God bestow on you from this first day

Until your dissolution, — that 's for aye!

Fran. We keep you here too long, good
brother Frankford.

Into the hall; away! Go cheer your guests

What! Bride and bridegroom both withdrawn
at once? 75

If you be miss'd, the guests will doubt their
welcome,

And charge you with unkindness

Frank. To prevent it,

I'll leave you here, to see the dance within.

Anne. And so will I

Exu [with Master Frankford]

Fran. To part you it were sin —

Now, gallants, while the town musicians 80

Finger their frets within, and the mad lads

And country lasses, every mother's child,

With nose-gays and bride-laces in their hats,

Dance all their country measures, rounds, and
jigs,

What shall we do? Hark! They 're all on the
hoigh; 85

They toil like mill-horses, and turn as round, —

Marry, not on the toe! Ay, and they caper,

Not without cutting; you shall see, to-morrow,

The hall-floor peck'd and dinted like a mill-stone,

Made with their high shoes Though their 90

skill be small,

Yet they tread heavy where their hobnails fall.

Char. Well, leave them to their sports! —

Sir Francis Acton,

I'll make a match with you! Meet me to-
morrow

At Chevy Chase; I'll fly my hawk with yours.

Fran. For what? For what?

Char. Why, for a hundred pound. 95

^a Gramercies: thanks ^a took the grace: attained the dignity ^a against: in expectation of the time when ^a takes . . . down: reduces to submission (a common proverb) ^a frieze: coarse cloth ^a Finger . . . frets: tune their instruments ^a bride-laces: streamers ^a on the hoigh: in a state of exultation ^a Not: ('But' Qq)

Fran. Pawn me some gold of that!

Char. Here are ten angels;

I 'll make them good a hundred pound to-morrow

Upon my hawk's wing

Fran. 'T is a match; 't is done.

Another hundred pound upon your dogs, —

Dare ye, Sir Charles?

Char. I dare; were I sure to lose, I durst do more than that. Here 's my hand, 101
The first course for a hundred pound!

Fran. A match

Wen. Ten angels on Sir Francis Acton's hawk;

As much upon his dogs!

Cran. I am for Sir Charles Mountford I have seen 105

His hawk and dog both tried. What! Clap ye hands,

Or is 't no bargain?

Wen. Yes, and stake them down
Were they five hundred, they were all my own

Fran. Be stirring early with the lark to-morrow,

I 'll rise into my saddle ere the sun 110
Rise from his bed

Char. If there you miss me, say

I am no gentleman! I 'll hold my day

Fran. It holds on all sides — Come, to-night let 's dance;

Early to-morrow let 's prepare to ride. 114
We 'd need be three hours up before the bride.

Exeunt

[SCENE II. — *Yard of the Same.*]

Enter Nick and Jenkin, Jack Slime, Roger Brickbat, with Country Wenches, and two or three Musicians

Jen. Come, Nick, take you Joan Miniver, to trace withal, Jack Slime, traverse you with Cicely Milkpail; I will take Jane Trubkin, and Roger Brickbat shall have Isbell Motley And now that they are busy in the parlour, come, 15 strike up; we 'll have a crash here in the yard.

Nich. My humour is not compendious dancing I possess not, though I can foot it, yet, since I am fallen into the hands of Cicely 10 Milkpail, I consent.

Slime. Truly, Nick, though we were never brought up like serving courtiers, yet we have been brought up with serving creatures, — ay, and God's creatures, too; for we have been 15 brought up to serve sheep, oxen, horses, hogs, and such like; and, though we be but country

fellows, it may be in the way of dancing we can do the horse-trick as well as the serving-men.

Brick. Ay, and the cross-point too. 20

Jen. O Slime! O Brickbat! Do not you know that comparisons are odious? Now we are odious ourselves, too, therefore there are no comparisons to be made betwixt us.

Nich. I am sudden, and not superfluous; 25 I am quarrelsome, and not seditious; I am peaceable, and not contentious; I am brief, and not compendious

Slime. Foot it quickly! If the music overcome not my melancholy, I shall quarrel; and if 30 they suddenly do not strike up, I shall presently strike thee down.

Jen. No quarrelling, for God's sake! Truly, if you do, I shall set a knave between ye.

Slime. I come to dance, not to quarrel. 35 Come, what shall it be? *Rogero?*

Jen. *Rogero?* No, we will dance *The Beginning of the World.*

Cicely. I love no dance so well as *John come kiss me now* 40

Nich. I that have ere now deserv'd a cushion, call for the Cushion-dance

Brick. For my part, I like nothing so well as *Tom Tyler*

Jen. No, we 'll have *The Hunting of the* 45 *Fox*

Slime. The Hay, the Hay! There 's nothing like the Hay.

Nich. I have said, do say, and will say again — 50

Jen. Every man agree to have it as Nick says! All Content

Nich. It hath been, it now is, and it shall be —

Cicely. What, Master Nicholas? What? 55 *Nich.* *Pul on your Smock o' Monday.*

Jen. So the dance will come cleanly off! Come, for God's sake, agree of something if you like not that, put it to the musicians, or let me speak for all, and we 'll have *Sellenger's* 60 *Round*

All That, that, that!

Nich. No, I am resolv'd thus it shall be; First take hands, then take ye to your heels.

Jen. Why, would ye have us run away? 65

Nich. No, but I would have you shake your heels — Music strike up!

They dance, Nick dancing, speaks stately and scurvily, the rest after the country fashion.

Jen. Hey! Lively, my lasses! Here 's a turn for thee! 70 *Exeunt.*

¹⁰⁰ angels: gold coins worth about ten shillings keep my engagement ¹ trace, traverse: dance

¹¹⁰ horse-trick, cross-point: steps in dancing

tunes) ^{42, 47} Cushion-dance, the Hay: popular dances ⁶⁷ S. D. scurvily: haughtily

¹⁰⁰ Clap ye hands: shake on it ¹¹⁰ hold my day:

⁶ crash: frolic ¹ compendious: all-embracing

³⁰⁻⁴¹ (The tunes named here were all familiar dance

[SCENE III. — *Chery Chase.*]

*Wind horns. Enter Sir Charles [Mountford],
Sir Francis [Acton], Malby, Cranwell,
Wendoll, Falconer, and Huntsmen*

Char. So; well cast off! Aloft, aloft! Well
flown!

Oh, now she takes her at the souse, and strikes
her

Down to the earth, like a swift thunder-clap.

Wen. She hath struck ten angels out of my
way.

Fran. A hundred pound from me. 5

Char. What, falconer!

Falc. At hand, sir!

Char. Now she hath seiz'd the fowl and
'gins to plume her,
Rebeck her not; rather stand still and check
her!

So, seize her gets, her jesses, and her bells! 10
Away!

Fran. My hawk kill'd, too

Char. Ay, but 't was at the querre,
Not at the mount like mine

Fran. Judgment, my masters'

Cran. Yours miss'd her at the ferre.

Wen. Ay, but our merlin first had plum'd
the fowl, 15

And twice renew'd her from the river too
Her bells, Sir Francis, had not both one weight,
Nor was one semi-tune above the other.
Methinks, these Milan bells do sound too full,
And spoil the mounting of your hawk

Char. 'T is lost. 20

Fran. I grant it not. Mine likewise seiz'd a
fowl

Within her talons, and you saw her paws
Full of the feathers; both her petty singles
And her long singles grip'd her more than other;
The terrials of her legs were stain'd with
blood, 25

Not of the fowl only; she did discomfit
Some of her feathers; but she brake away.
Come, come; your hawk is but a riffer.

Char. How!

Fran. Ay, and your dogs are trindle-tails
and curs.

Char. You stir my blood 30
You keep not one good hound in all your ken-
nel,

Nor one good hawk upon your perch.

Fran. How, knight!

Char. So, knight. You will not swagger,
sir?

Fran. Why, say I did?

Char. Why, sir,
I say you would gain as much by swagg'ring 35
As you have got by wagers on your dogs.
You will come short in all things

Fran. Not in this!
Now I 'll strike home [Strikes Sir Charles.]

Char. Thou shalt to thy long home,
Or I will want my will.

Fran. All they that love Sir Francis, follow
me! 40

Char. All that affect Sir Charles, draw on
my part!

Cran. On this side heaves my hand.

Wen. Here goes my heart.

*They divide themselves. Sir Charles,
Cranwell, Falconer, and Hunts-
man, fight against Sir Francis,
Wendoll, his Falconer and Hunts-
man, and Sir Charles hath the
better, and beats them away, killing
both of Sir Francis his men.
[Exeunt all except Sir Charles.]*

Char. My God, what have I done! What
have I done!

My rage hath plung'd into a sea of blood,
In which my soul lies drown'd. Poor inno-
cents, 45

For whom we are to answer! Well, 't is done,
And I remain the victor. A great conquest,
When I would give this right hand, nay, this
head,

To breathe in them new life whom I have
slain! —

Forgive me, God! 'Twas in the heat of
blood, 50

And anger quite removes me from myself
It was not I, but rage, did this vile murder;
Yet I, and not my rage, must answer it
Sir Francis Acton, he is fled the field;
With him all those that did partake his quarrel;
And I am left alone with sorrow dumb, 56
And in my height of conquest overcome.

Enter Susan

Susan. O God! My brother wounded
'mong the dead!

Unhappy jest, that in such earnest ends!
The rumour of this fear stretch'd to my ears, 60
And I am come to know if you be wounded

Char. Oh, sister, sister! Wounded at the
heart.

Susan. My God forbid!

Char. In doing that thing which he forbade,
I am wounded, sister.

* souse: swoop * plume: pluck * Rebeck: call back (?) 10 gets, jesses, bells: parts of the hawk's harness 12 querre: oblique attack (?) 14 ferre: further or higher point 16 renew'd: driven by a fresh attack 22 singles: toes 24 terrials: talons (?), straps holding bells (?) 26 riffer: bungler 28 trindle-tails: curly-tails 30 jest: ('jests' Qq)

Susan. I hope, not at the heart. 65

Char. Yes, at the heart.

Susan. O God! A surgeon, there!

Char. Call me a surgeon, sister, for my soul!
The sin of murder, it hath pierc'd my heart
And made a wide wound there, but for these
scratches,

They are nothing, nothing

Susan Charles, what have you done? 70
Sir Francis hath great friends, and will pursue
you

Unto the utmost danger of the law

Char My conscience is become mine enemy,
And will pursue me more than Acton can.

Susan. Oh, fly, sweet brother!

Char Shall I fly from thee? 75
Why, Sue, art weary of my company?

Susan Fly from your foe!

Char. You, sister, are my friend,
And flying you, I shall pursue my end.

Susan Your company is as my eyeball dear,
Being far from you, no comfort can be near 80
Yet fly to save your life! What would I care
To spend my future age in black despair,
So you were safe? And yet to live one week
Without my brother Charles, through every
cheek

My streaming tears would downwards run so
rank, 85

Till they could set on either side a bank,
And in the midst a channel, so my face
For two salt-water brooks shall still find place.

Char Thou shalt not weep so much; for I
will stay,

In spite of danger's teeth I 'll live with thee, 90
Or I 'll not live at all. I will not sell
My country and my father's patrimony,
Nor thy sweet sight, for a vain hope of life

Enter Sheriff, with Officers

Sher. Sir Charles, I am made the unwilling
instrument 95

Of your attach and apprehension.
I'm sorry that the blood of innocent men
Should be of you exacted It was told me
That you were guarded with a troop of friends,
And therefore I came thus arm'd.

Char Oh, Master Sheriff!
I came into the field with many friends, 100
But see, they all have left me; only one
Clings to my sad misfortune, my dear sister.
I know you for an honest gentleman;
I yield my weapons, and submit to you.
Convey me where you please!

Sher. To prison, then, 105
To answer for the lives of these dead men.

Susan. O God! O God!

Char Sweet sister, every strain
Of sorrow from your heart augments my pain;
Your grief abounds, and hits against my
breast.

Sher Sir, will you go?

Char. Even where it likes you best. 110
[*Exeunt.*]

[ACT II

SCENE I. — *Frankford's House.*]

Enter Master Frankford in a study

Frank. How happy am I amongst other men,
That in my mean estate embrace content!
I am a gentleman, and by my birth
Companion with a king; a king's no more.
I am possess'd of many fair revenues, 5
Sufficient to maintain a gentleman,
Touching my mind, I am studied in all arts,
The riches of my thoughts, and of my time
Have been a good proficient; but, the chief
Of all the sweet felicities on earth, 10
I have a fair, a chaste, and loving wife, —
Perfection all, all truth, all ornament.
If man on earth may truly happy be,
Of these at once possess'd, sure, I am he.

Enter Nicholas

Nich. Sir, there 's a gentleman attends with-
out 15

To speak with you

Frank On horseback?

Nich Yes, on horseback.

Frank Entreat him to alight, and I 'll
attend him.

Know'st thou him, Nick?

Nich Know him? Yes; his name 's Wendoll.
It seems, he comes in haste. his horse is booted
Up to the flank in mure, himself all spotted 20
And stain'd with plashing Sure, he rid in
fear,

Or for a wager. Horse and man both sweat;
I ne'er saw two in such a smoking heat.

Frank Entreat him in. about it instantly!
[*Exit Nicholas.*]

This Wendoll I have noted, and his carriage 25
Hath pleas'd me much, by observation
I have noted many good deserts in him.
He 's affable, and seen in many things;
Discourses well, a good companion;
And though of small means, yet a gentleman 30
Of a good house, somewhat press'd by want.
I have preferr'd him to a second place
In my opinion and my best regard.

" danger: penalty " rank: abundantly " Nor: ('No' Q 2) " attach: arrest " I: (Not
in Qq) 100 abounds: overflows 110 likes: pleases " Have . . . proficient: have made good use
10 booted: splashed 20 seen: skilled

Enter Wendoll, Mistress Frankford, and Nick

Anne. Oh, Master Frankford! Master Wendoll here

Brings you the strangest news that e'er you heard.

Frank. What news, sweet wife? What news, good Master Wendoll?

Wen. You knew the match made 'twixt Sir Francis Acton
And Sir Charles Mountford?

Frank. True, with their hounds and hawks.

Wen. The matches were both play'd.

Frank. Ha? And which won?

Wen. Sir Francis, your wife's brother, had the worst,

And lost the wager

Frank. Why, the worse his chance;
Perhaps the fortune of some other day
Will change his luck

Anne. Oh, but you hear not all.
Sir Francis lost, and yet was loath to yield
At length the two knights grew to difference,
From words to blows, and so to banding sides;
Where valorous Sir Charles slew, in his spleen,
Two of your brother's men, — his falconer,
And his good huntsman, whom he lov'd so well

More men were wounded, no more slain outright

Frank. Now, trust me, I am sorry for the knight.

But is my brother safe?

Wen. All whole and sound,
His body not being blemish'd with one wound.
But poor Sir Charles is to the prison led,
To answer at th' assize for them that 's dead.

Frank. I thank your pains, sir Had the news been better,
Your will was to have brought it, Master Wendoll

Sir Charles will find hard friends; his case is heinous

And will be most severely censur'd on
I'm sorry for him. Sir, a word with you!

I know you, sir, to be a gentleman
In all things; your possibility but mean.
Please you to use my table and my purse,
They are yours

Wen. O Lord, sir! I shall never deserve it

Frank. O sir, disparage not your worth too much:

You are full of quality and fair desert.
Choose of my men which shall attend on you,

And he is yours. I will allow you, sir,
Your man, your gelding, and your table, all
At my own charge, be my companion!

Wen. Master Frankford, I have oft been bound to you

By many favours, this exceeds them all,
That I shall never merit your least favour;
But when your last remembrance I forget,
Heaven at my soul exact that weighty debt!

Frank. There needs no protestation; for I know you

Virtuous, and therefore grateful — Prithee, Nan,

Use him with all thy loving'st courtesy!

Anne. As far as modesty may well extend,

It is my duty to receive your friend

Frank. To dinner! Come, sir, from this present day,

Welcome to me for ever! Come, away!

Exit [with Mistress Frankford and Wendoll]

Nich. I do not like this fellow by no means:
I never see him but my heart still earns
Zounds! I could fight with him, yet know not why;

The devil and he are all one in mine eye.

Enter Jenkin

Jen. O Nick! What gentleman is that that comes to lie at our house? My master allows him one to wait on him, and I believe it will fall to thy lot

Nich. I love my master, by these hilts, I do;
But rather than I'll ever come to serve him,
I'll turn away my master.

Enter Cicely

Cic. Nich'las! where are you, Nich'las? You must come in, Nich'las, and help the gentleman off with his boots

Nich. If I pluck off his boots, I'll eat the spurs,

And they shall stick fast in my throat like burrs

Cic. Then, Jenkin, come you!

Jen. Nay, 't is no boot for me to deny it. 100
My master hath given me a coat here, but he takes pains himself to brush it once or twice a day with a holly wand.

Cic. Come, come, make haste, that you may wash your hands again, and help to serve 105 in dinner!

Jen. You may see, my masters, though it be afternoon with you, 't is but early days with us, for we have not din'd yet Stay a little;

⁴⁴ banding: taking ⁴⁵ censur'd on: judged
accomplishments ⁴⁶ earns: grieves ¹⁰⁰ boot: use
attending an afternoon performance of the play)

I'll but go in and help to bear up the first ¹¹⁰
course, and come to you again presently.

Exeunt.

[SCENE II. — *The Prison.*]

Enter Malby and Cranwell

Mal This is the sessions-day; pray can you
tell me

How young Sir Charles hath sped? Is he ac-
quit,

Or must he try the law's strict penalty?

Cran He's clear'd of all, spite of his ene-
mies,

Whose earnest labour was to take his life ⁵

But in this suit of pardon he hath spent

All the revenues that his father left him,

And he is now turn'd a plain countryman,
Reform'd in all things See, sir, here he comes

Enter Sir Charles and his Keeper

Keep Discharge your fees, and you are then
at freedom. ¹⁰

Char. Here, Master Keeper, take the poor
remainder

Of all the wealth I have! My heavy foes

Have made my purse light, but, alas! to me

'T is wealth enough that you have set me free.

Mal God give you joy of your delivery! ¹⁵

I am glad to see you abroad, Sir Charles

Char. The poorest knight in England, Mas-
ter Malby

My life hath cost me all my patrimony

My father left his son. Well, God forgive them

That are the authors of my penury! ²⁰

Enter Shafton

Shaft Sir Charles! A hand, a hand! At
liberty?

Now, by the faith I owe, I am glad to see it

What want you? Wherein may I pleasure you?

Char Oh me! Oh, most unhappy gentle-
man!

I am not worthy to have friends stirr'd up, ²⁵
Whose hands may help me in this plunge of
want

I would I were in Heaven, to inherit there

Th' immortal birthright which my Saviour
keeps,

And by no unthrift can be bought and sold;

For here on earth what pleasures should we
trust! ³⁰

Shaft. To rid you from these contemplations,
Three hundred pounds you shall receive of me,

Nay, five for fail Come, sir, the sight of gold
Is the most sweet receipt for melancholy,

And will revive your spirits. You shall hold
law ³⁵

With your proud adversaries. Tush! let Frank
Acton

Wage, with his knighthood, like expense with
me,

And a' will sink, he will. — Nay, good Sir
Charles,

Applaud your fortune and your fair escape

From all these perils

Char Oh, sir! they have undone me ⁴⁰

Two thousand and five hundred pound a year

My father at his death possess'd me of;

All which the envious Acton made me spend;

And, notwithstanding all this large expense,

I had much ado to gain my liberty, ⁴⁵

And I have only now a house of pleasure,

With some five hundred pounds reserv'd,

Both to maintain me and my loving sister

Shaft [*Aside*] That must I have, it lies con-
venient for me.

If I can fasten but one finger on him, ⁵⁰

With my full hand I'll gripe him to the heart

'T is not for love I proffer'd him this coin,

But for my gain and pleasure — Come, Sir
Charles,

I know you have need of money, take my offer.

Char Sir, I accept it, and remain indebted

Even to the best of my unable power ⁵⁶

Come, gentlemen, and see it tend'red down!

[*Exeunt*]

[SCENE III — *Frankford's House*]

Enter Wendoll, melancholy

Wen I am a villain, if I apprehend

But such a thought! Then, to attempt the
deed,

Slave, thou art damn'd without redemption —

I'll drive away this passion with a song

A song! Ha, ha! A song! As if, fond man, ⁵

Thy eyes could swim in laughter, when thy
soul

Lies drench'd and drowned in red tears of
blood!

I'll pray, and see if God within my heart

Plant better thoughts Why, prayers are medi-
tations,

And when I meditate (oh, God forgive me!) ¹⁰

It is on her divine perfections

I will forget her, I will arm myself

Not t' entertain a thought of love to her;

And, when I come by chance into her presence,
I'll hale these balls until my eye-strings

crack, ¹⁵

From being pull'd and drawn to look that way.

¹ sped: fared ² suit of: attempt to get ³ Reform'd: transformed ⁴ unthrift: spendthrift
⁵ for fail: to prevent failure ⁶ with him: ('with' not in Qq) ⁷ unable: feeble ⁸ tend'red
down: paid ⁹ apprehend: conceive ¹⁰ fond: foolish ¹¹ hale: hold

*Enter, over the Stage, Frankford, his Wife,
and Nick [and exeunt]*

O God, O God! With what a violence
I'm hurried to mine own destruction!
There goest thou, the most perfect'st man
That ever England bred a gentleman, 20
And shall I wrong his bed? — Thou God of
thunder!

Stay, in Thy thoughts of vengeance and of
wrath,

Thy great, almighty, and all-judging hand
From speedy execution on a villain, —
A villain and a traitor to his friend 25

Enter Jenkin

Jen. Did your worship call?

Wen. He doth maintain me; he allows me
largely
Money to spend.

Jen. [*Aside*] By my faith, so do not you me
I cannot get a cross of you. 30

Wen. My gelding, and my man

Jen. [*Aside*] That's Sorrel and I

Wen. This kindness grows of no alliance
'twixt us

Jen. [*Aside*] Nor is my service of any great
acquaintance.

Wen. I never bound him to me by desert. 35
Of a mere stranger, a poor gentleman,
A man by whom in no kind he could gain,
And he hath plac'd me in his highest thoughts,
Made me companion with the best and chiefest
In Yorkshire. He cannot eat without me, 40
Nor laugh without me; I am to his body
As necessary as his digestion,
And equally do make him whole or sick.
And shall I wrong this man? Base man! In-
grate!

Hast thou the power, straight with thy gory
hands, 45

To rip thy image from his bleeding heart,
To scratch thy name from out the holy
book

Of his remembrance, and to wound his name
That holds thy name so dear? Or rend his
heart

To whom thy heart was knit and join'd to-
gether? — 50

And yet I must. Then Wendoll, be content!
Thus villains, when they would, cannot repent.

Jen. What a strange humour is my new mas-
ter in! Pray God he be not mad; if he should
be so, I should never have any mind to serve 55
him in Bedlam It may be he's mad for miss-
ing of me.

Wen. What, Jenkin! Where's your mis-
tress?

Jen. Is your worship married? 60

Wen. Why dost thou ask?

Jen. Because you are my master, and if I
have a mistress, I would be glad, like a good
servant, to do my duty to her

Wen. I mean Mistress Frankford. 65

Jen. Marry, sir, her husband is riding out of
town, and she went very lovingly to bring him
on his way to horse Do you see, sir? Here she
comes, and here I go

Wen. Vanish! [*Exit Jenkin*] 70

Enter Mistress Frankford

Anne. Y' are well met, sir, now, in troth.

My husband,

Before he took horse, had a great desire
To speak with you, we sought about the house,
Halloo'd into the fields, sent every way,
But could not meet you. Therefore, he enjoind'
me 75

To do unto you his most kind commends, —
Nay, more, he wills you, as you prize his love,
Or hold in estimation his kind friendship,
To make bold in his absence, and command
Even as himself were present in the house; 80
For you must keep his table, use his servants,
And be a present Frankford in his absence

Wen. I thank him for his love —

[*Aside*] Give me a name, you, whose infec-
tious tongues

Are tipp'd with gall and poison: as you would
Think on a man that had your father slain, 86
Murd'ed your children, made your wives base
strumpets,

So call me, call me so, print in my face
The most stigmatic title of a villain,
For hatching treason to so true a friend! 90

Anne. Sir, you are much beholding to my
husband;

You are a man most dear in his regard

Wen. I am bound unto your husband, and
you too

[*Aside*] I will not speak to wrong a gentleman
Of that good estimation, my kind friend. 95

I will not; zounds! I will not I may choose,
And I will choose. Shall I be so misled,
Or shall I purchase to my father's crest

The motto of a villain? If I say
I will not do it, what thing can enforce me? 100
What can compel me? What sad destiny
Hath such command upon my yielding
thoughts?

I will not; — ha! Some fury pricks me on;
The swift fates drag me at their chariot wheel,

³⁰ cross: piece of money
the hospital for the insane
³¹ purchase: add

³² alliance: relationship
³³ stigmatic: branding with ignominy

³⁴ kind: way
³⁵ whole: well
³⁶ Bedlam:
³⁷ estimation: reputation

And hurry me to mischief. Speak I must. 105
Injure myself, wrong her, deceive his trust!

Anne. Are you not well, sir, that ye seem
thus troubled?

There is sedition in your countenance.

Wen. And in my heart, fair angel, chaste
and wise. 109

I love you! Start not, speak not, answer not;
I love you, — nay, let me speak the rest,
Bid me to swear, and I will call to record
The host of Heaven.

Anne. The host of Heaven forbid
Wendoll should hatch such a disloyal thought!

Wen. Such is my fate; to this suit was I
born, 115

To wear rich pleasure's crown, or fortune's
scorn

Anne. My husband loves you.

Wen. I know it

Anne. He esteems you,
Even as his brain, his eye-ball, or his heart

Wen. I have tried it

Anne. His purse is your exchequer, and his
table 120

Doth freely serve you

Wen. So I have found it.

Anne. Oh! With what face of brass, what
brow of steel,

Can you, unblushing, speak this to the face
Of the espous'd wife of so dear a friend? 124
It is my husband that maintains your state. —
Will you dishonour him? I am his wife,
That in your power hath left his whole affairs.
It is to me you speak.

Wen. O speak no more;

For more than this I know, and have recorded
Within the red-leav'd table of my heart. 130

Fair, and of all belov'd, I was not fearful
Bluntly to give my life into your hand,
And at one hazard all my earthly means.

Go, tell your husband; he will turn me off,
And I am then undone. I care not, I, 135

'T was for your sake. Perchance, in rage he 'll
kill me,

I care not, 't was for you. Say I incur
The general name of villain through the world,

Of traitor to my friend, I care not, I.
Beggary, shame, death, scandal, and re-
proach, — 140

For you I 'll hazard all. Why, what care I?

For you I 'll live, and in your love I 'll die

Anne. You move me, sir, to passion and to
pity

The love I bear my husband is as precious
As my soul's health.

Wen. I love your husband too, 145

And for his love I will engage my life

Mistake me not, the augmentation
Of my sincere affection borne to you
Doth no whit lessen my regard of him.
I will be secret, lady, close as night; 150
And not the light of one small glorious star
Shall shine here in my forehead, to bewray
That act of night.

Anne. What shall I say?
My soul is wand'ring, hath lost her way.
Oh, Master Wendoll! Oh!

Wen. Sigh not, sweet saint; 155
For every sigh you breathe draws from my
heart

A drop of blood

Anne. I ne'er offended yet:
My fault, I fear, will in my brow be writ.
Women that fall, not quite bereft of grace,
Have their offences noted in their face. 160
I blush, and am asham'd. Oh, Master Wen-
doll,

Pray God I be not born to curse your tongue,
That hath enchanted me! This maze I am in
I fear will prove the labyrinth of sin.

Enter Nick [behind]

Wen. The path of pleasure and the gate to
bliss, 165

Which on your lips I knock at with a kiss!

Nick. I 'll kill the rogue

Wen. Your husband is from home, your bed's
no blab

Nay, look not down and blush!

Exit [with Mistress Frankford].

Nick. Zounds! I 'll stab.
Ay, Nick, was it thy chance to come just in the
nick? 170

I love my master, and I hate that slave;
I love my mistress, but these tricks I like not.
My master shall not pocket up this wrong;
I 'll eat my fingers first. What say'st thou,
metal? 175

Does not that rascal Wendoll go on legs 175
That thou must cut off? Hath he not ham-
strings

That thou must hough? Nay, metal, thou shalt
stand

To all I say. I 'll henceforth turn a spy,
And watch them in their close conveyances.

I never look'd for better of that rascal, 180
Since he came miching first into our house.

It is that Satan hath corrupted her;
For she was fair and chaste. I 'll have an
eye

In all their gestures Thus I think of them:
If they proceed as they have done before, 185

Wendoll's a knave, my mistress is a — *Exit.*

¹³⁰ table: notebook ¹⁴⁸ live: ('love' Q 2)

¹⁷⁷ hough: cut ¹⁷⁹ close conveyances: secret doings

¹⁴⁸ passion: compassion

¹⁸¹ miching: sneaking

¹⁸³ glorious: boastful

[ACT III]

SCENE I. — *Sir Charles Mountford's House.**Enter [Sir] Charles and Susan**Char.* Sister, you see we are driven to hard shift,

To keep this poor house we have left unsold.
 I am now enforc'd to follow husbandry,
 And you to milk; and do we not live well?
 Well, I thank God

Susan. Oh, brother! here 's a change, s
 Since old Sir Charles died in our father's house

Char. All things on earth thus change,
 some up, some down,
 Content 's a kingdom, and I wear that crown.

Enter Shafton, with a Sergeant

Shaft. Good morrow, morrow, Sir Charles!
 What! With your sister,
 Plying your husbandry? — Sergeant, stand
 off! — 10

You have a pretty house here, and a garden,
 And goodly ground about it Since it lies
 So near a lordship that I lately bought,
 I would fain buy it of you. I will give you —

Char. Oh, pardon me; this house successively
 Hath long'd to me and my progenitors 16
 Three hundred years. My great-great-grand-
 father,

He in whom first our gentle style began,
 Dwelt here, and in this ground increas'd this
 mole-hill

Unto that mountain which my father left me.
 Where he the first of all our house began, 21
 I now the last will end, and keep this house, —
 This virgin title, never yet deflower'd
 By any unthrift of the Mountfords' line.
 In brief, I will not sell it for more gold 25
 Than you could hide or pave the ground withal.

Shaft. Ha, ha! a proud mind and a beggar's
 purse!

Where 's my three hundred pounds, besides the
 use? —

I have brought it to an execution 29
 By course of law What! Is my monies ready?

Char. An execution, sir, and never tell me
 You put my bond in suit? You deal extremely.

Shaft. Sell me the land, and I 'll acquit you
 straight

Char. Alas, alas! 'T is all trouble hath left
 me

To cherish me and my poor sister's life 35
 If this were sold, our names should then be
 quite

Raz'd from the bead-roll of gentility.
 You see what hard shift we have made to keep it

Allied still to our name. This palm you see,
 Labour hath glow'd within; her silver brow, 40
 That never tasted a rough winter's blast
 Without a mask or fan, doth with a grace
 Defy cold winter, and his storms outface.

Susan Sir, we feed sparing, and we labour
 hard,

We lie uneasy, to reserve to us 45
 And our succession this small spot of ground.

Char. I have so bent my thoughts to hus-
 bandry,

That I protest I scarcely can remember
 What a new fashion is; how silk or satin
 Feels in my hand Why, pride is grown to us 50
 A mere, mere stranger I have quite forgot
 The names of all that ever waited on me.
 I cannot name ye any of my hounds,
 Once from whose echoing mouths I heard all
 music

That e'er my heart desir'd What should I
 say? 55

To keep this place, I have chang'd myself
 away

Shaft. Arrest him at my suit! — Actions and
 actions

Shall keep thee in continual bondage fast;
 Nay, more, I 'll sue thee by a late appeal,
 And call thy former life in question 60
 The keeper is my friend, thou shalt have irons,
 And usage such as I 'll deny to dogs. —
 Away with him!

Char Ye are too timorous.

But trouble is my master,
 And I will serve him truly. — My kind sister,
 Thy tears are of no force to mollify 66
 This flinty man Go to my father's brother,
 My kinsmen, and allies, entreat them for me,
 To ransom me from this injurious man
 That seeks my ruin.

Shaft. Come, irons, irons! Come, away, 70
 I 'll see thee lodg'd far from the sight of day.

[*Exeunt except Susan*]

Susan. My heart 's so hard'ned with the frost
 of grief,

Death cannot pierce it through — Tyrant too
 fell!

So lead the fiends condemned souls to hell.

Enter [Sir Francis] Acton and Malby

Fran. Again to prison! Malby, hast thou
 seen 75

A poor slave better tortur'd? Shall we hear
 The music of his voice cry from the grate,
Meat, for the Lord's sake? No, no; yet, I am not
 Thoroughly reveng'd. They say, he hath a
 pretty wench

¹⁶ long'd: belonged ¹⁸ gentle style: rank as gentlefolk ²⁹ use: interest ³² extremely: rigorously
³⁵ names: ('meanes' Qq) ³⁷ bead-roll: list (originally of those to be prayed for) ⁴⁶ suc-
 cession: descendants ⁴⁸ timorous: dreadful, terrible ⁷⁰ Thoroughly: thoroughly

To his sister; shall I, in mercy-sake 80
 To him and to his kindred, bribe the fool
 To shame herself by lewd, dishonest lust?
 I'll proffer largely, but, the deed being done,
 I'll smile to see her base confusion

Mal. Methinks, Sir Francis, you are full re-
 veng'd 85

For greater wrongs than he can proffer you
 See where the poor sad gentlewoman stands!

Fran. Ha, ha! Now will I flout her poverty,
 Deride her fortunes, scoff her base estate;
 My very soul the name of Mountford hates 90
 But stay, my heart! Oh, what a look did fly
 To strike my soul through with thy piercing eye!
 I am enchanted, all my spirits are fled
 And with one glance my envious spleen struck
 dead

Susan Acton! That seeks our blood!

Runs away.

Fran. O chaste and fair! 95

Mal. Sir Francis! Why, Sir Francis! in a
 trance?

Sir Francis! What cheer, man? Come, come,
 how is 't?

Fran. Was she not fair? Or else this judg-
 ing eye

Cannot distinguish beauty

Mal. She was fair 99

Fran. She was an angel in a mortal's shape,
 And ne'er descended from Old Mountford's line
 But soft, soft, let me call my wits together!
 A poor, poor wench, to my great adversary
 Sister, whose very souls denounce stern war
 Each against other! How now, Frank, turn'd
 fool 105

Or madman, whether? But no! Master of
 My perfect senses and directest wits.
 Then why should I be in this violent humour
 Of passion and of love? And with a person
 So different every way, and so oppos'd 110
 In all contractions and still-warring actions?
 Fie, fie! How I dispute against my soul!
 Come, come; I'll gain her, or in her fair quest
 Purchase my soul free and immortal rest

[*Exeunt*]

[SCENE II. — *Frankford's House*]

*Enter three or four Serving-men, one with a
 voder and a wooden knife, to take away,
 another the salt and bread, another the
 table-cloth and napkins, another the carpet,
 Jenkin with two lights after them*

Jen So; march in order, and retire in
 battle array! My master and the guests have

supp'd already; all 's taken away. Here, now,
 spread for the serving-men in the hall! — But-
 ler, it belongs to your office. 5

But I know it, Jenkin. What d' ye call the
 gentleman that supp'd there to-night?

Jen. Who? My master?

But. No, no, Master Wendoll, he 's a daily
 guest I mean the gentleman that came 10
 but this afternoon

Jen His name 's Master Cranwell. God's
 light! Hark, within there, my master calls to
 lay more billets upon the fire Come, come!
 Lord, how we that are in office here in the 15
 house are troubled! One spread the carpet in
 the parlour, and stand ready to snuff the lights;
 the rest be ready to prepare their stomachs!
 More lights in the hall, there! Come, Nicholas.

Exeunt [all but Nicholas].

Nick I cannot eat, but had I Wendoll's
 heart, 20

I would eat that The rogue grows impudent,
 Oh! I have seen such vild, notorious tricks,
 Ready to make my eyes dart from my head.

I'll tell my master, by this air, I will,
 Fall what may fall, I'll tell him. Here he
 comes. 25

*Enter Master Frankford, as if were brushing
 the crumbs from his clothes with a napkin, as
 newly risen from supper*

Frank. Nicholas, what make you here? Why
 are not you

At supper in the hall, among your fellows?

Nick Master, I stay'd your rising from the
 board,

To speak with you

Frank Be brief then, gentle Nicholas;
 My wife and guests attend me in the parlour. 30
 Why dost thou pause? Now, Nicholas, you
 want money,

And, unthrift-like, would eat into your wages
 Ere you have earn'd it Here, sir, 's half-a-
 crown,

Play the good husband, — and away to supper!

Nick By this hand, an honourable gentle-
 man! I will not see him wrong'd — 35

Sir, I have serv'd you long, you entertain'd me
 Seven years before your beard, you knew me,
 sir,

Before you knew my mistress

Frank What of this, good Nicholas?

Nick I never was a make-bate or a knave; 40
 I have no fault but one — I'm given to quarrel,
 But not with women I will tell you, master,

⁸⁰ mercy-: ('my mercy' Q 2) ⁸⁵ hates: ('hate' Q 2) ⁹¹ Oh: ('or' Q 2) ¹⁰⁸ whether: which
¹¹¹ contractions: legal transactions Sc II s D voder: tray or basket for removing the remains of a
 meal carpet: table-cloth ¹⁴ billets: logs ¹⁸ stomachs: appetites ²² vild: vile ³⁸ make: do
³⁹ attend: await ⁴⁴ husband: economist ⁴⁵ entertain'd: took into service ⁴⁹ make-bate: maker
 of quarrels

That which will make your heart leap from
your breast,
Your hair to startle from your head, your ears
to tingle.

Frank. What preparation 's this to dismal
news? 45

Nich. 'Sblood! sir, I love you better than
your wife.

I 'll make it good

Frank. Y' are a knave, and I have much
ado

With wonted patience to contain my rage,
And not to break thy pate. Th' art a knave. 50
I 'll turn you, with your base comparisons,
Out of my doors.

Nich. Do, do

There is not room for Wendoll and me too,
Both in one house O master, master,
That Wendoll is a villain!

Frank. Ay, saucy? 55

Nich. Strike, strike, do strike; yet hear me!

I am no fool;

I know a villain, when I see him act
Deeds of a villain Master, master, that base
slave

Enjoys my mistress, and dishonours you

Frank. Thou hast kill'd me with a weapon,
whose sharp point 60

Hath prick'd quite through and through my
shiv'ring heart.

Drops of cold sweat sit dangling on my hairs,
Like morning's dew upon the golden flowers,
And I am plung'd into strange agonies.

What did'st thou say? If any word that
touch'd 65

His credit, or her reputation,
It is as hard to enter my belief,
As Dives into heaven

Nich. I can gain nothing.

They are two that never wrong'd me I knew
before

'T was but a thankless office, and perhaps 70
As much as is my service, or my life
Is worth. All this I know, but this, and more,
More by a thousand dangers, could not hire me
To smother such a heinous wrong from you
I saw, and I have said. 75

Frank. [*Aside.*] 'T is probable Though blunt,
yet he is honest

Though I durst pawn my life, and on their
faith

Hazard the dear salvation of my soul,
Yet in my trust I may be too secure.
May this be true? Oh, may it? Can it be? 80
Is it by any wonder possible?

Man, woman, what thing mortal can we trust,

When friends and bosom wives prove so un-
just? —

What instance hast thou of this strange report?

Nich. Eyes, master, eyes. 85

Frank. Thy eyes may be deceiv'd, I tell
thee;

For should an angel from the heavens drop
down,

And preach this to me that thyself hast told,
He should have much ado to win belief;

In both their loves I am so confident. 90

Nich. Shall I discourse the same by circum-
stance?

Frank. No more! To supper, and command
your fellows

To attend us and the strangers! Not a word,
I charge thee, on thy life! Be secret then,

For I know nothing. 95

Nich. I am dumb, and, now that I have
eas'd my stomach,

I will go fill my stomach *Exit.*

Frank. Away! Begone! —

She is well born, descended nobly,
Virtuous her education, her repute

Is in the general voice of all the country 100

Honest and fair, her carriage, her demeanour,

In all her actions that concern the love

To me her husband, modest, chaste, and godly

Is all this seeming gold plain copper?

But he, that Judas that hath borne my purse,

Hath sold me for a sin O God! O God! 106

Shall I put up these wrongs? No! Shall I trust

The bare report of this suspicious groom,

Before the double-gilt, the well-hatch'd ore

Of their two hearts? No, I will lose these
thoughts, 110

Distraction I will banish from my brow,
And from my looks exile sad discontent

Their wonted favours in my tongue shall
flow;

Till I know all, I 'll nothing seem to know —

Lights and a table there! Wife, Master
Wendoll, 115

And gentle Master Cranwell!

*Enter Mistress Frankford, Master Wendoll,
Master Cranwell, Nick, and Jenkin with
cards, carpets, stools, and other necessities*

Frank. O! Master Cranwell, you are a
stranger here,

And often balk my house; faith, y' are a
churl! —

Now we have supp'd, a table, and to cards!

Jen. A pair of cards, Nicholas, and a carpet
to cover the table! Where 's Cicely, with her [121
counters and her box? Candles and candlesticks,

⁴⁴ instance: evidence ⁵¹ by circumstance: in detail ⁵⁸ stomach: resentment ¹⁰⁷ put up:
put up with ¹⁰⁹ double-gilt: pure gold well-hatch'd: richly inlaid ¹¹⁰ balk: avoid ¹¹⁰ pair:
pack

there! Fie! We have such a household of serving-creatures! Unless it be Nick and I, there's not one amongst them all that can say boo to a goose. — Well said, Nick!

They spread a carpet - set down lights and cards.

Anne. Come, Master Frankford, who shall take my part?

Frank Marry, that will I, sweet wife.

Wen. No, by my faith, when you are together, I sit out. It must be Mistress Frankford and I, or else it is no match.

Frank. I do not like that match.

Nich [*Aside*] You have no reason, marry, knowing all

Frank 'T is no great matter, neither — Come, Master Cranwell, shall you and I take them up?

Cran. At your pleasure, sir

Frank I must look to you, Master Wendoll, for you'll be playing false. Nay, so will my wife, too

Nich. [*Aside*] I will be sworn she will

Anne Let them that are taken false, forfeit the set!

Frank Content, it shall go hard but I'll take you

Cran Gentlemen, what shall our game be?

Wen Master Frankford, you play best at noddly

Frank. You shall not find it so, indeed, you shall not

Anne I can play at nothing so well as double-ruff

Frank If Master Wendoll and my wife be together, there's no playing against them at double-hand.

Nich I can tell you, sir, the game that Master Wendoll is best at

Wen What game is that, Nick?

Nich. Marry, sir, knave out of doors

Wen She and I will take you at lodam

Anne Husband, shall we play at saint?

Frank [*Aside*] My saint's turn'd devil — No, we'll none of saint

You are best at new-cut, wife, you'll play at that

Wen If you play at new-cut, I'm soonest hitter of any here, for a wager

Frank [*Aside*] 'T is me they play on —

Well, you may draw out;

For all your cunning, 't will be to your shame, I'll teach you, at your new-cut, a new game. Come, come!

Cran If you cannot agree upon the game, To post and pair!

Wen We shall be soonest pairs; and my good host,

When he comes late home, he must kiss the post

Frank Whoever wins, it shall be to thy cost

Cran Faith, let it be vide-ruff, and let's make honours!

Frank If you make honours, one thing let me crave

Honour the king and queen, except the knave

Wen Well, as you please for that — Lift, who shall deal?

Anne The least in sight. What are you, Master Wendoll?

Wen I am a knave

Nich [*Aside*] I'll swear it.

Anne I am queen.

Frank [*Aside*] A quean, thou should'st say. — Well, the cards are mine

They are the grossest pair that e'er I felt.

Anne Shuffle, I'll cut. would I had never dealt!

Frank I have lost my dealing

Wen Sir, the fault's in me; This queen I have more than mine own, you see

Give me the stock!

Frank My mind's not on my game.

Many a deal I've lost, the more's your shame. You have serv'd me a bad trick, Master Wendoll

Wen Sir, you must take your lot. To end this strife,

I know I have dealt better with your wife

Frank Thou hast dealt falsely, then

Anne What's trumps?

Wen Hearts. Partner, I rub

Frank [*Aside*] Thou robb'st me of my soul, of her chaste love,

In thy false dealing thou hast robb'd my heart —

Booty you play, I like a loser stand, Having no heart, or here or in my hand.

I will give o'er the set, I am not well. Come, who will hold my cards?

Anne Not well, sweet Master Frankford?

Alas, what ail you? 'T is some sudden qualm.

Wen How long have you been so, Master Frankford?

Frank Sir, I was lusty, and I had my health, But I grew ill when you began to deal. —

Take hence this table! — Gentle Master Cranwell,

¹²⁸ take my part: be my partner ¹²⁷⁻¹²⁸ take . . . up: play against them ¹²⁸ hitter: winner
¹⁷¹ kiss the post: be shut out ¹⁷² Lift: cut ¹⁷³ quean: hussy ¹⁸⁴ stock: kitty ¹⁸¹ rub: take
all the cards of one suit ¹⁹⁴ Booty you play: You unite to play false.

Y' are welcome; see your chamber at your pleasure!

I am sorry that this megrim takes me so, 205
I cannot sit and bear you company —
Jenkin, some lights, and show him to his chamber!

[*Exeunt Cranwell and Jenkin*]

Anne. A nightgown for my husband, quickly, there!

It is some rheum or cold

Wen

Now, in good faith,

This illness you have got by sitting late 210
Without your gown

Frank.

I know it, Master Wendoll

Go, go to bed, lest you complain like me! —
Wife, prithee, wife, into my bed-chamber!

The night is raw and cold, and rheumatic.

Leave me my gown and light; I 'll walk away
my fit 215

Wen. Sweet sir, good night!

Frank. Myself, good night! [*Exit Wendoll*]

Anne. Shall I attend you, husband?

Frank No, gentle wife, thou 'lt catch cold
in thy head

Prithee, begone, sweet, I 'll make haste to bed.

Anne No sleep will fasten on mine eyes,
you know, 220

Until you come.

Exit

Frank. Sweet Nan, I prithee, go! —

I have bethought me; get me by degrees
The keys of all my doors, which I will mould
In wax, and take their fair impression,
To have by them new keys This being compass'd, 225

At a set hour a letter shall be brought me,
And when they think they may securely play,
They nearest are to danger. — Nick, I must
rely

Upon thy trust and faithful secrecy

Nick Build on my faith!

Frank To bed, then, not to rest!

Care lodges in my brain, grief in my breast 231

[*Exeunt*]

[SCENE III — *Old Mountford's House*]

*Enter Sir Charles his Sister, Old Mountford,
Sandy, Roder, and Tidy*

Old Mount You say my nephew is in great
distress;

Who brought it to him but his own lewd life?
I cannot spare a cross. I must confess,
He was my brother's son; why, niece, what
then?

This is no world in which to pity men. 5

Susan. I was not born a beggar, though his
extremes

Enforce this language from me. I protest
No fortune of mine own could lead my tongue
To this base key. I do beseech you, uncle,

For the name's sake, for Christianity, — 10
Nay, for God's sake, to pity his distress.

He is deni'd the freedom of the prison,

And in the hole is laid with men condemn'd,

Plenty he hath of nothing but of irons,

And it remains in you to free him thence. 15

Old Mount Money I cannot spare, men
should take heed.

He lost my kindred when he fell to need. [*Exit.*]

Susan. Gold is but earth; thou earth enough
shalt have,

When thou hast once took measure of thy grave.

You know me, Master Sandy, and my suit 20

Sandy I knew you, lady, when the old man
liv'd,

I knew you ere your brother sold his land.

Then you were Mistress Sue, trick'd up in
jewels,

Then you sung well, play'd sweetly on the lute;
But now I neither know you nor your suit. 25

[*Exit*]

Susan You, Master Roder, was my brother's
tenant,

Rent-free he plac'd you in that wealthy farm,
Of which you are possessors'd

Roder.

True, he did,

And have I not there dwelt still for his sake?
I have some business now, but, without doubt,

They that have hurl'd him in, will help him
out 31

Susan Cold comfort still What say you,
cousin Tidy?

Tidy I say thus comes of roysting, swag-
g'ring

Call me not cousin, each man for himself!

Some men are born to mirth, and some to sor-
row. 35

I am no cousin unto them that borrow. *Exit.*

Susan O Charity, why art thou fled to
heaven,

And left all things on this earth uneven?

Their scoffing answers I will ne'er return,
But to myself his grief in silence mourn 40

Enter Sir Francis and Malby

Fran She is poor, I 'll therefore tempt her
with this gold

Go, Malby, in my name deliver it,

And I will stay thy answer.

Mal. Fair mistress, as I understand, your
grief

Doth grow from want, so I have here in store
A means to furnish you, a bag of gold, 46

Which to your hands I freely tender you.

²⁰⁸ nightgown: dressing-gown ¹⁸ hole: cell reserved for poorest prisoners ¹⁷ my kindred: relationship with me ³³ roysting: rioting

Susan. I thank you, Heavens! I thank you,
gentle sir:

God make me able to requite this favour!

Mal. This gold Sir Francis Acton sends by
me, 50

And prays you —

Susan. Acton? O God! That name I'm
born to curse.

Hence, bawd! hence, broker! See, I spurn his
gold.

My honour never shall for gain be sold

Fran Stay, lady, stay!

Susan. From you I'll posting hie, 55
Even as the doves from feather'd eagles fly.

Fran She hates my name, my face, how
should I woo? *Exit*

I am disgrac'd in everything I do.

The more she hates me, and disdains my love,

The more I am rapt in admiration 60

Of her divine and chaste perfections

Woo her with gifts I cannot, for all gifts

Sent in my name she spurns; with looks I cannot,

For she abhors my sight, nor yet with letters,
For none she will receive How then? how then?

Well, I will fasten such a kindness on her, 66

As shall o'ercome her hate and conquer it.

Sir Charles, her brother, lies in execution

For a great sum of money, and, besides,

The appeal is sued still for my huntsmen's
death, 70

Which only I have power to reverse

In her I'll bury all my hate of him. —

Go seek the Keeper, Malby, bring him to me!

To save his body, I his debts will pay, 74

To save his life, I his appeal will stay. [*Exeunt.*]

[ACT IV

SCENE I — *York Castle.*]

*Enter Sir Charles [Mountford], in prison,
with irons, his feet bare, his garments all
ragged and torn*

Char Of all on the earth's face most miserable,

Breathe in this hellish dungeon thy laments!

Thus like a slave ragg'd, like a felon giv'd, —

That hurls thee headlong to this base estate

Oh, unkind uncle! Oh, my friends ingrate! 5

Unthankful kinsmen! Mountford 's all too base,

To let thy name be fetter'd in disgrace.

A thousand deaths here in this grave I die,

Fear, hunger, sorrow, cold, all threat my death,

And join together to deprive my breath 10

But that which most torments me, my dear
sister

Hath left to visit me, and from my friends
Hath brought no hopeful answer; therefore, I
Divine they will not help my misery.

If it be so, shame, scandal, and contempt 15
Attend their covetous thoughts; need make
their graves!

Usurers they live, and may they die like slaves!

Enter Keeper

Keep. Knight, be of comfort, for I bring thee
freedom

From all thy troubles

Char Then, I am doom'd to die:
Death is the end of all calamity. 20

Keep Live! Your appeal is stay'd, the execution

Of all your debts discharg'd, your creditors

Even to the utmost penny satisfied.

In sign whereof your shackles I knock off.

You are not left so much indebted to us 25

As for your fees; all is discharg'd, all paid.

Go freely to your house, or where you please;

After long miseries, embrace your ease.

Char Thou grumblest out the sweetest
music to me

That ever organ play'd — Is this a dream? 30
Or do my waking senses apprehend

The pleasing taste of these applausive news?

Slave that I was, to wrong such honest friends,
My loving kinsmen, and my near allies! 34

Tongue, I will bite thee for the scandal breath'd
Against such faithful kinsmen; they are all

Compos'd of pity and compassion,

Of melting charity and of moving ruth.

That which I spake before was in my rage;

They are my friends, the mirrors of this age; 40
Bounteous and free The noble Mountfords'

race

Ne'er bred a covetous thought, or humour base.

Enter Susan

Susan. I can no longer stay from visiting
My woful brother While I could, I kept

My hapless tidings from his hopeful ear. 45

Char Sister, how much am I indebted to
thee

And to thy travail!

Susan What, at liberty?

Char. Thou seest I am, thanks to thy industry.

Oh! Unto which of all my courteous friends
Am I thus bound? My uncle Mountford, he 50

Even of an infant lov'd me; was it he?

So did my cousin Tidy; was it he?

So Master Roder, Master Sandy, too.

Which of all these did this high kindness do?

Susan. Charles, can you mock me in your
poverty, 55

Knowing your friends deride your misery?
Now, I protest I stand so much amaz'd,
To see your bonds free, and your irons knock'd
off,

That I am rapt into a maze of wonder;
The rather for I know not by what means 60
This happiness hath chanc'd

Char. Why, by my uncle,
My cousins, and my friends; who else, I pray,
Would take upon them all my debts to pay?

Susan Oh, brother! they are men made all
of flint,

Pictures of marble, and as void of pity 65
As chased bears. I begg'd, I sued, I kneel'd,
Laid open all your griefs and miseries,
Which they derided, more than that, deni'd us
A part in their alliance, but, in pride,
Said that our kindred with our plenty died 70

Char. Drudges too much, — what did they?
Oh, known evil!

Rich fly the poor, as good men shun the devil.
Whence should my freedom come? Of whom
alive,

Saving of those, have I deserv'd so well?
Guess, sister, call to mind, remember me! 75
These have I rais'd, they follow the world's
guise,

Whom rich they honour, they in woe despise.

Susan My wits have lost themselves; let 's
ask the keeper!

Char. Jailer!

Keep. At hand, sir. 80

Char Of courtesy resolve me one demand!

What was he took the burthen of my debts
From off my back, stay'd my appeal to death,
Discharg'd my fees, and brought me liberty?

Keep A courteous knight, and call'd Sir
Francis Acton 85

Char Ha! Acton! Oh me! More distress'd
in this

Than all my troubles! Hale me back,
Double my irons, and my sparing meals
Put into halves, and lodge me in a dungeon
More deep, more dark, more cold, more com-
fortless! 90

By Acton freed! Not all thy manacles
Could fetter so my heels, as this one word
Hath thrall'd my heart; and it must now lie
bound

In more strict prison than thy stony jail.
I am not free, I go but under bail. 95

Keep My charge is done, sir, now I have my
fees.

As we get little, we will nothing leese.

Char. By Acton freed, my dangerous oppo-
site!

Why, to what end? or what occasion? Ha!
Let me forget the name of enemy, 100
And with indifference balance this high favour!
Ha!

Susan [*Aside*] His love to me, upon my
soul, 't is so!

That is the root from whence these strange
things grow.

Char Had this proceeded from my father, he
That by the law of Nature is most bound 106
In offices of love, it had deserv'd
My best employment to requite that grace.

Had it proceeded from my friends, or him, 109
From them this action had deserv'd my life, —
And from a stranger more, because from such
There is less execution of good deeds.

But he, nor father, nor ally, nor friend,
More than a stranger, both remote in blood,
And in his heart oppos'd my enemy, 115
That this high bounty should proceed from
him, —

Oh! there I lose myself. What should I say,
What think, what do, his bounty to repay?

Susan You wonder, I am sure, whence this
strange kindness

Proceeds in Acton, I will tell you, brother 120
He dotes on me, and oft hath sent me gifts,
Letters, and tokens, I refus'd them all

Char I have enough, though poor my heart
is set,

In one rich gift to pay back all my debt

Exeunt.

[SCENE II — *Frankford's House.*]

*Enter Frankford and Nick, with keys and a
letter in his hand*

Frank This is the night that I must play my
part,

To try two seeming angels. — Where's my keys?
Nich They are made according to your
mould in wax

I bade the smith be secret, gave him money,
And here they are. The letter, sir! 5

Frank True, take it, there it is,
And when thou seest me in my pleasant'st vein,
Ready to sit to supper, bring it me!

Nich I'll do 't; make no more question,
but I'll do it *Exit.*

*Enter Mistress Frankford, Cranwell, Wendoll,
and Jenkin*

Anne. Sirrah, 't is six o'clock already
struck; 10

Go bid them spread the cloth, and serve in
supper!

⁶⁴ made: (Not in Qq) ⁷¹ Drudges too much: slaves too base ⁷⁵ remember: remind, tell
⁷⁷ rich they: ('rich in' Qq) ⁸³ What: who ⁹⁷ leese: lose ¹⁰¹ with . . . balance: weigh impar-
tially ¹⁰⁸ employment: effort

Jen It shall be done, forsooth, mistress
Where 's Spigot the butler, to give us our salt
and trenchers? 14

Wen. We that have been a-hunting all the day,
Come with prepared stomachs. — Master
Frankford,
We wush'd you at our sport.

Frank My heart was with you, and my
mind was on you. —
Fie, Master Cranwell! You are still thus sad —
A stool, a stool! Where 's Jenkin, and where 's
Nick? 20

'T is supper time at least an hour ago.
What 's the best news abroad?

Wen I know none good

Frank [*Aside*] But I know too much bad.

*Enter Butler and Jenkin, with a table-cloth,
bread, trenchers, and salt, [then exeunt]*

Cran. Methinks, sir, you might have that
interest 25

In your wife's brother, to be more remiss
In his hard dealing against poor Sir Charles,
Who, as I hear, lies in York Castle, needy
And in great want

Frank Did not more weighty business of
mine own 30

Hold me away, I would have labour'd peace
Betwixt them with all care, indeed I would, sir

Anne I 'll write unto my brother earnestly
In that behalf

Wen A charitable deed,
And will beget the good opinion 35
Of all your friends that love you, Mistress
Frankford

Frank That 's you, for one, I know you
love Sir Charles —

[*Aside*] And my wife too — well

Wen. He deserves the love
Of all true gentlemen, be yourselves judge!

Frank But supper, ho! — Now, as thou
lov'st me, Wendoll, 40

Which I am sure thou dost, be merry, pleasant,
And frolic it to-night! — Sweet Master Cran-
well,

Do you the like! — Wife, I protest, my heart
Was ne'er more bent on sweet alacrity.
Where be those lazy knaves to serve in supper?

Enter Nick

Nick. Here 's a letter, sir. 46

Frank. Whence comes it, and who brought it?

Nick A stripling that below attends your
answer,

And, as he tells me, it is sent from York.

Frank Have him into the cellar, let him
taste 50

A cup of our March beer; go, make him
drink!

Nick. I 'll make him drunk, if he be a Tro-
jan

Frank [*After reading the letter.*] My boots
and spurs! Where 's Jenkin? God forgive
me,

How I neglect my business! — Wife, look here!
I have a matter to be tri'd to-morrow 55
By eight o'clock, and my attorney writes me,
I must be there betimes with evidence,
Or it will go against me. Where 's my boots?

Enter Jenkin, with boots and spurs

Anne I hope your business craves no such
despatch,

That you must ride to-night?

Wen [*Aside*] I hope it doth.

Frank God's me! No such despatch? 61
Jenkin, my boots! Where 's Nick? Saddle my
roan,

And the grey dapple for himself! — Content ye,
It much concerns me — Gentle Master Cran-
well,

And Master Wendoll, in my absence use 65
The very ripest pleasures of my house!

Wen Lord! Master Frankford, will you ride
to-night?

The ways are dangerous.

Frank Therefore will I ride
Appointed well, and so shall Nick, my man.

Anne. I 'll call you up by five o'clock to-
morrow 70

Frank No, by my faith, wife, I 'll not trust
to that

'T is not such easy rising in a morning
From one I love so dearly No, by my faith,
I shall not leave so sweet a bedfellow,
But with much pain. You have made me a
luggard 75

Since I first knew you.

Anne Then, if you needs will go
This dangerous evening, Master Wendoll,
Let me entreat you bear him company.

Wen With all my heart, sweet mistress —
My boots, there!

Frank Fie, fie, that for my private business
I should disease a friend, and be a trouble 81
To the whole house! — Nick!

Nick Anon, sir!

Frank. Bring forth my gelding! — As you
love me, sir,
Use no more words: a hand, good Master Cran-
well!

Cran Sir, God be your good speed! 85

Frank. Good night, sweet Nan; nay, nay, a
kiss, and part!

¹⁴ interest: influence ²⁵ more remiss: less severe ³⁵ alacrity: merriment ⁴⁶ Trojan: good fellow
⁵⁵ Appointed: armed ⁶⁵ disease: inconvenience

[*Aside.*] Dissembling lips, you suit not with my heart.

Exit [with Nick].

Wen. [*Aside.*] How business, time, and hours, all gracious prove,

And are the furtherers to my new-born love!
I am husband now in Master Frankford's place,
And must command the house. — My pleasure is
We will not sup abroad so publicly, 92
But in your private chamber, Mistress Frankford.

Anne. Oh, sir! you are too public in your love,
And Master Frankford's wife —

Cran Might I crave favour,
I would entreat you I might see my chamber.
I am on the sudden grown exceeding ill, 97
And would be spar'd from supper

Wen. Light there, ho! —
See you want nothing, sir, for if you do,
You injure that good man, and wrong me too.

Cran I will make bold, good night! *Exit.*

Wen How all conspire
To make our bosom sweet, and full entire! 102
Come, Nan, I pr'ythee, let us sup within!

Anne Oh! what a clog unto the soul is sin!
We pale offenders are still full of fear; 105
Every suspicious eye brings danger near,
When they, whose clear hearts from offence
are free,

Despise report, base scandals do outface,
And stand at mere defiance with disgrace.

Wen Fie, fie! You talk too like a puritan.

Anne. You have tempted me to mischief,
Master Wendoll! 111

I have done I know not what. Well, you plead
custom;

That which for want of wit I granted erst,
I now must yield through fear Come, come,
let 's in;

Once o'er shoes, we are straight o'er head in
sin.

Wen My jocund soul is joyful beyond measure, 116

I'll be profuse in Frankford's richest treasure
Exeunt

[SCENE III — *Another Room in the House*]

Enter Cicely, Jenkin, and Buller

Jen My mistress and Master Wendoll, my
master, sup in her chamber to-night Cicely,
you are preferr'd, from being the cook, to be
chambermaid Of all the loves betwixt thee
and me, tell me what thou think'st of this? 5

Cic. Mum; there 's an old proverb, — when
the cat 's away, the mouse may play

Jen. Now you talk of a cat, Cicely, I smell a
rat

Cic. Good words, Jenkin, lest you be call'd [10
to answer them!

Jen Why, God make my mistress an honest
woman! Are not these good words? Pray God
my new master play not the knave with my old
master! Is there any hurt in this? God send [15
no villainy intended, and if they do sup to-
gether, pray God they do not lie together! God
make my mistress chaste, and make us all His
servants! What harm is there in all this? Nay,
more, here is my hand, thou shalt never have [20
my heart, unless thou say, Amen.

Cic. Amen; I pray God, I say.

Enter Serving-man

Serving-man My mistress sends that you
should make less noise, to lock up the doors,
and see the household all got to bed! You, [25
Jenkin, for this night are made the porter, to
see the gates shut in

Jen Thus by little and little I creep into
office. Come, to kennel, my masters, to kennel,
't is eleven o'clock already 30

Serving-man When you have lock'd the gates
in, you must send up the keys to my mistress

Cic Quickly, for God's sake, Jenkin; for I
must carry them I am neither pillow nor bol-
ster, but I know more than both 35

Jen To bed, good Spigot, to bed, good honest
serving-creatures, and let us sleep as snug
as pigs in pease-straw! *Exeunt.*

[SCENE IV — *Outside the House*]

Enter Frankford and Nick

Frank Soft, soft! We've tied our geldings
to a tree,

Two flight-shoot off, lest by their thundering
hoofs

They blab our coming Hear'st thou no noise?

Nich I hear nothing but the owl and you.

Frank So; now my watch's hand points
upon twelve, 5

And it is just midnight Where are my keys?

Nich Here, sir

Frank This is the key that opes my outward
gate,

This, the hall-door; this, the withdrawing-
chamber; 9

But this, that door that 's bawd unto my shame,
Fountain and spring of all my bleeding thoughts,
Where the most hallowed order and true knot
Of nuptial sanctity hath been profan'd
It leads to my polluted bed-chamber,
Once my terrestrial heaven, now my earth's hell,
The place where sins in all their ripeness [16
dwell —

But I forget myself, now to my gate!

¹⁰² bosom: intimacy ¹⁰⁶ still: always Sc. III ⁵ preferr'd: promoted Sc. IV ¹ flight-shoot: bow-shots

Nich. It must ope with far less noise than Cripplegate, or your plot 's dash'd.

Frank. So; reach me my dark lantern to the rest! 20

Tread softly, softly!

Nich. I will walk on eggs this pace

Frank. A general silence hath surpris'd the house,

And this is the last door Astonishment,
Fear, and amazement beat upon my heart,
Even as a madman beats upon a drum 25

Oh, keep my eyes, you Heavens, before I enter,
From any sight that may transfix my soul;

Or, if there be so black a spectacle,
Oh, strike mine eyes stark blind; or if not so,

Lend me such patience to digest my grief, 30
That I may keep this white and virgin hand
From any violent outrage, or red murder! —

And with that prayer I enter
[Exit into the house]

[SCENE V — Hall of Frankford's House]

Nich. Here 's a circumstance, indeed! A man may be made a cuckold in the time he 's about it And the case were mine, As 't is my master's, 'sblood! (that he makes me swear!),

I would have plac'd his action, enter'd there, s
I would, I would!

[Enter Frankford]

Frank. Oh! oh!

Nich. Master! 'Sblood! Master, master!

Frank. Oh me unhappy! I have found them lying

Close in each other's arms, and fast asleep 9
But that I would not damn two precious souls,

Bought with my Saviour's blood, and send them, laden

With all their scarlet sins upon their backs,
Unto a fearful judgment, their two lives
Had met upon my rapier

Nich. Master, what, have you left them sleeping still? 15

Let me go wake 'em!

Frank. Stay, let me pause awhile! —
Oh, God! Oh, God! That it were possible
To undo things done; to call back yesterday,
That Time could turn up his swift sandy glass,
To untell the days, and to redeem these hours!
Or that the sun 21
Could, rising from the west, draw his coach backward;

Take from th' account of time so many minutes,
Till he had all these seasons call'd again,
Those minutes, and those actions done in them,
Even from her first offence, that I might take her 26

As spotless as an angel in my arms!

But, oh! I talk of things impossible,
And cast beyond the moon. God give me patience,

For I will in, and wake them. *Exit.*

Nich. Here 's patience perforce! 30
He needs must trot afoot that tires his horse.

[Exit.]

Enter Wendoll, running over the stage in a night-gown, he [Frankford] after him with his sword drawn, the maid in her smock slays his hand, and clasps hold on him. He pauses for a while

Frank. I thank thee, maid, thou, like an angel's hand,

Hast stay'd me from a bloody sacrifice —
Go, villain, and my wrongs sit on thy soul
As heavy as this grief doth upon mine! 35
When thou record'st my many courtesies,
And shalt compare them with thy treacherous heart,

Lay them together, weigh them equally, —
'T will be revenge enough Go, to thy friend
A Judas, pray, pray, lest I live to see 40
Thee, Judas-like, hang'd on an elder-tree!

Enter Mistress Frankford in her smock, night-gown, and night-altire

Anne. Oh, by what word, what title, or what name,

Shall I entreat your pardon? Pardon! Oh!
I am as far from hoping such sweet grace,
As Lucifer from Heaven To call you husband, — 45

(Oh me, most wretched!) I have lost that name;
I am no more your wife

Nich. 'Sblood, sir, she sounds.

Frank. Spare thou thy tears, for I will weep for thee,

And keep thy count'nance, for I 'll blush for thee

Now, I protest, I think 't is I am tainted, 50
For I am most ashamed, and 't is more hard
For me to look upon thy guilty face
Than on the sun's clear brow. What! Would'st thou speak?

Anne. I would I had no tongue, no ears, no eyes,

No apprehension, no capacity. 55

¹¹ Cripplegate: a gate to London near the theatrical district ²⁰ rest: (s e., in addition to the keys, etc.) Sc. v (The scene is supposed to shift to the interior of the house, while Nick remains on the stage)
¹ circumstance: pottering ² And: if ³ plac'd his action: established his case ⁴⁰ untill: count backwards ²⁰ cast . . . moon: talk or think wildly ^{21, 43} Cf Genesis, xxii, 10, 11 ⁴⁷ sounds: swoons

When do you spurn me like a dog? When tread
me
Under feet? When drag me by the hair?
Though I deserve a thousand, thousand fold,
More than you can inflict — yet, once my hus-
band,

For womanhood, to which I am a shame, 60
Though once an ornament — even for His sake,
That hath redeem'd our souls, mark not my face,
Nor hack me with your sword; but let me go
Perfect and undeformed to my tomb!
I am not worthy that I should prevail 65
In the least suit; no, not to speak to you,
Nor look on you, nor to be in your presence;
Yet, as an abject, this one suit I crave, —
This granted, I am ready for my grave.

Frank My God, with patience arm me! —
Rise, nay, rise, 70

And I'll debate with thee Was it for want
Thou play'dst the strumpet? Wast thou not
suppl'd

With every pleasure, fashion, and new toy, —
Nay, even beyond my calling?

Anne. I was

Frank Was it, then, disability in me; 75
Or in thine eye seem'd he a properer man?

Anne. Oh, no!

Frank Did not I lodge thee in my bosom?
Wear thee in my heart?

Anne You did

Frank. I did, indeed, witness my tears, I
did —

Go, bring my infants hither! —

[Two Children are brought in]

Oh, Nan! Oh, Nan!
If neither fear of shame, regard of honour, 81
The blemish of my house, nor my dear love,
Could have withheld thee from so lewd a fact,
Yet for these infants, these young, harmless
souls, 84

On whose white brows thy shame is character'd,
And grows in greatness as they wax in years, —
Look but on them, and melt away in tears! —
Away with them; lest, as her spotted body
Hath stain'd their names with stripe of bas-
tardy,

So her adulterous breath may blast their spirits
With her infectious thoughts! Away with
them! [Exeunt Children] 91

Anne. In this one life, I die ten thousand
deaths

Frank. Stand up, stand up! I will do noth-
ing rashly

I will retire awhile into my study,
And thou shalt hear thy sentence presently.

Exit.

Anne. 'T is welcome, be it death. Oh me,
base strumpet, 96
That, having such a husband, such sweet chil-
dren,
Must enjoy neither! Oh, to redeem mine hon-
our,

I'd have this hand cut off, these my breasts
sear'd,

Be rack'd, strappado'd, put to any torment 100
Nay, to whip but this scandal out, I'd hazard
The rich and dear redemption of my soul!

He cannot be so base as to forgive me,
Nor I so shameless to accept his pardon.
Oh, women, women, you that yet have kept 105
Your holy matrimonial vow unstain'd,
Make me your instance, when you tread awry,
Your sins, like mine, will on your conscience
lie.

*Enter Cicely, Spigot, all the Serving-men, and
Jenkin, as newly come out of bed*

All Oh, mistress, mistress! What have you
done, mistress?

Nich 'Sblood, what a caterwauling keep you
here! 110

Jen O Lord, mistress, how comes this to
pass? My master is run away in his shirt, and
never so much as call'd me to bring his clothes
after him

Anne See what guilt is! Here stand I in
this place, 115

Asham'd to look my servants in the face

*Enter Master Frankford and Cranwell, whom
seeing, she falls on her knees*

Frank My words are regist'ed in Heaven
already.

With patience hear me! I'll not martyr thee,
Nor mark thee for a strumpet, but with usage
Of more humility torment thy soul, 120
And kill thee even with kindness.

Cran Master Frankford —

Frank Good Master Cranwell! — Woman,
hear thy judgment!

Go make thee ready in thy best attire, 124
Take with thee all thy gowns, all thy apparel,
Leave nothing that did ever call thee mistress,
Or by whose sight, being left here in the house,
I may remember such a woman by.

Choose thee a bed and hangings for thy cham-
ber,

Take with thee everything which hath thy
mark, 130

And get thee to my manor seven mile off,
Where live, — 't is thine, I freely give it thee.

My tenants by shall furnish thee with wains
To carry all thy stuff within two hours,

⁷⁴ calling: station in life ⁷⁶ properer: handsomer ⁸² fact: deed ¹⁰⁰ strappado'd: tortured
¹²⁸ by: near by

No longer will I limit thee my sight. 135
Choose which of all my servants thou lik'st
best,
And they are thine to attend thee.

Anne. A mild sentence.

Frank. But, as thou hop'st for Heaven, as
thou believ'st

Thy name's recorded in the book of life,
I charge thee never after this sad day 140
To see me, or to meet me, or to send,
By word or writing, gift or otherwise,
To move me, by thyself, or by thy friends,
Nor challenge any part in my two children.
So farewell, Nan, for we will henceforth be 145
As we had never seen, ne'er more shall see.

Anne. How full my heart is, in mine eyes
appears,

What wants in words, I will supply in tears

Frank Come, take your coach, your stuff;
all must along

Servants and all make ready, all begone! 150
It was thy hand cut two hearts out of one.

[*Exeunt*]

[ACT V]

SCENE I — *Before Sir Francis Acton's House*]

*Enter Sir Charles [Mountford], gentlemanlike,
and his Sister, gentlewoman-like*

Susan Brother, why have you trick'd me
like a bride,

Bought me this gay attire, these ornaments?

Forget you our estate, our poverty?

Char Call me not brother, but imagine me
Some barbarous outlaw, or uncivil kern, 5
For if thou shutt'st thy eye, and only hear'st
The words that I shall utter, thou shalt judge me
Some staring ruffian, not thy brother Charles
Oh, sister! —

Susan Oh, brother! what doth this strange
language mean? 10

Char. Dost love me, sister? Wouldst thou
see me live

A bankrupt beggar in the world's disgrace,
And die indebted to mine enemies?

Wouldst thou behold me stand like a huge beam
In the world's eye, a bye-word and a scorn? 15
It lies in thee of these to acquit me free,
And all my debt I may outstrip by thee.

Susan. By me? Why, I have nothing, noth-
ing left;

I owe even for the clothes upon my back,
I am not worth —

Char O sister, say not so! 20

It lies in you my downcast state to raise;
To make me stand on even points with the
world

Come, sister, you are rich, indeed you are.
And in your power you have, without delay
Acton's five hundred pound back to repay. 25

Susan Till now I had thought y' had lov'd
me By my honour

(Which I have kept as spotless as the moon),
I ne'er was mistress of that single doit
Which I reserv'd not to supply your wants;
And do ye think that I would hoard from
you? 30

Now, by my hopes in Heaven, knew I the
means

To buy you from the slavery of your debts
(Especially from Acton, whom I hate),
I would redeem it with my life or blood! 34

Char I challenge it, and, kindred set apart,
Thus, ruffian-like, I lay siege to thy heart.

What do I owe to Acton?

Susan. Why, some five hundred pounds; to-
wards which, I swear,

In all the world I have not one denier.

Char It will not prove so. Sister, now re-
solve me 40

What do you think (and speak your conscience)
Would Acton give, might he enjoy your bed?

Susan He would not shrink to spend a
thousand pound

To give the Mountfords' name so deep a wound.

Char A thousand pound! I but five hundred
owe 45

Grant him your bed, he's paid with interest so.

Susan Oh, brother!

Char Oh, sister! only this one way,
With that rich jewel you my debts may pay
In speaking this my cold heart shakes with
shame,

Nor do I woo you in a brother's name, 50

But in a stranger's. Shall I die in debt

To Acton, my grand foe, and you still wear

The precious jewel that he holds so dear?

Susan My honour I esteem as dear and pre-
cious

As my redemption

Char I esteem you, sister, 55
As dear, for so dear prizing it

Susan Will Charles
Have me cut off my hands, and send them
Acton?

Rip up my breast, and with my bleeding heart
Present him as a token?

Char Neither, sister;

But hear me in my strange assertion! 60
Thy honour and my soul are equal in my re-
gard,

Nor will thy brother Charles survive thy shame.
His kindness, like a burthen, hath surcharg'd
me,

135 limit: allow 148 move: appeal to 1 trick'd: dressed 5 kern: Irish foot-soldier, peasant
28 doit: coin worth half a farthing 39 denier: penny 40 resolve: tell

And under his good deeds I stooping go,
 Not with an upright soul. Had I remain'd 65
 In prison still, there doubtless I had died.
 Then, unto him that freed me from that prison,
 Still do I owe this life What mov'd my foe
 To enfranchise me? 'T was, sister, for your
 love;
 With full five hundred pounds he bought your
 love; — 70
 And shall he not enjoy it? Shall the weight
 Of all this heavy burthen lean on me,
 And will not you bear part? You did partake
 The joy of my release; will you not stand
 In joint-bond bound to satisfy the debt? 75
 Shall I be only charg'd?

Susan. But that I know
 These arguments come from an honour'd mind,
 As in your most extremity of need
 Scorning to stand in debt to one you hate, —
 Nay, rather would engage your unstain'd
 honour, 80
 Than to be held ingrate, — I should condemn
 you

I see your resolution, and assent;
 So Charles will have me, and I am content.

Char. For thus I trick'd you up.

Susan But here 's a knife,
 To save mine honour, shall slice out my life. 85

Char. I know thou pleasest me a thousand
 times

More in thy resolution than thy grant. —
 Observe her love, to soothe it to my suit,
 Her honour she will hazard, though not lose;
 To bring me out of debt, her rigorous hand 90
 Will pierce her heart, — O wonder! — that will
 choose,

Rather than stain her blood, her life to lose.
 Come, you sad sister to a woful brother,
 This is the gate. I 'll bear him such a present,
 Such an acquittance for the knight to seal, 95
 As will amaze his senses, and surprise
 With admiration all his fantasies

Enter [Sir Francis] Acton and Malby

Susan Before his unchaste thoughts shall
 seize on me,
 'T is here shall my imprison'd soul set free.

Fran How! Mountford with his sister, hand
 in hand! 100

What miracle 's afoot?

Mal It is a sight
 Begets in me much admiration.

Char. Stand not amaz'd to see me thus at-
 tended!

Acton, I owe thee money, and, being unable
 To bring thee the full sum in ready coin, 105
 Lo! for thy more assurance, here 's a pawn, —
 My sister, my dear sister, whose chaste honour

⁹⁷ admiration: wonder ¹⁰¹ wrested: extreme

I prize above a million. Here! Nay, take her,
 She 's worth your money, man; do not forsake
 her.

Fran. I would he were in earnest! 110

Susan. Impute it not to my immodesty.
 My brother, being rich in nothing else
 But in his interest that he hath in me,
 According to his poverty hath brought you 114
 Me, all his store, whom, howsoe'er you prize,
 As forfeit to your hand, he values highly,
 And would not sell, but to acquit your debt,
 For any emperor's ransom.

Fran. [Aside] Stern heart, relent,
 Thy former cruelty at length repent!
 Was ever known, in any former age, 120
 Such honourable, wrested courtesy?
 Lands, honours, life, and all the world forgo,
 Rather than stand engag'd to such a foe!

Char. Acton, she is too poor to be thy bride,
 And I too much oppos'd to be thy brother 125
 There, take her to thee, if thou hast the heart
 To seize her as a rape, or lustful prey;
 To blur our house, that never yet was stain'd;
 To murder her that never meant thee harm;
 To kill me now, whom once thou sav'dst from
 death: — 130

Do them at once; on her all these rely,
 And perish with her spotted chastity.

Fran You overcome me in your love, Sir
 Charles

I cannot be so cruel to a lady
 I love so dearly. Since you have not spar'd 135
 To engage your reputation to the world,
 Your sister's honour, which you prize so dear,
 Nay, all the comfort which you hold on earth,
 To grow out of my debt, being your foe, —
 Your honour'd thoughts, lo! thus I recompense.
 Your metamorphos'd foe receives your gift 141
 In satisfaction of all former wrongs
 This jewel I will wear here in my heart;
 And where before I thought her, for her wants,
 Too base to be my bride, to end all strife, 145
 I seal you my dear brother, her my wife

Susan You still exceed us I will yield to
 fate,

And learn to love, where I till now did hate.

Char With that enchantment you have
 charm'd my soul

And made me rich even in those very words! 150
 I pay no debt, but am indebted more,
 Rich in your love, I never can be poor

Fran. All 's mine is yours, we are alike in
 state;

Let 's knit in love what was oppos'd in hate!
 Come, for our nuptials we will straight pro-
 vide,

Blest only in our brother and fair bride 156

[*Exeunt.*]

¹²⁸ with . . . chastity: when her chastity is spotted

[SCENE II. — *Frankford's House*]*Enter Cranwell, Frankford, and Nick**Cran.* Why do you search each room about your house,

Now that you have despatch'd your wife away?

Frank Oh, sir! To see that nothing may be leftThat ever was my wife's. I lov'd her dearly,
And when I do but think of her unkindness, s
My thoughts are all in hell; to avoid which torment,I would not have a bodkin or a cuff,
A bracelet, necklace, or rabato wire,
Nor anything that ever was call'd hers,
Left me, by which I might remember her. — 10
Seek round about*Nich.* 'Sblood! master, here 's her lute flung
in a corner.*Frank* Her lute! Oh, God! Upon this instrumentHer fingers have ran quick division,
Sweeter than that which now divides our
hearts 15These frets have made me pleasant, that have
nowFrets of my heart-strings made Oh, Master
Cranwell,Oft hath she made this melancholy wood
(Now mute and dumb for her disastrous chance)
Speak sweetly many a note, sound many a
strain 20To her own ravishing voice; which being well
strung,
What pleasant strange airs have they jointly
rung! —Post with it after her! — Now nothing 's left;
Of her and hers I am at once bereft.*Nich.* I 'll ride and overtake her, do my
message, 25

And come back again [Exit]

Cran. Meantime, sir, if you please,
I 'll to Sir Francis Acton, and inform him

Of what hath pass'd betwixt you and his sister.

Frank. Do as you please. — How ill am I
bested,

To be a widower ere my wife be dead! 30

[Exeunt.]

[SCENE III. — *A Country Road*]*Enter Mistress Frankford, with Jenkin, her maid
Cicely, her Coachman, and three Carters**Anne.* Bid my coach stay! Why should I
ride in state,
Being hurl'd so low down by the hand of fate?¹ rabato wire: wire used to support a ruff¹⁰ for: because ofA seat like to my fortunes let me have, —
Earth for my chair, and for my bed a grave!*Jen.* Comfort, good mistress; you have [s
watered your coach with tears already. You
have but two mile now to go to your manor.
A man cannot say by my old master Frankford
as he may say by me, that he wants manors;
for he hath three or four, of which this is one
that we are going to now 11*Cic.* Good mistress, be of good cheer! Sorrow,
you see, hurts you, but helps you not; we all
mourn to see you so sad.*Carters.* Mistress, I see some of my landlord's
men 15

Come riding post 't is like he brings some news.

Anne. Comes he from Master Frankford, he
is welcome;

So is his news, because they come from him.

*Enter Nick**Nich.* There!*Anne.* I know the lute Oft have I sung to
thee, 20

We both are out of tune, both out of time.

Nich. Would that had been the worst instrument
that e'er you played on! My master commends
him unto ye, there 's all he can find that
was ever yours, he hath nothing left that ever
you could lay claim to but his own heart. — [26
and he could afford you that! All that I have to
deliver you is this he prays you to forget him;
and so he bids you farewell 29*Anne.* I thank him, he is kind, and ever was
All you that have true feeling of my grief,
That know my loss, and have relenting hearts,
Gird me about, and help me with your tears
To wash my spotted suns! My lute shall groan;
It cannot weep, but shall lament my moan. 35
[She plays.]*Enter Wendoll [behind]**Wen.* Pursu'd with horror of a guilty soul,
And with the sharp scourge of repentance
lash'd,I fly from mine own shadow O my stars!
What have my parents in their lives deserv'd, 39
That you should lay this penance on their son?
When I but think of Master Frankford's love,
And lay it to my treason, or compare
My murdering him for his relieving me,
It strikes a terror like a lightning's flash,
To scorch my blood up. Thus I, like the owl, 45
Asham'd of day, live in these shadowy woods,
Afraid of every leaf or murmuring blast,
Yet longing to receive some perfect knowledge
How he hath dealt with her. [Seeing Mistress
Frankford] O my sad fate!¹⁴ division: melodic variations ¹⁶ pleasant: merry

Here, and so far from home, and thus attended!
 Oh, God! I have divorc'd the truest turtles ⁵¹
 That ever liv'd together, and, being divided,
 In several places make their several moan;
 She in the fields laments, and he at home,
 So poets write that Orpheus made the trees ⁵⁵
 And stones to dance to his melodious harp,
 Meaning the rustic and the barbarous hinds,
 That had no understanding part in them:
 So she from these rude carters tears extracts,
 Making their flinty hearts with grief to rise, ⁶⁰
 And draw down rivers from their rocky eyes.

Anne. [To Nicholas] If you return unto
 my master, say
 (Though not from me, for I am all unworthy
 To blast his name so with a strumpet's tongue)
 That you have seen me weep, wish myself
 dead! ⁶⁵

Nay, you may say, too (for my vow is past),
 Last night you saw me eat and drink my
 last

This to your master you may say and swear;
 For it is writ in heaven, and decreed here.

Nich. I'll say you wept; I'll swear you
 made me sad ⁷⁰

Why, how now, eyes? What now? What's
 here to do?

I'm gone, or I shall straight turn baby too

Wen. [Aside] I cannot weep, my heart is all
 on fire.

Curs'd be the fruits of my unchaste desire!

Anne. Go, break this lute upon my coach's
 wheel, ⁷⁵

As the last music that I e'er shall make, —
 Not as my husband's gift, but my farewell
 To all earth's joy, and so your master tell!

Nich. If I can for crying

Wen. [Aside] Grief, have done,
 Or, like a madman, I shall frantic run ⁸⁰

Anne. You have beheld the wofull'st wretch
 on earth, —

A woman made of tears; would you had words
 To express but what you see! My inward grief
 No tongue can utter, yet unto your power
 You may describe my sorrow, and disclose ⁸⁵
 To thy sad master my abundant woes

Nich. I'll do your commendations.

Anne Oh, no!

I dare not so presume; nor to my children!

I am disclaim'd in both; alas! I am

Oh, never teach them, when they come to
 speak, ⁹⁰

To name the name of mother: chide their
 tongue,

If they by chance light on that hated word;
 Tell them 't is naught; for when that word
 they name,

Poor, pretty souls! they harp on their own
 shame.

Wen. [Aside.] To recompense her wrongs,
 what canst thou do? ⁹⁵

Thou hast made her husbandless, and childless
 too

Anne. I have no more to say. — Speak not
 for me;

Yet you may tell your master what you see.

Nich. I'll do 't. *Exit*

Wen [Aside] I'll speak to her, and comfort
 her in grief ¹⁰⁰

Oh, but her wound cannot be cur'd with words!
 No matter, though; I'll do my best good
 will

To work a cure on her whom I did kill.

Anne. So, now unto my coach, then to my
 home,

So to my death-bed, for from this sad hour, ¹⁰⁵
 I never will nor eat, nor drunk, nor taste
 Of any cates that may preserve my life
 I never will nor smile, nor sleep, nor rest;
 But when my tears have wash'd my black soul
 white.

Sweet Saviour, to thy hands I yield my sprite.

Wen [Coming forward] Oh, Mistress Frank-
 ford!

Anne Oh, for God's sake, fly! ¹¹¹

The devil doth come to tempt me, ere I die
 My coach! — This sin, that with an angel's

face
 Conjur'd mine honour, till he sought my
 wrack,

In my repentant eye seems ugly black ¹¹⁵
Exeunt all [except Wendoll and
Jenkin], the Carters whistling

Jen What, my young master, that fled
 in his shirt! How come you by your clothes
 again? You have made our house in a sweet
 pickle, ha' ye not, thank you? What, shall I
 serve you still, or cleave to the old house? ¹²⁰

Wen. Hence, slave! Away, with thy unsea-
 son'd mirth!

Unless thou canst shed tears, and sigh, and
 howl,

Curse thy sad fortunes, and exclaim on fate,
 Thou art not for my turn

Jen Marry, an you will not, another will,
 farewell, and be hang'd! Would you had ¹²⁶
 never come to have kept this coil within our
 doors! We shall ha' you run away like a sprite
 again. *[Exit.]*

Wen She's gone to death; I live to want
 and woe, ¹³⁰

Her life, her sins, and all upon my head.
 And I must now go wander, like a Cain,
 In foreign countries and remotest climes,

⁵¹ turtles: turtle doves ⁶⁶ past: made ⁸⁷ commendations: greetings ¹⁰⁷ cates: food ¹¹⁴ Con-
 jur'd: enchanted ¹²¹ unseason'd: unseasonable ¹²⁷ coil: uproar ¹²⁸ remotest: distant

Where the report of my ingratitude
 Cannot be heard. I'll over first to France, 135
 And so to Germany and Italy;
 Where, when I have recovered, and by travel
 Gotten those perfect tongues, and that these
 rumours
 May in their height abate, I will return:
 And I divine (however now dejected), 140
 My worth and parts being by some great man
 prais'd,
 At my return I may in court be rais'd *Exit.*

[SCENE IV — *Before the Manor House*]

Enter Sir Francis [Acton], Sir Charles [Mountford], Cranwell, [Malby,] and Susan

Fran Brother, and now my wife, I think
 these troubles,
 Fall on my head by justice of the heavens,
 For being so strict to you in your extremities,
 But we are now aton'd I would my sister
 Could with like happiness o'ercome her griefs
 As we have ours

Susan You tell us, Master Cranwell, wondrous things
 Touching the patience of that gentleman,
 With what strange virtue he demeans his grief
Cran I told you what I was witness of, 10
 It was my fortune to lodge there that night

Fran Oh, that same villain, Wendoll!
 'T was his tongue
 That did corrupt her, she was of herself
 Chaste and devoted well Is this the house?

Cran. Yes, sir, I take it, here your sister
 lies 15

Fran. My brother Frankford show'd too
 mild a spirit

In the revenge of such a loathed crime
 Less than he did, no man of spirit could do
 I am so far from blaming his revenge,
 That I commend it Had it been my case, 20
 Their souls at once had from their breasts been
 freed,
 Death to such deeds of shame is the due meed.

Enter Jenkin [and Cicely]

Jen Oh, my mistress, mistress! my poor
 mistress!

Cicely Alas! that ever I was born; what 25
 shall I do for my poor mistress?

Sir C Why, what of her?

Jen. Oh, Lord, sir! she no sooner heard that
 her brother and her friends were come to see
 how she did, but she, for very shame of her 30
 guilty conscience, fell into such a swoon, that
 we had much ado to get life in her

Susan. Alas, that she should bear so hard a
 fate!

Pity it is repentance comes too late.

Fran. Is she so weak in body? 35

Jen. Oh, sir! I can assure you there 's no hope
 of life in her, for she will take no sust'nance: she
 hath plainly starv'd herself, and now she 's as
 lean as a lath. She ever looks for the good hour.
 Many gentlemen and gentlewomen of the 40
 country are come to comfort her. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE V. — *In the Manor House.*]

[*Sir Charles Mountford, Sir Francis Acton,
 Malby, Cranwell, and Susan*]

Enter Mistress Frankford in her bed

Mal How fare you, Mistress Frankford?

Anne Sick, sick, oh, sick! Give me some
 air, I pray!

Tell me, oh, tell me, where is Master Frank-
 ford?

Will not he deign to see me ere I die?

Mal Yes, Mistress Frankford, divers gen-
 tlemen, 5

Your loving neighbours, with that just request
 Have mov'd, and told him of your weak estate:
 Who, though with much ado to get belief,
 Examining of the general circumstance,
 Seeing your sorrow and your penitence, 10
 And hearing therewithal the great desire
 You have to see him, ere you left the world,
 He gave to us his faith to follow us,
 And sure he will be here immediately.

Anne. You have half reviv'd me with the
 pleasing news, 15

Raise me a little higher in my bed —

Blush I not, brother Acton? Blush I not, Sir
 Charles?

Can you not read my fault writ in my cheek?
 Is not my crime there? Tell me, gentlemen.

Char Alas, good mistress, sickness hath not
 left you 20

Blood in your face enough to make you blush.

Anne Then, sickness, like a friend, my
 fault would hide —

Is my husband come? My soul but taries
 His arrive, then I am fit for heaven.

Fran I came to chide you, but my words of
 hate 25

Are turn'd to pity and compassionate grief.

I came to rate you, but my brawls, you see,
 Melt into tears, and I must weep by thee. —
 Here 's Master Frankford now

Enter Frankford

Frank. Good morrow, brother; morrow,
 gentlemen! 30

138 Gotten . . . tongues: learned those languages perfectly 14 aton'd: reconciled 15 demeans: bears 16 devoted well: dutiful 17 lies: lodges 18 he: (Not in Q 2) 19 estate: condition 20 circumstance: situation 21 faith: promise 22 arrive: arrival 23 brawls: reproaches

God, that hath laid this cross upon our heads,
Might (had He pleas'd) have made our cause
of meeting

On a more fair and more contented ground;
But He that made us made us to this woe.

Anne. And is he come? Methinks, that
voice I know. 35

Frank. How do you, woman?

Anne. Well, Master Frankford, well; but
shall be better,

I hope, within this hour. Will you vouchsafe,
Out of your grace and your humanity,
To take a spotted strumpet by the hand? 40

Frank. This hand once held my heart in
faster bonds,

Than now 't is gripp'd by me God pardon
them

That made us first break hold'

Anne. Amen, amen!

Out of my zeal to Heaven, whither I'm now
bound,

I was so impudent to wish you here; 45
And once more beg your pardon. O, good
man,

And father to my children, pardon me.

Pardon, oh, pardon me my fault so heinous
is,

That if you in this world forgive it not,
Heaven will not clear it in the world to come 50
Faintness hath so usurp'd upon my knees,
That kneel I cannot, but on my heart's knees

My prostrate soul lies thrown down at your
feet,

To beg your gracious pardon Pardon, oh,
pardon me!

Frank As freely, from the low depth of my
soul, 55

As my Redeemer hath forgiven His death,
I pardon thee. I will shed tears for thee,

Pray with thee; and, in mere pity of thy weak
estate,

I 'll wish to die with thee.

All. So do we all

Nich So will not I,

I 'll sigh and sob, but, by my faith, not die. 60
Frank Oh, Master Frankford, all the near
alliance

I lose by her, shall be suppli'd in thee.
You are my brother by the nearest way;

Her kindred hath fall'n off, but yours doth
stay.

Frank. Even as I hope for pardon, at that
day 65

When the Great Judge of heaven in scarlet sits,
So be thou pardon'd! Though thy rash offence

Divorc'd our bodies, thy repentant tears
Unite our souls.

Char. Then comfort, Mistress Frankford!
You see your husband hath forgiven your fall; 70
Then rouse your spirits, and cheer your fainting
soul!

Susan. How is it with you?

Frank. How d'ye feel yourself?

Anne. Not of this world.

Frank. I see you are not, and I weep to see it
My wife, the mother to my pretty babes! 75

Both those lost names I do restore thee back,
And with this kiss I wed thee once again

Though thou art wounded in thy honour'd
name,

And with that grief upon thy death-bed liest,
Honest in heart, upon my soul, thou diest. 80

Anne. Pardon'd on earth, soul, thou in
heaven art free;

Once more thy wife, dies thus embracing
thee. [*Dies*]

Frank New-married, and new-widow'd. —

Oh! she 's dead,

And a cold grave must be her nuptial bed

Char Sir, be of good comfort, and your
heavy sorrow 85

Part equally amongst us, storms divided
Abate their force, and with less rage are guided

Cran Do, Master Frankford, he that hath
least part,

Will find enough to drown one troubled heart.

Frank. Peace with thee, Nan! — Brothers
and gentlemen, 90

All we that can plead interest in her grief,
Bestow upon her body funeral tears!

Brother, had you with threats and usage bad
Punish'd her sin, the grief of her offence

Had not with such true sorrow touch'd her
heart 95

Frank I see it had not; therefore, on her
grave

Will I bestow this funeral epitaph,
Which on her marble tomb shall be engrav'd

In golden letters shall these words be fill'd
Here lies she whom her husband's kindness

kill'd. 100

FINIS

THE EPILOGUE

AN honest crew, disposed to be merry,

Came to a tavern by, and call'd for wine.

The drawer brought it, smiling like a cherry,
And told them it was pleasant, neat and
fine.

'Taste it,' quoth one. He did so. 'Fie!'
quoth he, 5

'This wine was good; now 't runs too near the
lee.'

³⁰ Honest: chaste

³² (Verity suggests a colon after *more*, *s.e.* Frankford kisses her again.)

³³ In . . . fill'd: the engraved letters filled in with gold ³⁴ by: near by ³⁵ neat: pure

Another sipp'd, to give the wine his due,

And said unto the rest, it drunk too flat,

The thurd said, it was old; the fourth, too new;

'Nay,' quoth the fift, 'the sharpness likes
me not'

Thus, gentlemen, you see how, in one hour, ¹⁰

The wine was new, old, flat, sharp, sweet, and
sour.

Unto this wine we do allude our play,

Which some will judge too trivial, some too
grave:

You as our guests we entertain this day, ¹⁵

And bid you welcome to the best we have.

Excuse us, then, good wine may be disgrac'd,

When every several mouth hath sundry taste.

¹⁰ fift: fifth ¹⁵ allude: compare ¹⁸ several: separate sundry: different, peculiar to itself



Bussy D'Ambois :
A
T R A G E D I E :
As
it hath been often presented
at Paules.



L O N D O N ,
Printed for *William Aspley.*
1607.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL RECORD. *Bussy d'Ambois* exists in two texts, each the careful and apparently unaided work of Chapman. The first is that of the first quarto, printed "As it hath been often presented at Paules" in 1607 and reissued in 1608. The other is that of 1641 (reissued in 1646 and 1657), which is described on the title-page as "Being much corrected and amended by the Author before his death." This later edition, which shows many excisions from the text of 1607 and yet more additions to it, besides much verbal revision, is in truth the better and has here been followed. Important passages found only in the earlier quarto are included in square brackets and referred to in the footnotes.

DATE AND STAGE PERFORMANCE. *Bussy d'Ambois* was entered on the Stationers' Register by its first publisher, June 3, 1607. — *William Aspley Entred for his copie vnder thandes [the hands] of Sir George Bucke knight and the Warden Masler While The tragedie of Busye D'Amboise made by George Chapman*

A date of composition shortly after Queen Elizabeth's death in 1603 is probable, and the references to her and her court strengthen the likelihood of this date. Like many of Chapman's other plays, this was written for the boy actors and the aristocratic patrons who attended their productions. Both the boy companies — of St Paul's and of the Queen's Revels at Blackfriars — appear to have performed it. The former (not otherwise known to have been employed by Chapman) is mentioned on the title-page of the first quarto (see facsimile), and the second is indicated by the statement of the prologue (line 16) in the 1641 edition that Field, the leading actor of the Queen's Revels, first made the part of Bussy famous. When Field joined the King's Men, he is conjectured to have carried *Bussy d'Ambois* with him. It was later played by them, on Easter Monday (April 7), 1634, at the Cockpit-in-Court, and again on March 27, 1638, and it was probably for one of these revivals, with Ilyard Swanston in the title-part, that the extant prologue and epilogue were written by another hand than Chapman's.

The boy actors specialized in ranting parts, in melodramatic and supernatural action, and in learned language fitted to the ears of the gentry. Chapman gave them these things in superabundance, and *Bussy d'Ambois* came nearer than any other play of the early seventeenth century to recapturing the fine excess of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*. The indebtedness of the incantation scene (IV ii) to Marlowe's *Faustus* is also obvious. On the other hand, the grandiose, if misguided, exaggeration of the love-and-honor theme makes *Bussy* the most influential, as it is the most impressive poetically, of the precursors of the heroic drama of Dryden's age. This accounts for the great esteem which the play enjoyed after the Restoration. With the famous Charles Hart (Shakespeare's grandnephew) in the chief rôle it continued to hold the stage. Pepys praised it and bought a copy, Dryden, whose sober judgment came to abhor what he regarded as the fustian of Chapman's language, admitted the earlier attractiveness of "those glaring colours which amazed me in *Bussy d'Ambois* upon the theatre." After Hart's death Thomas D'Urfey altered it for the Theatre Royal and the actor Mountford, under the title of *Bussy d'Ambois, or the Husband's Revenge*.

STRUCTURE In the early editions the acts, but not scenes, are divided. The action all occurs at, or in the neighborhood of, the French Court, within a few days. The influence of Seneca — e.g., in the employment of the Nuntius to introduce epic declamations, in the long psychologizing speeches, and in the profusion of lurid and supernatural incident — is very strong. Many passages, moreover, are intentional imitations of admired lines in Seneca's tragedies or in other classical authors with whom Chapman was peculiarly familiar. On these points the reader will find much help in Professor A. S. Ferguson's article, "The Plays of George Chapman," *Modern Language Review*, Jan., 1918.

SOURCE No printed account of the career of Louis de Clermont, Sieur de Bussy d'Amboise (1549–1579), available at the time Chapman wrote his play, appears to be known, and it is possible that the dramatist got his information by word of mouth, as Marlowe seems sometimes to have done. The historical d'Amboise had nearly as spectacular a life as Chapman gives him, and (apart from the supernatural heightening) the accepted account of his last love affair and assassination differs from Chapman's mainly in ascribing responsibility for his death to the king himself rather than the king's brother, Monsieur (the duc d'Alençon), who was actually in England at the time. Professor Parrott notes that Dumas, in his novel on the same subject, *La Dame de Monsoreau*, makes the same alteration, and conjectures from this coincidence the existence of some common source.

GEORGE CHAPMAN (1559–1634)

BUSSY D'AMBOIS

[DRAMATIS PERSONAE]

HENRY III, King of France
 Monsieur, his brother (Duke of Alençon)
 THE DUKE OF GUISE
 COUNT OF MONTSURRY
 BUSSY d'AMBOIS
 BARRISOR, } Courtiers, enemies of d'Ambois
 L'ANOU, }
 PYRHOT, }
 BRISAC, } Courtiers, friends of d'Ambois
 MELYNELL, }
 FRIAR COMOLET

MAFFÉ, steward to Monsieur
 BEHEMOTH, } Spirits
 CARTOPHYLAX, }

ELENOR, Duchess of Guise
 TAMYRA, Countess of Montsurry
 BEAUPRÉ, niece to Elenor
 PERO, maid to Tamyra
 CHARLOTTE, maid to Beaupré
 PYRA, a court lady
 ANNABEL, maid to Elenor

Nuntius, Murderers, Ghost of Friar, Lords, Ladies, Pages, Servants, &c.]

[SCENE — Paris]

[PROLOGUE]

NOR out of confidence that none but we
 Are able to present this tragedy,
 Not out of envy at the grace of late
 It did receive, nor yet to derogate
 From their deserts who give out boldly that 5
 They move with equal feet on the same flat,
 Neither for all nor any of such ends
 We offer it, gracious and noble friends,
 To your review, we, far from emulation
 And (charitably judge) from imitation, 10
 With this work entertain you, a piece known
 And still believ'd in Court to be our own
 To quit our claim, doubting our right or
 merit,
 Would argue in us poverty of spirit
 Which we must not subscribe to Field 15
 gone,
 Whose action first did give it name, and one
 Who came the nearest to him, is denied
 By his gray beard to show the height and
 pride
 Of d'Ambois' youth and bravery, yet to
 hold
 Our title still a-foot, and not grow cold 20
 By giving it o'er, a third man with his best
 Of care and pains defends our interest,
 As Richard he was lik'd, nor do we fear
 In personating d'Ambois he'll appear
 To faint, or go less, so your free consent, 25
 As heretofore, give him encouragement.]

Actus primū Scena prima

[Open place near the Court]

Enter Bussy d'Ambois, poor

Bu Fortune, not Reason, rules the state of
 things,
 Reward goes backwards, Honour on his head;
 Who is not poor, is monstrous, only need
 Gives form and worth to every human seed
 As cedars beaten with continual storms, 5
 So great men flourish, and do imitate
 Unskilful statuary, who suppose,
 In forming a Colossus, if they make him
 Straddle enough, strut, and look big, and gape,
 Their work is goodly so men merely great 10
 In their affected gravity of voice,
 Sourness of countenance, manners' cruelty,
 Authority, wealth, and all the spawn of fortune,
 Think they bear all the kingdom's worth before
 them,
 Yet differ not from those colossic statues, 15
 Which, with heroic forms without o'erspread,
 Within are nought but mortar, flint, and lead.
 Man is a torch borne in the wind, a dream
 But of a shadow, summ'd with all his substance.
 And as great seamen, using all their wealth 20
 And skills in Neptune's deep invisible paths,
 In tall ships richly built and ribb'd with brass,
 To put a girdle round about the world,
 When they have done it (coming near their
 haven)

Prologue: (From the 1641 quarto Not by Chapman) 7 statuary: sculptors 18 without:
 externally 19 But: only summ'd . . . substance: when he and all he owns are estimated
 30 wealth: ('powers' Q 1)

Are fain to give a warning-piece, and call 25
 A poor, staid fisherman, that never past
 His country's sight, to waft and guide them in:
 So when we wander furthest through the waves
 Of glassy Glory, and the gulfs of State, 29
 Topp'd with all titles, spreading all our reaches,
 As if each private arm would sphere the earth,
 We must to Virtue for her guide resort,
 Or we shall shipwrack in our safest port.

Procumbit.

[*Enter*] *Monsieur, with two Pages*

[*Mons.*] There is no second place in numerous state

That holds more than a cipher; in a king 35
 All places are contain'd His words and looks
 Are like the flashes and the bolts of Jove;
 His deeds inimitable, like the sea 38
 That shuts still as it opes, and leaves no tracts
 Nor prints of precedent for mean men's facts.
 There's but a thread betwixt me and a crown:
 I would not wish it cut, unless by nature;
 Yet to prepare me for that possible fortune,
 'T is good to get resolved spirits about me.
 I follow'd d'Ambois to this green retreat; 45
 A man of spirit beyond the reach of fear,
 Who (discontent with his neglected worth)
 Neglects the light, and loves obscure abodes
 But he is young and haughty, apt to take 49
 Fire at advancement, to bear state and flourish,
 In his rise therefore shall my bounties shine
 None loathes the world so much, nor loves to
 scoff it,

But gold and grace will make him surfeit of it.
 What, d'Ambois?

Bu. He, sir

Mons. Turn'd to earth, alive?
 Up, man; the sun shines on thee.

Bu. Let it shine:
 I am no mote to play in 't, as great men are 56

Mons. Call'st thou men great in state
 motes in the sun?

They say so that would have thee freeze in
 shades,

They (like the gross Sicilian gourmandist)
 Empty their noses in the cates they love, 60
 That none may eat but they. Do thou but
 bring

Light to the banquet Fortune sets before thee,
 And thou wilt loathe lean darkness like thy
 death

Who would believe thy mettle could let sloth
 Rust and consume it? If Themistocles 65
 Had liv'd obscur'd thus in th' Athenian state,
 Xerxes had made both him and it his slaves

If brave Camillus had lurk'd so in Rome,
 He had not five times been Dictator there,
 Nor four times triumph'd. If Epaminondas 70
 (Who liv'd twice twenty years obscur'd in
 Thebes)

Had liv'd so still, he had been still unnam'd,
 And paid his country nor himself their right;
 But putting forth his strength, he rescu'd both
 From imminent ruin, and, like burnish'd steel,
 After long use he shin'd; for as the light 76
 Not only serves to show, but renders us
 Mutually profitable, so our lives
 In acts exemplary, not only win
 Ourselves good names, but do to others give 80
 Matter for virtuous deeds, by which we live.

Bu. What would you wish me?

Mons. Leave the troubled streams,
 And live, where thrivers do, at the well-head
Bu. At the well-head? Alas, what should I
 do

With that enchanted glass? See devils there?
 Or, like a strumpet, learn to set my looks 86
 In an eternal brake, or practise juggling,
 To keep my face still fast, my heart still loose;
 Or bear (like dame schoolmistresses their rid-
 dles)

Two tongues, and be good only for a shift, 90
 Flatter great lords, to put them still in mind
 Why they were made lords; or please humor-
 ous ladies

With a good carriage, tell them idle tales
 To make their physic work; spend a man's life
 In sights and visitations, that will make 95
 His eyes as hollow as his mistress' heart:
 To do none good, but those that have no need;
 To gain being forward, though you break for
 haste

All the commandments ere you break your fast;
 But believe backwards, make your period 100
 And creed's last article, "I believe in God";
 And (hearing villainies preach'd) t' unfold their
 art,

Learn to commit them 'T is a great man's
 part.

Shall I learn this there?

Mons. No, thou need'st not learn,
 Thou hast the theory; now go there and prac-
 tice. 105

Bu. Ay, in a threadbare suit! when men
 come there,

They must have high naps, and go from thence
 bare:

A man may drown the parts of ten rich men
 In one poor suit; brave barks and outward
 gloss

²⁵ fain: ('glad' Q 1) ²⁹ warning-piece: signal gun ³⁵ sphere: encircle ³⁸ guide: guidance
³⁹ s. d. Procumbit: lies down ⁴⁰ facts: deeds ⁴⁵ surfeit: eat greedily ⁴⁹ gourmandist: glutton
 (Gnatho) ⁶⁰ cates: delicacies ⁶⁷ brake: carpenter's vise ⁷⁶ humorous: fastidious ¹⁰⁰ parts:
 incomes ¹⁰⁹ brave barks: gorgeous clothes

Attract Court loves, be in-parts ne'er so gross
Mons. Thou shalt have gloss enough, and all things fit 111

T'enchase in all show thy long-smother'd spirit.
 Be rul'd by me, then The old Scythians
 Painted blind Fortune's powerful hands with wings,

To show her gifts come swift and suddenly, 115
 Which, if her favourite be not swift to take,
 He loses them for ever. Then be wise:
 Stay but awhile here, and I'll send to thee.

Exit Monsieur [with Pages] Manet Bussy.

Bu. What will he send? Some crowns? It is to sow them 119

Upon my spirit, and make them spring a crown
 Worth millions of the seed-crowns he will send.
 Like to disparting noble husbandmen,
 He'll put his plow into me, plow me up.

But his unswearing thrift is policy,
 And learning-hating policy is ignorant 125
 To fit his seed-land soil; a smooth plain ground

Will never nourish any politic seed.
 I am for honest actions, not for great
 If I may bring up a new fashion,

And rise in Court for virtue, speed his plow! 130
 The King hath known me long as well as he,
 Yet could my fortune never fit the length

Of both their understandings till this hour
 There is a deep nick in Time's restless wheel
 For each man's good, when which nick comes,
 it strikes; 135

As rhetoric yet works not persuasion,
 But only is a mean to make it work.

So no man riseth by his real merit,
 But when it cries "clink" in his raiser's spirit
 Many will say, that cannot rise at all, 140
 Man's first hour's rise is first step to his fall
 I'll venture that; men that fall low must die,
 As well as men cast headlong from the sky.

Enter Maffé

Ma. Humour of princes! Is this wretch
 endu'd

With any merit worth a thousand crowns? 145
 Will my lord have me be so ill a steward
 Of his revénue, to dispose a sum
 So great with so small cause as shows in him?

I must examine this. [*To Bussy*] Is your name
 d'Ambois?

Bu. Sir?

Ma. Is your name d'Ambois?

Bu. Who have we here? 150
 Serve you the Monsieur?

Ma. How?

Bu. Serve you the Monsieur?

Ma. Sir, y' are very hot. I do serve the
 Monsieur;

But in such place as gives me *Table, chessboard,*
 the command *and tapers behind*

Of all his other servants. *the arras.*

And because

His grace's pleasure is to give your good 155

His pass through my command, methinks you
 might

Use me with more respect.

Bu. Cry you mercy!

Now you have open'd my dull eyes, I see
 you,

And would be glad to see the good you speak of.
 What might I call your name?

Ma. Monsieur Maffé.

Bu. Monsieur Maffé? Then, good Monsieur
 Maffé, 161

Pray let me know you better.

Ma. Pray do so,

That you may use me better For yourself,
 By your no better outside, I would judge you
 To be some poet Have you given my lord 165
 Some pamphlet?

Bu. Pamphlet?

Ma. Pamphlet, sir, I say.

Bu. Did your great master's goodness leave
 the good,

That is to pass your charge to my poor use,
 To your discretion?

Ma. Though he did not, sir,

I hope 't is no rude office to ask reason 170
 How that his grace gives me in charge goes
 from me?

Bu. That's very perfect, sir.

Ma. Why, very good, sir.

I pray, then, give me leave: if for no pam-
 phlet,

May I not know what other merit in you 174

Makes his compunction willing to relieve you?

Bu. No merit in the world, sir.

Ma. That is strange.

Y' are a poor soldier, are you?

Bu. That I am, sir.

Ma. And have commanded?

Bu. Ay, and gone without, sir

Ma [*Aside*] I see the man; a hundred
 crowns will make him 179

Swagger and drink healths to his grace's bounty,
 And swear he could not be more bountiful.

So there's nine hundred crowns sav'd. — Here,
 tall soldier,

¹²² *disparting* . . . husbandmen: noblemen-farmers, who turn their parks into fields ¹²⁴ *unswearing*: cold-blooded ¹²⁶ *seed-land*: agricultural ¹²⁸ *nick*: device to control the striking of a clock
¹³⁰ *low*: a short distance ¹³² *dispose*: pay out ¹³⁴ *s d* (Prompter's memorandum of properties needed on rear stage for the next scene) ¹³⁶ *His pass*: its passageway ¹³⁸ *reason*: explanation ¹⁴⁰ *that*: what

His grace hath sent you a whole hundred crowns.

Bu. A hundred, sir? Nay, do his highness right;

I know his hand is larger, and perhaps 185
I may deserve more than my outside shows.

I am a poet, as I am a soldier,
And I can poetise; and (being well encourag'd)
May sing his fame for giving; yours for deliv-
ering 189

(Like a most faithful steward) what he gives.

Ma. What shall your subject be?

Bu. I care not much
If to his bounteous grace I sing the praise
Of fair great noses, and to you of long ones.
What qualities have you, sir, beside your
chain

And velvet jacket? Can your worship dance?

Ma. [*Aside.*] A pleasant fellow, 'faith, it
seems my lord 196

Will have him for his jester, and by 't lady,
Such men are now no fools; 't is a knight's
place.

If I (to save his grace some crowns) should urge
him

T' abate his bounty, I should not be heard. 200

I would to heaven I were an errant ass,
For then I should be sure to have the ears
Of these great men, where now their jesters
have them.

'T is good to please him, yet I'll take no notice
Of his preferment, but in policy 205

Will still be grave and serious, lest he think
I fear his wooden dagger. Here, sir Ambo!

Bu. How, Ambo, sir?

Ma. Ay, is not your name Ambo?

Bu. You call'd me lately d'Ambois; has
your worship
So short a head?

Ma. I cry thee mercy, d'Ambois
A thousand crowns I bring you from my lord
Serve God, play the good husband, you may
make 212

This a good standing living: 't is a bounty
His highness might perhaps have bestow'd
better.

Bu. Go, y' are a rascal; hence, away, you
rogue! 215

Ma. What mean you, sir?

Bu. Hence! prate no more!
Or, by thy villain's blood, thou prat'st thy last!
A barbarous groom grudge at his master's
bounty!

But since I know he would as much abhor 219

His hind should argue what he gives his friend,
Take that, sir, for your aptness to dispute.

[*Strikes him.*] *Exit.*

Ma. These crowns are set in blood; blood
be their fruit! *Exit.*

[SCENE II. — *The Court.*]

*Henry, Guise, Montsurry, Elenor, Tamyra,
Beaupré, Pero, Charlotte, Pyra, Annabel*

Hen. Duchess of Guise, your grace is much
enrich'd

In the attendance of that English virgin,
That will intiate her prime of youth
(Dispos'd to Court conditions) under the hand
Of your prefer'd instructions and command, s
Rather than any in the English Court,
Whose ladies are not match'd in Christendom
For graceful and confirm'd behaviours
More than the Court, where they are bred, is
equall'd.

Gui. I like not their Court fashion; it is too
crestfall'n 10

In all observance, making demigods
Of their great nobles, and of their old queen,
An ever-young and most immortal goddess

Mons. No question she's the rarest queen
in Europe

Gui. But what's that to her immortality? 15

Hen. Assure you, cousin Guise, so great a
courtier,

So full of majesty and royal parts,
No queen in Christendom may vaunt herself
Her Court approves it. that's a Court indeed!
Not mix'd with clowneries us'd in common
houses, 20

But, as Courts should be, th' abstracts of their
kingdoms,

In all the beauty, state, and worth they hold;
So is hers, amply, and by her inform'd.

The world is not contracted in a man
With more proportion and expression, 25

Than in her Court her kingdom. Our French
Court

Is a mere mirror of confusion to it:
The king and subject, lord and every slave,

Dance a continual hay; our rooms of state
Kept like our stables; no place more observ'd

Than a rude market-place: and though our
custom 31

Keep this assur'd confusion from our eyes,
'T is ne'er the less essentially unsightly,

Which they would soon see, would they change
their form 34

¹⁸⁶ great noses: (Alençon's nose was disfigured by smallpox) long ones: (symbolizing crafty rogues) ²¹³ standing: permanent ⁴ Dispos'd, etc.: wishing to acquire courtly breeding ⁵ confirm'd: discreet ¹⁰ crestfall'n: servile ¹⁴⁻¹⁵ (These lines omitted in earliest Quartos) ¹⁹ approves: proves ²⁴ (Playing on the idea that man is a little world) ²⁸ I.e., her court is a perfect microcosm of her kingdom. ²⁹ hay: a rude, violent dance ³⁰ observ'd: decorous

To this of ours, and then compare them both;
Which we must not affect, because in kingdoms
Where the king's change doth breed the sub-
ject's terror,

Pure innovation is more gross than error.

Mons. No question we shall see them imitate
(Though afar off) the fashions of our Courts, 40
As they have ever ap'd us in attire.

Never were men so weary of their skins,
And apt to leap out of themselves as they;
Who, when they travel to bring forth rare men,
Come home, deliver'd of a fine French suit. 45
Their brains lie with their tailors, and get babies
For their most complete issue; he's sole heir
To all the moral virtues that first greets
The light with a new fashion, which becomes
them

Like apes, disfigur'd with the attires of men. 50

Hen. No question they much wrong their
real worth

In affectation of outlandish scum;

But they have faults, and we more; they fool-
ish-proud

To jet in others' plumes so haughtily;

We proud, that they are proud of foolery, 55
Holding our worths more complete for their
vaunts.

Enter Monsieur, d'Ambois

Mons. Come, mine own sweetheart, I will
enter thee.—

Sir, I have brought a gentleman to Court,
And pray you would vouchsafe to do him grace.

Hen. D'Ambois, I think?

Bu. That's still my name, my lord, 60
Though I be something alter'd in attire.

Hen. We like your alteration, and must tell
you

We have expected th' offer of your service,
For we (in fear to make mild virtue proud)
Use not to seek her out in any man 65

Bu. Nor doth she use to seek out any man:
They that will win must woo her.

Mons. I urg'd her modesty in him, my lord,
And gave her those rites that he says she
merits.

Hen. If you have woo'd and won, then,
brother, wear him. 70

Mons. Th' art mine, sweetheart. See, here's
the Guise's Duchess,

The Countess of Mountsurreau, Beaupré.

Come, I'll ensem thee. Ladies, y'are too
many

To be in council; I have here a friend

That I would gladly enter in your graces. 75

⁸⁰ affect: wish ⁸⁰ Pure: intrinsically good
dolls ⁸⁴ jet: strut ⁷² ensem: introduce ⁸² toy: whim
ant: lover ¹⁰⁰ turn the ladder: start backwards
of gaming ¹¹⁸ companion: fellow ¹¹⁹ guiserd:

Bu. Save you, ladies.

Du. If you enter him in our graces, my lord,
methinks by his blunt behaviour he should
come out of himself.

Ta. Has he never been courtier, my lord?

Mons. Never, my lady. 81

Beau. And why did the toy take him in
th' head now?

Bu. 'T is leap-year, lady, and therefore very
good to enter a courtier. 85

Hen. Mark, Duchess of Guise, there is one
is not bashful.

Du. No, my lord, he is much guilty of the
bold extremity.

Ta. The man's a courtier at first sight.

Bu. I can sing pricksong, lady, at first sight;
and why not be a courtier as suddenly? 90

Beau. Here's a courtier rotten before he be
ripe

Bu. Think me not impudent, lady, I am
yet no courtier, I desire to be one, and would
gladly take entrance, madam, under your
princely colours. 95

Enter Barrisor, l'Anou, Pyrhol

Du. Soft, sir, you must rise by degrees. first
being the servant of some common lady, or
knight's wife, then a little higher to a lord's
wife, next a little higher to a countess; yet a
little higher to a duchess, and then turn the lad-
der 101

Bu. Do you allow a man, then, four mis-
tresses when the greatest mistress is allowed
but three servants?

Du. Where find you that statute, sir? 105

Bu. Why, be judged by the groom-porters.

Du. The groom-porters?

Bu. Ay, madam; must not they judge of all
gamings i' th' Court?

Du. You talk like a gamester. 110

Gui. Sir, know you me?

Bu. My lord?

Gui. I know not you. Whom do you serve?

Bu. Serve, my lord?

Gui. Go to, companion, your courtship's too
saucy 116

Bu. [Aside] Saucy! Companion! 'T is the
Guise, but yet those terms might have been
spared of the guiserd. Companion! He's jeal-
ous, by this light. Are you blind of that side,
duke? I'll to her again for that. — Forth, 121
princely mistress, for the honour of courtship.
Another riddle!

Gui. Cease your courtship, or by heaven I'll
cut your throat. 125

⁴⁴ travel: (with pun on "travail") ⁴⁶ babies:
⁵⁰ pricksong: written music ⁸⁷ serv-
¹⁰⁰ groom-porters: court functionaries in charge
masquerader with a terrifying false face

Bu. Cut my throat? Cut a whetstone, young Accius Nævius. Do as much with your tongue, as he did with a razor. Cut my throat!

Bar. What new-come gallant have we here, that dares mate the Guise thus? 130

L'A. 'Sfoot, 't is d'Ambois. The duke mistakes him, on my life, for some knight of the new edition.

Bu. Cut my throat! I would the king fear'd thy cutting of his throat no more than I fear thy cutting of mine. 136

Gui. I'll do 't, by this hand.

Bu. That hand dares not do 't. Y' ave cut too many throats already, Guise; and robb'd the realm of many thousand souls, more precious than thine own. — Come madam, talk on. 141
'Sfoot, can you not talk? Talk on, I say! Another riddle.

Pyr. Here 's some strange distemper.

Bar. Here 's a sudden transmigration with d'Ambois, — out of the knight's ward into the duchess' bed.

L'A. See what a metamorphosis a brave suit can work. 149

Pyr. 'Slight, step to the Guise and discover him.

Bar. By no means; let the new suit work. We'll see the issue.

Gui. Leave your courting. 154

Bu. I will not. — I say, mistress, and I will stand unto it, that if a woman may have three servants, a man may have three-score mistresses.

Gui. Sirrah, I'll have you whipp'd out of the Court for this insolence. 160

Bu. Whipp'd? Such another syllable out o' th' presence, if thou dar'st, for thy dukedom.

Gui. Remember, poltroon.

Mons. Pray thee, forbear. 164

Bu. Passion of death! Were not the king here, he should strow the chamber like a rush.

Mons. But leave courting his wife, then.

Bu. I will not I'll court her in despite of him. Not court her! Come, madam, talk on, fear me nothing [To Guise] Well may'st thou drive thy master from the Court, but never 171 d'Ambois.

Mons. His great heart will not down; 't is like the sea,

That partly by his own internal heat,
Partly the stars' daily and nightly motion, 175
Their heat and light, and partly of the place
The divers frames, but chiefly by the moon,
Bristled with surges, never will be won

(No, not when th' hearts of all those powers are burst)

To make retreat into his settled home, 180
Till he be crown'd with his own quiet foam.

Hen. [Moving a chess-piece.] You have the mate. Another?

Gui. No more. *Flourish short.*

Exit Guise, after him the King,

Monsieur whispering.

Bar. Why, here 's the lion, scar'd with the throat of a dunghill cock, a fellow that has 185 newly shak'd off his shackles. Now does he crow for that victory.

L'A. 'T is one of the best jigs that ever was acted. 189

Pyr. Whom does the Guise suppose him to be, trow?

L'A. Out of doubt, some new denizen'd lord, and thinks that suit newly drawn out o' th' mercer's books 194

Bar. I have heard of a fellow, that by a fix'd imagination, looking upon a bull-baiting, had a visible pair of horns grew out of his forehead; and I believe this gallant, overjoyed with the conceit of Monsieur's cast suit, imagines himself to be the Monsieur. 200

L'A. And why not; as well as the ass, stalking in the lion's case, bare himself like a lion, braying all the huger beasts out of the forest?

Pyr. Peace, he looks thus way. 204

Bar. Marry, let him look, sir What will you say now if the Guise be gone to fetch a blanket for him?

L'A. Faith, I believe it for his honour sake.

Pyr. But, if d'Ambois carry it clean?

Exeunt Ladies.

Bar. True, when he curvets in the blanket

Pyr. Ay, marry, sir. 211

L'A. 'Sfoot, see how he stares on 's.

Bar. Lord bless us, let 's away.

Bu. Now, sir, take your full view: how does the object please ye? 215

Bar. If you ask my opinion, sir, I think your suit sits as well as if 't had been made for you.

Bu. So, sir, and was that the subject of your ridiculous jollity?

L'A. What 's that to you, sir? 220

Bu. Sir, I have observ'd all your fleerings; and resolve yourselves ye shall give a strict account for 't.

Enter Brisac, Melynell

Bar. Oh, miraculous jealousy! Do you think yourself such a singular subject for laughter 225

¹²⁷ Nævius: (according to Livy he cut a whetstone with a razor) ¹³⁰ mate: put down ¹³² new edition: (alluding to James I's new knights) ¹⁴⁶ knight's ward: debtor's prison (in the Counter, London) ¹⁵⁰ discover: make known ¹⁶⁶ rush: the floor covering of the day ¹⁷⁷ frames: conformations ¹⁸⁵ the mate: defeat (at chess) ¹⁹¹ trow: do you think? ¹⁹² denizen'd: naturalized (alluding to the immigrant Scots) ¹⁹⁹ cast: discarded ²⁰² case: skin ²⁰⁹ carry it clean: come off with credit ²²⁶ singular: unique

that none can fall into the matter of our merriment but you?

L'A. This jealousy of yours, sir, confesses some close defect in yourself, that we never dream'd of. 230

Pyr. We held discourse of a perfum'd ass, that being disguis'd in a lion's case, imagin'd himself a lion. I hope that touch'd not you.

Bu. So, sir; your descants do marvellous well fit this ground. We shall meet where 235 your buffoonly laughers will cost ye the best blood in your bodies.

Bar. For life's sake let 's be gone; he 'll kill 's outright else.

Bu. Go, at your pleasures I 'll be your ghost to haunt you. And ye sleep on 't, hang me. 241

L'A. Go, go, sir; court your mistress.

Pyr. And be advis'd, we shall have odds against you

Bu. Tush! valour stands not in number; I 'll maintain it, that one man may beat three 246 boys

Bri. Nay, you shall have no odds of him in number, sir. He 's a gentleman as good as the proudest of you, and ye shall not wrong him.

Bar. Not, sir? 251

Mel. Not, sir! though he be not so rich, he 's a better man than the best of you, and I will not endure it

L'A. Not you, sir? 255

Bri. No, sir, not I.

Bu. I should thank you for this kindness, if I thought these perfum'd musk-cats (being out of this privilege) durst but once mew at us.

Bar. Does your confident spirit doubt that, sir? Follow us and try 261

L'A. Come, sir, we 'll lead you a dance

Exeunt.

Finis Actus primi.

Actus secundi Scena prima

Henry, Guise, Montsurry, and Attendants

Hen. This desperate quarrel sprung out of their envies

To d'Ambois' sudden bravery, and great spirit.

Gui. Neither is worth their envy

Hen. Less than either

Will make the gall of envy overflow
She feeds on outcast entrails like a kite, 5

In which foul heap, if any ill lies hid,
She sticks her beak into it, shakes it up.

And hurls it all abroad, that all may view it
Corruption is her nutriment; but touch her

With any precious ointment, and you kill her.
Where she finds any filth in men, she feasts, 11

And with her black throat bruits it through
the world

(Being sound and healthful). But if she but
taste

The slenderest pittance of commended virtue,
She surfeits of it, and is like a fly 15

That passes all the body's soundest parts,
And dwells upon the sores, or if her squint eye

Have power to find none there, she forges some.
She makes that crooked ever which is straight;

Calls valour giddiness, justice tyranny. 20
A wise man may shun her, she not herself;

Whithersoever she flies from her harms,
She bears her foe still clasp'd in her own
arms

And therefore, Cousin Guise, let us avoid her.

Enter Nuntius

Nu. What Atlas or Olympus lifts his head 25
So far past covert, that with air enough

My words may be inform'd, and from their
height

I may be seen, and heard through all the world?
A tale so worthy, and so fraught with wonder

Sticks in my jaws, and labours with event. 30
Hen. Comest thou from d'Ambois?

Nu. From him, and the rest,
His friends and enemies, whose stern fight I
saw,

And heard their words before and in the fray.

Hen. Relate at large what thou hast seen
and heard.

Nu. I saw fierce d'Ambois and his two brave
friends 35

Enter the field, and at their heels their foes:
Which were the famous soldiers, Barrisor,

L'Anou, and Pyrrho, great in deeds of arms.
All which arriv'd at the evenest piece of earth

The field afforded, the three challengers 40
Turn'd head, drew all their rapiers, and stood
rank'd:

When face to face the three defendants met
them,

Alike prepar'd, and resolute alike.
Like bonfires of contributory wood

Every man's look show'd, fed with either's
spirit, 45

As one had been a mirror to another,
Like forms of life and death, each took from
other;

And so were life and death mix'd at their
heights,

That you could see no fear of death, for life,
Nor love of life, for death; but in their brows 50

Pyrrho's opinion in great letters shone:
That life and death in all respects are one.

²²⁹ close: secret ²³⁴ descants: flourishes

³ bravery: fine clothes ¹⁵ bruits: shouts

¹⁹ arriv'd: being arrived ³¹ Pyrrho: a Greek skeptic, 3rd century B.C.

²⁴¹ And: if ²⁵⁰ privilege: privileged ground

³⁰ covert: wooded growth ³⁰ event: utterance

³⁰ event: utterance

Hen. Pass'd there no sort of words at their encounter?

Nu. As Hector, 'twixt the hosts of Greece and Troy, ⁵⁴
(When Paris and the Spartan king should end
The nine years' war) held up his brazen lance
For signal that both hosts should cease from
arms,

And hear him speak: so Barrisor, advis'd,
Advanc'd his naked rapier 'twixt both sides,
Ripp'd up the quarrel, and compar'd six lives ⁶⁰
Then laid in balance with six idle words;
Offer'd remission and contrition too;
Or else that he and d'Ambois might conclude
The others' dangers. D'Ambois lik'd the last;
But Barrisor's friends (being equally engag'd ⁶⁵
In the main quarrel) never would expose
His life alone to that they all deserv'd.
And, for the other offer of remission,
D'Ambois (that like a laurel put in fire
Sparkled and spit) did much much more than
scoren ⁷⁰

That his wrong should incense him so like chaff
To go so soon out; and like lighted paper
Approve his spirit at once both fire and ashes.
So drew they lots, and in them fates appointed
That Barrisor should fight with fiery d'Am-
bois; ⁷⁵

Pyrhot with Melynell; with Brisac L'Anou:
And then like flame and powder they commix'd,
So spritely, that I wish'd they had been spirits,
That the ne'er-shutting wounds they needs
must open

Might as they open'd shut, and never kill. ⁸⁰
But d'Ambois' sword (that light'ned as it flew)
Shot like a pointed comet at the face
Of manly Barrisor; and there it stuck.
Thrice pluck'd he at it, and thrice drew on
thrusts.

From him that of himself was free as fire; ⁸⁵
Who thrust still as he pluck'd, yet (past belief)
He with his subtle eye, hand, body, scap'd
At last, the deadly bitten point tugg'd off,
On fell his yet undaunted foe so fiercely
That (only made more horrid with his wound) ⁹⁰
Great d'Ambois shrunk, and gave a little
ground;

But soon return'd, redoubled in his danger,
And at the heart of Barrisor seal'd his anger.
Then, as in Arden I have seen an oak
Long shook with tempests, and his lofty top ⁹⁵
Bent to his root, which being at length made
loose

(Even groaning with his weight) he 'gan to nod

This way and that, as loath his curled brows
(Which he had oft wrapp'd in the sky with
storms) ⁹⁹

Should stoop: and yet, his radical fibres burst,
Storm-like he fell, and hid the fear-cold earth:
So fell stout Barrisor, that had stood the shocks
Of ten set battles in your highness' war,
'Gainst the sole soldier of the world, Navarre.

Gus. Oh, piteous and horrid murder!
Mont. Such a life

Methinks had metal in it to survive ¹⁰⁶
An age of men

Hen. Such often soonest end.
Thy felt report calls on, we long to know
On what events the other have arriv'd.

Nu. Sorrow and fury, like two opposite
fumes

Met in the upper region of a cloud, ¹¹¹
At the report made by this worthy's fall,
Brake from the earth, and with them rose Re-
venge,

Ent'ring with fresh powers his two noble friends;
And under that odds fell surcharg'd Brisac, ¹¹⁵
The friend of d'Ambois, before fierce L'Anou;
Which d'Ambois seem'd, as I once did see,
In my young travels through Armenia,
An angry unicorn in his full career
Charge with too swift a foot a jeweller ¹²⁰
That watch'd him for the treasure of his brow,
And, ere he could get shelter of a tree,
Nail him with his rich antler to the earth:
So d'Ambois ran upon reveng'd L'Anou,
Who eying th' eager point borne in his face, ¹²⁵
And giving back, fell back, and in his fall
His foe's uncurbed sword stopp'd in his heart;
By which time all the life-strings of the tw'
other

Were cut, and both fell as their spirits flew
Upwards; and still hunt honour at the view: ¹³⁰
And now, of all the six, sole d'Ambois stood
Untouch'd, save only with the others' blood.

Hen. All slain outright?

Nu. All slain outright but he,
Who kneeling in the warm life of his friends,
(All freckled with the blood his rapier rain'd) ¹³⁵
He kiss'd their pale lips, and bade both fare-
well. —

And see the bravest man the French earth
bears!

Enter Monsieur, d'Ambois bare

Bu. Now is the time; y'are princely vow'd
my friend;

Perform it princely, and obtain my pardon.

⁵⁴ advis'd: having taken thought ⁶⁰ Ripp'd up: laid open, explained ⁸⁴ he: Bussy ⁸⁵ him: Barrisor ¹⁰⁵ Mont. (This speech is assigned in Qq. to Beaumont, who appears instead of Montsurry in the opening s d of the act Similarly both texts note the exit of "Beau" instead of Montsurry at line 206) ¹⁰⁸ calls on: calls for more ¹⁰⁹ other: others ¹¹⁵ surcharg'd: overstrained ¹²¹ treas- ure: the unicorn's horn ¹²⁸ tw' other: two others ¹²⁷ s. d. bare: without his hat

Mons. Else heaven forgive not me! Come
on, brave friend! — 140

If ever nature held herself her own,
When the great trial of a king and subject
Met in one blood, both from one belly springing;
Now prove her virtue and her greatness one,
Or make the t' one the greater with the t' other,
(As true kings should) and for your brother's love,
(Which is a special species of true virtue) 147
Do that you could not do, not being a king.

Hen. Brother, I know your suit; these wilful
murthers
Are ever past our pardon.

Mons. Manly slaughter 150
Should never bear th' account of wilful murder;
It being a spice of justice, where with life
Offending past law, equal life is laid
In equal balance, to scourge that offence
By law of reputation, which to men 155
Exceeds all positive law, and what that leaves
To true men's valours (not prefixing rights
Of satisfaction, suited to their wrongs)
A free man's eminence may supply and take.

Hen. This would make every man that
thinks him wrong'd 160

Or is offended, or in wrong or right,
Lay on this violence, and all vaunt themselves
Law-menders and suppliers, though mere
butchers, —

Should this fact (though of justice) be forgiven
Mons. Oh, no, my lord, it would make
cowards fear 165

To touch the reputations of true men
When only they are left to imp the law.
Justice will soon distinguish murtherous minds
From just revengers. Had my friend been slain,
(His enemy surviving) he should die, 170
Since he had added to a murder'd fame
(Which was in his intent) a murder'd man,
And this had worthily been wilful murder;
But my friend only sav'd his fame's dear life,
Which is above life, taking th' under-value, 175
Which in the wrong it did was forfeit to him;
And in this fact only preserves a man
In his uprightness; worthy to survive
Millions of such as murder men alive.

Hen. Well, brother, rise, and raise your
friend withal 180

From death to life; and d'Ambois, let your life
(Refin'd by passing through this merited death)
Be purg'd from more such foul pollution;
Nor on your scape nor valour more presuming
To be again so daring.

Bu. My lord, 185

I loathe as much a deed of unjust death
As law itself doth; and to tyrannize,
Because I have a little spirit to dare
And power to do, as to be tyranniz'd.
This is a grace that (on my knees redoubled)
I crave to double this, my short life's gift, 191
And shall your royal bounty centuple,
That I may so make good what God and nature
Have given me for my good: since I am free,
(Offending no just law), let no law make, 195
By any wrong it does, my life her slave:
When I am wrong'd, and that law fails to right
me,

Let me be king myself (as man was made).
And do a justice that exceeds the law.
If my wrong pass the power of single valour 200
To right and expiate, then be you my king,
And do a right, exceeding law and nature.
Who to himself is law, no law doth need,
Offends no law, and is a king indeed.

Hen. Enjoy what thou entreat'st; we give
but ours 205

Bu. What you have given, my lord, is ever
yours. *Exit Rex cum Montsurry.*

Gus. *Mort dieu!* who would have pardon'd
such a murder? *Exit.*

Mons. Now vanish horrors into court attrac-
tions,

For which let this balm make thee fresh and fair.
And now forth with thy service to the duch-
ess, 210
As my long love will to Montsurry's countess.

Exit.

Bu. To whom my love hath long been vow'd
in heart,

Although in hand for show I held the duchess.
And now through blood and vengeance, deeds
of height

And hard to be achiev'd, 't is fit I make 215
Attempt of her perfection I need fear
No check in his rivalry, since her virtues
Are so renown'd, and he of all dames hated.

Exit.

[SCENE II. — *Montsurry's House*]

[*Montsurry, Tamyra, Beauprè, Pero, Charlotte,*
Pyra

Mont. He will have pardon, sure.

Ta. 'T were pity, else:
For though his great spirit something overflow,
All faults are still borne that from greatness
grow;

But such a sudden courtier saw I never.

¹⁴² spice: species ¹⁴³ past law: beyond the scope of regular law ¹⁴⁶ that: i.e., positive law (to which the following parenthesis also refers) ¹⁴⁷ or . . . right: either wrongly or rightly ¹⁴⁸ sup-pliers: deputies ¹⁴⁹ imp: graft ¹⁵⁰ under-value: less precious thing ¹⁵¹ grace: boon on . . . re-doubled: twice kneeling ¹⁵² in hand . . . held: used as a decoy Sc. II: (The opening s. d. and lines 1-50 are omitted in Q 1641.) ¹⁵³ still: ever

Be. He was too sudden, which indeed was rudeness. 5

Ta. True, for it argued his no due conceit Both of the place and greatness of the persons, Nor of our sex: all which (we all being strangers

To his encounter) should have made more manners 9

Deserve more welcome.

Mont. All this fault is found Because he lov'd the duchess and left you.

Ta. Alas, love give her joy; I am so far From envy of her honour, that I swear, Had he encounter'd me with such proud slight, I would have put that project face of his 15 To a more test than did her duchesship.

Be. Why (by your leave, my lord) I'll speak it here,

Although she be my aunt, she scarce was modest,

When she perceiv'd the duke her husband take Those late exceptions to her servant's courtship, 20

To entertain him.

Ta. Ay, and stand him still, Letting her husband give her servant place. Though he did manly, she should be a woman.

Enter Guise

[*Gui.*] D'Ambois is pardon'd! Where 's a king? Where law?

See how it runs, much like a turbulent sea, 25 Here high and glorious as it did contend

To wash the heavens and make the stars more pure,

And here so low, it leaves the mud of hell To every common view; come, Count Mont-surry, 29

We must consult of this

Ta. Stay not, sweet lord.

Mont. Be pleas'd, I'll straight return.

Exit cum Guise.

Ta. Would that would please me!

Be. I'll leave you, madam, to your passions; I see there's change of weather in your looks.

Exit cum suis.

Ta. I cannot cloak it; but, as when a fume, Hot, dry, and gross, within the womb of earth Or in her superficies begot, 36

When extreme cold hath struck it to her heart, The more it is compress'd, the more it rageth; Exceeds his prison's strength that should contain it,

And then it tosseth temples in the air, 40 All bars made engines to his insolent fury;

So, of a sudden, my licentious fancy

Riots within me: not my name and house Nor my religion, to this hour observ'd, Can stand above it. I must utter that 45 That will in parting break more strings in me Than death when life parts; and that holy man That, from my cradle, counsel'd for my soul, I now must make an agent for my blood. 49

Enter Monsieur

Mons. Yet, is my mistress gracious?

Ta. Yet unanswer'd?]

Mons. Pray thee regard thine own good, if not mine, 51

And cheer my love for that, you do not know What you may be by me, nor what without me. I may have power t'advance and pull down any.

Ta. That's not my study. One way I am sure 55

You shall not pull down me; my husband's height

Is crown to all my hopes; and his retiring To any mean state, shall be my aspiring; Mine honour's in mine own hands, spite of kings.

Mons. Honour, what's that? Your second maidenhead! 60

And what is that? A word. The word is gone, The thing remains: the rose is pluck'd, the stalk

Abides; an easy loss where no lack's found. Believe it, there's as small lack in the loss

As there is pain 't' losing Archers ever 65 Have two strings to a bow; and shall great Cupid

(Archer of archers both in men and women.) Be worse provided than a common archer?

A husband and a friend all wise wives have

Ta. Wise wives they are that on such strings depend, 70

With a firm husband joining a loose friend!

Mons. Still you stand on your husband! so do all

The common sex of you, when y' are encounter'd

With one ye cannot fancy. All men know 74 You live in Court here by your own election,

Frequenting all our common sports and triumphs,

All the most youthful company of men: And wherefore do you this? To please your husband?

'Tis gross and fulsome: if your husband's pleasure

Be all your object, and you aim at honour 80 In living close to him, get you from Court;

* no . . . conceit: inadequate appreciation " project: forward " superficies: outside " his: its " blood: passion " (Q 1641 begins the scene with this line, prefixing the S. D., "Enter Monsieur, Tamyra, and Pero with a Booke.")

You may have him at home. These common
put-offs

For common women serve: "My honour!
Husband!"

Dames maritorious ne'er were meritorious.
Speak plam, and say, "I do not like you, sir, as
Y' are an ill-favour'd fellow in my eye;"
And I am answer'd.

Ta. Then, I pray, be answer'd:
For in good faith, my lord, I do not like you
In that sort you like.

Mons. Then have at you, here!
Take (with a politic hand) this rope of pearl, 90
And though you be not amorous, yet be wise:
Take me for wisdom; he that you can love
Is ne'er the further from you.

Ta. Now it comes
So ill prepar'd, that I may take a poison
Under a medicine as good cheap as it, 95
I will not have it were it worth the world.

Mons. Horror of death! could I but please
your eye,
You would give me the like, ere you would lose
me

"Honour and husband!"

Ta By this light, my lord,
Y' are a vile fellow, and I'll tell the king 100
Your occupation of dishonouring ladies,
And of his Court A lady cannot live

As she was born, and with that sort of pleasure
That fits her state, but she must be defam'd
With an infamous lord's detraction. 105

Who would endure the Court if these attempts
Of open and profess'd lust must be borne?
Who's there? Come on, dame; you are at
your book

When men are at your mistress; have I taught
you

Any such waiting-woman's quality? 110

Mons Farewell, "good husband"

Exit Monsieur

Mont.

Farewell, wicked lord.

Enter Montsurry

Mont. Was not the Monsieur here?

Ta Yes, to good purpose,
And your cause is as good to seek him too,
And haunt his company

Mont Why, what's the matter?

Ta. Matter of death, were I some husbands'
wife 115

I cannot live at quiet in my chamber,
For opportunities almost to rapes
Offer'd me by him.

Mont. Pray thee, bear with him.

Thou know'st he is a bachelor and a courtier,
Ay, and a prince; and their prerogatives 120
Are to their laws, as to their pardons are
Their reservations, after Parliaments —
One quits another, form gives all their essence.
That prince doth high in virtue's reckoning
stand

That will entreat a vice, and not command. 125
So far bear with him, should another man
Trust to his privilege, he should trust to death.
Take comfort, then, my comfort, nay, triumph
And crown thyself, thou part'st with victory;
My presence is so only dear to thee 130
That other men's appear worse than they be.
For this night yet, bear with my forced ab-
sence;

Thou know'st my business; and with how
much weight

My vow hath charg'd it

Ta True, my lord, and never
My fruitless love shall let your serious honour;
Yet, sweet lord, do not stay, you know my
soul 136

Is so long time without me, and I dead,

As you are absent

Mont By this kiss, receive

My soul for hostage, till I see my love.

Ta The morn shall let me see you?

Mont With the sun
I'll visit thy more comfortable beauties 141

Ta This is my comfort, that the sun hath
left

The whole world's beauty ere my sun leaves me.

Mont 'T is late night now indeed; farewell,
my light *Exit.*

Ta Farewell, my light and life; — but not
in him 145

In mine own dark love and light bent to
another.

Alas that in the wane of our affections
We should supply it with a full dissembling,
In which each youngest maid is grown a mother.
Frailty is fruitful, one sin gets another. 150

Our loves like sparkles are that brightest shine
When they go out: most vice shows most
divine. —

Go, maid, to bed, lend me your book, I pray;
Not, like yourself, for form; I'll this night
trouble

None of your services. Make sure the doors,
And call your other fellows to their rest 156

Pe I will, — [*Aside*] yet I will watch to
know why you watch. *Exit.*

⁹⁴ maritorious: husband-mad importunings ¹²⁰ part'at . . . victory: come off victorious ¹²⁸ let: obstruct ¹⁴¹ comfortable: (more comforting than the sun's) ¹⁴⁶ (This unmetrical and difficult line is not in Q 1.) ¹⁴⁸ supply it: supplement the waning love ¹⁵⁸ most . . . divine: The greatest sin is most attractive. ¹⁶⁴ like yourself: as you read it

Ta. Now all ye peaceful regents of the night,
Silently-gliding exhalations,
Languishing winds, and murmuring falls of
waters, 160

Sadness of heart and ominous secureness,
Enchantments, dead sleeps, all the friends of
rest,

That ever wrought upon the life of man,
Extend your utmost strengths; and this
charm'd hour 164

Fix like the centre; make the violent wheels
Of Time and Fortune stand, and great Ex-
istence

(The Maker's treasury) now not seem to be,
To all but my approaching friends and me.

They come, alas, they come! Fear, fear and hope
Of one thing, at one instant fight in me; 170

I love what most I loathe, and cannot live
Unless I compass that which holds my death;

For life's mere death, loving one that loathes me,
And he I love will loathe me, when he sees

I fly my sex, my virtue, my renown, 175
To run so madly on a man unknown.

The vault opens.

See, see, a vault is opening that was never
Known to my lord and husband, nor to any

But him that brings the man I love, and me.
How shall I look on him? How shall I live,

And not consume in blushes? I will in, 181
And cast myself off, as I ne'er had been. *Exit.*

Ascendst Friar and d'Ambois

Fr. Come, worthiest son, I am past measure
glad,

That you (whose worth I have approv'd so
long)

Should be the object of her fearful love; 185
Since both your wit and spirit can adapt

Their full force to supply her utmost weakness.
You know her worths and virtues, for report

Of all that know is to a man a knowledge: 189
You know besides, that our affections' storm,

Rais'd in our blood, no reason can reform.
Though she seek then their satisfaction

(Which she must needs, or rest unsatisfied)
Your judgment will esteem her peace, thus
wrought, 194

Nothing less dear than if yourself had sought;
And (with another colour, which my art

Shall teach you to lay on) yourself must seem
The only agent, and the first orb move

In this our set and cunning world of love.
Bu. Give me the colour, my most honour'd

father, 200
And trust my cunning then to lay it on.

Fr. 'Tis this, good son; Lord Barrisor
(whom you slew)

Did love her dearly; and with all fit means
Hath urg'd his acceptation, of all which

She keeps one letter written in his blood. 205
You must say thus, then: that you heard from

me
How much herself was touch'd in conscience
With a report (which is in truth dispers'd)

That your main quarrel grew about her love,
Lord Barrisor imagining your courtship 210

Of the great Guise's Duchess in the presence
Was by you made to his elected mistress;

And so made me your mean now to resolve
her,

Choosing (by my direction) this night's depth
For the more clear avoiding of all note 215

Of your presumed presence. and with this
(To clear her hands of such a lover's blood)

She will so kindly thank and entertain you,
(Methinks I see how), ay, and ten to one,

Show you the confirmation in his blood, 220
Lest you should think report and she did feign,

That you shall so have circumstantial means
To come to the direct, which must be used:

For the direct is crooked, love comes flying;
The height of love is still won with denying. 225

Bu. Thanks, honour'd father.

Fr. She must never know

That you know anything of any love
Sustain'd on her part for, learn this of me,

In anything a woman does alone,
If she dissemble, she thinks 't is not done. 230

If not dissemble, nor a little chide,
Give her her wish, she is not satisf'd;

To have a man think that she never seeks,
Does her more good than to have all she
likes

This frailty sticks in them beyond their sex,
Which to reform, reason is too perplex: 236

Urge reason to them, it will do no good,
Humour (that is the chariot of our blood

In everybody) must in them be fed,
To carry their affections by it bred. 240

Stand close.

Enter Tamyra with a book

Ta. [*Aside*] Alas, I fear my strangeness
will retire him.

If he go back, I die; I must prevent it,
And cheer his onset with my sight at least,

And that's the most. Though every step he
takes 245

Goes to my heart, I'll rather die than seem
Not to be strange to that I most esteem.

¹⁸⁸ centre: centre of the planetary system ¹⁸⁹ I.e., slough off my instincts as if I had never had them. ¹⁹⁰ first . . . move: supply the original motion, be the *primum mobile* ²¹⁵ note: notice ²¹⁶ presumed: presumptuous ²²¹ If: if she do ²²⁸ perplex: involved ²³³ blood: ('food' Qq. etc.) ²⁴² strangeness: aloofness

Fr. Madam.

Ta. Ah!

Fr. You will pardon me, I hope,
That so beyond your expectation,
And at a time for visitants so unfit, 250
I (with my noble friend here) visit you.
You know that my access at any time
Hath ever been admitted; and that friend
That my care will presume to bring with me
Shall have all circumstance of worth in him 255
To merit as free welcome as myself.

Ta. Oh, father, but at this suspicious hour!
You know how apt best men are to suspect us,
In any cause that makes suspicious shadow
No greater than the shadow of a hair: 260
And y' are to blame. What though my lord
and husband

Lie forth to-night, and, since I cannot sleep
When he is absent, I sit up to-night,
Though all the doors are sure, and all our
servants

As sure bound with their sleeps; yet there is
One 265
That wakes above, whose eye no sleep can
bind.

He sees through doors, and darkness, and our
thoughts,

And therefore as we should avoid with fear
To think amiss ourselves before his search,
So should we be as curious to shun 270
All cause that other think not ill of us

Bu. Madam, 't is far from that; I only
heard

By this my honour'd father, that your con-
science

Made some deep scruple with a false report
That Barror's blood should something touch
your honour, 275

Since he imagin'd I was courting you,
When I was bold to change words with the
duchess,

And therefore made his quarrel, his long love
And service, as I hear, being deeply vowed 279
To your perfections: which my ready presence,
Presum'd on with my father at this season
For the more care of your so curious honour,
Can well resolve your conscience is most false.

Ta. And is it therefore that you come, good
sir? 284

Then crave I now your pardon and my father's,
And swear your presence does me so much
good,

That all I have it binds to your requital
Indeed, sir, 't is most true that a report
Is spread, alleging that his love to me
Was reason of your quarrel, and because 290

You shall not think I feign it for my glory
That he importun'd me for his court service,
I'll show you his own hand, set down in blood
To that vain purpose. Good sir, then come in.
Father, I thank you now a thousand-fold. 295

Exi Tamyra and d'Ambois.

Fr. May it be worth it to you, honour'd
daughter. *Descendit Friar.*

Finis Actus secundi.

Actus Tertii Scena Prima

[*The Same.*]

Enter d'Ambois, Tamyra, with a chain of pearl

Bu Sweet mistress, cease! Your conscience
is too nice,

And bites too hotly of the Puritan spice

Ta Oh, my dear servant, in thy close em-
braces

I have set open all the doors of danger
To my encompass'd honour, and my life. 5
Before I was secure against death and hell,
But now am subject to the heartless fear
Of every shadow and of every breath,
And would change firmness with an aspen
leaf

So confident a spotless conscience is, 10
So weak a guilty Oh, the dangerous siege
Sin lays about us, and the tyranny
He exercises when he hath expugn'd!

Like to the horror of a winter's thunder,
Mix'd with a gushing storm, that suffer nothing
To stir abroad on earth but their own rages, 16
Is sin, when it hath gather'd head above us.

No roof, no shelter can secure us so,
But he will drown our cheeks in fear or woe.

Bu Sin is a coward, madam, and insults 20

But on our weakness, in his truest valour;
And so our ignorance tames us, that we let
His shadows fright us. and like empty clouds,
In which our faulty apprehensions forge

The forms of dragons, lions, elephants, 25
When they hold no proportion, the sly charms
Of the witch, Policy, makes him like a monster
Kept only to show men for servile money.

That false hag often paints him in her cloth
Ten times more monstrous than he is in troth.
In three of us the secret of our meeting 31

Is only guarded, and three friends are one
Have ever been esteem'd as our three powers
That in our one soul are as one united
Why should we fear then? For myself I swear

Sooner shall torture be the sire to pleasure, 36
And health be grievous to one long time sick,
Than the dear jewel of your fame in me

²⁸¹ father: the friar ²⁸² curious: nice ²⁸³ encompass'd: beleaguered ²⁸⁴ expugn'd: conquered
²⁸⁵ insults: triumphs ²⁸⁶ proportion: resemblance ²⁸⁷ cloth: painted cloth, substitute for tapestry
²⁸⁸ three powers: of body, mind, spirit ²⁸⁹ our: (not in Q 1641)

Due to the sacred space 'twixt kings and sub-
jects,
Here would I make thee cast that popular
purple,
In which thy proud soul sits and braves thy
sovereign. 70

Mons. Peace, peace, I pray thee peace.

Bu. Let him peace first

That made the first war.

Mons. He's the better man.

Bu. And therefore may do worst?

Mons. He has more titles.

Bu. So Hydra had more heads.

Mons. He's greater known.

Bu. His greatness is the people's, mine's
mine own. 75

Mons. He's nobler born.

Bu. He is not, I am noble;
And noblesse in his blood hath no gradation,
But in his merit.

Gui. Th' art not nobly born,
But bastard to the Cardinal of Ambois.

Bu. Thou leest, proud Guiserd. Let me fly,
my lord. 80

Hen. Not in my face, my eagle; violence
flies

The sanctuaries of a prince's eyes.

Bu. Still shall we chide and foam upon this
bit?

Is the Guise only great in faction?
Stands he not by himself? Proves he th' opin-
ion 85

That men's souls are without them? Be a duke,
And lead me to the field.

Gui. Come, follow me.

Hen. Stay them! Stay, d'Ambois. Cousin
Guise, I wonder

Your honour'd disposition brooks so ill
A man so good, that only would uphold 90
Man in his native noblesse, from whose fall
All our dissensions rise; that in himself
(Without the outward patches of our frailty,
Riches and honour) knows he comprehends
Worth with the greatest. Kings had never
borne 95

Such boundless empire over other men,
Had all maintain'd the spirit and state of
d'Ambois;

Nor had the full impartial hand of nature,
That all things gave in her original 99
Without these definite terms of "mine" and
"thine,"

Been turn'd unjustly to the hand of Fortune,
Had all preserv'd her in her prime, like d'Am-
bois.

No envy, no disjunction had dissolv'd,

Or pluck'd one stick out of the golden faggot
In which the world of Saturn bound our lives,
Had all been held together with the nerves, 106
The genius, and th' ingenious soul of d'Ambois.
Let my hand therefore be the Hermean rod
To part and reconcile, and so conserve you,
As my combin'd embracers and supporters. 110

Bu. 'T is our king's motion, and we shall
not seem

To worst eyes womanish, though we change
thus soon

Never so great grudge for his greater pleasure.

Gui. I seal to that; and, so the manly free-
dom

That you so much profess hereafter prove not
A bold and glorious license to deprave, 116
To me his hand shall hold the Hermean virtue
His grace affects, in which submissive sign
On this his sacred right hand I lay mine.

Bu. 'T is well, my lord, and so your worthy
greatness 120

Decline not to the greater insolence,
Nor make you think it a prerogative
To rack men's freedoms with the ruder wrongs;
My hand (stuck full of laurel, in true sign
'T is wholly dedicate to righteous peace) 125
In all submission kisseth th' other side

Hen. Thanks to ye both; and kindly I in-
vite ye

Both to a banquet, where we'll sacrifice
Full cups to confirmation of your loves; 129
At which, fair ladies, I entreat your presence;
And hope you, madam, will take one carouse
For reconciliation of your lord and servant.

Du. If I should fail, my lord, some other
lady

Would be found there to do that for my servant.

Mons. Any of these here?

Du. Nay, I know not that.

Bu. Think your thoughts like my mistress',
honour'd lady? 136

Ta. I think not on you, sir; y' are one I
know not

Bu. Cry you mercy, madam.

Mont. Oh, sir, has she met you?

Exeunt Henry, d'Ambois, Ladies.

Mons. What had my bounty drunk when
it rais'd him?

Gui. Y'ave stuck us up a very worthy flag,
That takes more wind than we with all our
sails. 141

Mons. Oh, so he spreads and flourishes.

Gui. He must down;
Upstarts should never perch too near a crown.

Mons. 'T is true, my lord; and as this dot-
ing hand, 144

⁹⁹ popular purple: factious dignity ⁷⁸ nobler: ('nobly' Qq) ⁷⁷ his: its ⁸⁷ lead: (punning on etymology of "duke," from "ducere") ⁹⁹ original: beginning ¹⁰⁶ world of Saturn: golden age

¹⁰⁷ ingenious: ingenuous ¹⁰⁸ Hermean rod: Hermes' caduceus ¹¹⁴ so: provided

Even out of earth, like Juno, struck this giant,
So Jove's great ordinance shall be here impli'd
To strike him under th' Etna of his pride:
To which work lend your hands, and let us
cast

Where we may set snares for his ranging great-
ness. 149

I think it best, amongst our greatest women,
For there is no such trap to catch an upstart
As a loose downfall; for you know their falls
Are th' ends of all men's rising. If great men
And wise make scapes to please advantages,
'T is with a woman' women, that worst may,
Still hold men's candles. They direct and
know 156

All things amiss in all men, and their women
All things amiss in them; through whose
charm'd mouths

We may see all the close scapes of the Court
When the most royal beast of chase, the hart,
(Being old and cunning in his lairs and haunts)
Can never be discovered to the bow, 162
The piece, or hound; yet where, behind some
queich,

He breaks his gall, and rutteth with his hind,
The place is mark'd, and by his ventry 165
He still is taken. Shall we then attempt
The chieftest mean to that discovery here,
And court our greatest ladies' chieftest women
With shows of love and liberal promises? 169
'T is but our breath. If something given in
hand

Sharpen their hopes of more, 't will be well
ventur'd

Gui. No doubt of that, and 't is the cun-
ning'st point

Of our devis'd investigation

Mons. I have broken
The ice to it already with the woman
Of your chaste lady, and conceive good hope 175
I shall wade thorow to some wished shore
At our next meeting.

Mont. Nay, there's small hope there
Gui. Take say of her, my lord, she comes
most fitly.

Mons. Starting back?

Enter Charlotte, Annabel, Pero

Gui. Y' are engag'd, indeed 180

Ch. Nay, pray, my lord, forbear.

Mont. What, skittish, servant?

An. No, my lord, I am not so fit for your
service.

Ch. Pray pardon me now, my lord; my lady
expects me. 186

Gui. I'll satisfy her expectation, as far as
an uncle may.

Mons. Well said; a spirit of courtship of all
hands. Now mine own Pero, hast thou re- 190
memb'red me for the discovery I entreated thee
to make of thy mistress? Speak boldly, and be
sure of all things I have sworn to thee.

Pe. Building on that assurance, my lord, I
may speak, and much the rather, because 195
my lady hath not trusted me with that I can
tell you; for now I cannot be said to betray her.

Mons. That 's all one, so we reach our ob-
jects. Forth, I beseech thee.

Pe. To tell you truth, my lord, I have made
a strange discovery. 201

Mons. Excellent, Pero, thou reviv'st me.
May I sink quick to perdition if my tongue
discover 't.

Pe. 'T is thus, then: this last night my lord
lay forth, and I, watching my lady's sitting 206
up, stole up at midnight from my pallet, and
(having before made a hole both through the
wall and arras to her inmost chamber) I saw
d'Ambois and herself reading a letter. 210

Mons. D'Ambois?

Pe. Even he, my lord

Mons. Dost thou not dream, wench?

Pe. I swear he is the man.

Mons. The devil he is, and thy lady his 215
dam! Why, this was the happiest shot that ever
flew! The just plague of hypocrisy levell'd it.
Oh, the infinite regions betwixt a woman's
tongue and her heart! Is this our goddess of 219
chastity? I thought I could not be so slighted
if she had not her fraught besides, and there-
fore plotted this with her woman, never dream-
ing of d'Ambois — Dear Pero, I will advance
thee for ever, but tell me now, — God's pre-
cious, it transforms me with admiration — 225
sweet Pero, whom should she trust with this
conveyance? Or, all the doors being made sure,
how should his conveyance be made?

Pe. Nay, my lord, that amazes me; I cannot
by any study so much as guess at it. 230

Mons. Well, let's favour our apprehensions
with forbearing that a little; for if my heart
were not hoop'd with adamant, the conceit of
this would have burst it. But hark thee, —

Whispers.

[*Ch.* I swear to your grace, all that I can 235
conjecture touching my lady your niece, is a

¹⁴⁶ impli'd: employed ¹⁴⁸ cast: consider ¹⁴⁹ scapes: escapades ¹⁵⁰ please advantages: play
into the hands of their opponents ('advantage' Qq) ¹⁵¹ hold . . . candles: light men on their way
to sin ¹⁵² women: waiting maids ¹⁵³ piece: musket ¹⁵⁴ queich: thicket ¹⁵⁵ ventry: lust ¹⁵⁶ thorow:
through ¹⁵⁷ Take say of: examine ¹⁵⁸ levell'd: aimed ¹⁵⁹ fraught: cargo ¹⁶⁰ admiration:
wonder ¹⁶¹ conveyance: trickery (In the next line it has the usual modern sense) ¹⁶² conceit:
thought ¹⁶³⁻¹⁶⁴ (Omitted by Q 1641)

strong affection she bears to the English Mylor.

Gui. All, quod you? 'T is enough, I assure you, but tell me] 240

Mont. I pray thee, resolve me: the duke will never imagine that I am busy about 's wife: hath d'Ambois any privy access to her?

An. No, my lord; d'Ambois neglects her, as she takes it, and is therefore suspicious that either your lady, or the Lady Beaupré [246 hath closely entertain'd him.

Mont. By 'r lady, a likely suspicion, and very near the life, especially of my wife.

Mons. Come, we'll disguise all with seeming only to have courted. — Away, dry [251 palm! sh'as a liver as dry as a biscuit. A man may go a whole voyage with her, and get nothing but tempests from her wind-pipe

Gui. Here 's one, I think, has swallowed a [255 porcupine, she casts pricks from her tongue so.

Mont. And here 's a peacock seems to have devour'd one of the Alps, she has so swelling a spirit, and is so cold of her kindness 259

Ch. We are no windfalls, my lord; ye must gather us with the ladder of matrimony, or we'll hang till we be rotten.

Mons. Indeed, that's the way to make ye right openarers But, alas! ye have no portions fit for such husbands as we wish you. 265

Pe. Portions, my lord? Yes, and such portions as your principality cannot purchase.

Mons. What, woman? what are those portions?

Pe. Riddle my riddle, my lord.

Mons. Ay, marry, wench, I think thy [270 portion is a right riddle, a man shall never find it out. But let's hear it.

Pe. You shall, my lord.

What 's that, that being most rare's most cheap?

That when you sow, you never reap? 275

That when it grows most, most you in it?

And still you lose it when you win it

That when 't is commonest, 't is dearest,

And when 't is farthest off, 't is nearest?

Mons. Is this your great portion? 280

Pe. Even this, my lord.

Mons. Believe me, I cannot riddle it.

Pe. No, my lord: 't is my chastity, which you shall neither riddle nor fiddle.

Mons. Your chastity? Let me begin with the end of it; how is a woman's chastity [286 nearest a man when 't is furthest off?

Pe. Why, my lord, when you cannot get it,

it goes to th' heart on you: and that, I think, comes most near you: and I am sure it [290 shall be far enough off. And so we leave you to our mercies. *Exeunt Women.*

Mons. Farewell, riddle.

Gui. Farewell, medlar.

Mont. Farewell, winter plum. 295

Mons. Now, my lords, what fruit of our inquisition? Feel you nothing budding yet? Speak, good my Lord Montsurry.

Mont. Nothing but this. d'Ambois is thought negligent in observing the duchess, [300 and therefore she is suspicious that your niece or my wife closely entertains him.

Mons. Your wife, my lord? Think you that possible?

Mont. Alas, I know she flies him like her last hour 306

Mons. Her last hour? Why, that comes upon her the more she flies it. Does d'Ambois so, think you?

Mont. That's not worth the answering. 'T is miraculous to think with what monsters [311 women's imaginations engross them when they are once enamour'd, and what wonders they will work for their satisfaction. They will make a sheep valiant, a lion fearful. 315

Mons. [*Aside*] And an ass confident. — Well, my lord, more will come forth shortly; get you to the banquet.

Gui. Come, my lord, I have the blind side of one of them *Exit Guise cum Montsurry* 320

Mons. Oh, the unsounded sea of women's bloods,

That when 't is calmest, is most dangerous! Not any wrinkle creaming in their faces When in their hearts are Scylla and Charybdis, Which still are hid in dark and standing fogs, [325 Where never day shines, nothing ever grows But weeds and poisons, that no statesman knows:

Not Cerberus ever saw the damned nooks Hid with the veils of women's virtuous looks. [But what a cloud of sulphur have I drawn 330 Up to my bosom in this dangerous secret!

Which if my haste with any spark should light, Ere d'Ambois were engag'd in some sure plot, I were blown up; he would be sure my death. Would I had never known it, for before 335 I shall persuade th' importance to Montsurry, And make him with some studied stratagem Train d'Ambois to his wreak, his maid may tell it,

Or I (out of my fiery thirst to play

²⁸⁸ Mylor: lord ²⁴⁷ closely: secretly ²⁹⁰ disguise: ('put off' Q 1) ²⁹¹⁻²⁹² dry palm: mark of frigidity ²⁹² dry: ('hard' Q 1) ²⁹⁴ from: ('at' Q 1) ²⁹⁷ in: gather ³⁰⁰ observing: paying court to ²⁹⁵ standing: stagnant ³⁸⁰⁻⁴⁰⁰ (Added by Q 1641, replacing eight lines in first Qq In the addition the scene is thought of as in Monsieur's house, not the king's court as at the opening) ³⁸⁸ engag'd: caught

With the fell tiger, up in darkness tied, 340
And give it some light) make it quite break
loose.

I fear it, afore heaven, and will not see
D'Ambois again, till I have told Montsurry
And set a snare with him to free my fears:
Who 's there?

Enter Maffé

Ma. My lord?

Mons. Go call the Count Montsurry,
And make the doors fast; I will speak with
none 346

Till he come to me.

Ma. Well, my lord. *Exiturus*

Mons. Or else

Send you some other, and see all the doors
Made safe yourself, I pray; haste, fly about it

Ma. You 'll speak with none but with the
Count Montsurry? 351

Mons. With none but he, except it be the
Guise.

Ma. See even by this, there 's one exception
more!

Your grace must be more firm in the command,
Or else shall I as weakly execute. 355

The Guise shall speak with you?

Mons. He shall, I say.

Ma. And Count Montsurry?

Mons. Ay, and Count Montsurry

Ma. Your grace must pardon me, that I am
bold

To urge the clear and full sense of your pleasure:
Which whensoever I have known, I hope 360
Your grace will say, I hit it to a hair.

Mons. You have

Ma. I hope so, or I would be glad —

Mons. I pray thee, get thee gone! Thou art
so tedious

In the strict form of all thy services
That I had better have one negligent 365
You hit my pleasure well, when d'Ambois hit
you;

Did you not, think you?

Ma. D'Ambois? Why, my lord —

Mons. I pray thee, talk no more, but shut
the doors.

Do what I charge thee.

Ma. I will, my lord, and yet
I would be glad the wrong I had of d'Ambois —

Mons. Precious! then it is a fate that
plagues me 371

In this man's foolery; I may be murdered
While he stands on protection of his folly.

Avault! about thy charge!

Ma.

I go, my lord. —

I had my head broke in his faithful service; 375
I had no suit the more, nor any thanks,
And yet my teeth must still be hit with d'Am-
bois —

D'Ambois, my lord, shall know —

Mons. The devil and d'Ambois!

Exit Maffé.

How am I tortur'd with this trusty fool!

Never was any curious in his place 380

To do things justly, but he was an ass.

We cannot find one trusty that is witty,
And therefore bear their disproportion.

Grant thou, great star and angel of my life,

A sure lease of it but for some few days, 385

That I may clear my bosom of the snake

I cherish'd there, and I will then defy

All check to it but Nature's, and her altars

Shall crack with vessels crown'd with every

liquor
Drawn from her highest and most bloody hu-
mours 390

I fear him strangely, his advanced valour

Is like a spirit rais'd without a circle,

Endangering him that ignorantly rais'd him,

And for whose fury he hath learnt no limit.

Enter Maffé hastily

Ma. I cannot help it what should I do
more? 395

As I was gathering a fit guard to make

My passage to the doors, and the doors,
sure,

The man of blood is enter'd

Mons. Rage of death!

If I had told the secret, and he knew it,

Thus had I been endanger'd]

Enter d'Ambois

My sweet heart!

How now, what leap'st thou at?

Bu. O royal object!

Mons. Thou dream'st, awake. Object in
th' empty air? 402

Bu. Worthy the brows of Titan, worth his
chair

Mons. Pray thee, what mean'st thou?

Bu. See you not a crown
Impale the forehead of the great King Mon-
sieur? 405

Mons. Oh, fie upon thee!

Bu. Prince, that is the subject
Of all these your retir'd and sole discourses.

Mons. Wilt thou not leave that wrongful
supposition?

³⁴⁷ S. D. *Exiturus*: i.e., Maffé makes a motion to withdraw ³⁸⁰ curious: meticulous ³⁸² witty: intelligent ³⁸³ disproportion: incompatibility ³⁸⁴ circle: (within which the magician stood for protection) ⁴⁰² Titan: the sun-god ⁴⁰³ chair: chariot ⁴⁰⁴ Impale: surround ⁴⁰⁷ sole discourses: solitary speculations

Bu. Why wrongful, to suppose the doubtless right

To the succession worth the thinking on? 410

Mons. Well, leave these jests. How I am overjoyed

With thy wish'd presence, and how fit thou com'st!

For of mine honour I was sending for thee.

Bu. To what end?

Mons. Only for thy company, Which I have still in thought, but that 's no payment 415

On thy part made with personal appearance.

Thy absence so long suffer'd, oftentimes

Put me in some little doubt thou dost not love me.

Wilt thou do one thing therefore now sincerely?

Bu. Ay, anything, but killing of the King.

Mons. Still in that discord, and ill-taken note?

How most unseasonable thou play'st the cuckoo, 422

In this thy fall of friendship!

Bu. Then do not doubt, That there is any act within my nerves

But killing of the King, that is not yours. 425

Mons. I will not, then; to prove which by my love

Shown to thy virtues, and by all fruits else

Already sprung from that still-flourishing tree,

With whatsoever may hereafter spring,

I charge thee utter (even with all the freedom

Both of thy noble nature and thy friendship) 431

The full and plain state of me in thy thoughts.

Bu. What, utter plainly what I think of you?

Mons. Plain as truth.

Bu. Why, this swims quite against the stream of greatness; 435

Great men would rather hear their flatteries,

And if they be not made fools, are not wise.

Mons. I am no such great fool, and therefore charge thee,

Even from the root of thy free heart, display me.

Bu. Since you affect it in such serious terms,

If yourself first will tell me what you think 441

As freely and as heartily of me,

I 'll be as open in my thoughts of you.

Mons. A bargain, of mine honour; and make this,

That prove we in our full dissection 445

Never so foul, live still the sounder friends.

Bu. What else, sir? Come, pay me home;

I 'll bide it bravely.

Mons. I will, I swear. I think thee then a man

That dares as much as a wild horse or tiger;

As headstrong and as bloody; and to feed 450

The ravenous wolf of thy most cannibal valour,

(Rather than not employ it) thou wouldst turn

Hackster to any whore, slave to a Jew

Or English usurer, to force possessions

(And cut men's throats) of mortgaged estates;

Or thou wouldst 'tire thee like a tinker's strumpet, 456

And murder market-folks, quarrel with sheep,

And run as mad as Ajax; serve a butcher,

Do anything but killing of the King:

That in thy valour th' art like other naturals

That have strange gifts in nature, but no soul

Diffus'd quite through, to make them of a piece, 462

But stop at humours that are more absurd,

Childish and villainous than that hackster, whore,

Slave, cut-throat, tinker's bitch, compar'd before; 465

And in those humours wouldst envy, betray, Slander, blaspheme, change each hour a religion,

Do anything but killing of the King:

That in thy valour (which is still the dung-hill,

To which hath reference all filth in thy house)

Th' art more ridiculous and vain-glorious 471

Than any mountebank, and impudent

Than any painted bawd; which, not to soothe

And glorify thee like a Jupiter Hammon,

Thou eat'st thy heart in vinegar, and thy gall

Turns all thy blood to poison, which is cause 476

Of that toad-pool that stands in thy complexion,

And makes thee (with a cold and earthy moisture,

Which is the dam of putrefaction,

As plague to thy damn'd pride) rot as thou liv'st: 480

To study calumnies and treacheries;

To thy friends' slaughters like a screech-owl sing,

And do all mischiefs, but to kill the King.

Bu. So 'll have you said?

Mons. How think'st thou? Do I flatter?

Speak I not like a trusty friend to thee? 485

Bu. That ever any man was blest withal.

So here's for me. I think you are (at worst)

No devil, since y' are like to be no king;

Of which, with any friend of yours, I 'll lay

This poor stillado here, 'gainst all the stars,

Ay, and 'gainst all your treacheries, which are more: 491

That you did never good, but to do ill;

⁴⁰⁹ doubtless: undoubted ⁴¹⁸ that: i e, my thought ⁴²³ fall: autumn, waning (The cuckoo sings only in spring) ⁴²⁴ nerves: strength ⁴⁴⁰ affect: crave ⁴⁴⁴ this: this further bargain ⁴⁴⁶ live: we shall live ⁴²⁸ Hackster: bully ⁴⁶⁰ naturals: idiots ⁴⁷⁸ soothe: flatter ⁴⁸³ do: ('to' Qq.) ⁴⁹⁰ stillado: stiletto

But ill of all sorts, free and for itself:
That (like a murdering piece, making lanes in
armies,

The first man of a rank, the whole rank falling)
If you have wrong'd one man, you are so far 496
From making him amends that all his race,
Friends, and associates, fall into your chase:
That y' are for perjuries the very prince
Of all intelligencers; and your voice 500
Is like an eastern wind, that where it flies
Knits nets of caterpillars, with which you
catch

The prime of all the fruits the kingdom yields:
That your political head is the curst fount
Of all the violence, rapine, cruelty, 505
Tyranny, and atheism flowing through the
realm:

That y'ave a tongue so scandalous, 't will cut
The purest crystal; and a breath that will
Kill to that wall a spider. You will jest
With God, and your soul to the devil tender 510
For lust; kiss horror, and with death engender.
That your foul body is a Lernean fen
Of all the maladies breeding in all men:
That you are utterly without a soul; 514
And, for your life, the thread of that was spun
When Clotho slept, and let her breathing rock
Fall in the dirt, and Lachesis still draws it,
Dipping her twisting fingers in a bowl
Defil'd, and crown'd with virtue's forced soul
And lastly (which I must for gratitude 520
Ever remember) that of all my height
And dearest life, you are the only spring,
Only in royal hope to kill the King

Mons. Why, now I see thou lov'st me Come
to the banquet. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus tertii

Actus Quarti Scena Prima

[*The Court*]

*Henry, Monsieur, with a letter, Guise, Mont-
surry, Bussy, Elenor, Tamyra, Beaupré,
Pero, Charlotte, Annabel, Pyra, with four
Pages*

Hen. Ladies, ye have not done our banquet
right,
Nor look'd upon it with those cheerful rays
That lately turn'd your breaths to floods of
gold.
Your looks, methinks, are not drawn out with
thoughts
So clear and free as heretofore, but fare 5
As if the thick complexions of men
Govern'd within them.

496 chase: persecution 500 intelligencers: informers 509 to: as far as 516 breathing rock:
distaff, on which the thread of life was spun 5 fare: ('foul' Q 1641) 55 which: i.e., times

Bu.

'T is not like, my lord,
That men in women rule, but contrary;
For as the moon (of all things God created)
Not only is the most appropriate image 10
Or glass to show them how they wax and
wane,

But in her height and motion likewise bears
Imperial influences that command
In all their powers, and make them wax and
wane. 14

So women, that (of all things made of nothing)
Are the most perfect idols of the moon,
Or still-unwean'd sweet moon-calves with white
faces,

Not only are patterns of change to men,
But as the tender moonshine of their beauties
Clears or is cloudy, make men glad or sad; 20
So then they rule in men, not men in them.

Mons. But here the moons are chang'd, (as
the King notes)

And either men rule in them, or some power
Beyond their voluntary faculty,
For nothing can recover their lost faces 25

Mont. None can be always one our griefs
and joys

Hold several sceptres in us, and have times
For their divided empires which grief now in
them

Doth prove as proper to his diadem.

Bu. And grief's a natural sickness of the
blood, 30

That time to part asks, as his coming had;
Only slight fools, griev'd, suddenly are glad.
A man may say t' a dead man, "Be reviv'd,"
As well as to one sorrowful, "Be not griev'd,"
And therefore, princely mistress, in all wars 35
Against these base foes that insult on weak-
ness,

And still fight hous'd behind the shield of Na-
ture,

Of privilege, law, treachery, or beastly need,
Your servant cannot help, authority here
Goes with corruption: something like some
states, 40

That back worst men: valour to them must
creep

That, to themselves left, would fear him asleep.

Du. Ye all take that for granted that doth
rest

Yet to be prov'd; we all are as we were,
As merry and as free in thought as ever. 45

Gui. And why then can ye not disclose your
thoughts?

Ta. Methinks the man hath answer'd for us
well.

Mons. The man? Why, madam, d' ye not
know his name?

Ta. Man is a name of honour for a king: 49
 Additions take away from each chief thing:
 The school of modesty not to learn learns dames:
 They sit in high forms there, that know men's
 names.

Mons. [*To Bussy.*] Hark! sweetheart, here 's
 a bar set to your valour;
 It cannot enter here; no, not to notice 54
 Of what your name is. Your great eagle's beak
 (Should you fly at her) had as good encounter
 An Albion cliff, as her more craggy liver.

Bu. I 'll not attempt her, sir, her sight and
 name
 (By which I only know her) doth deter me. 59
Hen. So do they all men else.

Mons. You would say so
 If you knew all.

Ta. Knew all, my lord? What mean you?

Mons. All that I know, madam.

Ta. That you know? Speak it.

Mons. No, 't is enough, I feel it.

Hen. But, methinks
 Her courtship is more pure than heretofore; 64
 True courtiers should be modest, but not nice;
 Bold, but not impudent, pleasure love, not vice.

Mons. Sweetheart, come hither! what if one
 should make
 Horns at Montsurry? Would it not strike him
 jealous
 Through all the proofs of his chaste lady's virtues?

Bu. If he be wise, not. 70

Mons. What? Not if I should name the
 gardener

That I would have him think hath grafted him?

Bu. So the large licence that your greatness
 uses

To jest at all men may be taught indeed
 To make a difference of the grounds you play
 on, 75

Both in the men you scandal, and the matter.

Mons. As how? as how?

Bu. Perhaps led with a train.
 Where you may have your nose made less and
 slit,

Your eyes thrust out

Mons. Peace, peace, I pray thee, peace. 79
 Who dares do that? The brother of his king?

Bu. Were your king brother in you; all your
 powers

(Stretch'd in the arms of great men and their
 bawds),

Set close down by you; all your stormy laws
 Spouted with lawyers' mouths, and gushing
 blood

Like to so many torrents; all your glories 85
 (Making you terrible, like enchanted flames)
 Fed with bare coxcombs and with crooked
 hams;

All your prerogatives, your shames, and tor-
 tures;

All daring heaven, and opening hell about
 you; — 89

Were I the man ye wrong'd so and provok'd,
 Though me'er so much beneath you, like a box-
 tree

I would out of the roughness of my root
 Ram hardness, in my lowness, and like death
 Mounted on earthquakes, I would trot through
 all

Honours and horrors, thorow foul and fair, 95
 And from your whole strength toss you into the
 air.

Mons. Go, th' art a devil; such another spirit
 Could not be still'd from all th' Armenian drag-
 ons.

O my love's glory! Heir to all I have,
 (That 's all I can say, and that all I swear) 100
 If thou outlive me, as I know thou must,
 Or else hath nature no proportion'd end
 To her great labours She hath breath'd a mind
 Into thy entrails, of desert to swell
 Into another great Augustus Cæsar; 105
 Organs and faculties fitted to her greatness;
 And should that perish like a common spirit,
 Nature 's a courtier and regards no merit.

Hen. Here 's nought but whispering with us;
 like a calm

Before a tempest, when the silent air 110
 Lays her soft ear close to the earth to hearken
 For that she fears steals on to ravish her;
 Some fate doth join our ears to hear it coming.
 Come, my brave eagle, let 's to covert fly;
 I see almighty Æther in the smoke 115
 Of all his clouds descending, and the sky
 Hid in the dum ostents of tragedy.

Exit Henry with d'Ambois and Ladies.

Gui. Now stir the humour, and begin the
 brawl

Mont. The King and d'Ambois now are
 grown all one. 119

Mons. Nay, they are two, my lord.

[*Making horns at Mont*]

Mont. How 's that?

Mons. No more.

Mont. I must have more, my lord.

Mons. What, more than two?

Mont. How monstrous is this!

Mons. Why?

Mont. You make me horns.

⁵⁰ Additions: titles of honor ⁵¹ not . . . dames: teaches ladies not to learn ⁵² high forms: dunces' seats ⁵³ liver: seat of passion (with reference to legend of Prometheus) ⁷⁰⁻⁷⁹ (Briefer version in Q 1) ⁷⁷ train: stratagem ⁸⁷ coxcombs: heads crooked hams: legs bent in obeisance ⁸⁸ still'd: distilled ¹¹⁷ ostents: omens

Mons. Not I; it is a work without my power.
Married men's ensigns are not made with fin-
gers;

Of divine fabric they are, not men's hands. 125
Your wife, you know, is a mere Cynthia,
And she must fashion horns out of her nature.

Mont. But doth she? dare you charge her?

Speak, false prince.

Mons. I must not speak, my lord; but if
you 'll use

The learning of a nobleman, and read, 130
Here 's something to those points; — soft, you
must pawn

Your honour, having read it to return it.

Enter Tamyra & Pero

Mont. Not I. I pawn my honour for a
paper!

Mons. You must not buy it under.

Exeunt Guise and Monsieur.

Mont. Keep it then,

And keep fire in your bosom.

Ta. What says he?

Mont. You must make good the rest.

Ta. How fares my lord?

Takes my love anything to heart he says? 137

Mont. Come y' are a —

Ta. What, my lord?

Mont. The plague of Herod
Feast in his rotten entrails

Ta. Will you wreak

Your anger's just cause, given by him, on me?

Mont. By him?

Ta. By him, my lord. I have admir'd

You could all this time be at concord with
him,

That still hath play'd such discords on your
honour. 143

Mont. Perhaps 't is with some proud string
of my wife's.

Ta. How 's that, my lord?

Mont. Your tongue will still admire, 145
Till my head be the miracle of the world.

Ta. Oh, woe is me! *She seems to sound.*

Pe. What does your lordship mean?

Madam, be comforted; my lord but tries you
Madam! Help, good my lord, are you not
mov'd?

Do your set looks print in your words your
thoughts? 150

Sweet lord, clear up those eyes, for love of
noblesse!

Unbend that masking forehead; whence is it
You rush upon her with these Irish wars,

More full of sound than hurt? But it is enough;

You have shot home, your words are in her
heart; 155

She has not liv'd to bear a trial now.

Mont. Look up, my love, and by this kiss
receive

My soul amongst thy spirits for supply

To thine, chas'd with my fury.

Ta. Oh, my lord,
I have too long liv'd to hear this from you. 160

Mont. 'T was from my troubled blood, and
not from me. —

I know not how I fare; a sudden night
Flows through my entrails, and a headlong
chaos

Murmurs within me, which I must digest,
Not drown her in my confusions, 165

That was my life's joy, being best inform'd.

Sweet, you must needs forgive me, that my love
(Like to a fire disdaining his suppression)

Rag'd being discourag'd, my whole heart is
wounded 169

When any least thought in you is but touch'd,
And shall be till I know your former merits,

Your name and memory altogether crave

In just oblivion their eternal grave,

And then you must hear from me: there's no
mean

In any passion I shall feel for you 175

Love is a razor, cleansing being well us'd,

But fetcheth blood still being the least abus'd.

To tell you briefly all the man that left me
When you appear'd, did turn me worse than

woman,

And stabb'd me to the heart thus, with his
fingers 180

Ta. Oh, happy woman! Comes my stain
from him,

It is my beauty, and that innocence proves

That slew Chimaera, rescued Peleus

From all the savage beasts in Pelion;

And rais'd the chaste Athenian prince from
hell. 185

All suffering with me, they for women's lusts,

I for a man's, that the Augean stable

Of his foul sin would empty in my lap.

How his guilt shunn'd me! sacred innocence,

That, where thou fear'st, art dreadful, and his
face 190

Turn'd in flight from thee, that had thee in
chase!

Come, bring me to him; I will tell the serpent
Even to his venom'd teeth (from whose curst

seed

A pitch'd field starts up 'twixt my lord and me)

¹²⁸ mere: pure ¹²⁷ I e., the nature of Cynthia, the moon-goddess, is to be horned ¹²⁴ under:
for less ¹⁴¹ admir'd: wondered ¹⁴⁷ S D sound: swoon ¹⁵¹ for . . . noblesse: (not in Q 1641)
¹⁵⁸ masking: play-acting ¹⁵⁸ supply: substitute ¹⁵⁸ being . . . inform'd: when I was most normal
¹⁵⁸ prince: Hippolytus ¹⁵⁴ pitch'd field: field of battle (with allusion to the warriors sprung of dragon's
teeth)

That his throat lies, and he shall curse his fingers,
 For being so govern'd by his filthy soul. 195

Mont. I know not if himself will vaunt t'
 have been

The princely author of the slavish sin,
 Or any other; he would have resolv'd me,
 Had you not come; not by his word, but writing,
 Would I have sworn to give it him again, 201
 And pawn'd mine honour to him for a paper.

Ta. See how he flies me still; 't is a foul heart
 That fears his own hand. Good my lord, make
 haste

To see the dangerous paper; papers hold 205
 Oft-times the forms and copies of our souls,
 And (though the world despise them) are the
 prizes

Of all our honours; make your honour then
 A hostage for it, and with it confer
 My nearest woman here, in all she knows; 210
 Who (if the sun or Cerberus could have seen
 Any stain in me) might as well as they;
 And, Pero, here I charge thee by my love,
 And all proofs of it (which I might call boun-
 ties),

By all that thou hast seen seem good in me, 215
 And all the ill which thou shouldst spit from
 thee,

By pity of the wound this touch hath given
 me,

Not as thy mistress now, but a poor woman,
 To death given over, rid me of my pains, 219
 Pour on thy powder; clear thy breast of me.
 My lord is only here; here speak thy worst,
 Thy best will do me mischief If thou spar'st
 me,

Never shine good thought on thy memory!
 Resolve my lord, and leave me desperate.

Pe. My lord! My lord hath play'd a prodi-
 gal's part, 225

To break his stock for nothing; and an inso-
 lent,

To cut a Gordian when he could not loose it.
 What violence is this, to put true fire
 To a false train? to blow up long-crown'd
 peace

With sudden outrage, and believe a man, 230
 Sworn to the shame of women, 'gainst a woman,
 Born to their honours? But I will to him.

Ta. No, I will write (for I shall never more
 Meet with the fugitive) where I will defy
 him,

Were he ten times the brother of my king. 235
 To him, my lord, and I 'll to cursing him.

Exeunt.

[SCENE II. — *Montisurry's House.*]

Enter d'Ambois and Friar

Bu. I am suspicious, my most honour'd
 father,

By some of Monsieur's cunning passages,
 That his still ranging and contentious nostrils
 To scent the haunts of mischief have so us'd
 The vicious virtue of his busy sense, 5
 That he trails hotly of him, and will rouse him,
 Driving him all enrag'd and foaming on us;
 And therefore have entreated your deep skill
 In the command of good aerial spirits,
 To assume these magic rites, and call up one 10
 To know if any have reveal'd unto him
 Anything touching my dear love and me.

Fr. Good son, you have amaz'd me but to
 make

The least doubt of it, it concerns so nearly
 The faith and reverence of my name and order.
 Yet will I justify upon my soul 16
 All I have done.

If any spirit i' the earth or air
 Can give you the resolve, do not despair.

*Music: and Tamyra enters with Pero, her
 maid, bearing a letter*

Ta. Away, deliver it: *Exit Pero.*
 O may my lines

Fill'd with the poison of a woman's hate 21
 When he shall open them, shrink up his curst
 eyes

With torturous darkness, such as stands in hell,
 Stuck full of inward horrors, never lighted;
 With which are all things to be fear'd af-
 frighted. 25

Bu. How is it with my honour'd mistress?

Ta. O servant, help, and save me from the
 gripes

Of shame and infamy. Our love is known:
 Your Monsieur hath a paper where is writ
 Some secret tokens that decipher it. 30

Bu. What cold dull northern brain, what
 fool but he

Durst take into his Epimethean breast
 A box of such plagues as the danger yields
 Incurr'd in this discovery? He had better
 Ventur'd his breast in the consuming reach 35
 Of the hot surfets cast out of the clouds,
 Or stood the bullets that (to wreak the sky)
 The Cyclops ram in Jove's artillery.

Fr. We soon will take the darkness from his
 face

That did that deed of darkness; we will know 40

109 confer: compare 228 break his stock: bankrupt himself 227 Gordian: Gordian knot
 229 train: powder-train, fuse 3 virtue: power (with pun) busy sense: meddling shrewdness 4 hotly
 of him: hot on mischief's track 15 resolve: assurance 25 to be fear'd: fearful 25 Epimethean:
 like that of Epimetheus, who foolishly accepted Pandora and her box 27 wreak: wreck

What now the Monsieur and your husband do;
What is contain'd within the secret paper
Offer'd by Monsieur, and your love's events.
To which ends, honour'd daughter, at your motion,

I have put on these exorcising rites, 45
And, by my power of learned holiness
Vouchsaf'd me from above, I will command
Our resolution of a raised spirit.

Ta. Good father, raise him in some beauteous form

That with least terror I may brook his sight. 50
Fr. Stand sure together, then, whate'er you see,

And stir not, as ye tender all our lives.

He puts on his robes.

Occidentalium legionum spiritualium imperator (magnus ille Behemoth) venit, venit, comitatus cum Astaroth locolenente iuvecto. Adjuvo te [55 per Stygis inscrutabilibus arcana, per ipsos irremediabiles anfractus Averni: adesio O Behemoth, tu cui pervia sunt Magnatum scrinia, veni, per Noctis & tenebrarum abdita profundissima, per labentia sidera, per ipsos motus horarum [60 furivos, Hecatesque altum silentium. Appare in forma spiritali, lucente, splendida & amabili Thunder. Ascendit [Behemoth with Cartophylax and other spirits.]

Beh. What would the holy Friar?

Fr. I would see

What now the Monsieur and Montsurry do,
And see the secret paper that the Monsieur 65
Offer'd to Count Montsurry, longing much
To know on what events the secret loves
Of these two honour'd persons shall arrive

Beh. Why call'st thou me to this accursed light

To these light purposes? I am emperor 70
Of that inscrutable darkness where are hid
All deepest truths, and secrets never seen,
All which I know; and command legions
Of knowing spirits that can do more than these.
Any of this my guard that circle me 75
In these blue fires, and out of whose dim fumes
Vast murmurs use to break, and from their sounds

Articulate voices, can do ten parts more
Than open such slight truths as you require.

Fr. From the last night's black depth I
call'd up one 80

Of the inferior ablest ministers,
And he could not resolve me. Send one then
Out of thine own command, to fetch the events
That Monsieur hath to show to Count Montsurry.

Beh. I will. Cartophylax, thou that properly
Hast in thy power all papers so inscrib'd, 85
Glide through all bars to it and fetch that paper.

Cartoph. I will *A torch removes.*

Fr. Till he returns, great prince of darkness,
Tell me if Monsieur and the Count Montsurry
Are yet encounter'd?

Beh. Both them and the Guise
Are now together.

Fr. Show us all their persons, 91
And represent the place, with all their actions.

Beh. The spirit will straight return; and
then I'll show thee

See, he is come, why brought'st thou not the
paper?

Cartoph. He hath prevented me, and got a
spirit 95

Rais'd by another, great in our command,

To take the guard of it before I came.

Beh. This is your slackness, not t' invoke
our powers

When first your acts set forth to their effects;
Yet shall you see it and themselves. Behold!

They come here, and the Earl now holds the
paper. 101

Enter Monsieur, Guise, Montsurry, with a paper

Bu. May we not hear them?

Fr. No, be still and see.

Bu. I will go fetch the paper.

Fr. Do not stir.

There's too much distance and too many locks
'Twixt you and them, how near soe'er they
seem,

For any man to interrupt their secrets. 106

Ta. O honour'd spirit, fly into the fancy
Of my offended lord, and do not let him
Believe what there the wicked man hath written.

Beh. Persuasion hath already enter'd him 110
Beyond reflection; peace till their departure!

Mons. There is a glass of ink where you
may see

How to make ready black-fac'd tragedy.

⁴⁴ events: outcomes ⁴⁵ resolution: information of: from ⁸⁵⁻⁸⁶ "Ruler of the western spirit-bands (thou great Behemoth) come, come! accompanied by Astaroth, thy unconquerable lieutenant. I invoke thee by the undiscoverable secrets of Styx, by the irtraceable windings of Avernus" be at hand, O Behemoth, thou to whom are accessible the repositories of the mighty Come, by the deepest mysteries of Night and Darkness, by the falling stars, even by the secret motion of the Hours and Hecate's lofty silence! Appear in a form spirit-like, luminous, beautiful and lovely." ⁸⁸ Cartophylax: guardian of papers ⁸⁹ S. D. torch: s e, a spirit bearing a torch ⁹⁰ encounter'd: met ⁹¹ prevented: anticipated ¹⁰¹ S. D. (These characters appear on balcony or, possibly, rear stage) ¹¹² glass of ink: black mirror

You now discern, I hope, through all her paint-ings,

Her gasping wrinkles, and fame's sepulchres. 115

Gui. Think you he feigns, my lord? What hold you now?

Do we malign your wife, or honour you?

Mons. What, stricken dumb! Nay fie, lord, be not daunted;

Your case is common; were it ne'er so rare, Bear it as rarely. Now to laugh were manly. 120

A worthy man should imitate the weather That sings in tempests, and being clear is silent.

Gui. Go home, my lord, and force your wife to write

Such loving lines to d'Ambois as she us'd, When she dear'd his presence.

Mons. Do, my lord, 125

And make her name her conceal'd messenger, That close and most inenarrable pandar, That passeth all our studies to exquire;

By whom convey the letter to her love:

And so you shall be sure to have him come 130

Within the thirsty reach of your revenge;

Before which, lodge an ambush in her chamber,

Behind the arras, of your stoutest men

All close and soundly arm'd; and let them share

A spirit amongst them that would serve a thousand. 135

Enter Pero with a letter

Gui. Yet stay a little; see, she sends for you.

Mons. Poor, loving lady, she'll make all good yet

Think you not so, my lord?

Exit Montsurry, and stabs Pero.

Gui. Alas, poor soul!

Mons. This was cruelly done, I' faith.

Pe. 'T was nobly done.

And I forgive his lordship from my soul. 140

Mons. Then much good do 't thee, Pero! Hast a letter?

Pe. I hope it rather be a bitter volume

Of worthy curses for your perjury.

Gui. To you, my lord.

Mons. To me? Now, out upon her

Gui. Let me see, my lord. 145

Mons. You shall presently. How fares my Pero?

Who 's there?

Enter Servant

Take in this maid, sh'as caught a clap, And fetch my surgeon to her. Come, my lord,

We'll now peruse our letter.

Exeunt Monsieur, Guise.

Pe.

Furies rise

Out of the black lines, and torment his soul. 150

Lead her out.

Ta. Hath my lord slain my woman?

Beh. No, she lives.

Fr. What shall become of us?

Beh. All I can say,

Being call'd thus late, is brief, and darkly this: If d'Ambois' mistress dye not her white hand

In her forc'd blood, he shall remain untouch'd.

So, father, shall yourself, but by yourself. 156

To make this augury plainer: when the voice

Of d'Ambois shall invoke me, I will rise,

Shining in greater light: and show him all

That will betide ye all Meantime be wise,

And curb his valour with your policies. 161

Descendit cum suis.

Bu. Will he appear to me when I invoke him?

Fr. He will, be sure.

Bu. It must be shortly then:

For his dark words have tied my thoughts on knots,

Till he dissolve, and free them

Ta. In meantime, 165

Dear servant, till your powerful voice revoke him,

Be sure to use the policy he advis'd;

Lest fury in your too quick knowledge taken

Of our abuse, and your defence of me,

Accuse me more than any enemy; 170

And, father, you must on my lord impose

Your holiest charges, and the Church's power

To temper his hot spirit and disperse

The cruelty and the blood I know his hand

Will shower upon our heads, if you put not 175

Your finger to the storm, and hold it up,

As my dear servant here must do with Monsieur

Bu. I'll soothe his plots, and strow my

hate with smiles,

Till all at once the close mines of my heart

Rise at full date, and rush into his blood. 180

I'll bind his arm in silk, and rub his flesh,

To make the vein swell, that his soul may gush

Into some kennel, where it longs to lie,

And policy shall be flank'd with policy.

Yet shall the feeling centre where we meet 185

Groan with the weight of my approaching feet;

I'll make th' inspired thresholds of his court

Sweat with the weather of my horrid steps,

Before I enter; yet will I appear

Like calm security before a ruin. 190

A politician must, like lightning, melt

The very marrow, and not taint the skin:

¹⁵⁷ inenarrable: unutterable ¹⁵⁸ exquire: search out ¹⁵⁹ close: in hiding ¹⁶⁰ dye: ('stay' Q 1)
¹⁶¹ her: ('his' Qq.) ¹⁶² on: in ¹⁶³ dissolve: untie ¹⁶⁴ soothe: beguile with flattery ¹⁶⁵ kennel:
gutter ¹⁶⁶ flank'd: outwitted ¹⁶⁷ feeling centre: conscious earth ¹⁶⁸ inspired: sentient
¹⁶⁹ weather: stormy air (which makes walls "sweat")

His ways must not be seen; the superficies
Of the green centre must not taste his feet,
When hell is plow'd up with his wounding
tracts;
And all his harvest reap'd by hellish facts. 196
Exeunt.

Finis Actus Quarti.

Actus Quinti Scena Prima

[*The Same.*]

Montsurry bare, unbraced, pulling Tamyra in by the hair, Friar. One bearing light, a standish and paper, which sets a table

Ta. Oh, help me, father.

Fr. Impious earl, forbear.
Take violent hand from her, or by mine order
The King shall force thee.

Mont. 'T is not violent;
Come you not willingly?

Ta. Yes, good my lord

Fr. My lord, remember that your soul must
seek 5

Her peace as well as your revengeful blood
You ever to this hour have prov'd yourself
A noble, zealous, and obedient son
T' our holy mother; be not an apostate
Your wife's offence serves not, (were it the
worst 10

You can imagine) without greater proofs,
To sever your eternal bonds and hearts;
Much less to touch her with a bloody hand,
Nor is it manly, much less husbandly,
To expiate any frailty in your wife 15
With churlish strokes or beastly odds of
strength.

The stony birth of clouds will touch no laurel,
Nor any sleeper, your wife is your laurel,
And sweetest sleeper; do not touch her then,
Be not more rude than the wild seed of vapour
To her that is more gentle than that rude; 21
In whom kind nature suffer'd one offence
But to set off her other excellence.

Mont. Good father, leave us; interrupt no
more

The course I must run for mine honour sake. 25
Rely on my love to her, which her fault
Cannot extinguish Will she but disclose
Who was the secret minister of her love,
And through what maze he serv'd it, we are
friends.

Fr. It is a damn'd work to pursue those
secrets 30

That would ope more sin, and prove springs of
slaughter;

Nor is 't a path for Christian feet to tread,
But out of all way to the health of souls;
A sin impossible to be forgiven;
Which he that dares commit — 35

Mont. Good father, cease your terrors;
Tempt not a man distracted; I am apt
To outrages that I shall ever rue.

I will not pass the verge that bounds a Christian,
Nor break the limits of a man nor husband 40

Fr. Then God inspire you both with thoughts
and deeds

Worthy his high respect, and your own souls.

Ta. Father!

Fr. I warrant thee, my dearest daughter,
He will not touch thee; think'st thou him a
pagan?

His honour and his soul lies for thy safety 45
Exit.

Mont. Who shall remove the mountain from
my breast?

Stand the opening furnace of my thoughts,
And set fit outcries for a soul in hell?

Montsurry turns a key.

For now it nothing fits my woes to speak
But thunder, or to take into my throat 50
The trump of heaven, with whose determinate
blasts

The winds shall burst, and the devouring seas
Be drunk up in his sounds; that my hot woes
(Vented enough) I might convert to vapour,
Ascending from my infamy unseen; 55

Shorten the world, preventing the last breath
That kills the living and regenerates death.

Ta. My lord, my fault (as you may censure
it

With too strong arguments) is past your par-
don:

But how the circumstances may excuse me 60
God knows, and your more temperate mind
hereafter

May let my penitent miseries make you know.

Mont. Hereafter? 'T is a suppos'd infinite,
That from this point will rise eternally
Fame grows in going; in the scapes of virtue 65
Excuses damn her: they be fires in cities
Enrag'd with those winds that less lights ex-
tinguish.

Come, siren, sing, and dash against my rocks
Thy ruffian galley, rigg'd with quench for lust;
Sing, and put all the nets into thy voice 70
With which thou drew'st into thy strumpet's
lap

The spawn of Venus; and in which ye danc'd;

¹⁹⁶ tracts: footprints s D. unbraced: not fully dressed standish: ink stand which: who
⁶ revengeful blood: passion for revenge ¹⁷ stony birth: thunderbolt ²¹ than that: than the
thunderbolt is ²⁵ health: salvation ^{41, 61} God: ('heaven' Q 1641) ⁵⁶ preventing . . . breath:
anticipating the last trump ⁵⁷ regenerates death: raises the dead

That, in thy lap's stead, I may dig his tomb,
 And quit his manhood with a woman's sleight,
 Who never is deceiv'd in her deceit. 75
 Sing (that is, write), and then take from mine
 eyes

The mists that hide the most inscrutable pandar
 That ever lapp'd up an adulterous vomit,
 That I may see the devil, and survive
 To be a devil, and then learn to wive; 80
 That I may hang him, and then cut him down,
 Then cut him up, and with my soul's beams
 search

The cranks and caverns of his brain, and study
 The errant wilderness of a woman's face,
 Where men cannot get out, for all the comets 85
 That have been lighted at it; though they know
 That adders lie a-sunning in their smiles,
 That basilisks drink their poison from their eyes,
 And no way there to coast out to their hearts;
 Yet still they wander there, and are not stay'd
 Till they be fetter'd, nor secure before 91
 All cares devour them; nor in human consort
 Till they embrace within their wife's two breasts
 All Pelion and Cythæron with their beasts. 94
 Why write you not?

Ta. O good my lord, forbear
 In wreak of great faults to engender greater,
 And make my love's corruption generate murder.

Mont. It follows needfully as child and
 parent;
 The chain-shot of thy lust is yet aloft,
 And it must murder; 't is thine own dear
 twin: 100

No man can add height to a woman's sin.
 Vice never doth her just hate so provoke,
 As when she rageth under virtue's cloak.
 Write! for it must be — by this ruthless steel,
 By this impartial torture, and the death 105
 Thy tyrannies have invented in my entrails,
 To quicken life in dying, and hold up
 The spirits in fainting, teaching to preserve
 Torments in ashes, that will ever last. 109
 Speak! Will you write?

Ta. Sweet lord, enjoin my sin
 Some other penance than what makes it worse;
 Hide in some gloomy dungeon my loath'd face,
 And let condemned murderers let me down
 (Stopping their noses) my abhorred food:
 Hang me in chains, and let me eat these arms
 That have offended; bind me face to face 116
 To some dead woman, taken from the cart
 Of execution, till death and time
 In grains of dust dissolve me; I'll endure:
 Or any torture that your wrath's invention 120
 Can fright all pity from the world withal;
 But to betray a friend with show of friendship,

That is too common for the rare revenge
 Your rage affecteth. Here then are my breasts,
 Last night your pillows; here my wretched
 arms, 125

As late the wished confines of your life:
 Now break them as you please, and all the
 bounds
 Of manhood, noblesse, and religion.

Mont. Where all these have been broken,
 they are kept,

In doing their justice there with any show 130
 Of the like cruel cruelty; thine arms have lost
 Their privilege in lust, and in their torture
 Thus they must pay it. *Stabs her.*

Ta. O Lord!
Mont. Till thou writ'st,
 I'll write in wounds (my wrong's fit characters)
 Thy right of sufferance. Write

Ta. Oh, kill me, kill me; 135
 Dear husband, be not crueller than death.
 You have beheld some Gorgon; feel, oh, feel
 How you are turn'd to stone. With my heart-
 blood

Dissolve yourself again, or you will grow
 Into the image of all tyranny. 140

Mont. As thou art of adultery; I will ever
 Prove thee my parallel, being most a monster.
 Thus I express thee yet. *Stabs her again.*

Ta. And yet I live.
Mont. Ay, for thy monstrous idol is not
 done yet;
 This tool hath wrought enough; now, torture,
 use 145

Enter Servants [with an instrument of torture]

This other engine on th' habituate powers
 Of her thrice-damn'd and whorish fortitude.
 Use the most madding pains in her that ever
 Thy venoms soak'd through, making most of
 death;

That she may weigh her wrongs with them,
 and then 150

Stand, vengeance, on thy steepest rock, a victor.

Ta. Oh, who is turn'd into my lord and hus-
 band?

Husband! My lord! None but my lord and
 husband!

Heaven, I ask thee remission of my sins,
 Not of my pains; husband, oh, help me, hus-
 band! 155

Ascendit Friar with a sword drawn

Fr. What rape of honour and religion —
 Oh, wrack of nature! *Falls and dies.*

Ta. Poor man; oh, my father.
 Father, look up; oh, let me down, my lord,
 And I will write.

⁸⁸ cranks: windings ⁸⁹ wreak: revenge ¹⁴⁸ express . . . yet: further illustrate your depravity
¹⁴⁰ habituate: confirmed by habit

Mont. Author of prodigies!

What new flame breaks out of the firmament, 160
That turns up counsels never known before?
Now is it true, earth moves, and heaven stands
still;

Even heaven itself must see and suffer ill.
The too huge bias of the world hath sway'd
Her back part upwards, and with that she
braves 165
This hemisphere, that long her mouth hath
mock'd;

The gravity of her religious face,
(Now grown too weighty with her sacrilege,
And here discern'd sophisticate enough)
Turns to th' antipodes; and all the forms 170
That her illusions have impress'd in her
Have eaten through her back; and now all
see

How she is riveted with hypocrisy.
Was this the way? Was he the mean betwixt
you?

Ta. He was, he was: kind worthy man, he
was 175

Mont. Write, write a word or two.

Ta. I will, I will.
I 'll write, but with my blood, that he may
see

These lines come from my wounds, and not
from me. *Writes.*

Mont. Well might he die for thought, methinks the frame
And shaken joints of the whole world should
crack 180

To see her parts so disproportionate;
And that his general beauty cannot stand
Without these stains in the particular man.
Why wander I so far? Here, here was she
That was a whole world without spot to
me,

Though now a world of spots Oh, what a
lightning 186
Is man's delight in women! What a bubble
He builds his state, fame, life on, when he
marries!

Since all earth's pleasures are so short and
small,

The way t' enjoy it, is t' abjure it all 190
Enough! I must be messenger myself,
Disguis'd like this strange creature. In, I 'll
after,

To see what guilty light gives this cave eyes,
And to the world sing new impieties

*Exeunt. He puts the Friar in the
vault and follows. She wraps
herself in the arras.*

[SCENE II. — *Location indefinite.*]

Enter Monsieur and Guise

Mons. Now shall we see that Nature hath
no end

In her great works responsive to their worths,
That she, that makes so many eyes and souls
To see and foresee, is stark blind herself;
And as illiterate men say Latin prayers 5
By rote of heart and daily iteration,
[In whose hot zeal a man would think they knew
What they ran so away with, and were sure
To have rewards proportion'd to their labours;
Yet may implore their own confusions 10
For anything they know, which often times
It falls out they incur.] So Nature lays
A deal of stuff together, and by use,
Or by the mere necessity of matter,
Ends such a work, fills it, or leaves it empty 15
Of strength or virtue, error or clear truth,
Not knowing what she does; but usually
Gives that which she calls merit to a man,
And believes must arrive him on huge riches,
Honour, and happiness, that effects his ruin. 20
Even as in ships of war, whole lasts of powder
Are laid, (methinks) to make them last, and
guard them,

When a disorder'd spark, that powder taking,
Blows up with sudden violence and horror
Ships that, kept empty, had sail'd long with
terror 25
Gu. He that observes, but like a worldly
man,
That which doth oft succeed, and by th' events
Values the worth of things, will think it true
That Nature works at random, just with you;
But with as much proportion she may make 30
A thing that from the feet up to the throat
Hath all the wondrous fabric man should have,
And leave it, headless, for a perfect man,
As give a full man valour, virtue, learning,
Without an end more excellent than those 35
On whom she no such worthy part bestows.

Mons. Yet shall you see it here; here will
be one,
Young, learned, valiant, virtuous, and full
mann'd;
One on whom Nature spent so rich a hand
That with an ominous eye she wept to see 40
So much consum'd her virtuous treasury.
Yet, as the winds sing through a hollow tree,
And (since it lets them pass through) lets it
stand;

But a tree solid (since it gives no way

¹⁶⁴ bias: revolution ¹⁷⁰ he: the friar thought: mental shock ¹⁷² In: (addressing corpse of friar)
7-13 In . . . incur: (Q 1641 boils this down to "Not knowing what they say") ¹⁸ she calls: ('wee call'
Q 1) ¹⁹ believes: ('beliefe' Qq.) arrive him: make him land ²¹ Even: ('Right' Q 1) lasts: cargoes
²² methinks: ('men thinke' Q 1) guard them: ('guard' Q 1641) ²³ with terror: imposing awe

That word had ne'er been nam'd had all been
d'Ambois. 25

Murther'd? By heaven, he is my murtherer
That shows me not a murtherer; what such bug
Abhorreth not the very sleep of d'Ambois?
Murther'd? Who dares give all the room I see
To d'Ambois' reach? or look with any odds 30
His fight i' th' face, upon whose hand sits
death;

Whose sword hath wings, and every feather
pierceth?

If I scape Monsieur's 'pothecary shops,
Foutre for Guise's shambles! 'T was ill
plotted;

They should have maul'd me here, 35
When I was rising I am up and ready.
Let in my politic visitants, let them in,
Though ent'ring like so many moving armours.
Fate is more strong than arms and sly than
treason,

And I at all parts buckl'd in my fate. 40

Mons. } Why enter not the coward villains?
Gui. }

Bu. Dare they not come?

Enter Murtherers, with Friar at the other door

Ta. They come.

1 Mur. Come, all at once.

Um. Back, coward murtherers, back.

Omnes. Defend us, heaven.

Exeunt all but the first.

1 Mur. Come ye not on?

Bu. No, slave, nor goest thou off.

[*Strikes at him*]

Stand you so firm? Will it not enter here? 45

You have a face yet! [*Stabs him in the face*]

So in thy life's flame

I burn the first rites to my mistress' fame.

Um. Breathe thee, brave son, against the
other charge.

Bu. Oh, is it true then that my sense first
told me?

Is my kind father dead?

Ta. He is, my love. 50

'T was the Earl, my husband, in his weed that
brought thee.

Bu. That was a speeding sleight, and well
resembled.

Where is that angry Earl? My lord, come
forth

And show your own face in your own affair;
Take not into your noble veins the blood 55
Of these base villains, nor the light reports
Of blister'd tongues for clear and weighty
truth:

But me against the world, in pure defence

Of your rare lady, to whose spotless name
I stand here as a bulwark, and project 60

A life to her renown, that ever yet
Hath been untainted, even in envy's eye,
And, where it would protect, a sanctuary.
Brave Earl, come forth, and keep your scandal
in;

'T is not our fault if you enforce the spot 65
Nor the wreak yours if you perform it not.

Enter Montsurry, with all the Murtherers

Mont. Cowards, a fiend or spirit beat ye off?
They are your own faint spirits that have forg'd
The fearful shadows that your eyes deluded. 69
The fiend was in you; cast him out then, thus.

D'Ambois hath Mont. down.

Ta. Favour my lord, my love, O, favour him!

Bu. I will not touch him: take your life,
my lord,

And be appeas'd. *Pistols shot within.*

O, then the coward Fates

Have maim'd themselves, and ever lost their
honour.

Um. What have ye done, slaves? Irreligious
lord! 75

Bu. Forbear them, father; 't is enough for
me

That Guise and Monsieur, death and destiny,
Come behind d'Ambois. Is my body, then,
But penetrable flesh? And must my mind
Follow my blood? Can my divine part add
No aid to th' earthly in extremity? 81

Then these divines are but for form, not fact.
Man is of two sweet courtly friends compact,
A mistress and a servant; let my death
Define life nothing but a courtier's breath. 85
Nothing is made of nought, of all things made,
Their abstract being a dream but of a shade.
I 'll not complain to earth yet, but to heaven,
And, like a man, look upwards even in death.
And if Vespasian thought in majesty 90
An emperor might die standing, why not I?

She offers to help him.

Nay, without help, in which I will exceed him;
For he died splinted with his chamber grooms.

Prop me, true sword, as thou hast ever done:
The equal thought I bear of life and death 95
Shall make me faint on no side; I am up.

Here like a Roman statue I will stand
Till death hath made me marble. Oh, my fame,
Live in despite of murther; take thy wings
And haste thee where the grey-ey'd morn per-
fumes 100

Her rosy chariot with Sabæan spices;
Fly where the evening from th' Iberian vales,
Takes on her swarthy shoulders Hecate,

" bug: bugbear " Foutre: (word of obscene contempt) " s d (As the murderers enter by one door, the friar's ghost appears at the other) " speeding: successful " spot: blot on your honor " wreak: revenge " mistress: soul servant: body

Crown'd with a grove of oaks; fly where men
feel

The burning axletree; and those that suffer 105
Beneath the chariot of the snowy Bear,
And tell them all that d'Ambois now is hasting
To the eternal dwellers; that a thunder
Of all their sighs together (for their frailties
Beheld in me) may quit my worthless fall 110
With a fit volley for my funeral.

Um. Forgive thy murderers.

Bu. I forgive them all;

And you, my lord, their fautor; for true sign
Of which unfeign'd remission, take my sword,
Take it, and only give it motion, 115
And it shall find the way to victory
By his own brightness, and th' inherent valour
My fight hath 'stall'd into 't, with charms of
spirit.

Now let me pray you that my weighty blood
Laid in one scale of your impartial spleen, 120
May sway the forfeit of my worthy love
Weigh'd in the other; and be reconcil'd
With all forgiveness to your matchless wife.

Ta. Forgive thou me, dear servant, and thus
hand

That led thy life to this unworthy end; 125
Forgive it, for the blood with which 't is stain'd,
In which I writ the summons of thy death,
The forced summons, by this bleeding wound,
By thus here in my bosom; and by this
That makes me hold up both my hands im-
bru'd 130
For thy dear pardon.

Bu. O, my heart is broken.

Fate, nor these murderers, Monsieur, nor the
Guise,

Have any glory in my death, but this,
This killing spectacle, this prodigy
My sun is turn'd to blood, in whose red beams
Pindus and Ossa, hid in drifts of snow, 136
Laid on my heart and liver, from their veins
Melt like two hungry torrents, eating rocks,
Into the ocean of all human life,
And make it bitter, only with my blood. 140
O frail condition of strength, valour, virtue,
In me (like warning fire upon the top
Of some steep beacon on a steeper hill)
Made to express it: like a falling star
Silently glanc'd, that like a thunderbolt 145
Look'd to have stuck and shook the firmament.

Monsieur.

Um. [My terrors are struck inward, and no
more

My penance will allow they shall enforce
Earthly afflictions but upon myself.]
Farewell, brave relics of a complete man! 150

104-106 where . . . axletree: to the tropics

147-149 (Omitted in Q 1641)

154 vast crystal: crystalline sphere

158 gratulate: gratify

160 Manlessly: unmanly

Look up and see thy spirit made a star.

Join flames with Hercules, and when thou
sett'st

Thy radiant forehead in the firmament,
Make the vast crystal crack with thy receipt;
Spread to a world of fire; and th' aged sky 155
Cheer with new sparks of old humanity.

[*To Mont.*] Son of the earth, whom my un-
rested soul,

Rues t' have begotten in the faith of heaven;
[Since thy revengeful spirit hath rejected
The charity it commands, and the remission 160
To serve and worship the blind rage of blood]
Assay to gratulate and pacify

The soul fled from this worthy by performing
The Christian reconciliation he besought 164
Betwixt thee and thy lady. Let her wounds
Manlessly digg'd in her, be eas'd and cur'd
With balm of thine own tears, or be assur'd
Never to rest free from my haunt and horror.

Mont. See how she merits this, still kneeling
by, 169

And mourning his fall more than her own fault.
Um. Remove, dear daughter, and content
thy husband,

So piety wills thee, and thy servant's peace.

Ta. O wretched piety, that art so distract
In thine own constancy, and in thy right
Must be unrighteous If I right my friend, 175
I wrong my husband if his wrong I shun,
The duty of my friend I leave undone.

Ill plays on both sides, here and there it riseth;
No place, no good, so good but ill compriseth
[My soul more scruple breeds, than my blood
sin 180

Virtue imposeth more than any stepdame;]

O had I never married but for form,
Never vow'd faith but purpos'd to deceive,
Never made conscience of any sin,
But cloak'd it privately and made it common;
Nor never honour'd been in blood or mind, 186
Happy had I been then, as others are
Of the like licence; I had then been honour'd;
Liv'd without envy; custom had benumb'd
All sense of scruple, and all note of frailty; 190
My fame had been untouch'd, my heart un-
broken

But (shunning all) I strike on all offence.

O husband! Dear friend! O my conscience!

Mons. Come, let 's away; my senses are not
proof 194

Against those plaints.

*Exeunt Guise, Monsieur; d'Am-
bois is borne off.*

Mont. I must not yield to pity, nor to love
So servile and so traitorous. Cease, my blood,

113 fautor: patron

130 imbru'd: blood-stained

158 receipt: reception

159-161 (Not in

Q 1641)

To wrastle with my honour, fame, and judgment. —

Away! Forsake my house; forbear complaints
Where thou hast bred them: here all things
full 200

Of their own shame and sorrow; leave my
house.

Ta. Sweet lord, forgive me, and I will be
gone,

And till these wounds, that never balm shall
close

Till death hath enter'd at them (so I love them,
Being open'd by your hands) by death be cur'd,
I never more will grieve you with my sight, 206
Never endure that any roof shall part

Mine eyes and heaven; but to the open deserts
(Like to a hunted tigress) I will fly,
Eating my heart, shunning the steps of men,
And look on no side till I be arriv'd. 211

Mont. I do forgive thee, and upon my knees,
With hands held up to heaven, wish that mine
honour

Would suffer reconciliation to my love;
But since it will not, honour never serve 215
My love with flourishing object till it sterve.

And as this taper, though it upwards look,
Downwards must needs consume, so let our
love;

As having lost his honey, the sweet taste

Runs into savour, and will needs retain 220

A spice of his first parents, till, like life,
It sees and dies; so let our love; and lastly,
As when the flame is suffer'd to look up,
It keeps his lustre, but, being thus turn'd down,
(His natural course of useful light inverted), 225
His own stuff puts it out; so let our love.
Now turn from me, as here I turn from thee,
And may both points of heaven's straight axle-
tree

Conjoin in one, before thyself and me.

Exeunt severally.

Finis Actus quinti & ultimi.

EPILOGUE

WITH many hands you have seen d'Ambois
slain,

Yet by your grace he may revive again,
And every day grow stronger in his skill
To please, as we presume he is in will.

The best deserving actors of the time 5
Had their ascents, and by degrees did climb
To their full height, a place to study due.

To make him tread in their path lies in you;
He'll not forget his makers, but still prove
His thankfulness as you increase your love. 10

FINIS

²¹⁶ sterve: die

THE

MALCONTENT.

By John Marlon.



1604.

Printed at London by V.S. for William Aspley,
and are to be sold at his shop in Pauls
Church-yard,

THE

MALCONTENT.

Augmented by M arston.

With the Additions played by the Kings
Maelltes servants.

Written by Iohn Webster.



1604.

AT LONDON
Printed by V.S. for William Aspley, and
are to be sold at his shop in Pauls
Church-yard.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL RECORD. *The Malcontent* was entered on the Register of the Stationers' Co. to William Aspley and Thomas Thorpe on July 5, 1604: — *Entred for their Copie under the handes of Master Pasfeild and Master Norton warden an Enterlude called the Malecontent, Tragicomedua . . . vj d.* It appeared in print three times in the same year, the first two quartos being partly from the same setting of type, and the third (here referred to as 'Q 2' since it is a distinct edition) adding the Induction and amplifying the main text in about a dozen places (see footnotes). The wording of the title-page of this quarto, and the heading to the Induction, have led to some confusion as to the part taken by Webster in the revision of the play. Modern opinion inclines to the view that the additions are by Marston, as the title-page seems to state explicitly, and that Webster is responsible only for the Induction. (For new facts on Marston's life see R. E. Brettie, *Modern Language Review*, Jan., July, 1927.)

DATE AND STAGE PERFORMANCE. It is clear from the Induction (lines 54, 55, 100, 101) that *The Malcontent* was first performed by the Children of the Queen's Revels at the Blackfriars Theatre. The book of the play then seems to have been lost and recovered by the King's Men, who acted the play, to which they had no legal right, in retaliation for a piratical production of *Jeronimo* by the boys' company. As Marston seems not to have been connected with the company of the Queen's Revels until 1604, the composition of the play and its original performance may probably be assigned to that date. Some confirmation of this view may be found in the several references to *Hamlet* in the play. Stoll and others, however, have suggested 1600 as a probable date, chiefly because of the reference to the horn "growing in the woman's forehead twelve years since" (I. viii. 23. Cf. E. E. Stoll, "Shakespeare, Marston, and the Malcontent Type," *Mod. Phil.*, 3 [1906] 281.) The later date is now regarded as more probable.

STRUCTURE. *The Malcontent* is, as the entry on the Stationers' Register declares, a tragicomedy. The extravagant complications of the plot might easily have ended in violence and death, but Marston chose otherwise. His gift for dramatically effective scenes was far greater than his power of dramatic construction, and the happy ending of the play, although consonant with its mood of bitter cynicism, is not entirely satisfactory. The closing masque suggests the use of similar devices in such Senecan tragedies as *The Spanish Tragedy*, and the conception of the character of Malevole is based on Jonson's theory of humors.

JOHN MARSTON (c. 1575–1634)

THE MALCONTENT

BENIAMINO IONSONIO, POETÆ ELEGANTISSIMO, GRAVISSIMO, AMICO
SVO, CANDIDO ET CORDATO, IOHANNES MARSTON, MVSARVM
ALVMNVS, ASPERAM HANC SVAM THALIAM D.D.

[Members of the Company of His Majesty's Servants appearing in the INDUCTION]

WILLIAM SLY
JOHN SINKLO

RICHARD BURBAGE
HENRY CONDELL

JOHN LOWIN
A Tire-man]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

GIOVANNI ALTOFRONTO, disguised sometime Duke of Genoa	MALEVOLE,	EQUATO	} two courtiers
PIETRO JACOMO, Duke of Genoa		GUERRINO	
MENDOZA, a minion to the Duchess of Pietro Jacomo		PASSARELLO, fool to Bilioso	
CELSE, a friend to Altofront		AURELIA, Duchess to Duke Pietro Jacomo	
BILIOSO, an old choleric marshal		MARIA, Duchess to Duke Altofront	
PREPASSO, a gentleman-usher		EMILIA, } two ladies attending the Duchess	
FERNEZE, a young courtier, and enamoured on the Duchess		BIANCA, } [Aurelia]	
FERRARDO, a minion to Duke Pietro Jacomo		MAQUERELLE, an old panderess	

THE SCENE — Genoa

TO THE READER

I AM an ill orator; and, in truth, use to indite more honestly than eloquently, for it is my custom to speak as I think, and write as I speak.

In plainness, therefore, understand that in some things I have willingly erred, as in supposing a Duke of Genoa, and in taking names different from that city's families: for which some may wittily accuse me. but my defence shall be as honest as many reproofs unto me have been most [s malicious, since, I heartily protest, it was my care to write so far from reasonable offence, that even strangers, in whose state I laid my scene, should not from thence draw any disgrace to any, dead or living Yet, in despite of my endeavours, I understand some have been most unadvisedly over-cunning in misinterpreting me, and with subtlety as deep as hell have maliciously spread ill rumours, which, springing from themselves, might to themselves have heavily returned Surely [10 I desire to satisfy every firm spirit, who, in all his actions, proposeth to himself no more ends than God and virtue do, whose intentions are always simple. to such I protest that, with my free understanding, I have not glanced at disgrace of any, but of those whose unquiet studies labour innovation, contempt of holy policy, reverend, comely superiority, and establish'd unity. For the rest of my supposed tartness, I fear not but unto every worthy mind it will be approved so gen- [15 eral and honest as may modestly pass with the freedom of a satire. I would fain leave the paper; only one thing afflicts me, to think that scenes, invented merely to be spoken, should be enforcedly published to be read, and that the least hurt I can receive is to do myself the wrong But, since others otherwise would do me more, the least inconvenience is to be accepted. I have myself, therefore, set forth this comedy, but so, that my enforced absence must much rely upon the [20 printer's discretion: but I shall entreat slight errors in orthography may be as slightly over-passed, and that the unhandsome shape, which this trifle in reading presents, may be pardoned for the pleasure it once afforded you, when it was presented with the soul of lively action.

Sine aliqua dementia nullus Phæbus.

I. M.

Ded To Benjamin Jonson, the most choice and weighty poet, his sincere and judicious friend, John Marston, foster-child of the Muses, gives and dedicates this his rough comedy. ¹ wittily: cleverly ¹²⁻¹⁴ innovation: disturbance, revolution ²¹ slightly: heedlessly ²⁴ No brilliance without some madness (some copies of Q 1 read, *Me mea sequuntur fata*, "My fates will follow me").

[THE INDUCTION TO THE MALCONTENT, AND

The Additions Acted by the King's Majesty's Servants

Written by John Webster

*Enter W. Sly, a Tire-man following him
with a stool*

Tire-man. Sir, the gentlemen will be angry if you sit here.

Sly. Why, we may sit upon the stage at the private house. Thou dost not take me for a country gentleman, dost? Dost think I fear ¹⁵ hissing? I'll hold my life, thou took'st me for one of the players

Tire-man. No, sir.

Sly. By God's lid, if you had, I would have given you but sixpence for your stool. Let ¹⁰ them that have stale suits sit in the galleries. Hiss at me! He that will be laugh'd out of a tavern or an ordinary, shall seldom feed well, or be drunk in good company. — Where's Harry Condell, Dick Burbage, and Will Sly? ¹⁵ Let me speak with some of them.

Tire-man. An 't please you to go in, sir, you may

Sly. I tell you, no. I am one that hath seen this play often, and can give them intelli- ²⁰ gence for their action. I have most of the jests here in my table-book

Enter Sinklo

Sinklo. Save you coz!

Sly. O, cousin, come! you shall sit between my legs here. ²⁵

Sinklo. No, indeed, cousin: the audience then will take me for a viol-de-gambo, and think that you play upon me.

Sly. Nay, rather that I work upon you, coz.

Sinklo. We stayed for you at supper last ³⁰ night at my cousin Honeymoon's, the woollen-drapeer. After supper we drew cuts for a score of apriocks, the longest cut still to draw an apriock. By this light, 't was Mistress Frank Honeymoon's fortune still to have the long- ³⁵ est cut. I did measure for the women — What be these, coz?

*Enter D. Burbage, H. Condell, and
J. Lowin*

Sly. The players. — God save you!

Burbage. You are very welcome.

Sly. I pray you, know this gentleman, ⁴⁰

my cousin; 't is Master Doomsday's son, the usurer.

Condell. I beseech you, sir, be cover'd.

Sly. No, in good faith. for mine ease. Look you, my hat 's the handle to this fan. God 's ⁴⁵ so, what a beast was I, I did not leave my feather at home! Well, but I'll take an order with you. *Puts his feather in his pocket*

Burbage. Why do you conceal your feather, sir? ⁵⁰

Sly. Why, do you think I'll have jests broken upon me in the play, to be laugh'd at? This play hath beaten all your gallants out of the feathers. Blackfriars hath almost spoil'd ⁵⁵ Blackfriars for feathers.

Sinklo. God 's so, I thought 't was for somewhat our gentlewomen at home counsel'd me to wear my feather to the play: yet I am loath to spoil it.

Sly. Why, coz? ⁶⁰

Sinklo. Because I got it in the tilt-yard. There was a herald broke my pate for taking it up — but I have worn it up and down the Strand, and met him forty times since, and yet he dares not challenge it. ⁶⁵

Sly. Do you hear, sir? This play is a bitter play.

Condell. Why, sir, 't is neither satire nor moral, but the mean passage of a history. yet there are a sort of discontented creatures ⁷⁰ that bear a stingless envy to great ones, and these will wrest the doings of any man to their base, malicious applyment. But should their interpretation come to the test, like your marmoset, they presently turn their teeth to ⁷⁵ their tail and eat it

Sly. I will not go so far with you; but I say, any man that hath wit may censure, if he sit in the twelve-penny room; and I say again, the play is bitter. ⁸⁰

Burbage. Sir, you are like a patron that, presenting a poor scholar to a benefice, enjoins him not to rail against anything that stands within compass of his patron's folly. Why should not we enjoy the ancient freedom of ⁸⁵ poesie? Shall we protest to the ladies that their painting makes them angels? or to my young gallant that his expense in the brothel shall gain

Induction (Not in Q 1) S. D. *Tire-man*: dresser or property man ⁴ *private house*: Blackfriars Theatre ¹⁵ *Dick*: ('D' Q 2) *Will*: ('W:' Q 2) ²⁰⁻²¹ *intelligence*: information ²² *table-book*: notebook ³⁰ *stayed*: waited ⁴⁰ *be cover'd*: put on your hat ⁴⁴ ⁴⁵ *Blackfriars*: the theatre and the district, where feathers were sold (cf V ii. 46-47) ⁵⁰⁻⁵¹ *somewhat*: some good reason ⁵⁵ *mean* . . . history: an ordinary history ⁷⁵ *applyment*: application, interpretation ⁷⁸ *censure*: judge ⁷⁹ *twelve-penny room*: box

him reputation? No, sir, such vices as stand not accountable to law should be cured as [90] men heal tetter, by casting ink upon them. Would you be satisfied in anything else, sir?

Sly. Ay, marry, would I: I would know how you came by this play?

Condell. Faith, sir, the book was lost; [95] and because 't was pity so good a play should be lost, we found it, and play it

Sly. I wonder you would play it, another company having interest in it.

Condell. Why not Malevole in folio with [100] us, as Jeronimo in decimo-sexto with them? They taught us a name for our play; we call it *One for Another*.

Sly. What are your additions?

Burbage. Sooth, not greatly needful, [105] only as your sallet to your great feast, to entertain a little more time, and to abridge the not-received custom of music in our theatre I must leave you, sir. *Exit Burbage*

Sinklo. Doth he play the Malcontent? [110]

Condell. Yes, sir.

Sinklo. I durst lay four of mine ears the play is not so well acted as it hath been.

Condell. O, no, sir, nothing *ad Parmenonis suem*. [115]

Lowin. Have you lost your ears, sir, that you are so prodigal of laying them?

Sinklo. Why did you ask that, friend?

Lowin. Marry, sir, because I have heard of a fellow would offer to lay a hundred-pound [120] wager, that was not worth five baubees: and in this kind you might venter four of your elbows. Yet God defend your coat should have so many!

Sinklo. Nay, truly, I am no great censor; [125] rer; and yet I might have been one of the college of critics once. My cousin here hath an excellent memory, indeed, sir

Sly. Who? I? I 'll tell you a strange thing of myself, and I can tell you, for one that [130] never studied the art of memory, 't is very strange too.

Condell. What 's that, sir?

Sly. Why, I 'll lay a hundred pound, I 'll walk but once down by the Goldsmith's [135] Row in Cheap, take notice of the signs, and tell you them with a breath instantly.

Lowin. 'T is very strange.

Sly. They begun as the world did, with Adam and Eve. There 's in all just five and fifty [140] I do use to meditate much when I come to plays too. What do you think might come into a man's head now, seeing all this company?

Condell. I know not, sir.

Sly. I have an excellent thought. If [145] some fifty of the Grecians that were cramm'd in the horse-belly had eaten garlic, do you not think the Trojans might have smelt out their knavery?

Condell. Very likely. [150]

Sly. By God, I would they had, for I love Hector horribly

Sinklo. O, but, coz, coz!

"Great Alexander, when he came to the tomb of Achilles,

Spake with a big loud voice, O thou thrice blessed and happy!" [155]

Sly. Alexander was an ass to speak so well of a filthy cullion

Lowin. Good sir, will you leave the stage? I 'll help you to a private room

Sly. Come, coz, let 's take some tobacco. — Have you never a prologue? [161]

Lowin. Not any, sir

Sly. Let me see, I will make one extempore. Come to them, and fencing of a congee with arms and legs, be round with them [165]

Gentlemen, I could wish for the women's sakes you had all soft cushions; and gentlewomen, I could wish that for the men's sakes you had all more easy standings.

What would they wish more but the play now? and that they shall have instantly. [171]

[*Exeunt*]]

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCE[NA] PRIMA

[*Palace of the Duke of Genoa*]

The vilest out-of-tune music being heard, enter Bulioso and Prepasso

Bul. Why, how now! Are ye mad, or drunk, or both, or what?

Pre. Are ye building Babylon there?

Bul. Here 's a noise in court? You think you are in a tavern, do you not? [175]

⁹¹ tetter: skin eruptions ¹⁰⁰⁻¹⁰¹ Why . . . them: Why should not we (the King's Men) play this play, which belongs to the Children of the Queen's Revels, since they have appropriated *Jeronimo*, which belongs to us? ("Folio" and "decimo-sexto" refer to the large and diminutive stature, respectively, of the two companies) ¹⁰⁶ sallet: salad ¹⁰⁸⁻¹⁰⁷ entertain: while away (The children introduced musical interludes) ¹¹⁴⁻¹¹⁵ ad . . . suem: (Parmeno was famous for imitating the sound of a pig Rivals brought in a pig, which the audience declared to be inferior to Parmeno in grunting.) ¹¹⁷ laying: betting ¹²¹ baubees: halfpennies ¹²² venter: venture ¹²³ defend: forbid ¹²⁴ they: ('he' Q 2) ¹⁴⁴⁻¹⁴⁵ (Petrarch, Sonnet 153, trans by John Harvey) ¹⁴⁷ cullion: rogue ¹⁴⁴ congee: salute ¹⁴⁸ round: plain-spoken, severe Actus Primus (in margin of Qq: Vexat censura columbas, 'Censorship troubles the doves.')

Pre. You think you are in a brothel-house, do you not? — This room is ill-scented.

Enter one with a perfume

So, perfume, perfume: some upon me, I pray thee.

The duke is upon instant entrance; so, make place there!

SCENA SECUNDA

Enter the Duke Pietro, Ferrardo, Count Equato, Count Celso before, and Guerrino

Pietro. Where breathes that music?

Bil. The discord rather than the music is heard from the malcontent Malevole's chamber.

Fer. [Calling] Malevole! [5]

Mal. [Out of his chamber.] Yaugh, god-a-man, what dost thou there? Duke's Gany-mede, Juno's jealous of thy long stockings. Shadow of a woman, what wouldst, weasel? Thou lamb o' court, what dost thou bleat for? Ah, you smooth chinn'd catamite! [11]

Pietro. Come down, thou rugged cur, and snarl here; I give thy dogged sullenness free liberty; trot about and bespurtle whom thou pleasest

Mal. I'll come among you, you goat- [16] ish-blooded toderers, as gum into taffeta, to fret, to fret. I'll fall like a sponge into water, to suck up, to suck up. Howl again, I'll go to church and come to you. [Exit above]

Pietro. This Malevole is one of the most [21] prodigious affections that ever convers'd with nature: a man, or rather a monster, more discontent than Lucifer when he was thrust out of the presence. His appetite is unsatiable as the grave; as far from any content as from [26] heaven. His highest delight is to procure others vexation, and therein he thinks he truly serves heaven, for 't is his position, whosoever in this earth can be contented is a slave and damned; therefore does he afflict all in [31] that to which they are most affected. Th' elements struggle within him; his own soul is at variance within herself; his speech is halter-worthy at all hours. I like him, faith he gives good intelligence to my spirit, makes [36] me understand those weaknesses which others' flattery palliates. Hark! they sing.

[A Song]

SCENA TERTIA

Enter Malevole after the song

[*Pietro.*] See, he comes. Now shall you hear the extremity of a malcontent: he is as free as air; he blows over every man. — And, sir, whence come you now? [4]

Mal. From the public place of much dissimulation, the church.

Pietro. What didst there?

Mal. Talk with a usurer; take up at interest. [9]

Pietro. I wonder what religion thou art of?

Mal. Of a soldier's religion.

Pietro. And what dost think makes most infidels now? [14]

Mal. Sects, sects. I have seen seeming Pietty change her robe so oft, that sure none but some arch-devil can shape her a petticoat.

Pietro. O, a religious policy

Mal. But, damnation on a politic religion! I am weary: would I were one of the duke's hounds now! [21]

Pietro. But what 's the common news abroad, Malevole? Thou dogg'st rumour still.

Mal. Common news? Why, common words are, "God save ye," "Fare ye well"; com- [25] mon actions, flattery and cozenage, common things, women and cuckolds — And how does my little Ferrard? Ah, ye lecherous animal! — my little ferret, he goes sucking up and down the palace into every hen's nest, like a weasel: [30] — and to what dost thou addict thy time to now more than to those antique painted drabs that are still affected of young courtiers, Flattery, Pride, and Venery? [34]

Fer. I study languages. Who dost think to be the best linguist of our age?

Mal. Phew! the devil: let him possess thee; he'll teach thee to speak all languages most readily and strangely; and great reason, marry, he's travel'd greatly i' the world, and is every-where [41]

Fer. Save i' th' court.

Mal. Ay, save i' th' court. — *To Buto.* And how does my old muckhill, overspread with fresh snow? Thou half a man, half a [45] goat, all a beast! how does thy young wife, old huddle?

Bil. Out, you improvident rascal!

Mal. Do, kick, thou hugely-horn'd old duke's ox, good Master Make-please. [50]

* upon . . . entrance: about to enter Sc II ¹¹ catamite: male prostitute ¹² rugged: shadowy ('ragged' Q 2) ¹⁴ bespurtle: bespatter ¹⁷ toderers: spewers of slime ²² affections: affected persons ²³ position: thesis ²⁴ to . . . affected: which they most like ²⁴⁻²⁵ halter-worthy: worthy of hanging Sc III ²⁶ take up: borrow ²⁸ cozenage: swindling ³³ of: by ³⁷ huddle: decrepit old man

Pietro. How dost thou live nowadays, Malevole?

Mal. Why, like the knight, Sir Patrick Penolians, with killing o' spiders for my lady's monkey. 55

Pietro. How dost spend the night? I hear thou never sleep'st.

Mal. O, no; but dream the most fantastical! O heaven! O fubbery, fubbery!

Pietro. Dream! What dream'st? 60

Mal. Why, methinks I see that signior pawn his footcloth, that metrezza her plate: this madam takes physic that t' other monsieur may minster to her: here is a pander jewel'd; there is a fellow in shift of satin this day, that 65 could not shift a shirt t' other night: here a Paris supports that Helen, there's a Lady Guinever bears up that Sir Lancelot. Dreams, dreams, visions, fantasies, chimeras, imaginations, tricks, concerts! — (*To Prepasso*) Sir 70 Tristram Trimtram! come aloft, Jack-an-apes, with a whim-wham! here's a knight of the land of Catito shall play at trap with any page in Europe; do the sword-dance with any morris-dancer in Christendom, ride at the ring till 75 the fin of his eyes look as blue as the welkin; and run the wildgoose-chase even with Pompey the Huge.

Pietro. You run! 79

Mal. To the devil! Now, signior Guerrino, that thou from a most pitted prisoner shouldst grow a most loath'd flatterer! — Alas, poor Celso, thy star's oppress'd: thou art an honest lord: 't is pity

Equalo. Is 't pity? 85

Mal. Ay, marry is 't, philosophical Equato; and 't is pity that thou, being so excellent a scholar by art, should'st be so ridiculous a fool by nature. — I have a thing to tell you, duke. bid 'em avaunt, bid 'em avaunt. 90

Pietro. Leave us, leave us.

Exeunt all saving Pietro and Malevole
Now, sir, what is 't?

Mal. Duke, thou art a becco, a cornuto.

Pietro. How!

Mal. Thou art a cuckold. 95

Pietro. Speak, unshale him quick.

Mal. With most tumbler-like numbness

Pietro. Who? By whom? I burst with desire. 99

Mal. Mendoza is the man makes thee a horn'd beast; duke, 't is Mendoza cornutes thee.

Pietro. What conformance? Relate; short, short.

Mal. As a lawyer's beard. [*Sings.*] 105
There is an old crone in the court, her name is Maquerelle.

She is my mistress, sooth to say, and she doth ever tell me

Blirt o' rhyme, blirt o' rhyme! Maquerelle is a cunning bawd, I am an honest villain; thy wife is a close drab, and thou art a notorious cuckold Farewell, duke. 111

Pietro. Stay, stay.

Mal. Dull, dull duke, can lazy patience make lame revenge? O God, for a woman to make a man that which God never created, never 115 made!

Pietro. What did God never make?

Mal. A cuckold: to be made a thing that's hoodwink'd with kindness, whilst every rascal fillips his brows, to have a coxcomb with 120 egregious horns pinn'd to a lord's back, every page sporting himself with delightful laughter, whilst he must be the last must know it. Pistols and poniards! pistols and poniards!

Pietro. Death and damnation! 125

Mal. Lightning and thunder!

Pietro. Vengeance and torture!

Mal. Catso!

Pietro. O, revenge!

Mal. Nay, to select among ten thousand fairs 130

A lady far inferior to the most,

In fair proportion both of limb and soul;

To take her from austerer check of parents,

To make her his by most devoutful rites,

Make her commandress of a better essence 135

Than is the gorgeous world, even, of a man;

To hug her with as rais'd an appetite

As usurers do their delv'd-up treasury

(Thinking none tells it but his private self);

To meet her spirit in a numble kiss, 140

Distilling panting ardour to her heart;

True to her sheets, nay, diets strong his blood,

To give her height of hymeneal sweets, —

Pietro. O God!

Mal. Whilst she lisps, and gives him some court-quelquechose, 145

Made only to provoke, not satiate:

And yet, even then, the thaw of her delight

Flows from lewd heat of apprehension,

Only from strange imagination's rankness,

That forms the adulterer's presence in her soul, 150

⁵⁵ fubbery: deceit ⁶⁰ footcloth: trappings of a horse ⁶⁵ metrezza: mistress (Ital) ⁷⁰ shift: change
⁷⁵ come aloft: (the cry of the keeper to his trained apes) ⁷⁸ whim-wham: whimsy ⁷⁹ trap: a ball game
⁸⁰ fin: lid ⁸⁵ oppress'd: in the decline ⁹⁰ becco, cornuto: cuckold (Ital.) ⁹⁵ unshale: unshel
¹⁰⁰ conformance: corroboration ¹⁰⁵ Blirt: outburst ¹¹⁰ close: secret ¹¹⁵ hoodwink'd: blinded
¹²⁰ coxcomb: fool's cap ¹²⁵ Catso: (an Italian term of contempt) ¹³⁰⁻¹⁷⁵ Nay . . . it: (not in Q1)
¹⁴⁰ tells: counts ¹⁴⁵ quelquechose: delicacy, 'kuckshaw'

And makes her think she clips the foul knave's loins.

Pietro. Affliction to my blood's root!

Mal. Nay, think, but think, what may proceed of this; adultery is often the mother of incest. 155

Pietro. Incest!

Mal. Yes, incest: mark. — Mendoza of his wife begets perchance a daughter: Mendoza dies, his son marries this daughter: say you? nay, 't is frequent, not only probable, but no question often acted, whilst ignorance, fearless ignorance, clasps his own seed.

Pietro. Hideous imagination!

Mal. Adultery! Why, next to the sin of simony, 't is the most horrid transgression under the cope of salvation 166

Pietro. Next to simony!

Mal. Ay, next to simony, in which our men in next age shall not sin.

Pietro. Not sin! why? 170

Mal. Because (thanks to some churchmen) our age will leave them nothing to sin with. But adultery, O dullness! should show exemplary punishment, that intemperate bloods may freeze but to think it. I would damn him 175 and all his generation: my own hands should do it; ha, I would not trust heaven with my vengeance, anything

Pietro. Anything, anything, Malevole: thou shalt see instantly what temper my spirit 180 holds Farewell; remember I forget thee not; farewell. *Exit Pietro.*

Mal. Farewell.

Lean thoughtfulness, a sallow meditation
Suck thy veins dry! Distemperance rob thy sleep! 185

The heart's disquiet is revenge most deep:
He that gets blood, the life of flesh but spills;
But he that breaks heart's peace, the dear soul kills

Well, this disguise doth yet afford me that 189
Which kins do seldom hear, or great men use, —
Free speech: and though my state 's usurp'd,
Yet this affected strain gives me a tongue
As fetterless as is an emperor's.

I may speak foolishly, ay, knavishly, 194
Always carelessly; yet no one thinks it fashion
To poison my breath; for he that laughs and strikes
Is lightly felt, or seldom struck again.

Duke, I 'll torment thee now: my just revenge
From thee than crown a richer gem shall part:
Beneath God naught 's so dear as a calm heart. 200

SCENA QUARTA

Enter Celso

Celso. My honour'd lord, —

Mal. Peace, speak low, peace! O Celso, constant lord,

(Thou to whose faith I only rest discover'd,
Thou, one of full ten millions of men,
That lovest virtue only for itself, 5
Thou in whose hands old Ops may put her soul)
Behold forever-banish'd Altofront,
This Genoa's last year's duke. O truly noble!
I wanted those old instruments of state,
Dissemblance and suspect: I could not time it,
Celso; 10

My throne stood like a point in midst of a circle,
To all of equal nearness; bore with none;
Reign'd all alike; so slept in fearless virtue,
Suspectless, too suspectless, till the crowd,
(Still likerous of untried novelties) 15
Impatient with severer government,
Made strong with Florence, banish'd Altofront.

Celso. Strong with Florence! ay, thence your mischief rose,
For when the daughter of the Florentine
Was match'd once with this Pietro, now duke,
No stratagem of state untr'd was left, 21
Till you of all —

Mal. Of all was quite bereft:
Alas, Maria too, close prisoned,
My true faith'd duchess, i' the citadel! 24

Celso. I 'll still adhere: let 's mutiny and die.
Mal. O, no, climb not a falling tower, Celso;
'T is well held desperation, no zeal,
Hopeless to strive with fate. Peace! Tem-
porize!

Hope, hope, that never forsak'st the wretch-
ed'st man, 29

Yet bidd'st me live, and lurk in this disguise!
What, play I well the free-breath'd discontent?
Why, man, we are all philosophical monarchs
Or natural fools Celso, the court 's a-fire;
The duchess' sheets will smoke for 't ere it
be long.

Impure Mendoza, that sharp-nos'd lord, that
made 35

The cursed match link'd Genoa with Florence,
Now broad-horns the duke, which he now
knows

Discord to malcontents is very manna.
When the ranks are burst, then scuffle, Alto-
front.

Celso. Ay, but durst, — 40

¹⁸³ clips: embraces ¹⁸⁰⁻¹⁸¹ no question: unquestionably ¹⁸⁶ cope of salvation: heaven
¹⁸⁸⁻²⁰⁰ Farewell . . . heart: (not in Q1) ¹⁸⁸ Distemperance: physical or mental disorder ¹⁸⁹ poise:
weigh ¹⁸⁷ again: in return ²⁰⁰ Beneath God: under heaven ⁵ faith: trustworthiness ^{dis-}
^{covered:} revealed ⁶ Ops: goddess of plenty ⁷ wanted: lacked ¹⁴ Suspectless: without sus-
picion ¹⁵ likerous of: avid for ¹⁷ strong: i.e., an alliance ²⁰ this: ('his' Q 2)

Mal. 'T is gone; 't is swallow'd like a mineral:

Some say 't will work; pheut, I 'll not shrink:
He 's resolute who can no lower sink:

Bulioso entering, Malevole shifteth his speech

O the father of May-poles! did you never see a fellow whose strength consisted in his breath, ¹⁴⁵ respect in his office, religion in his lord, and love in himself? why, then, behold!

Bil. Signior, —

Mal. My right worshipful lord, your court night-cap makes you have a passing high forehead ⁵¹

Bil. I can tell you strange news, but I am sure you know them already: the duke speaks much good of you.

Mal. Go to, then: and shall you and I now enter into a strict friendship? ⁵⁶

Bil. Second one another?

Mal. Yes.

Bil. Do one another good offices? ⁵⁹

Mal. Just: what though I call'd thee old ox, egregious wittol, broken-bellied coward, rotten mummy? yet, since I am in favour —

Bil. Words of course, terms of disport. His grace presents you by me a chain, as his grateful remembrance for — I am ignorant for ¹⁶⁵ what Marry, ye may impart yet howsoever — come — dear friend. Dost know my son?

Mal. Your son!

Bil. He shall eat woodcocks, dance jigs, make possets, and play at shuttle-cock with ¹⁷⁰ any young lord about the court. he has as sweet a lady, too; dost know her little bitch?

Mal. 'T is a dog, man.

Bil. Believe me, a she-bitch O, 't is a good creature! thou shalt be her servant I 'll ¹⁷⁵ make thee acquainted with my young wife too. What! I keep her not at court for nothing. 'T is grown to supper-time, come to my table: that, anything I have, stands open to thee

Mal. (To *Celso*) How smooth to him that is in state of grace, ⁸⁰

How servile is the rugged'st courtier's face!
What profit, nay, what nature would keep down,
Are heav'd to them are minions to a crown.

Envious ambition never sates his thirst, ⁸⁴
Till, sucking all, he swells and swells, and bursts

Bil. I shall now leave you with my always-best wishes. Only let's hold betwixt us a firm correspondence, a mutual friendly-reciprocal kind of steady-unanimous-heartily leagued — ⁹⁰

Mal. Did your signiorship ne'er see a pigeon-house that was smooth, round, and white without, and full of holes and stink within? Ha' ye not, old courtier? ⁹⁴

Bil. O, yes: 't is the form, the fashion of them all

Mal. Adieu, my true court-friend; farewell, my dear Castilio. *Exit Bulioso.*

Celso. Yonder 's Mendoza.

Describes Mendoza.

Mal. True, the privy-key. ⁹⁹

Celso. I take my leave, sweet lord.

Mal. 'T is fit; away! *Exit Celso.*

SCENA QUINTA

Enter Mendoza with three or four Suitors

Men. Leave your suits with me; I can and will. Attend my secretary; leave me

[*Exeunt Suitors.*]

Mal. Mendoza, hark ye, hark ye. You are a treacherous villain! God b' wi' ye!

Men. Out, you base-born rascal! ⁵

Mal. We are all the sons of heaven, though a tripe-wife were our mother: ah, you whore-son, hot-rein'd he-marmoset! *Ægisthus*! didst ever hear of one *Ægisthus*?

Men. Gisthus? ¹⁰

Mal. Ay, *Ægisthus*. he was a filthy incontinent flesh-monger, such a one as thou art.

Men. Out, grumbling rogue!

Mal. Orestes, beware Orestes!

Men. Out, beggar! ¹⁵

Mal. I once shall rise!

Men. Thou rise!

Mal. Ay, at the resurrection.

No vulgar seed but once may rise and shall;

No king so huge but 'fore he die may fall. ²⁰

Exit.

Men. Now, good Elysium! what a delicious heaven is it for a man to be in a prince's favour! O sweet God! O pleasure! O fortune! O all thou best of life! What should I think, what say, what do? To be a favourite, a minion! to have a general timorous respect observe a ²⁶ man, a stateful silence in his presence, solitariness in his absence, a confused hum and busy murmur of obsequious suitors training him; the cloth held up, and way proclaimed before ³⁰ him; petitioner vassals licking the pavement with their slavish knees, whilst some odd palace-lampreels that engender with snakes, and are full of eyes on both sides, with a kind of insinuated humbleness, fix all ³⁵

⁴⁻¹¹ (Not in Q 1) ¹¹ wittol: contented cuckold ¹² impart: tell ¹³ possets: hot drinks of milk, wine, etc ¹⁴ are: who are ¹⁵ correspondence: agreement, unity ¹⁶ Castilio: (an allusion to Castiglione, author of *The Courtier*, a famous book of manners) ¹⁷ tripe-wife: seller of tripe ¹⁸ hot-rein'd: lascivious ¹⁹ observe: pay obsequious court to ²⁰ training: following ²¹ lampreels: lamprey eels

their delights upon his brow. O blessed state! what a ravishing prospect doth the Olympus of favour yield! Death, I cornute the duke! Sweet women! most sweet ladies! nay, angels! by heaven, he is more accursed than a devil [40 that hates you, or is hated by you; and happier than a god that loves you, or is beloved by you. You preservers of mankind, life-blood of society, who would live, nay, who can live without you? O paradise! how majestic is your [45 austerer presence! how imperiously chaste is your more modest face! but, O, how full of ravishing attraction is your pretty, petulant, languishing, lasciviously-composed countenance! these amorous smiles, those soul- [50 warming sparkling glances, ardent as those flames that sing'd the world by heedless Phaeton! in body how delicate, in soul how witty, in discourse how pregnant, in life how wary, in favours how judicious, in day how sociable, and [55 in night how — O pleasure unutterable! indeed, it is most certain, one man cannot deserve only to enjoy a beauteous woman: but a duchess! In despite of Phœbus, I'll write a sonnet instantly in praise of her. *Exit.* [60

SCENA SEXTA

[*The Same*]

Enter Ferneze ushering Aurelia, Emilia and Maquerelle bearing up her train, Bianca attending: all go out but Aurelia, Maquerelle, and Ferneze.

Aurel. And is 't possible? Mendoza slight me! Possible?

Fer. Possible!

What can be strange in him that 's drunk with favour,
Grows insolent with grace? — Speak, Maquerelle, speak. 5

Maq. To speak feelingly, more, more richly in solid sense than worthless words, give me those jewels of your ears to receive my enforced duty. As for my part, 't is well known I can put up anything (*Ferneze privately feeds Maquerelle's hands with jewels during this speech*); can bear patiently with any man: but when I heard he wronged your precious sweetness, I was enforced to take deep offence 'T is most certain he loves Emilia with high appetite: [15 and, as she told me (as you know we women impart our secrets one to another), when she repulsed his suit, in that he was possessed with your endeared grace, Mendoza most ingratfully renounced all faith to you. 20

Fer. Nay, call'd you — Speak, Maquerelle, speak.

Maq. By heaven, witch, dri'd biscuit; and contested blushlessly he lov'd you but for a spurt or so.

Fer. For maintenance. 25

Maq. Advancement and regard.

Aurel. O villain! O impudent Mendoza!

Maq. Nay, he is the rustiest jade, the foulest-mouth'd knave in railing against our sex: he will rail against women — 30

Aurel. How? how?

Maq. I am asham'd to speak 't, I.

Aurel. I love to hate him: speak.

Maq. Why, when Emilia scorn'd his base unsteadiness, the black-throated rascal scolded, and said — 36

Aurel. What?

Maq. Troth, 't is too shameless.

Aurel. What said he?

Maq. Why, that, at four, women were [40 fools; at fourteen, drabs; at forty, bawds; at fourscore, witches; and at a hundred, cats.

Aurel. O unlimited impudency!

Fer. But as for poor Ferneze's fixed heart, Was never shadeless meadow drier parch'd 45 Under the scorching heat of heaven's dog, Than is my heart with your enforcing eyes.

Maq. A hot simile

Fer. Your smiles have been my heaven, your frowns my hell:

O, pity, then! grace should with beauty dwell. 50

Maq. Reasonable perfect, by 'r lady.

Aurel. I will love thee, be it but in despite

Of that Mendoza: — witch! Ferneze, — witch! —

Ferneze, thou art the duchess' favourite:

Be faithful, private. but 't is dangerous. 55

Fer. His love is lifeless that for love fears breath

The worst that 's due to sin, O, would 't were death!

Aurel. Enjoy my favour. I will be sick instantly and take physic: therefore in depth of night visit — 60

Maq. Visit her chamber, but conditionally you shall not offend her bed: by this diamond!

Fer. By this diamond. *Gives it to Maq.*

Maq. Nor tarry longer than you please: by this ruby! 65

Fer. By this ruby. *Gives again.*

Maq. And that the door shall not creak.

Fer. And that the door shall not creak.

Maq. Nay, but swear.

Fer. By this purse. *Gives her his purse.*

³⁸ cornute: make cuckold ¹⁰ up: (not in Q 2) ¹⁰⁻¹¹ s D. (Marginal note in Qq.) ²⁸ rustiest: roughest, foulest ⁴² at: (not in Qq.) ⁴⁴ heaven's dog: the dog star ⁴⁷ enforcing: compelling ⁶¹ conditionally: on condition that

Maq. Go to, I 'll keep your oaths for you: [71 remember, visit.

Enter Mendoza, reading a sonnet

Aurel. Dried biscuit!—Look where the base wretch comes. 74

Men. "Beauty's life, heaven's model, love's queen,"—

Maq. That 's his Emilia.

Men. "Nature's triumph, best on earth,"—

Maq. Meaning Emilia. 79

Men. "Thou only wonder that the world hath seen."—

Maq. That 's Emilia.

Aurel. Must I, then, hear her prais'd? — Mendoza!

Men. Madam, your excellency is graciously encount'ed: I have been writing passionate flashes in honour of — *Exit Ferneze.*

Aurel. Out, villain, villain!

O judgment, where have been my eyes? what Bewitch'd election made me dote on thee? 90

What sorcery made me love thee? But, be gone; Bury thy head. O, that I could do more

Than loathe thee! hence, worst of ill!

No reason ask, our reason is our will.

Exit with Maquerelle.

Men. Women! nay, Furies; nay, worse, 95 for they torment only the bad, but women good and bad Damnation, of mankind! Breath, hast thou prais'd them for this? and is 't you, Ferneze, are wriggled into smock-grace? Sit sure O, that I could rail against these 100 monsters in nature, models of hell, curse of the earth, women! that dare attempt anything, and what they attempt they care not how they accomplish, without all premeditation or prevention, rash in asking, desperate in working, 105 impatient in suffering, extreme in desiring, slaves unto appetite, mistresses in dissembling, only constant in unconstancy, only perfect in counterfeiting, their words are feigned, their eyes forged, their sighs dissembled, their 110 looks counterfeit, their hair false, their given hopes deceitful, their very breath artificial; their blood is their only god; bad clothes and old age are only the devils they tremble at. That I could rail now! 115

SCENA SEPTIMA

Enter Pietro, his sword drawn

Pietro A mischief fill thy throat, thou foul-jaw'd slave! Say thy prayers.

Men. I ha' forgot 'em.

Pietro. Thou shalt die.

Men. So shalt thou. I am heart-mad.

Pietro. I am horn-mad.

Men. Extreme mad.

Pietro. Monstrously mad.

Men. Why?

Pietro. Why! thou, thou hast dishonoured my bed. 5

Men. I! Come, come, sit; here 's my bare heart to thee,

As steady as is the centre to this glorious world: And yet, hark, thou art a cornuto, — but by me?

Pietro. Yes, slave, by thee

Men. Do not, do not with tart and spleenful breath 10

Lose him can loose thee. I offend my duke!

Bear record, O ye dumb and raw-air'd nights, How vigilant my sleepless eyes have been

To watch the traitor! Record, thou spirit of truth,

With what debasement I ha' thrown myself 15 To under offices, only to learn

The truth, the party, time, the means, the place,

By whom, and when, and where thou wert disgrac'd!

And am I paid with "slave"? Hath my intrusion

To places private and prohibited, 20

Only to observe the closer passages, —

Heaven knows with vows of revelation, —

Made me suspected, made me deem'd a villain? What rogue hath wrong'd us?

Pietro. Mendoza, I may err.

Men. Err! 't is too mild a name. but err and err, 25

Run giddy with suspect, 'fore through me thou know

That which most creatures, save thyself, do know:

Nay, since my service hath so loath'd reject, 'Fore I 'll reveal, shalt find them clipp'd together 29

Pietro. Mendoza, thou know'st I am a most plain-breasted man.

Men. The fitter to make a cuckold: would your brows were most plain too!

Pietro. Tell me. indeed, I heard thee rail —

Men. At women, true. why, what cold phlegm could choose, 35

Knowing a lord so honest, virtuous,

So boundless-loving, bounteous, fair-shap'd, sweet,

⁷⁷ flashes: brief outbursts ⁹⁰ election: choice ⁹⁹ smock-grace: intimate favor ¹⁰⁴⁻¹⁰⁵ prevention: anticipation ⁷ the, this: ('this,' 'the' Qq) ¹⁰ spleenful: angry ¹⁶ under offices: low tasks ¹¹ closer passages: more secret incidents ²⁸ suspect: suspicion ²⁹ reject: rejection ³⁵ phlegm: apathy

To be contemn'd, abus'd, defam'd, made cuckold?

Heart! I hate all women for 't: sweet sheets, [39 wax lights, antique bedposts, cambric smocks, villainous curtains, arras pictures, oil'd hinges, and all the tongue-tied lascivious witnesses of great creatures' wantonness, — what salvation can you expect?

Pietro. Wilt thou tell me? 45

Men. Why, you may find it yourself; observe, observe

Pietro. I ha' not the patience. Wilt thou deserve me, tell — give it.

Men. Take 't: why, Ferneze is the man, [50 Ferneze: I'll prove 't, this night you shall take him in your sheets. Will 't serve?

Pietro. It will; my bosom 's in some peace. till night —

Men. What?

Pietro. Farewell.

Men. God! how weak a lord are you! Why, do you think there is no more but so? 55

Pietro. Why!

Men. Nay, then, will I presume to counsel you:

It should be thus. You with some guard upon the sudden

Break into the princess' chamber: I stay behind,

Without the door, through which he needs must pass 60

Ferneze flies; let him: to me he comes; he 's kull'd

By me, observe, by me: you follow. I rail, And seem to save the body. Duchess comes, On whom (respecting her advanced birth, 64

And your fair nature), I know, nay, I do know, No violence must be us'd, she comes. I storm,

I praise, excuse Ferneze, and still maintain The duchess' honour, she for this loves me

I honour you; shall know her soul, you mine: Then naught shall she contrive in vengeance 70

(As women are most thoughtful in revenge) Of her Ferneze, but you shall sooner know 't

Than she can think 't Thus shall his death come sure,

Your duchess brain-caught: so your life secure.

Pietro. It is too well: my bosom and my heart. 75

When nothing helps, cut off the rotten part.

Exit.

Men. Who cannot feign friendship can ne'er produce the effects of hatred Honest fool duke!

subtle lascivious duchess! silly novice Ferneze! I do laugh at ye. My brain is in labour till it [80 produce mischief, and I feel sudden throes, proofs sensible, the issue is at hand. As bears shape young, so I 'll form my device, Which grown proves horrid: vengeance makes men wise. [*Exit.*]

[SCENE VIII. — *The Same*]

Enter Malevole and Passarello

Mal. Fool, most happily encount' red. canst sing, fool?

Pass. Yes, I can sing, fool, if you 'll bear the burden; and I can play upon instruments, scurvily, as gentlemen do O, that I had been 's gelded! I should then have been a fat fool for a chamber, a squeaking fool for a tavern, and a private fool for all the ladies

Mal. You are in good case since you came to court, fool: what, guarded, guarded! 10

Pass. Yes, faith, even as footmen and bawds wear velvet, not for an ornament of honour, but for a badge of drudgery, for, now the duke is discontented, I am fain to fool him asleep every night. 15

Mal. What are his griefs?

Pass. He hath sore eyes.

Mal. I never observed so much

Pass. Horrible sore eyes; and so hath every cuckold, for the roots of the horns spring in [20 the eyeballs, and that 's the reason the horn of a cuckold is as tender as his eye, or as that growing in the woman's forehead, twelve years since, that could not endure to be touch'd The duke hangs down his head like a columbine. 25

Mal. Passarello, why do great men beg fools?

Pass. As the Welshman stole rushes when there was nothing else to filch. only to keep begging in fashion. 30

Mal. Pooh, thou givest no good reason; thou speakest like a fool.

Pass. Faith, I utter small fragments, as your knight courts your city widow with jangling of his gilt spurs, advancing his bush-coloured [35 beard, and taking tobacco this is all the mirror of their knightly complements. Nay, I shall talk when my tongue is a-going once; 't is like a citizen on horseback, evermore in a false gallop. 40

Mal. And how doth Maquerelle fare now a days?

⁴¹ arras: tapestry ⁴⁹ deserve me: earn my favor ⁷⁴ brain-caught: betrayed by deception
⁸² sensible: which can be felt Sc. VIII (Not in Q 1) ⁹ case: condition ¹⁰ guarded: with facings
on his fool's coat ²² woman: (described in a pamphlet printed in 1588) ²⁶⁻²⁷ beg fools: sue for the
guardianship of idiots in order to get use of their revenues ²⁸⁻²⁹ with . . . beard: ('with something
of his guilt: some aduancing his high-coloured beard' some copies of Q 2) ³⁷ complements: accom-
plishments

Pass. Faith, I was wont to salute her as our English women are at their first landing in Flushing; I would call her whore: but now [45 that antiquity leaves her as an old piece of plastic t'work by, I only ask her how her rotten teeth fare every morning, and so leave her. She was the first that ever invented per-fum'd smocks for the gentlewomen, and [50 woollen shoes, for fear of creaking, for the visitant. She were an excellent lady, but that her face peebleth like Muscovy glass.

Mal. And how doth thy old lord, that hath wit enough to be a flatterer, and conscience enough to be a knave? 56

Pass. O, excellent. he keeps beside me fifteen jesters, to instruct him in the art of fooling, and utters their jests in private to the duke and duchess. He 'll lie like to your Switzer or [60 lawyer; he 'll be of any side for most money.

Mal. I am in haste, be brief

Pass. As your fiddler when he is paid — He 'll thrive, I warrant you, while your young courtier stands like Good Friday in Lent; [65 men long to see it, because more fattening days come after it; else he 's the leanest and pitiful'st actor in the whole pageant. Adieu, Male-vole

Mal. O world most vild, when thy loose vanities, 70

Taught by this fool, do make the fool seem wise!

Pass. You 'll know me again, Malevole

Mal. O, ay, by that velvet.

Pass. Ay, as a pettifogger by his buckram bag. I am as common in the court as an [75 hostess's lips in the country; knights, and clowns, and knaves, and all share me, the court cannot possibly be without me. Adieu, Male-vole. [Exeunt]

ACTUS II SCENA I

[The Duke's Palace]

Enter Mendoza, with a scone, to observe Fer-neze's entrance, who, whilst the act is playing, enter unbraced, two Pages before him with lights, is met by Maquerelle and conveyed in; the Pages are sent away

Men. He 's caught, the woodcock's head is i' th' noose

Now treads Ferneze in dangerous path of lust,
Swearing his sense is merely deified:
The fool grasps clouds, and shall beget Cen-taurs:

And now, in strength of panting faint delight, 5
The goat bids heaven envy him. — Good goose,
I can afford thee nothing
But the poor comfort of calamity, pity.
Lust's like the plummets hanging on clock-
lines,

Will ne'er ha' done till all is quite undone; 10
Such is the course salt, sallow lust doth run;
Which thou shalt try. I 'll be reveng'd. Duke,
thy suspect,

Duchess, thy disgrace, Ferneze, thy rivalship;
Shall have swift vengeance. Nothing so holy,
No band of nature so strong, 15

No law of friendship so sacred,
But I 'll profane, burst, violate, 'fore I 'll
Endure disgrace, contempt, and poverty.
Shall I, whose very "Hum" struck all heads
bare,

Whose face made silence, creaking of whose
shoe 20

Forc'd the most private passages fly ope,
Scrape like a servile dog at some latch'd door?
Learn now to make a leg, and cry "Beseech ye,
Pray ye, is such a lord within?" be aw'd
At some odd usher's scoff'd formality? 25
First sear my brains! *Unde cadis, non quo, re-ferit,*

My heart cries, "Perish all!" How! how! what
fate

Can once avoid revenge, that 's desperate? 28
I 'll to the duke; if all should ope — If! tush
Fortune still dotes on those who cannot blush.
[Exit.]

SCENA SECUNDA

[The Same]

*Enter Malevole at one door, Bianca, Emilia,
and Maquerelle at the other door*

Mal. Bless ye, cast o' ladies! — Ha, Dipsas!
how dost thou, old coal?

Maq. Old coal!

Mal. Ay, old coal, methinks thou liest like
a brand under billets of green wood. He [5
that will inflame a young wench's heart, let
him lay close to her an old coal that hath first
been fired, a panderess, my half-burnt lint, who
though thou canst not flame thyself, yet art
able to set a thousand virgins' tapers afire. [10
— And how doth Janivere thy husband, my
little periwinkle? Is he troubled with the cough
of the lungs still? Does he hawk o' nights still?
He will not bite.

⁴⁵ Flushing: (in the hands of the English as security for a loan)

⁴⁷ plastic: model in wax or clay

⁵⁰ Muscovy glass: talc (which peels off in flakes) ⁵¹ pettifogger: dishonest or inferior lawyer Sc. I
s D. scone: lantern act: music between the acts ⁵² merely: absolutely ⁵³ plummets: weights
⁵⁴ leg: bow ⁵⁵ scoff'd: derisive ⁵⁶ Unde . . . refert: Whence you fall, not whither, is the thing
that matters. ⁵⁷ cast: pair ⁵⁸ Dipsas: cf Lyly's *Endymion* ⁵⁹ Janivere: January (with reference
to Chaucer's Merchant's Tale)

Bian. No, by my troth, I took him with [15
his mouth empty of old teeth.

Mal. And he took thee with thy belly full of
young bones: marry, he took his main by the
stroke of his enemy. 19

Bian. And I mine by the stroke of my friend.

Mal. The close stock! O mortal wench!
Lady, ha' ye now no restoratives for your de-
cayed Jasons? Look ye, crab's guts bak'd, dis-
till'd ox-pith, the pulverized hairs of a lion's
upper-lip, jelly of cock-sparrows, he-mon- [25
key's marrow, or powder of fox-stones? — And
whither are you ambling now?

Bian. To bed, to bed.

Mal. Do your husbands lie with ye?

Bian. That were country fashion, I' faith. 30

Mal. Ha' ye no foregoers about you? Come,
whither in good deed, la now?

Maq. In good indeed, la now, to eat the most
miraculously, admirably, astonishable-com-
pos'd posset with three curds, without any [35
drink. Will ye help me with a he-fox? — Here's
the duke.

The Ladies go out.

Mal. (to Bianca) Fri'd frogs are very good,
and Frenchlike too.

SCENA TERTIA

[*The Same*]

*Enter Duke Pietro, Count Celso, Count Equato,
Bilioso, Ferrard, and Mendoza*

Pietro. The night grows deep and foul:
what hour is 't?

Celso. Upon the stroke of twelve.

Mal. Save ye, Duke!

Pietro. From thee. begone, I do not love [5
thee! Let me see thee no more; we are dis-
pleas'd.

Mal. Why, God be with thee! Heaven hear
my curse, — may thy wife and thee live long
together! 10

Pietro. Begone, sirrah!

Mal. "When Arthur first in court began,"
— Agamemnon — Menelaus — was ever any
duke a cornuto?

Pietro. Begone, hence! 15

Mal. What religion wilt thou be of next?

Men. Out with him!

Mal. With most servile patience. — Time
will come

When wonder of thy error will strike dumb
Thy bezzled sense. — 20

Slaves! ay, favour: ay, marry, shall he rise:

Good God! how subtle hell doth flatter vice!
Mounts him aloft, and makes him seem to fly,
As fowl the tortoise mock'd, who to the sky
Th' ambitious shell-fish rais'd! The end of all
Is only, that from height he might dead fall. 25
Bil. Why, when? Out, ye rogue! begone,
ye rascal!

Mal. I shall now leave ye with all my best
wishes. 30

Bil. Out, ye cur!

Mal. Only let 's hold together a firm corre-
spondence.

Bil. Out!

Mal. A mutual, friendly-reciprocal, per- [35
petual kind of steady-unanimous-heartily-
leagu'd —

Bil. Hence, ye gross-jaw'd, peasantry — out,
go!

Mal. Adieu, pigeon-house; thou burr, [40
that only stickest to nappy fortunes The ser-
pigo, the strangury, an eternal uneffectual
priapism seize thee!

Bil. Out, rogue!

Mal. May'st thou be a notorious wittoly [45
pandar to thine own wife, and yet get no office,
but live to be the utmost misery of mankind, a
beggarly cuckold! *Exit.*

Pietro. It shall be so.

Men. It must be so, for where great states
revenge, 50

'T is requisite the parts be closely dogg'd,
(Which piety and soft respect forbears).
Lay one into his breast shall sleep with him,
Feed in the same dish, run in self-faction,
Who may discover any shape of danger; 55
For once disgrac'd, displayed in offence,
It makes man bluishless, and man is (all confess)
More prone to vengeance than to gratefulness.
Favours are writ in dust; but stripes we feel
Depraved nature stamps in lasting steel. 60

Pietro. You shall be leagu'd with the duch-
ess.

Equato. The plot is very good.

Men. You shall both kill, and seem the corse
to save

Fer. A most fine brain-trick. 65

Celso. (tacite) Of a most cunning knave

Pietro. My lords, the heavy action we intend
Is death and shame, two of the ugliest shapes
That can confound a soul; think, think of it.
I strike, but yet, like him that 'gainst stone
walls 70

Directs, his shafts rebound in his own face;

¹¹ stock: stoccado (a thrust in fencing) ²²⁻²⁴ crab's . . . stones: aphrodisiacs ³¹ foregoers: ushers (?) ³²⁻³⁷ (Assigned to Bianca, Q 2) ³⁸⁻³⁹ (Not in Q 1) ¹² When . . . began: (the first line of an old ballad; cf. *II Henry IV*, II. iv 36) ²⁰ bezzled: drunken ²⁷⁻²⁸ (Not in Q 1) ⁴¹⁻⁴² ser-pigo: skin eruption ⁵¹⁻⁵² parts . . . forbears: ('parts with piety and soft respect forbears, be closely dogg'd' Qq; some copies read "loft" or "lost" for "soft"; emended by Bullen) ⁶⁰ tacite: aside ⁷¹ Directs: aims ⁷² shafts: arrows

My lady's shame is mine, O God, 't is mine!
Therefore I do conjure all secrecy:
Let it be as very little as may be,
Pray ye, as may be. 75
Make frightless entrance, salute her with soft
eyes,

Stain naught with blood; only Ferneze dies,
But not before her brows. O gentlemen,
God knows I love her! Nothing else, but this: —
I am not well: if grief, that sucks veins dry, 80
Rivels the skin, casts ashes in men's faces,
Be-dulls the eye, unstrengthens all the blood,
Chance to remove me to another world,
As sure I once must die, let him succeed:
I have no child, all that my youth begot 85
Hath been your loves, which shall inherit me:
Which as it ever shall, I do conjure it,
Mendoza may succeed: he's noble born;
With me of much desert.

Celso (tacite) Much! 90

Pietro. Your silence answers, "Ay."
I thank you. Come on now. O, that I might die
Before her shame's display'd! Would I were
forc'd

To burn my father's tomb, unheal his bones,
And dash them in the dirt, rather than this! 95
This both the living and the dead offends.
Sharp surgery where naught but death amends

Exit with the others.

SCENA QUARTA

[Maquerelle's Apartment]

*Enter Maquerelle, Emilia, and Bianca with
the posset*

Maq. Even here it is, three curds in three regions
individually distinct, most methodical,
according to art compos'd, without any drink.

Bian. Without any drink!

Maq. Upon my honour. Will you sit and 15
eat?

Emil. Good; the composure, the receipt,
how is it? 2

Maq. 'T is a pretty pearl; by this pearl (how
does 't with me?) thus it is. seven and thirty 10
yolks of Barbary hens' eggs; eighteen spoonfuls
and a half of the juice of cock-sparrow bones;
one ounce, three drams, four scruples, and one
quarter of the syrup of Ethiopian dates;
sweetened with three quarters of a pound 15
of pure candied Indian eringoes; strewed over
with the powder of pearl of America, amber
of Cataia, and lamb-stones of Muscovia

Bian. Trust me, the ingredients are very

cordial, and, no question, good, and most 20
powerful in restoration.

Maq. I know not what you mean by restoration;
but this it doth. — it purifieth the
blood, smootheth the skin, enliveneth the eye,
strengtheneth the veins, mundifieth the teeth,
comforteth the stomach, fortifieth the back, 26
and quickeneth the wit; that's all.

Emil. By my troth, I have eaten but two
spoonfuls, and methinks I could discourse most
swiftly and wittily already. 30

Maq. Have you the art to seem honest?

Bian Ay, thank advice and practice.

Maq. Why, then, eat me of this posset,
quicken your blood, and preserve your beauty.
Do you know Doctor Plaster-face? by this curd,
he is the most exquisite in forging of veins, 36
spright'ning of eyes, dying of hair, sleeking of
skins, blushing of cheeks, surphling of breasts,
blanching and bleaching of teeth, that ever
made an old lady gracious by torchlight; by
this curd, la. 41

Bian Well, we are resolved, what God has
given us we'll cherish

Maq. Cherish anything saving your husband,
keep him not too high, lest he leap 45
the pale. but, for your beauty, let it be your
saint, bequeath two hours to it every morning
in your closet. I ha' been young, and yet, in my
conscience, I am not above five-and-twenty;
but, believe me, preserve and use your beauty;
for youth and beauty once gone, we are like 51
beehives without honey, out-o'-fashion apparel
that no man will wear: therefore use me your
beauty.

Emil Ay, but men say — 55

Maq. Men say! let men say what they will:
life o' woman! they are ignorant of your wants.
The more in years, the more in perfection
they grow; if they lose youth and beauty, they
gain wisdom and discretion: but when our 60
beauty fades, good-night with us. There cannot
be an uglier thing to see than an old woman:
from which, O pruning, pinching, and painting,
deliver all sweet beauties! *[Music within.]*

Bian. Hark! music! 65

Maq. Peace, 't is in the duchess' bed-chamber.
Good rest, most prosperously-grac'd ladies.

Emil Good-night, sentinel.

Bian. Night, dear Maquerelle.

Exeunt all but Maq.

Maq. May my posset's operation send you
my wit and honesty; and me, your youth 71
and beauty; the pleasing'st rest! *Exit Maq.*

⁷⁸ conjure: appeal for ⁷⁹ before her brows: in her sight ⁸¹ Rivels: wrinkles ⁸⁴ unheal:
uncover ⁷ composure: composition ⁸⁻¹⁰ how . . . me: how does it become me ¹⁶ eringoes:
roots of sea holly ²⁰ cordial: restorative ²⁶ mundifieth: cleanseth ²⁷ spright'ning: making bright
²⁸ surphling: treating with sulphur water or other cosmetics ⁴² Well: ('We' Q 2) ⁴⁶ use: invest,
put out at interest

SCENA QUINTA

[A Hall in the Palace]

A Song [within]

Whilst the song is singing, enter Mendoza with his sword drawn, standing ready to murder Ferneze as he flies from the Duchess' chamber.

All. [within.] Strike, strike!

Aur. [within.] Save my Ferneze! O, save my Ferneze!

Enter Ferneze in his shirt, and is received upon Mendoza's sword.

All. [within.] Follow, pursue!

Aur. [within.] O, save Ferneze!

Men. Pierce, pierce! — Thou shallow fool, drop there!

He that attempts a princess' lawless love
Must have broad hands, close heart, with
Argus' eyes,

And back of Hercules, or else he dies.

Thrusts his rapier in Fer.

Enter Aurelia, Duke Pietro, Ferrard, Bilioso, Celso, and Equato

All. Follow, follow!

Men. Stand off, forbear, ye most uncivil lords!

Pietro. Strike!

Men. Do not; tempt not a man resolv'd: 10
[*Mendoza bestrides the wounded body of Ferneze, and seems to save him*]

Would you, inhuman murderers, more than death?

Aur. O poor Ferneze!

Men. Alas, now all defence too late!

Aur. He's dead.

Pietro. I am sorry for our shame. — Go to your bed: 15

Weep not too much, but leave some tears to shed

When I am dead.

Aur. What, weep for thee! my soul no tears shall find.

Pietro. Alas, alas, that women's souls are blind!

Men. Betray such beauty! 20

Murder such youth! Contemn civility!
He loves him not that rails not at him.

Pietro. Thou canst not move us: we have blood enough. —

And please you, lady, we have quite forgot

All your defects: if not, why, then — 25

Aur. Not

Pietro. Not: the best of rest: good-night.

Exit Pietro, with other Courtiers.

Aur. Despite go with thee!

Men. Madam, you ha' done me foul disgrace; you have wrong'd him much loves 30
you too much: go to, your soul knows you have.

Aur. I think I have.

Men. Do you but think so?

Aur. Nay, sure, I have: my eyes have witnessed thy love: thou hast stood too firm for 35
me.

Men. Why, tell me, fair-cheek'd lady, who even in tears art powerfully beauteous, what unadvised passion struck ye into such a violent heat against me? Speak, what mis- 40
chief wrong'd us? What devil injur'd us? Speak.

Aur. That thing ne'er worthy of the name of man, Ferneze;

Ferneze swore thou lov'st Emilia;

Which to advance, with most reproachful breath 45

Thou both didst blemish and denounce my love.

Men. Ignoble villain! did I for this bestride Thy wounded limbs? for this, rank opposite Even to my sovereign? for this, O God, for this, Sunk all my hopes, and with my hopes my life? 50

Ripp'd bare my throat unto the hangman's axe? —

Thou most dishonour'd trunk! — Emilia!

By life, I know her not — Emilia —!

Did you believe him?

Aur. Pardon me, I did

Men. Did you? And thereupon you graced him? 55

Aur. I did.

Men. Took him to favour, nay even clasp'd With him?

Aur. Alas, I did!

Men. This night?

Aur. This night

Men. And in your lustful twines the duke took you?

Aur. A most sad truth

Men. O God, O God! how we dull honest souls, 60

Heavy-brain'd men, are swallow'd in the bogs Of a deceitful ground, whilst nimble bloods, Light-jointed spirits, speed; cut good men's throats,

And scape! Alas, I am too honest for this age, Too full of phlegm and heavy steadiness; 65
Stood still whilst this slave cast a noose about me;

Nay, then to stand in honour of him and her, Who had even slic'd my heart!

Aur. Come, I did err,

And am most sorry I did err.

⁴⁰⁻⁴¹ for . . . sovereign: (not in Q 2)
'spent' Q 2)

⁴⁸ rank: take a stand

⁶⁰ speed: ('pent' Q 1;

Men. Why, we are both but dead: the duke
hates us; 70
And those whom princes do once groundly hate,
Let them provide to die, as sure as fate.
Prevention is the heart of policy.

Aur. Shall we murder him?

Men. Instantly? 75

Aur. Instantly; before he casts a plot,
Or further blaze my honour's much-known blot,
Let 's murder him

Men. I would do much for you: will ye
marry me?

Aur. I 'll make thee duke. We are of Med-
icis; 80

Florence our friend; in court my faction
Not meanly strengthful, the duke then dead;
We well prepar'd for change; the multitude
Irresolutely reeling; we in force;
Our party seconded; the kingdom maz'd; 85
No doubt of swift success all shall be grac'd.

Men. You do confirm me, we are resolute:
To-morrow look for change: rest confident
'T is now about the immodest waist of night:
The mother of moist dew with pallid light 90
Spreads gloomy shades about the numbed
earth

Sleep, sleep, whilst we contrive our mischief's
birth

This man I 'll get inhum'd Farewell: to bed;
I kiss the pillow, dream the duke is dead.
So, so, good night. *Exit Aurelia.*

How fortune dotes on impudence! 95

I am in private the adopted son
Of yon good prince.

I must be duke: why, if I must, I must.

Most silly lord, name me! O heaven! I see
God made honest fools to maintain crafty
knaves 100

The duchess is wholly mine too, must kill her
husband

To quit her shame Much then marry her, I!
O, I grow proud in prosperous treachery!

As wrestles clip, so I 'll embrace you all,
Not to support, but to procure your fall. 105

Enter Malevole

Mal. God arrest thee!

Men. At whose suit?

Mal. At the devil's Ah, you treacherous,
damnable monster, how dost? how dost, thou
treacherous rogue? Ah, ye rascal! I am 110
banish'd the court, sirrah.

Men. Prithee, let 's be acquainted; I do
love thee, faith.

Mal. At your service, by the Lord, la: shall 's
go to supper? Let 's be once drunk together, 115
and so unite a most virtuously-strengthened
friendship: shall 's, Huguenot? shall 's?

Men. Wilt fall upon my chamber to-mor-
row morn?

Mal. As a raven to a dunghill. They 120
say there 's one dead here: prick'd for the pride
of the flesh.

Men. Ferneze: there he is; prithee, bury
him.

Mal. O, most willingly: I mean to turn 125
pure Rochelle churchman, I.

Men. Thou churchman! Why, why?

Mal. Because I 'll live lazily, rail upon au-
thority, deny kings' supremacy in things indif-
ferent, and be a pope in mine own parish. 130

Men. Wherefore dost thou think churches
were made?

Mal. To scour plough-shares I have seen
oxen plough up altars, *et nunc seges ubi Sion fuit.*

Men. Strange! 135

Mal. Nay, monstrous! I ha' seen a sumptu-
ous steeple turned to a stinking privy, more
beastly, the sacred'st place made a dogs' ken-
nel, nay, most inhuman, the stoned coffins of
long-dead Christians burst up, and made hogs'
troughs *hic finis Priami.* Shall I ha' some 140
sack and cheese at thy chamber? Good night,
good mischievous incarnate devil; good night,
Mendoza; ah, you inhuman villain, good night!
night, fub. 145

Men. Good night: to-morrow morn.

Exit Mendoza.

Mal. Ay, I will come, friendly damnation, I
will come. I do descry cross-points, honesty
and courtship straddle as far asunder as a true
Frenchman's legs. 150

Fer. O!

Mal. Proclamations! more proclamations!

Fer. O! a surgeon!

Mal. Hark! lust cries for a surgeon. What
news from Limbo? How doth the grand 155
cuckold, Lucifer?

Fer. O, help, help! conceal and save me.

*Ferneze stirs, and Malevole helps him
up and conveys him away.*

Mal. Thy shame more than thy wounds do
grieve me far:

Thy wounds but leave upon thy flesh some scar;
But fame ne'er heals, still rankles worse and
worse; 160

Such is of uncontrolled lust the curse.

Think what it is in lawless sheets to lie;

⁷¹ groundly: thoroughly ⁷² provide: prepare ⁷³ casts: devises ⁷⁷ blaze: proclaim ⁸² Not . . .
strengthful: very strong ⁸⁵ maz'd: confused ⁸⁸ of: by ⁹² inhum'd: buried ¹⁰² quit: rid her-
self of ¹⁰⁸ Rochelle: place of exile for persecuted Protestants ¹¹⁴ et . . . fuit: And now there is
corn where Sion was (Ovid) ¹⁴¹ hic . . . Priami: This is the end of Priam (*Æneid*, II, 554).
¹⁴⁸ sack: sweet wine ¹⁴⁹ fub: cheat ¹⁵⁰ cross-points: tricks (*Jul.*, a step in dancing)

But, O, Ferneze, what in lust to die!
Then thou that shame respects, O, fly converse
With women's eyes and lisp'ing wantonness! 165
Stick candles 'gainst a virgin wall's white back,
If they not burn, yet at the least they 'll black.
Come, I 'll convey thee to a private port,
Where thou shalt live (O happy man!) from
court.

The beauty of the day begins to rise,
From whose bright form night's heavy shadow
flies. 171

Now 'gins close plots to work; the scene grows
full,

And craves his eyes who hath a solid skull.

Exeunt.

ACTUS III. SCENA I

[*The Duke's Palace*]

*Enter Pietro the Duke, Mendoza, Count Equato,
and Bilsoso*

Pietro 'T is grown to youth of day: how
shall we waste this light?

My heart 's more heavy than a tyrant's crown.
Shall we go hunt? Prepare for field.

Exit Equato.

Men. Would ye could be merry!

Pietro. Would God I could! Mendoza, bid
'em haste. *Exit Mendoza.* 5

I would fain shift place; O vain relief!
Sad souls may well change place, but not change
grief:

As deer, being struck, fly thorough many soils,
Yet still the shaft sticks fast, so —

Bil. A good old simile, my honest lord. 10

Pietro. I am not much unlike to some sick
man

That long desired hurtful drink; at last
Swills in and drinks his last, ending at once
Both life and thirst O, would I ne'er had
known

My own dishonour! Good God, that men
should desire 15

To search out that, which, being found, kills all
Their joy of life! to taste the tree of knowledge,
And then be driven from out paradise! —
Canst give me some comfort?

Bil. My lord, I have some books which 20
have been dedicated to my honour, and I ne'er
read 'em, and yet they had very fine names,
Physic for Fortune, Lozenges of Sanctified Sin-
cerity, very pretty works of curates, scriveners,
and schoolmasters. Marry, I remember one 25
Seneca, Lucius Annæus Seneca —

Pietro. Out upon him! he writ of temperance

and fortitude, yet lived like a voluptuous epi-
cure, and died like an effeminate coward. —
Haste thee to Florence: 30

Here, take our letters; see 'em seal'd; away!
Report in private to the honour'd duke
His daughter's forc'd disgrace, tell him at
length

We know too much: due compliments advance:
There 's naught that 's safe and sweet but ig-
norance. *Exit Duke.* 35

Enter Bilsoso and Bianca

Bil. Madam, I am going ambassador for
Florence; 't will be great charges to me.

Bian. No matter, my lord, you have the
lease of two manors come out next Christmas;
you may lay your tenants on the greater rack 40
for it: and when you come home again, I 'll
teach you how you shall get two hundred
pounds a-year by your teeth

Bil. How, madam?

Bian. Cut off so much from house-keep- 45
ing: that which is saved by the teeth, you know,
is got by the teeth.

Bil. 'Fore God, and so I may; I am in won-
drous credit, lady.

Bian. See the use of flattery: I did ever 50
counsel you to flatter greatness, and you have
profited well: any man that will do so shall be
sure to be like your Scotch barnacle, now a
block, instantly a worm, and presently a great
goose: this it is to rot and putrefy in the bosom
of greatness 56

Bil. Thou art ever my politician O, how
happy is that old lord that hath a politician to
his young lady! I 'll have fifty gentlemen shall
attend upon me: marry, the most of them 60
shall be farmers' sons, because they shall bear
their own charges; and they shall go apparelled
thus, — in sea-water-green suits, ash-colour
cloaks, watchet stockings, and popinjay-green
feathers: will not the colours do excellent? 65

Bian. Out upon 't! they 'll look like citizens
riding to their friends at Whitsuntide; their
apparel just so many several parishes.

Bil. I 'll have it so; and Passarello, my fool,
shall go along with me; marry, he shall be in 70
velvet.

Bian. A fool in velvet!

Bil. Ay, 't is common for your fool to wear
satin; I 'll have mine in velvet.

Bian. What will you wear, then, my lord? 75

Bil. Velvet too; marry, it shall be embroid-
ered, because I 'll differ from the fool somewhat.
I am horribly troubled with the gout: nothing
grieves me, but that my doctor hath forbidden

100 port: place of retreat 100 from: away from 101 soils: streams 102 scriveners: professional
scribes 103 forc'd: serious 104 — 176 (Not in Q 1) 105 charges: expense 106 come out: expire 107 bar-
nacle: (This shell-fish was believed to turn into a wild goose.) 108 watchet: pale blue

me wine, and you know your ambassador 180
must drink. Didst thou ask thy doctor what
was good for the gout?

Bian. Yes; he said, ease, wine, and women,
were good for it.

Bil. Nay, thou hast such a wit! What was
good to cure it, said he? 86

Bian. Why, the rack. All your empirics
could never do the like cure upon the gout the
rack did in England, or your Scotch boot. The
French harlequin will instruct you. 90

Bil. Surely, I do wonder how thou, having
for the most part of thy lifetime been a country
body, shouldst have so good a wit.

Bian. Who, I? why, I have been a courtier
thrice two months. 95

Bil. So have I this twenty year, and yet
there was a gentleman-usher called me coxcomb
t' other day, and to my face too: was 't not a
backbiting rascal? I would I were better trav-
ell'd, that I might have been better acquainted
with the fashions of several countrymen 101
but my secretary, I think, he hath sufficiently
instructed me.

Bian. How, my lord?

Bil. "Marry, my good lord," quoth he, 105
"your lordship shall ever find amongst a hun-
dred Frenchmen forty hot-shots, amongst a hun-
dred Spaniards, three-score braggarts, amongst
a hundred Dutchmen, four-score drunkards,
amongst a hundred Englishmen, four-score 110
and ten madmen; and amongst an hundred
Welshmen" —

Bian. What, my lord?

Bil. "Four-score and nineteen gentlemen."

Bian. But since you go about a sad embassy,
I would have you go in black, my lord 116

Bil. Why, dost think I cannot mourn, unless
I wear my hat in cypress, like an alderman's
heir? That 's vile, very old, in faith 119

Bian. I 'll learn of you shortly. O, we should
have a fine gallant of you, should not I instruct
you! How will you bear yourself when you
come into the Duke of Florence' court?

Bil. Proud enough, and 't will do well enough.
As I walk up and down the chamber, I 'll 125
spit frowns about me, have a strong perfume in
my jerkin, let my beard grow to make me look
terrible, salute no man beneath the fourth but-
ton; and 't will do excellent.

Bian. But there is a very beautiful lady 130
there; how will you entertain her?

Bil. I 'll tell you that, when the lady hath

entertain'd me: but to satisfy thee, here comes
the fool.

Enter Passarello

Fool, thou shalt stand for the fair lady. 135

Pass. Your fool will stand for your lady
most willingly and most uprightly.

Bil. I 'll salute her in Latin.

Pass. O, your fool can understand no Latin.

Bil. Ay, but your lady can 140

Pass. Why, then, if your lady take down
your fool, your fool will stand no longer for
your lady.

Bil. A pestilent fool! 'fore God, I think the
world be turned upside down too 145

Pass. O, no, sir, for then your lady and all
the ladies in the palace should go with their
heels upward, and that were a strange sight,
you know 149

Bil. There be many will repine at my pre-
ferment

Pass. O, ay, like the envy of an elder sister,
that hath her younger made a lady before her.

Bil. The duke is wondrous discontented.

Pass. Ay, and more melancholic than a 155
usurer having all his money out at the death of
a prince

Bil. Didst thou see Madam Floria to-day?

Pass. Yes, I heard her repairing her face to-
day, the red upon the white showed as if 160
her cheeks should have been served in for two
dishes of barbaries in stewed broth, and the
flesh to them a woodcock.

Bil. A bitter fool! Come, madam, this night
thou shalt enjoy me freely, and tomorrow 165
for Florence

Pass. What a natural fool is he that would
be a pair of bodies to a woman's petticoat, to
be truss'd and pointed to them! Well, I 'll dog
my lord, and the word is proper for when I 170
fawn upon him, he feeds me; when I snap him
by the fingers, he spits in my mouth. If a dog's
death were not strangling, I had rather be one
than a serving-man; for the corruption of coin
is either the generation of a usurer or a lousy 175
beggar. [*Exeunt Bianca and Passarello.*]

SCENA SECUNDA

[*The Same*]

*Enter Malevole in some frieze gown, whilst
Biloso reads his patent*

Mal. I cannot sleep; my eyes 'ill-neighbour-
ing lids

⁸⁶ empirics: a sect of physicians who drew their rules exclusively from experience ⁸⁸ Scotch boot: an instrument of torture ⁹⁰ harlequin: ('Herlakeene' Q 2) ¹⁰¹ several countrymen: men of different countries ¹⁰⁷ hot-shots: reckless, hot-headed fellows ¹¹⁶ gentlemen: (The Welsh were inordinately proud of their pedigrees) ¹¹⁸ cypress: crape ¹⁴⁰⁻¹⁴¹ preferment: advancement (as ambassador) ¹⁴⁸ ('Exit' Q 2) ¹⁴⁴ fool: ('fowle' Q 2) ¹⁴⁶ pair of bodies: bodice ¹⁴⁹ truss'd and pointed: tied with "points" or laces Sc. ii. S. D. frieze: coarse woollen cloth

Will hold no fellowship. O thou pale sober
 night,
 Thou that in sluggish fumes all sense dost
 steep;
 Thou that gives all the world full leave to
 play,
 Unbend'st the feebled veins of sweaty labour!
 The galley-slave, that all the toilsome day
 Tugs at his oar against the stubborn wave,
 Straining his rugged veins, snores fast;
 The stooping scythe-man, that doth barb the
 field,
 Thou mak'st wink sure: in night all creatures
 sleep; 10

Only the malcontent, that 'gainst his fate
 Repines and quarrels, — alas, he's Goodman
 tell-clock!

His shallow jaw-bones sink with wasting moan;
 Whilst others' beds are down, his pillow's
 stone.

Bil. Malevole! 15

Mal. Elder of Israel, thou honest defect of
 wicked nature and obstinate ignorance, when
 did thy wife let thee lie with her?

To Biloso.

Bil. I am going ambassador to Florence.

Mal. Ambassador! Now, for thy country's
 honour, prithee, do not put up mutton and [21]
 porridge in thy cloak-bag. Thy young lady
 wife goes to Florence with thee too, does she
 not?

Bil. No, I leave her at the palace. 25

Mal. At the palace! Now, discretion shield,
 man! For God's love, let 's ha' no more cuck-
 olds! Hymen begins to put off his saffron robe:
 keep thy wife i' the state of grace. Heart o'
 truth, I would sooner leave my lady singled [30]
 in a bordello than in the Genoa palace.
 Sin there appearing in her sluttish shape,
 Would soon grow loathsome, even to blushes'
 sense;

Surfeit would choke intemperate appetite,
 Make the soul scent the rotten breath of lust: 35
 When in an Italian lascivious palace,
 A lady guardianless,
 Left to the push of all allurements,
 The strongest incitements to immodesty,
 To have her bound, incens'd with wanton
 sweets, 40

Her veins fill'd high with heating delicacies,
 Soft rest, sweet music, amorous masquerers,
 Lascivious banquets, sin itself gilt o'er,
 Strong fantasy tricking up strange delights,
 Presenting it dress'd pleasingly to sense, 45
 Sense leading it unto the soul, confirm'd

With potent example, impudent custom,
 Entic'd by that great bawd, Opportunity;
 Thus being prepar'd, clap to her easy ear
 Youth in good clothes, well-shap'd, rich, 50
 Fair-spoken, promising, noble, ardent, blood-
 full,

Witty, flattering, — Ulysses absent,
 O Ithaca, can chastest Penelope hold out?

Bil. Mass, I'll think on 't. Farewell.

Mal. Farewell. Take thy wife with thee. 55
 Farewell. *Exit Biloso.*

To Florence; um' it may prove good, it may!
 And we may once unmask our brows.

SCENA TERTIA

[*The Same*]

Enter Count Celso

Celso. My honour'd lord, —

Mal. Celso, peace! how is 't? Speak low:
 pale fears

Suspect that hedges, walls, and trees, have ears:
 Speak, how runs all?

Celso. I' faith, my lord, that beast with
 many heads, 5

The staggering multitude, recoils apace.

Though thorough great men's envy, most men's
 malice,

Their much-intemperate heat hath banish'd
 you,

Yet now they find envy and malice ne'er

Produce faint reformation. 10

The duke, the too soft duke, lies as a block,
 For which two tugging factions seem to saw;
 But still the iron through the ribs they draw.

Mal. I tell thee, Celso, I have ever found
 Thy breast most far from shifting cowardice 15
 And fearful baseness: therefore I'll tell thee,
 Celso,

I find the wind begins to come about;

I'll shift my suit of fortune

I know the Florentine, whose only force,

By marrying his proud daughter to this
 prince, 20

Both banish'd me and made this weak lord
 duke,

Will now forsake them all; be sure he will.

I'll lie in ambush for convenience,

Upon their severance to confirm myself.

Celso. Is Ferneze interr'd? 25

Mal. Of that at leisure: he lives.

Celso. But how stands Mendoza? How is 't
 with him?

Mal. Faith, like a pair of snuffers, snibs filth
 in other men, and retains it in himself. 30

* barb: shave, mow * shield: forbid * saffron: (the usual color of Hymen's robe in masques)
 * singled: alone * bordello: brothel * there: in the brothel * choke: ('cloke' Q 2) * push:
 attack * Ithaca, can: ('Ithacan' Q 2) * fearful: cowardly * only force: power alone * con-
 firm: strengthen (my position) * snibs: rebukes * himself: ('itself' Q 2)

Celso. He does fly from public notice, methinks, as a hare does from hounds; the feet whereon he flies betrays him.

Mal. I can track him, Celso.

O, my disguise fools him most powerfully! 35
For that I seem a desperate malcontent,
He fain would clasp with me: he's the true slave

That will put on the most affected grace
For some vilde second cause. 39

Enter Mendoza

Celso. He's here.

Mal. Give place.

Exit Celso.

Illo, ho, ho, ho! art there, old truepenny?
Where hast thou spent thyself this morning?
I see flattery in thine eyes, and damnation in thy soul Ha, thou huge rascal! 45

Men. Thou art very merry.

Mal. As a scholar, *futuens gratis* How doth the devil go with thee now?

Men. Malevole, thou art an arrant knave

Mal. Who, I? I have been a sergeant, 50 man.

Men. Thou art very poor

Mal. As Job, an alchemist, or a poet

Men. The duke hates thee.

Mal. As Irishmen do bum-cracks 55

Men. Thou hast lost his amity

Mal. As pleasing as maids lose their virginity

Men. Would thou wert of a lusty spirit! Would thou wert noble! 60

Mal. Why, sure my blood gives me I am noble, sure I am of noble kind, for I find myself possessed with all their qualities, -- love dogs, dice, and drabs, scorn wit in stuff-clothes, have beat my shoemaker, knock'd my seam- 65 stress, cuckolded my 'pothecary, and undone my tailor. Noble! why not? since the Stoic said, *Neminem servum non ex regibus, neminem regem non ex servis esse oriundum*, only busy Fortune touses, and the provident Chances 70 blends them together. I'll give you a simile. did you e'er see a well with two buckets, whilst one comes up full to be emptied, another goes down empty to be filled? Such is the state of all humanity. Why, look you, I 75 may be the son of some duke; for, believe me, intemperate lascivious bastardy makes nobility doubtful: I have a lusty daring heart, Mendoza. 79

Men. Let's grasp; I do like thee infinitely. Will enact one thing for me?

Mal. Shall I get by it? [*Men.*] gives him his purse. Command me; I am thy slave, beyond death and hell.

Men. Murder the duke. 85

Mal. My heart's wish, my soul's desire, my fantasy's dream, my blood's longing, the only height of my hopes! How, O God, how! O, how my united spirits throng together, to strengthen my resolve! 90

Men. The duke is now a-hunting.

Mal. Excellent, admirable, as the devil would have it! Lend me, lend me, rapier, pistol, cross-bow so, so, I'll do it.

Men. Then we agree. 95

Mal. As Lent and fishmongers. Come, a-cap-a-pe, how? Inform

Men. Know that this weak-brain'd duke, who only stands

On Florence's stilts, hath out of witless zeal Made me his heir, and secretly confirm'd 100 The wreath to me after his life's full point.

Mal. Upon what merit?

Men. Merit! by heaven, I horn him Only Ferneze's death gave me state's life Tut, we are politic, he must not live now. 104

Mal. No reason, marry. but how must he die now?

Men. My utmost project is to murder the duke, that I might have his state, because he makes me his heir; to banish the duchess, that I might be rid of a cunning Lacedæmon- 110 ian, because I know Florence will forsake her; and then to marry Maria, the banished Duke Altofront's wife, that her friends might strengthen me and my faction. This is all law 115

Mal. Do you love Maria?

Men. Faith, no great affection, but as wise men do love great women, to ennoble their blood and augment their revenue To accomplish this now, thus now. The duke is in the 120 forest, next the sea: single him, kill him, hurl him in the man, and proclaim thou sawest wolves eat him.

Mal. Um! Not so good. Methinks when he is slain,

To get some hypocrite, some dangerous wretch 125

That's muffled o'er with feigned holiness,

To swear he heard the duke on some steep cliff

³⁹ vilde: vile ^{second:} ulterior, subordinate having sexual relations without pay ⁴⁰ sergeant: sheriff's officer ⁴¹ gives: tells ⁴² stuff: cloth (not silk like those of courtiers) ⁴³ cuckolded: ('cuckold' Qq) ⁴⁴ Stoic: Seneca (Epistle 45)

⁴⁵⁻⁴⁶ Neminem . . . oriundum: There is no slave who is not descended from kings, no king who is not descended from slaves ⁴⁷ touses: pulls roughly about, maltreats ⁴⁸ get: gain ⁴⁹ to: ('so' Qq) ⁵⁰⁻⁵⁷ a-cap . . . pe: from head to foot ⁵⁸ point: conclusion ⁵⁹⁻⁶¹ Lacedæmonian: (slang for "strumpet") ⁶² law: positive ⁶³ main: sea

Lament his wife's dishonour, and, in an agony
Of his heart's torture, hurl'd his groaning sides
Into the swollen sea, — this circumstance 130
Well made sounds probable: and hereupon
The duchess —

Men. May well be banish'd:
O unpeerable invention! rare!
Thou god of policy! it honeyes me.

Mal. Then fear not for the wife of Alto-
front; 135

I'll close to her.

Men. Thou shalt, thou shalt. Our excel-
lency is pleas'd:

Why wert not thou an emperor? When we
Are duke, I'll make thee some great man, sure.

Mal. Nay. Make me some rich knave, and
I'll make myself 140
Some great man.

Men. In thee be all my spirit:
Retain ten souls, unite thy virtual powers:
Resolve; ha, remember greatness! Heart, fare-
well;

The fate of all my hopes in thee doth dwell.
[*Exit.*]

Enter Celso

Mal. Celso, didst hear? — O heaven, didst
hear 145

Such devilish mischief? Suffer'st thou the
world

Carouse damnation even with greedy swallow,
And still dost wink, still does thy vengeance
slumber?

If now thy brows are clear, when will they
thunder? *Exit [with Celso].*

SCENA QUARTA

[*A Forest near the Sea*]

*Enter Pietro, Ferrard, Prepasso, and
Three Pages*

Fer. The dogs are at a fault.

Cornets like horns.

Pietro. Would God nothing but the dogs
were at it! Let the deer pursue safety, the
dogs follow the game, and do you follow the
dogs: as for me, 't is unfit one beast should [s
hunt another; I ha' one chaseth me An 't
please you, I would be rid of you a little

Fer. Would your grief would as soon leave
you as we to quietness!

Pietro. I thank you. 10

Exeunt [Ferrardo and Prepasso].
Boy, what dost thou dream of now?

¹³⁰ circumstance: detailed narration

¹³⁴ honeyes: delights

¹³⁶ close to: come to terms with

¹⁴² virtual: morally virtuous, powerful

³ safety: ('safely' Qq)

²¹ duty: thanks

¹⁴⁵ siren-like, alluring

⁴¹ crotchets: quarter-notes

²⁷ sirenical:

Sc. V. ¹ I: ('You' Q 2)

²¹ duty: thanks

⁴⁶ idleness: frivolity

1 *Page.* Of a dry summer, my lord; for
here 's a hot world towards: but, my lord, I
had a strange dream last night.

Pietro. What strange dream? 15

1 *Page.* Why, methought I pleased you with
singing, and then I dreamt you gave me that
short sword.

Pietro. Prettily begg'd: hold thee, I'll prove
thy dream true; take 't. [*Giving sword.*] 20

1 *Page.* My duty: but still I dreamt on, my
lord; and methought, an 't shall please your
excellency, you would needs out of your royal
bounty give me that jewel in your hat.

Pietro. O, thou didst but dream, boy; do [25
not believe it: dreams prove not always true;
they may hold in a short sword, but not in a
jewel. But now, sir, you dreamt you had
pleased me with singing; make that true, as
I have made the other. 30

1 *Page.* Faith, my lord, I did but dream,
and dreams, you say, prove not always true;
they may hold in a good sword, but not in a
good song. The truth is, I ha' lost my voice

Pietro. Lost thy voice! How? 35

1 *Page.* With dreaming, faith: but here 's
a couple of sirenical rascals shall enchant ye.
What shall they sing, my good lord?

Pietro. Sing of the nature of women: and
then the song shall be surely full of variety, [40
old crotchets, and most sweet closes; it shall
be humorous, grave, fantastic, amorous, melan-
choly, sprightly, one in all, and all in one.

1 *Page.* All in one!

Pietro. By'r lady, too many. Sing: my [45
speech grows culpable of unthrifty idleness:
sing.

Song [by 2 and 3 Pages]

SCENA QUINTA

[*The Same*]

Enter Malevole, with cross-bow and pistol

Pietro. Ah, so, so, sing. I am heavy: walk
off; I shall talk in my sleep: walk off.

Exeunt Pages.

Mal. Brief, brief: who? The Duke! Good
heaven, that fools

Should stumble upon greatness! — Do not
sleep, duke; 4

Give ye good-morrow. I must be brief, duke;
I am fe'd to murder thee: — start not: —

Mendoza,

Mendoza hir'd me; here 's his gold, his pistol,
Cross-bow, and sword: 't is all as firm as earth.

O fool, fool, chok'd with the common maze
Of easy idiots, credulity! 10

Make him thine heir! What, thy sworn murderer!

Pietro. O, can it be?

Mal. Can!

Pietro. Discover'd he not Ferneze?

Mal. Yes, but why? but why? For love to thee? 15

Much, much! To be reveng'd upon his rival,
Who had thrust his jaws awry;
Who being slain, suppos'd by thine own hands,
Defended by his sword, made thee most loathsome,

Him most gracious with thy loose princess: 20
Thou, closely yielding egress and regress to her,
Madest him heir; whose hot unquiet lust
Straight tous'd thy sheets, and now would seize thy state

Politician! Wise man! Death! to be
Led to the stake like a bull by the horns; 25
To make even kindness cut a gentle throat!
Life, why art thou numb'd? Thou foggy dullness, speak.

Lives not more faith in a home-thrusting tongue
Than in these fencing tip-tap courtiers?

Enter Celso, with a hermit's gown and beard

Pietro. Lord Malevole, if this be true —

Mal. If! Come, shade thee with this disguise. If! Thou shalt handle it; he shall thank thee for killing thyself. Come, follow my directions, and thou shalt see strange sleights 31

Pietro. World, whither wilt thou? 35

Mal. Why, to the devil. Come, the morn grows late:

A steady quickness is the soul of state.

Exeunt.

ACTUS QUARTUS. SCE[NA] PRIMA

[The Duke's Palace]

Enter Maquerelle, knocking at the ladies' door

Maq. Medam, medam, are you stirring, medam? If you be stirring, medam, — if I thought I should disturb ye —

[Enter Page]

Page. My lady is up, forsooth.

Maq. A pretty boy, faith: how old art thou?

Page. I think, fourteen. 6

Maq. Nay, an ye be in the teens — are ye a gentleman born? Do you know me? My name is Medam Maquerelle; I lie in the old Cunnycourt. 10

Enter Bianca and Emilia

[Page.] See, here the ladies.

Bian. A fair day to ye, Maquerelle.

Emil. Is the duchess up yet, sentinel?

Maq. O ladies, the most abominable mischance! O dear ladies, the most piteous disaster! Ferneze was taken last night in the duchess's chamber. Alas, the duke catch'd him and kill'd him!

Bian. Was he found in bed?

Maq. O, no; but the villainous certainty 120 is, the door was not bolted, the tongue-tied hatch held his peace: so the naked troth is, he was found in his shirt, whilst I, like an arrant beast, lay in the outward chamber, heard nothing; and yet they came by me in 125 the dark, and yet I felt them not, like a senseless creature as I was O beauties, look to your busk-points; if not chastely, yet charily: be sure the door be bolted — Is your lord gone to Florence? 30

Bian. Yes, Maquerelle.

Maq. I hope you'll find the discretion to purchase a fresh gown for his return — Now, by my troth, beauties, I would ha' ye once wise He loves ye, push! He is witty; bub- 135 ble! Fair-proportioned, mew! Nobly-born; wind! Let this be still your fix'd position: esteem me every man according to his good gifts, and so ye shall ever remain most dear, and most worthy to be most dear ladies. 40

Emil. Is the duke return'd from hunting yet?

Maq. They say not yet.

Bian. 'T is now in midst of day.

Emil. How bears the duchess with this blemish now?

Maq. Faith, boldly, strongly defies defame, as one that has a duke to her father. And 146 there 's a note to you' be sure of a stout friend in a corner, that may always awe your husband Mark the haviour of the duchess now: she dares defame, cries, "Duke, do what thou canst, I'll quit mine honour." nay, as one 151 confirmed in her own virtue against ten thousand mouths that mutter her disgrace, she's presently for dances

Enter Ferrard

Bian. For dances! 55

Maq. Most true.

Emil. Most strange. See, here 's my servant, young Ferrard How many servants think'st thou I have, Maquerelle?

¹¹ closely: secretly ²² tous'd: rumpled ³⁰ Pietro: ('Cel' Qq) ³⁴ sleights: tricks ³ lie: lodge, live ²⁶⁻²⁷ senseless: without feeling ²⁸ busk-points: laces fastening the stays ³⁸⁻⁴⁰ most . . . ladies: (Quoted from Sidney's Dedication of the *Arcadia*.) ⁴² defame: infamy ⁴⁷ note: piece of advice ⁵⁰ dares: defies ⁵¹ quit: clear ⁵⁷⁻⁵⁸ servant: lover

Maq. The more, the merrier. 'T was well [60 said, use your servants as you do your smocks; have many, use one, and change often; for that 's most sweet and courtlike.

Fer. Save ye, fair ladies! Is the duke return'd?

Bian. Sweet sir, no voice of him as yet in court. 65

Fer. 'T is very strange.

Bian. And how like you my servant, Maquerelle?

Maq. I think he could hardly draw Ulysses' bow; but, by my fidelity, were his nose narrower, his eyes broader, his hands thinner, [70 his lips thicker, his legs bigger, his feet lesser, his hair blacker, and his teeth whiter, he were a tolerable sweet youth, i' faith. And he will come to my chamber, I will read him the fortune of his beard. *Cornets sound.* 75

Fer. Not yet return'd! I fear — but the duchess approacheth.

SCENA SECUNDA

[*The Same*]

Enter Mendoza supporting the Duchess, Guerrero: the ladies that are on the stage rise. Ferrard ushers in the Duchess, and then takes a lady to tread a measure.

Aur. We will dance: music! — we will dance.

Guer. *Les quanto*, lady, *Pensez bien*, *Passa regis*, or *Bianca's brawl*?

Aur. We have forgot the brawl.

Fer. So soon? 'T is wonder. 5

Guer. Why, 't is but two singles on the left, two on the right, three doubles forward, a traverse of six round: do this twice, three singles side, galliard trick-of-twenty, coranto-pace; a figure of eight, three singles broken down, [10 come up, meet, two doubles, fall back, and then honour.

Aur. O Dædalus, thy maze! I have quite forgot it.

Maq. Trust me, so have I, saving the falling-back, and then honour. 16

Enter Prepasso

Aur. Music, music!

Prep. Who saw the duke? the duke?

Enter Equato

Aur. Music!

Equato. The duke? is the duke returned? 20

Aur. Music!

Enter Celso

Celso. The duke is either quite invisible, or else is not.

Aur. We are not pleased with your intrusion upon our private retirement; we are not [25 pleased: you have forgot yourselves.

Enter a Page

Celso. Boy, thy master? Where 's the duke?

Page. Alas, I left him burying the earth with his spread joyless limbs. he told me he was heavy, would sleep; bid me walk off, for [30 that the strength of fantasy oft made him talk in his dreams. I straight obeyed, nor ever saw him since: but whereso'er he is, he 's sad.

Aur. Music, sound high, as is our heart! Sound high! 35

SCENA TERTIA

[*The Same*]

Enter Malevole, and Pietro disguised like an hermit

Mal. The duke, — peace! — the duke is dead.

Aur. Music!

Mal. Is 't music?

Men. Give proof

Fer. How?

Celso. Where?

Prep. When?

Mal. Rest in peace, as the duke does: quietly sit: for my own part, I beheld him but dead; that 's all. Marry, here 's one can [10 give you a more particular account of him.

Men. Speak, holy father, nor let any brow Within this presence fright thee from the truth. Speak confidently and freely.

Aur. We attend

Pietro. Now had the mounting sun's all-ripening wings 15 Swept the cold sweat of night from earth's dank breast,

When I, whom men call Hermit of the Rock, Forsook my cell, and clamber'd up a cliff, Against whose base the heady Neptune dash'd His high-curl'd brows; there 't was I eas'd my limbs: 20

When, lo! my entrails melted with the moan Some one, who far 'bove me was climb'd, did make —

I shall offend.

Men. Not.

Aur. On. 25

Pietro. Methinks I hear him yet: — "O female faith!

Go sow the ingrateful sand, and love a woman! And do I live to be the scoff of men?

To be the wittol-cuckold, even to hug My poison? Thou knowest, O truth! 30

Sooner hard steel will melt with southern wind, A seaman's whistle calm the ocean,

A town on fire be extinct with tears,
Than women, vow'd to blusshless impudence,
With sweet behaviour and soft minioning 35
Will turn from that where appetite is fix'd
O powerful blood! how thou dost slave their
soul!

I wash'd an Ethiop, who, for recompense,
Sullied my name: and must I, then, be forc'd 39
To walk, to live thus black? Must! must! fie!
He that can bear with 'must,' he cannot die"
With that he sigh'd so passionately deep,
That the dull air even groan'd: at last he cries,
"Sink shame in seas, sink deep enough!" So
dies;

For then I view'd his body fall, and souse 45
Into the foamy main. O, then I saw,
That which methinks I see! it was the duke;
Whom straight the nicer-stomach'd sea belch'd
up:

But then —

Mal. Then came I in; but, 'las, all was too
late! 50

For even straight he sunk.

Pietro. Such was the duke's sad fate
Celso. A better fortune to our Duke Men-
doza!

Omnes. Mendoza! *Cornels flourish*

Men. A guard, a guard!

Enter a Guard

We, full of hearty tears,

For our good father's loss, 55
(For so we well may call him
Who did beseech your loves for our succession),
Cannot so lightly over-jump his death
As leave his woes revengeless — *To Aurelia*

Woman of shame,

We banish thee for ever to the place 60
From whence this good man comes; nor permit,
On death, unto thy body any ornament,
But, base as was thy life, depart away

Aur. Ungrateful!

Men. Away! 65

Aur. Villain, hear me!

Prepasso and Guerrino lead away the Duchess.

Men. Begone! My lords,
Address to public council, 't is most fit:
The tram of fortune is borne up by wit
Away! our presence shall be sudden, haste 70

*All depart saving Mendoza, Malevole,
and Pietro.*

Mal. Now, you egregious devil! Ha, ye
murdering politician! How dost, duke? How
dost look now? Brave duke, i' faith.

Men. How did you kill him?

Mal. Slatted his brains out, then sous'd
him in the briny sea. 76

Men. Bram'd him, and drown'd him too?

Mal. O 't was best, sure work; for he that
strikes a great man, let him strike home, or
else 'ware, he 'll prove no man. Shoulder 80
not a huge fellow, unless you may be sure to
lay him in the kennel.

Men. A most sound brain-pan! I 'll make
you both emperors.

Mal. Make us Christians, make us Chris-
tians. 86

Men. I 'll hoist ye, ye shall mount.

Mal. To the gallows, say ye? Come: *præ-
mium incertum peti, certum scelus* How stands
the progress? 90

Men. Here, take my ring unto the citadel;
[*Giving ring.*]

Have entrance to Maria, the grave duchess
Of banish'd Altofront. Tell her we love her;
Omit no circumstance to grace our person:
do 't

Mal. I 'll make an excellent pandar: duke,
farewell, 'dieu, adieu, duke 96

Men. Take Maquerelle with thee; for 't is
found

None cuts a diamond but a diamond.

Exit Malevole.

Hermit,

Thou art a man for me, my confessor:
O thou selected spirit, born for my good, 100
Sure thou wouldst make
An excellent elder in a deform'd church.
Come, we must be inward, thou and I all
one

Pietro. I am glad I was ordained for ye.

Men. Go to, then; thou must know that 105
Malevole is a strange villain; dangerous, very
dangerous: you see how broad 'a speaks; a
gross-jaw'd rogue. I would have thee poison
him. he's like a corn upon my great toe, I
cannot go for him, he must be cored out, 110
he must. Wilt do 't, ha?

Pietro. Anything, anything.

Men. Heart of my life! thus, then, to the
citadel

Thou shalt consort with this Malevole;
There being at supper, poison him. It shall
be laid 115

Upon Maria, who yields love or dies.

Scud quick.

Pietro. Like lightning: good deeds crawl,
but mischief flies. *Exit Pietro.*

³³ extinct: extinguished ⁴³ so: ('too' Q 2) ⁴⁵ souse: fall (as a hawk on its prey) ⁵⁵ over-
jump: pass over ⁶⁵ thy: ('the' Qq) ⁶⁸ Address to: prepare for ⁷⁶ Slatted: dashed ⁸⁶ kennel:
gutter ⁸⁸⁻⁸⁹ præmium . . . scelus: He seeks an uncertain reward, but certain guilt. ⁹⁰ circum-
stance: detail ¹⁰⁰ inward: intimate ¹⁰⁷ broad: without restraint ¹¹⁵ Like lightning: (in line
117, Q 2)

Enter Malevole

Mal. Your devilship's ring has no virtue: the buff-captain, the sallow Westphalian ¹²⁰ gammon-faced zaza cries, "Stand out!" Must have a stiffer warrant, or no pass into the castle of comfort.

Men. Command our sudden letter. — Not enter, sha't? what place is there in Genoa ¹²⁵ but thou shalt? Into my heart, into my very heart: come, let 's love: we must love, we two, soul and body.

Mal. How didst like the hermit? A strange hermit, sirrah. ¹³⁰

Men. A dangerous fellow, very perilous. He must die.

Mal. Ay, he must die.

Men. Thou 'st kill him. We are wise; we must be wise. ¹³⁵

Mal. And provident.

Men. Yea, provident. beware an hypocrite; A churchman once corrupted, O, avoid!

A fellow that makes religion his stalking-horse. He breeds a plague. Thou shalt poison him ¹⁴⁰

Mal. Ho, 't is wondrous necessary. how?

Men. You both go jointly to the citadel; There sup, there poison him: and Maria, Because she is our opposite, shall bear

The sad suspect; on which she dies or loves us. ¹⁴⁵

Mal. I run. *Exit Malevole.*

Men. We that are great, our sole self-good still moves us.

They shall die both, for their deserts craves more

Than we can recompense: their presence still Imbraids our fortunes with beholdingness, ¹⁵⁰ Which we abhor; like deed, not doer: then conclude,

They live not to cry out "Ingratitude!" One stick burns t' other, steel cuts steel alone: 'T is good trust few; but, O, 't is best trust none! *Exit Mendoza.*

SCENA QUARTA

[Court of the Palace]

Enter Malevole and Pietro, still disguised, at several doors

Mal. How do you? How dost, duke?

Pietro. O, let

The last day fall! drop, drop on our curs'd heads!

Let heaven unclasp itself, vomit forth flames.

¹²⁰ buff-: leather (from the material of his jerkin) ¹²¹ zaza: bully ¹²⁴ sudden: immediate
¹²⁵ sha't: shalt thou ¹²⁴ Thou'st: thou must ¹²⁶ ('Shoots under his belly' marginal note in Qq)
¹⁴⁴ opposite: opponent ¹⁴⁶ Imbraids: upbraids ¹⁴⁸ beholdingness: indebtedness ¹⁴⁹ rant: ('rand'
 Q 2) ¹⁴⁷ eldern guns: popguns of elder wood Sc. V. s. D. halberts: guards armed with halberts

Mal. O, do not rant, do not turn player; [5 there 's more of them than can well live one by another already. What, art an infidel still?

Pietro. I am amaz'd, struck in a swoon with wonder. I am commanded to poison thee —

Mal. I am commanded to poison thee at [10 supper —

Pietro. At supper.

Mal. In the citadel —

Pietro. In the citadel.

Mal. Cross capers! tricks! Truth o' [15 heaven! he would discharge us as boys do eldern guns, one pellet to strike out another. Of what faith art now?

Pietro. All is damnation; wickedness extreme:

There is no faith in man. ²⁰

Mal. In none but usurers and brokers; they deceive no man. men take 'em for blood-suckers, and so they are. Now, God deliver me from my friends!

Pietro. Thy friends! ²⁵

Mal. Yes, from my friends; for from mine enemies I'll deliver myself. O, cut-throat friendship is the rankest villainy! Mark this Mendoza; mark him for a villain: but heaven will send a plague upon him for a rogue. ³⁰

Pietro. O world!

Mal. World! 't is the only region of death, the greatest shop of the devil; the cruel'st prison of men, out of the which none pass without paying their dearest breath for a fee; [35 there 's nothing perfect in it but extreme, extreme calamity, such as comes yonder.

SCENA QUINTA

[The Same]

Enter Aurelia, two halberts before and two after, supported by Celso and Ferrard; Aurelia in base mourning attire

Aur. To banishment! led on to banishment!

Pietro. Lady, the blessedness of repentance to you!

Aur. Why, why, I can desire nothing but death,

Nor deserve anything but hell. ⁵

If heaven should give sufficiency of grace To clear my soul, it would make heaven graceless:

My sins would make the stock of mercy poor; O, they would tire heaven's goodness to reclaim them!

Judgment is just, yet from that vast villain! ¹⁰

But, sure, he shall not miss sad punishment
'Fore he shall rule. — On to my cell of shame!

Pietro. My cell 't is, lady; where, instead of masks,

Music, tilts, tourneys, and such court-like shows,

The hollow murmur of the checkless winds 15

Shall groan again; whilst the unquiet sea

Shakes the whole rock with foamy battery.

There usherless the air comes in and out:

The rheumy vault will force your eyes to weep,

Whilst you behold true desolation. 20

A rocky barrenness shall pierce your eyes,

Where all at once one reaches where he stands,

With brows the roof, both walls with both his hands.

Aur. It is too good. — Bless'd spirit of my lord,

O, in what orb soe'er thy soul is thron'd, 25

Behold me worthily most miserable!

O, let the anguish of my contrite spirit

Entreat some reconciliation!

If not, O, joy, triumph in my just grief!

Death is the end of woes and tears' relief 30

Pietro. Belike your lord not lov'd you, was unkind.

Aur. O heaven!

As the soul loves the body, so lov'd he:

'T was death to him to part my presence, heaven

To see me pleas'd 35

Yet I, like to a wretch given o'er to hell,

Brake all the sacred rites of marriage,

To clip a base ungentle faithless villain;

O God! a very pagan reprobate —

What should I say? ungrateful, throws me out, 40

For whom I lost soul, body, fame, and honour

But 't is most fit: why should a better fate

Attend on any who forsake chaste sheets,

Fly the embrace of a devoted heart,

Join'd by a solemn vow 'fore God and man, 45

To taste the brackish flood of beastly lust

In an adulterous touch? Oravenous immodesty!

Insatiate impudence of appetite!

Look, here 's your end; for mark, what sap in dust,

What good in sin, even so much love in lust. 50

Joy to thy ghost, sweet lord! pardon to me!

Celso. 'T is the duke's pleasure this night you rest in court

Aur. Soul, lurk in shades; run, shame, from brightsome skies;

In night the blind man misseth not his eyes 55

Exit [with Celso, Ferrardo, and halberts].

Mal. Do not weep, kind cuckold: take comfort, man; thy betters have been beccos:

Agamemnon, emperor of all the merry Greeks, that tickled all the true Trojans, was a cornuto; Prince Arthur, that cut off twelve 60 kings' beards, was a cornuto; Hercules, whose back bore up heaven, and got forty wenches with child in one night, —

Pietro. Nay, 't was fifty.

Mal. Faith, forty 's enow, o' conscience, 65 — yet was a cornuto. Patience; mischief grows proud: be wise.

Pietro. Thou punchest too deep; art too keen upon me

Mal. Tut, a pitiful surgeon makes a dangerous sore; I'll tent thee to the ground. Thinkest I'll sustain myself by flattering thee, because thou art a prince? I had rather follow a drunkard, and live by licking up his vomit, than by servile flattery. 75

Pietro. Yet great men ha' done 't

Mal. Great slaves fear better than love: born naturally for a coal-basket; though the common usher of princes' presence, Fortune, hath blindly given them better place I am 80 vowed to be thy affliction.

Pietro. Prithce, be

I love much misery, and be thou son to me.

Mal. Because you are an usurping duke. —

Enter Bilioso

Your lordship 's well returned from Florence.

To Bilioso.

Bil. Well return'd, I praise my horse. 86

Mal. What news from the Florentines?

Bil. I will conceal the great duke's pleasure; only thus was his charge: his pleasure is, that his daughter die; Duke Pietro be banished 90 for publishing his blood's dishonour; and that Duke Altofront be re-accepted. This is all: but I hear Duke Pietro is dead

Mal. Ay, and Mendoza is duke: what will you do? 95

Bil. Is Mendoza strongest?

Mal. Yet he is.

Bil. Then yet I'll hold with him.

Mal. But if that Altofront should turn straight again? 100

Bil. Why, then, I would turn straight again. 'T is good run still with him that has most might.

I had rather stand with wrong, than fall with right.

Mal. What religion will you be of now?

Bil. Of the Duke's religion, when I know what it is 106

Mal. O Hercules!

¹⁷ battery: battering ¹⁹ rheumy: inducing rheum or tears ²³ loves: ('lov'd' Qq.) ²⁴ part: leave ⁴⁶ brackish: salt, licentious ⁴⁸ flood: ('bloud' Qq.) ⁴⁹ impudence: shamelessness ⁵⁰ good in sin: ('sinne in good' Qq.) ⁷¹ tent: probe ⁷⁸ for . . . basket: for menial employment ⁸² publishing: ('banishing' Qq.)

Bil. Hercules! Hercules was the son of Jupiter and Alcmena.

Mal. Your lordship is a very wit-all. 110

Bil. Wittal!

Mal. Aye, all-wit.

Bil. Amphitryo was a cuckold.

Mal. Your lordship sweats; your young lady will get you a cloth for your old wor- 115 ship's brows. (*Exit Biloso*) Here 's a fellow to be damned. this is his inviolable maxim, — flatter the greatest and oppress the least: a whoreson flesh-fly, that still gnaws upon the lean gall'd backs. 120

Pietro. Why dost, then, salute him?

Mal. I 'faith, as bawds go to church, for fashion sake. Come, be not confounded; thou art but in danger to lose a dukedom. Think this: — this earth is the only grave and 125 Golgotha wherein all things that live must rot; 't is but the draught wherein the heavenly bodies discharge their corruption, the very muck-hill on which the sublunary orbs cast their excrements: man is the slime of this 130 dung pit, and princes are the governors of these men; for, for our souls, they are as free as emperors, all of one piece; there goes but a pair of sheers betwixt an emperor and the son of a bagpiper, only the dyeing, 135 dressing, pressing, glossing, makes the difference.

Now, what art thou like to lose?

A jailer's office to keep men in bonds,

Whilst toil and treason all life's good confounds 140

Pietro. I here renounce for ever regency: O Altofront, I wrong thee to supplant thy right,

To trip thy heels up with a devilish sleight!

For which I now from throne am thrown: world-tricks abjure;

For vengeance, though 't comes slow, yet it comes sure. 145

O, I am chang'd! for here, 'fore the dread power, In true contrition, I do dedicate My breath to solitary holiness, My lips to prayer, and my breast's care shall be, Restoring Altofront to regency 150

Mal. Thy vows are heard, and we accept thy faith. *Undisguiseth himself.*

Enter Ferneze and Celso

Banish amazement: come, we four must stand Full shock of fortune: be not so wonder-stricken.

Pietro. Doth Ferneze live?

Fer. For your pardon. 155

Pietro. Pardon and love. Give leave to recollect

My thoughts dispers'd in wild astonishment. My vows stand fix'd in heaven, and from hence I crave all love and pardon.

Mal. Who doubts of providence, 160 That sees this change? A hearty faith to all! He needs must rise who can no lower fall:

For still impetuous vicissitude Touseth the world; then let no maze intrude Upon your spirits: wonder not I rise; 165

For who can sink that close can temporize? The time grows ripe for action: I 'll detect My privat' st plot, lest ignorance fear suspect. Let 's close to counsel, leave the rest to fate: 169 Mature discretion is the life of state *Exeunt.*

ACTUS V. SCENA I

[*The Duke's Palace*]

Enter Biloso and Passarello

Bil. Fool, how dost thou like my calf in a long stocking?

Pass. An excellent calf, my lord.

Bil. This calf hath been a reveller this twenty year. When Monsieur Gundi lay 15 here ambassador, I could have carried a lady up and down at arm's end in a platter; and I can tell you, there were those at that time who, to try the strength of a man's back and his arm, would be coistered. I have meas- 110 ured calves with most of the palace, and they come nothing near me; besides, I think there be not many armours in the arsenal will fit me, especially for the headpiece. I 'll tell thee —

Pass. What, my lord? 15

Bil. I can eat stew'd broth as it comes seething off the fire; or a custard as it comes reeking out of the oven; and I think there are not many lords can do it. A good pomander, a little decayed in the scent; but 120 six grains of musk, ground with rose-water, and temper'd with a little civet, shall fetch her again presently.

Pass. O, ay, as a bawd with aqua-vitae.

Bil. And, what, dost thou rail upon the 125 ladies as thou wert wont?

Pass. I were better roast a live cat, and might do it with more safety. I am as secret to the thieves as their painting. There's Maquerelle, oldest bawd and a perpetual 130 beggar — did you never hear of her trick to be known in the city?

¹¹⁷ draught: privy ¹¹⁸⁻¹²⁴ there . . . betwixt: they are cut out of the same cloth ¹²⁶ glossing: finishing ¹²⁶ confounds: destroys ¹²⁸ who: (not in Q 2) ¹²⁴ maze: wonder, bewilderment ¹²⁷ detect: expose Sc. I (Not in Q 1) ¹⁰ coistered: inconvenienced (?), coiled up in a ball (?) ¹²⁻²⁰ pomander: ball of perfume ²⁰ the: (not in Qq)

Bil. Never.

Pass. Why, she gets all the picture-makers to draw her picture; when they have done, [35] she most courtly finds fault with them one after another, and never fetcheth them. They, in revenge of this, execute her in pictures as they do in Germany, and hang her in their shops. By this means is she better known [40] to the stinkards than if she had been five times carted.

Bil. 'Fore God, an excellent policy.

Pass. Are there any revels to-night, my lord?

Bil. Yes. 45

Pass. Good my lord, give me leave to break a fellow's pate that hath abused me.

Bil. Whose pate?

Pass. Young Ferrard, my lord.

Bil. Take heed, he's very valiant; I [50] have known him fight eight quarrels in five days, believe it.

Pass. O, is he so great a quarreller? Why, then, he's an arrant coward.

Bil. How prove you that? 55

Pass. Why, thus. He that quarrels seeks to fight; and he that seeks to fight seeks to die; and he that seeks to die seeks never to fight more; and he that will quarrel, and seeks means never to answer a man more, I think [60] he's a coward.

Bil. Thou canst prove anything.

Pass. Anything but a rich knave; for I can flatter no man.

Bil. Well, be not drunk, good fool: I [65] shall see you anon in the presence. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE I.^a *The Same*]

Enter Malevole and Maquerelle at several doors, opposite, singing

Mal. "The Dutchman for a drunkard," —

Maq. "The Dane for golden locks," —

Mal. "The Irishman for usquebaugh," —

Maq. "The Frenchman for the (),"

Mal. O, thou art a blessed creature! Had [5] I a modest woman to conceal, I would put her to thy custody; for no reasonable creature would ever suspect her to be in thy company. Ha, thou art a melodious Maquerelle, — thou picture of a woman, and substance of a beast!

Enter Passarello

Maq. O fool, will ye be ready anon to go [11] with me to the revels? The hall will be so pester'd anon.

Pass. Ay, as the country is with attorneys.

^a stinkards: mob ^a carted: the punishment for bawds Sc I ^a (Not marked in Qq) ^b usquebaugh: whiskey ^c (Not in Q1) ^d pester'd: crowded ^e Griffon: a hero in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* ^f quean: hussy ^g spleen: ('stream' Qq) ^h come: yield ('cove' Q2)

Mal. What hast thou there, fool? 15

Pass. Wine; I have learn'd to drink since I went with my lord ambassador: I'll drink to the health of Madam Maquerelle.

Mal. Why, thou wast wont to rail upon her.

Pass. Ay; but since I borrow'd money of [20] her, I'll drink to her health now; as gentlemen visit brokers, or as knights send venison to the city, either to take up more money, or to procure longer forbearance.

Mal. Give me the bowl. I drink a health [25] to Altofront, our deposed duke. [*Drinks.*]

Pass. I'll take it [*drinks*]: — so. Now I'll begin a health to Madam Maquerelle. [*Drinks.*]

Mal. Pew! I will not pledge her.

Pass. Why, I pledg'd your lord. 30

Mal. I care not.

Pass. Not pledge Madam Maquerelle! Why, then, will I spew up your lord again with this fool's finger

Mal. Hold, I'll take it [*Drinks*]

Maq. Now thou hast drunk my health, [36] fool, I am friends with thee

Pass. Art? art?

When Griffon saw the reconciled quean
Offering about his neck her arms to cast, 40
He threw off sword and heart's malignant spleen,
And lovely her below the loins embrac'd. —

Adieu, Madam Maquerelle. *Exit Passarello.*

Mal. And how dost thou think o' this transformation of state now? 45

Maq. Verily, very well; for we women always note, the falling of the one is the rising of the other; some must be fat, some must be lean; some must be fools, and some must be lords; some must be knaves, and some [50] must be officers; some must be beggars, some must be knights, some must be cuckolds, and some must be citizens. As for example, I have two court-dogs, the most fawning curs, the one called Watch, th' other Catch: now [55] I, like Lady Fortune, sometimes love this dog, sometimes raise that dog, sometimes favour Watch, most commonly fancy Catch. Now, that dog which I favour I feed; and he's so ravenous, that what I give he never [60] chaws it, gulps it down whole, without any relish of what he has, but with a greedy expectation of what he shall have. The other dog now —

Mal. No more dog, sweet Maquerelle, [65] no more dog. And what hope hast thou of the Duchess Maria? Will she stoop to the duke's lure? Will she come, think'st?

Maq. Let me see, where 's the sign now? Ha' ye e'er a calendar? Where 's the sign, [70] trow you?

Mal. Sign! why, is there any moment in that?

Maq. O, believe me, a most secret power: look ye, a Chaldean or an Assyrian, I am [75] sure 't was a most sweet Jew, told me, court any woman in the right sign, you shall not miss. But you must take her in the right vein then; as, when the sign is in Pisces, a fishmonger's wife is very sociable; in Can- [80] cer, a precisian's wife is very flexible; in Capricorn, a merchant's wife hardly holds out; in Libra, a lawyer's wife is very tractable, especially if her husband be at the term; only in Scorpio 't is very dangerous meddling. Has [85] the duke sent any jewel, any rich stones?

Enter Captain

Mal. Ay, I think those are the best signs to take a lady in. By your favour, signior, I must discourse with the Lady Maria, Alto- [90] front's duchess; I must enter for the duke

Capt. She here shall give you interview. I received the guardship of this citadel from the good Altofront, and for his use I 'll keep 't, till I am of no use.

Mal. Wilt thou? O heavens, that a [95] Christian should be found in a buff-jerkin! Captain Conscience, I love thee, captain (*Exit Captain*). We attend. And what hope hast thou of this duchess' easiness?

Maq. 'T will go hard, she was a cold [100] creature ever; she hated monkeys, fools, jesters, and gentlemen-ushers extremely; she had the vilde trick on 't, not only to be truly modestly honourable in her own conscience, but she would avoid the least wanton [105] carriage that might incur suspect; as, God bless me, she had almost brought bed-pressing out of fashion; I could scarce get a fine for the lease of a lady's favour once in a fortnight. [109]

Mal. Now, in the name of immodesty, how many maidenheads hast thou brought to the block?

Maq. Let me see: heaven forgive us our misdeeds! — Here 's the duchess. [114]

SCENA SECUNDA

[*Before the Citadel*]

Enter Maria and Captain

Mal. God bless thee, lady!

Maria. Out of thy company!

Mal. We have brought thee tender of a husband.

Maria. I hope I have one already. [5]

Maq. Nay, by mine honour, madam, as good ha' ne'er a husband as a banish'd husband; he's in another world now. I 'll tell ye, lady, I have heard of a sect that maintained, when the husband was asleep the [10] wife might lawfully entertain another man, for then her husband was as dead: much more when he is banished.

Maria. Unhonest creature! [14]

Maq. Fish, honesty is but an art to seem so: Pray ye, what 's honesty, what 's constancy, But fables feign'd, odd old fools' chat, devis'd [15] By jealous fools to wrong our liberty?

Mal. Molly, he that loves thee is a duke, Mendoza; he will maintain thee royally, [20] love thee ardently, defend thee powerfully, marry thee sumptuously, and keep thee in despite of Rosicleer or Donzel del Phœbo. There 's jewels' if thou wilt, so, if not, so.

Maria. Captain, for God's sake, save poor wretchedness [25]

From tyranny of lustful insolence!

Enforce me in the deepest dungeon dwell, Rather than here; here round about is hell. — O my dear'st Altofront! where'er thou breathe, Let my soul sink into the shades beneath, [30] Before I stain thine honour! This thou hast, And long as I can die, I will live chaste.

Mal. 'Gainst him that can enforce how vain is strife!

Maria. She that can be enforc'd has ne'er a knife:

She that through force her limbs with lust enrolls, [35]

Wants Cleopatra's asps and Portia's coals.

God amend you! *Exit with Captain.*

Mal. Now, the fear of the devil for ever go with thee! — Maquerelle, I tell thee, I have found an honest woman: faith, I perceive, [40] when all is done, there is of women, as of all other things, some good, most bad, some saints, some sinners' for as nowadays no courtier but has his mistress, no captain but has his cockatrice, no cuckold but has his [45] horns, and no fool but has his feather; even so, no woman but has her weakness and feather too, no sex but has his — I can hunt the letter no farther. — [*Aside.*] O God, how [49] loathsome this toying is to me! That a duke should be forc'd to fool it! Well, *stultorum plena sunt omnia*: better play the fool lord

⁷⁰ sign: i.e., astrological sign of the zodiac ⁷¹ trow: think ⁸¹ precisian's: Puritan's ⁸⁴ term: session of courts of law ⁸⁵ s d *Enter Captain*: (The scene is supposed to have shifted to the Citadel) ⁸⁶ attend: wait ¹⁰⁸ carriage: behavior ¹⁰⁹ fine: fee ¹¹⁰ tender: offer ¹¹¹ Rosicleer, Donzel del Phœbo: heroes in *The Mirror of Knighthood* ¹¹² cockatrice: mistress ¹¹³⁻¹¹⁴ stultorum . . . omnia: All places are full of fools.

than be the fool lord. — Now, where 's your sleights, Madam Maquerelle?

Maq. Why, are ye ignorant that 't is [55 said a squeamish affected niceness is natural to women, and that the excuse of their yielding is only, forsooth, the difficult obtaining? You must put her to 't: women are flax, and will fire in a moment. 60

Mal. Why, was the flax put into thy mouth, and yet thou —

Thou set fire, thou inflame her!

Maq. Marry, but I 'll tell ye now, you were too hot.

Mal. The fitter to have inflamed the [65 flax-woman.

Maq. You were too boisterous, spleeny, for, indeed —

Mal. Go, go, thou art a weak pandress, now I see,

Sooner earth's fire heaven itself shall waste, 70
Than all with heat can melt a mund that 's chaste.

Go; thou the duke's lime-twig! I 'll make the duke turn thee out of thine office what, not get one touch of hope, and had her at such advantage! 75

Maq. Now, o' my conscience, now I think in my discretion, we did not take her in the right sign; the blood was not in the true vein, sure. *Exit.*

[SCENE II. A]

[The Court]

Enter Bilioso

Bil. Make way there! The duke returns from the enthronement. — Malevole —

Mal. Out, rogue!

Bil. Malevole, —

Mal. "Hence, ye gross-jawed, peasantly [5 — out, go!"

Bil. Nay, sweet Malevole, since my return I hear you are become the thing I always prophesied would be, — an advanced virtue, a worthily-employed faithfulness, a man o' [10 grace, dear friend. Come; what! *Si quoties peccant homines* — if as often as courtiers play the knaves, honest men should be angry — why, look ye, we must colloque sometimes, forswear sometimes. 15

Mal. Be damn'd sometimes.

Bil. Right: *nemo omnibus horis sapit*; "no

man can be honest at all hours:" necessity often depraves virtue.

Mal. I will commend thee to the duke. 20

Bil. Do: let us be friends, man.

Mal. And knaves, man.

Bil. Right: let us prosper and purchase: our lordships shall live, and our knavery be forgotten. 25

Mal. He that by any ways gets riches, his means never shames him.

Bil. True.

Mal. For impudency and faithlessness are the main stays to greatness. 30

Bil. By the Lord, thou art a profound lad.

Mal. By the Lord, thou art a perfect knave: out, ye ancient damnation!

Bil. Peace, peace! and thou wilt not be a friend to me as I am a knave, be not a knave to me as I am thy friend, and disclose me. Peace! cornets! 37

SCENA TERTIA

[The Same]

Enter Prepasso and Ferrard, two Pages with lights, Celso and Equalo, Mendoza in duke's robes, and Guerrino

Men. On, on; leave us, leave us.

Exeunt all saving Malevole [and Mendoza]

Stay, where is the hermit?

Mal. With Duke Pietro, with Duke Pietro.

Men. Is he dead? Is he poisoned?

Mal. Dead, as the duke is. 5

Men. Good, excellent. he will not blab; securesness lives in secrecy. Come hither, come hither.

Mal. Thou hast a certain strong villainous scent about thee my nature cannot endure. 10

Men. Scent, man! What returns Maria, what answer to our suit?

Mal. Cold, frosty; she is obstinate.

Men. Then she 's but dead, 't is resolute, she dies:

"Black deed only through black deed safely flies" 15

Mal. Pew! *per scelera semper sceleribus tutum est iter*

Men. What, art a scholar? Art a politician? Sure, thou art an arrant knave.

Mal. Who, I? I have been twice an [20 under-sheriff, man.

¹⁶ niceness: fastidiousness ⁷² lime-twig: trap (for Maria) Sc II^A (Not in Q 1) ⁸⁸ (Cf II. iii. 38) ¹⁴ colloque: have private conversation and understanding ²² purchase: acquire wealth ¹⁰ stays: supports ¹¹ returns: answers ¹⁶⁻¹⁷ per . . . iter: The safe way to crimes is always through crimes (Seneca). ²¹ ff. (Q 2 here inserts these lines: 'Mend. Hast been with Maria? | Mal. As your scrivener to your usurer, I have dealt about taking of this commodity, but she's cold-frosty.' They were probably meant to replace lines 11-21. Lines 22-37 are not in Q 1.)

Well, I will go rail upon some great man, that I may purchase the bastinado, or else go marry some rich Genoan lady, and instantly go travel.

Men. Travel, when thou art married? 25

Mal. Ay, 't is your young lord's fashion to do so, though he was so lazy, being a bachelor, that he would never travel so far as the university: yet, when he married her, tales off, and, Catso, for England! 30

Men. And why for England?

Mal. Because there is no brothel-houses there.

Men. Nor courtesans?

Mal. Neither; your whore went down [35 with the stewes, and your punk came up with your puritan

Men. Canst thou empoison? Canst thou empoison?

Mal. Excellently; no Jew, 'pothecary, or [40 politician better. Look ye, here's a box: whom wouldst thou empoison? Here's a box [giving it], which, opened and the fume taken up in conduits thorough which the brain purges itself, doth instantly for twelve hours' space [45 bind up all show of life in a deep senseless sleep: here's another [giving it], which, being opened under the sleeper's nose, chokes all the power of life, kills him suddenly.

Men. I'll try experiments; 't is good [50 not to be deceived. — So, so; catso!

Seems to poison Malevole [who falls].

Who would fear that may destroy?

Death hath no teeth or tongue;

And he that's great, to him are slaves,

Shame, murder, fame, and wrong. — 55

Celso!

Enter Celso

Celso. My honoured lord?

Men. The good Malevole, that plain-tongu'd man,

Alas, is dead on sudden, wondrous strangely! He held in our esteem good place. Celso, 60 See him buried, see him buried

Celso. I shall observe ye.

Men. And, Celso, prithee, let it be thy care to-night

To have some pretty show, to solemnize Our high instalment; some music, masquery. 65 We'll give fair entertain unto Maria, The duchess to the banish'd Altofront: Thou shalt conduct her from the citadel Unto the palace. Think on some masquery.

Celso. Of what shape, sweet lord? 70

Men. What shape! Why, any quick-done fiction;

As some brave spirits of the Genoan dukes To come out of Elysium, forsooth, Led in by Mercury, to gratulate Our happy fortune; some such anything. 75 Some far-fet trick good for ladies, some stale toy Or other, no matter, so 't be of our devising. Do thou prepare 't; 't is but for fashion sake. Fear not, it shall be grac'd, man, it shall take.

Celso. All service. 80

Men. All thanks; our hand shall not be close to thee; farewell.

[*Aside.*] Now is my treachery secure, nor can we fall:

Mischief that prospers, men do virtue call.

I'll trust no man: he that by tricks gets wreaths

Keeps them with steel; no man securely breathes 85

Out of deserved ranks; the crowd will mutter.

Fool!

Who cannot bear with spite, he cannot rule.

The chiefest secret for a man of state

Is, to live senseless of a strengthless hate

[*Exit.*]

Mal. Death of Starts up and speaks. [90 the damn'd thief! I'll make one i' the masque; thou shalt ha' some brave spirits of the antique dukes

Celso. My lord, what strange delusion?

Mal. Most happy, dear Celso, poison'd [95 with an empty box! I'll give thee all, anon. My lady comes to court; there is a whirl of fate comes tumbling on; the castle's captain stands for me, the people pray for me, and the great leader of the just stands for me: [100 then courage, Celso;

For no disastrous chance can ever move him

That leaveth nothing but a God above him

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE IV. — *The Presence Chamber.*]

Enter Prepasso and Biliioso, two Pages before them; Maquerelle, Bianca, and Emilia

Bil. Make room there, room for the ladies! Why, gentlemen, will not ye suffer the ladies to be entered in the great chamber? Why, gallants! and you, sir, to drop your torch where the beauties must sit too? 5

Pre. And there's a great fellow plays the knave; why dost not strike him?

Bil. Let him play the knave, o' God's name; think'st thou I have no more wit than to strike a great fellow? — The music! more [10 lights! revelling, scaffolds! do you hear? Let there be oaths enow ready at the door, swear

²² bastinado: a beating ²³ stewes: brothels
⁷⁰ far-fet: cunningly devised (*lit.* "far-fetched")
niggardly ²⁴ senseless: oblivious

⁷¹ What: ('Why' Qq.) ⁷⁴ gratulate: greet, salute
toy: trifle, fancy ⁷⁵ for: ('for a' Qq.) ²⁵ close:

Sc. IV: (Not marked, Q 2)

out the devil himself. Let 's leave the ladies, and go see if the lords be ready for them.

All save the ladies depart.

Maq. And, by my troth, beauties, why ¹⁵ do you not put you into the fashion? This is a stale cut; you must come in fashion: look ye, you must be all felt, felt and feather, a felt upon your bare hair. Look ye, these tiring things are justly out of request now: ²⁰ and, do ye hear? you must wear falling-bands, you must come into the falling fashion. there is such a deal o' pinning these ruffs, when the fine clean fall is worth all: and again, if ye should chance to take a nap in the ²⁵ afternoon, your falling-band requires no potting-stick to recover his form: believe me, no fashion to the falling, I say.

Bian. And is not Signior St. Andrew a gallant fellow now? ³⁰

Maq. By my maidenhead, la, honour and he agrees as well together as a satin suit and woollen stockings.

Emilia But is not Marshal Make-room, my servant in reversion, a proper gentleman? ³⁵

Maq. Yes, in reversion, as he had his office, as, in truth, he hath all things in reversion. he has his mistress in reversion, his clothes in reversion, his wit in reversion, and, indeed, is a suitor to me for my dog in reversion: ⁴⁰ but, in good verity, la, he is as proper a gentleman in reversion as — and, indeed, as fine a man as may be, having a red beard and a pair of warp'd legs.

Bian. But, i' faith, I am most mon- ⁴⁵ strously in love with Count Quodlibet-in-quodlibet: is he not a pretty, dapper, unidle gallant?

Maq. He is even one of the most busy-fingered lords; he will put the beauties to the squeak most hideously. ⁵⁰

[*Enter Bilioso*]

Bil. Room! make a lane there! The duke is entering. stand handsomely for beauty's sake. Take up the ladies there! So, cornets, cornets!

SCENA QUINTA

Enter Prepasso, joins to Bilioso, two Pages and lights, Ferrard, Mendoza, at the other door, two Pages with lights, and the Captain leading in Maria, the Duke meets Maria and closeth with her; the rest fall back

Men Madam, with gentle ear receive my suit;

A kingdom's safety should o'er-peiase slight rites;

Marriage is merely nature's policy:

Then, since unless our royal beds be join'd,
Danger and civil tumults frights the state, ⁵
Be wise as you are fair, give way to fate.

Maria. What wouldst thou, thou affliction to our house?

Thou ever-devil, 't was thou that banished'st
My truly noble lord!

Men I! ¹⁰

Maria. Ay, by thy plots, by thy black stratagems:

Twelve moons have suffer'd change since I beheld

The loved presence of my dearest lord.

O thou far worse than Death! he parts but soul
From a weak body; but thou soul from soul ¹⁵
Disseverest, that which God's own hand did knit;

Thou scant of honour, full of devilish wit!

Men We 'll check your too-intemperate lavishness:

I can and will

Maria What canst? ²⁰

Men. Go to, in banishment thy husband dies.

Maria. He ever is at home that 's ever wise.

Men You 'st ne'er meet more. reason should love control.

Maria. Not meet! ²⁴

She that dear loves, her love 's still in her soul.

Men You are but a woman, lady, you must yield

Maria O, save me, thou innated bashfulness,

Thou only ornament of woman's modesty!

Men Modesty! death! I 'll torment thee. ²⁹

Maria. Do, urge all torments, all afflictions try;

I 'll die my lord's as long as I can die.

Men Thou obstinate, thou shalt die. — Captain, that lady's life

Is forfeited to justice: we have examin'd her,
And we do find she hath empoisoned ³⁴

The reverend hermit; therefore we command
Severest custody. — Nay, if you 'll do 's no good,

You 'st do 's no harm: a tyrant's peace is blood.

Maria. O, thou art merciful; O gracious devil,

Rather by much let me condemned be ³⁹
For seeming murder than be damn'd for thee!

I 'll mourn no more; come, girt my brows with flowers:

Revel and dance, soul, now thy wish thou hast;

¹⁰ tiring things: head-dresses request: demand, fashion ²¹ falling-bands: collars which fell flat from the neck ²²⁻²⁷ potting-stick: stick for setting the plaits of a ruff ²⁴ warp'd: ('wrapt' Q 2)
Scena Quinta: ('Scena Quarta' Q 2) ² o'er-peiase: outweigh ²³ innated: innate ²⁵ forfeited: ('forfeited' Q 2)

Die like a bride, poor heart, thou shalt die chaste.

Enter Aurelia in mourning habil

Aur. "Life is a frost of cold felicity,
And death the thaw of all our vanity:" 45
Was 't not an honest priest that wrote so?

Men. Who let her in?

Bil. Forbear!

Pre. Forbear!

Aur. Alas, calamity is everywhere: 50
Sad misery, despite your double doors,
Will enter even in court.

Bil. Peace!

Aur. I ha' done.

Bil. One word, — take heed! 55

Aur. I ha' done.

Enter Mercury with loud music

Mer. Cyllenian Mercury, the god of ghosts,
From gloomy shades that spread the lower
coasts,
Calls four high-famed Genoan dukes to come,
And make this presence their Elysium, 60
To pass away this high triumphal night
With song and dances, court's more soft de-
light

Aur. Are you god of ghosts? I have a suit
depending in hell betwixt me and my con-
science; I would fain have thee help me to 65
an advocate

Bil. Mercury shall be your lawyer, lady

Aur. Nay, faith, Mercury has too good a
face to be a right lawyer.

Pre. Peace, forbear! Mercury presents the
masque. 70

*Cornets: the song to the cornets, which playing,
the masque enters, Malevole, Pietro, Fer-
neze, and Celso, in white robes, with dukes'
crowns upon laurel wreaths, pistolets and
short swords under their robes*

Men. Celso, Celso, court Maria for our
love. — Lady, be gracious yet, grace

Maria. With me, sir? *Malevole takes his
wife [Maria] to dance.*

Mal. Yes, more loved than my breath;
With you I 'll dance.

Maria. Why, then, you dance with death.
But, come, sir, I was ne'er more apt to mirth. 75
Death gives eternity a glorious breath:
O, to die honour'd, who would fear to die?

Mal. They die in fear who live in villainy.

Men. Yes, believe him, lady, and be rul'd
by him.

Pietro. Madam, with me. *Pietro takes so
his wife Aurelia to dance.*

Aur. Wouldst, then, be miserable?

Pietro. I need not wish.

Aur. O, yet forbear my hand! away! fly!
fly!

O, seek not her that only seeks to die!

Pietro. Poor loved soul! 85

Aur. What, wouldst court misery?

Pietro. Yes.

Aur. She 'll come too soon: — O my grieved
heart!

Pietro. Lady, ha' done, ha' done:

Come, let 's dance: be once from sorrow free. 90

Aur. Art a sad man?

Pietro. Yes, sweet.

Aur. Then we 'll agree.

*Ferneze takes Maquerelle and Celso,
Bianca: then the cornets sound the
measure, one change and rest.*

Fer. (to Bianca.) Believe it, lady; shall I
swear? Let me enjoy you in private, and 95
I 'll marry you, by my soul.

Bian. I had rather you would swear by your
body. I think that would prove the more re-
garded oath with you.

Fer. I 'll swear by them both, to please 100
you.

Bian. O, damn them not both to please
me, for God's sake!

Fer. Faith, sweet creature, let me enjoy
you to-night, and I 'll marry you to-morrow 105
fortnight, by my troth, la.

Maq. On his troth, la! believe him not;
that kind of cony-catching is as stale as Sir
Oliver Anchovy's perfum'd jerkin: promise of
matrimony by a young gallant, to bring a 110
virgin lady into a fool's paradise; make her
a great woman, and then cast her off, — 't is
as common, as natural to a courtier, as jealousy
to a citizen, gluttony to a puritan, wisdom to an
alderman, pride to a tailor, or an empty 115
hand-basket to one of these six-penny damna-
tions: of his troth, la! believe him not, traps
to catch pole-cats.

Mal. Keep your face constant, *To Maria.*
let no sudden passion

Speak in your eyes 120

Maria. O my Altofront!

Pietro. [*to Aurelia.*] A tyrant's jealousies
Are very nimble: you receive it all?

Aur. My heart, though *Aurelia to Pietro.*
not my knees, doth humbly fall

Low as the earth, to thee. 125

Mal. Peace! next change; no words.

^{44, 45} (From Thomas Bastard's *Chrestoleros*, 1598) ⁴⁶ (Assigned to Aurelia in Qq.) ⁴⁷ Cyllenian:
(Mercury was said to have been born on Mt. Cyllene.) ⁴⁸ coasts: regions ⁴⁹ triumphal: festive
⁵⁰ depending: pending ⁵¹ right: true ⁵² apt: inclined ⁵³ cony-catching: deceiving ⁵⁴ (As-
signed to Pietro, Qq.)

Maria. Speech to such, ay, O, what will affords!

Cornets sound the measure over again; which danced, they unmask.

Men. Malevole!

They environ Mendoza, bending their pistols on him.

Mal. No.

Men. Altofront! Duke Pietro! Ferneze! ha! 130

All. Duke Altofront! Duke Altofront! *Cornets, a flourish.*

Men. Are we surpris'd? What strange delusions mock

Our senses? Do I dream? or have I dreamt This two days' space? Where am I?

They seize upon Mendoza.

Mal. Where an arch-villain is. 135

Men. O, lend me breath till I am fit to die! For peace with heaven, for your own souls' sake, Vouchsafe me life!

Pietro. Ignoble villain! whom neither heaven nor hell, Goodness of God or man, could once make good! 140

Mal. Base, treacherous wretch! what grace canst thou expect, That hast grown impudent in gracelessness?

Men. O, life!

Mal. Slave, take thy life Wert thou defenced, through blood and wounds, 145

The sternest horror of a civil fight, Would I achieve thee; but prostrate at my feet, I scorn to hurt thee: 't is the heart of slaves That deigns to triumph over peasants' graves; For such thou art, since birth doth ne'er enroll 150

A man 'mong monarchs, but a glorious soul. O, I have seen strange accidents of state! The flatterer, like the ivy, clip the oak, And waste it to the heart; lust so confirm'd, That the black act of sin itself not sham'd 155 To be term'd courtship

O, they that are as great as be their sins, Let them remember that th' inconstant people Love many princes merely for their faces And outward shows, and they do covet more 160

To have a sight of these than of their virtues Yet thus much let the great ones still conceive, When they observe not heaven's impos'd conditions,

They are no kings, but forfeit their commissions.

Maq. O good my lord, I have lived in 165

130 s. d. bending: aiming 132-176 (Not in Q 1) 162 conceive: understand ('conceale' Qq) 175 put it up: put up with it 176 suburbs: (where the brothels were located) Ode staff: stanza Epilogus: merely: wholly

the court this twenty year: they that have been old courtiers, and come to live in the city, they are spited at, and thrust to the walls like appricocks, good my lord

Bl. My lord, I did know your lordship 170 in this disguise; you heard me ever say, if Altofront did return, I would stand for him: besides, 't was your lordship's pleasure to call me wittol and cuckold: you must not think, but that I knew you, I would have put it up 175 so patiently.

Mal. You o'er-joy'd spirits, wipe your long-wet eyes *To Pietro and Aurelia.*

Hence with this man! *Kicks out Mendoza.*

An eagle takes not flies.

You to your vows! *To Pietro and Aurelia.*

And thou unto the suburbs.

To Maquerelle.

You to my worst friend I would hardly give; 180 Thou art a perfect old knave. *To Bilioso.*

All-pleased live!

You two unto my breast

To Celso and the Captain.

thou to my heart. *To Maria*

The rest of idle actors idly part

And as for me, I here assume my right.

To which I hope all 's pleas'd to all, good-night 185

Cornets, a flourish. Exeunt omnes.

FINIS

An imperfect Ode, being but one staff, spoken by the Prologue

To wrest each hurtless thought to private sense Is the foul use of ill-bred impudence

Immodest censure now grows wild, All over-running.

Let innocence be ne'er so chaste, 5 Yet to the last She is defil'd

With too nice-brained cunning. O you of fatter soul,

Control 10

With an Herculean arm

This harm,

And once leach all old freedom of a pen, Which still must write of fools, whiles 't writes of men'

Epilogus

Your modest silence, full of heedly stillness, Makes me thus speak a voluntary illness Is merely senseless, but unwilling error, Such as proceeds from too rash youthful fervour,

<i>May well be call'd a fault, but not a sin:</i>	5	<i>Till his Thalia feast your learned ears,</i>
<i>Rivers take names from founts where they begin.</i>		<i>To whose desertful lamps pleas'd Fates impart</i>
<i>Then let not too severe an eye peruse</i>		<i>Art above nature, judgment above art,</i>
<i>The slighter brakes of our reformed Muse,</i>		<i>Receive this piece, which hope nor fear yet</i>
<i>Who could herself herself of faults detect,</i>		<i>daunteth:</i>
<i>But that she knows 't is easy to correct,</i>	10	<i>He that knows most knows most how much he</i>
<i>Though some men's labour: troth, to err is fit,</i>		<i>wanteth.</i>
<i>As long as wisdom 's not profess'd, but wtl.</i>		
<i>Then till another's happier Muse appears,</i>		FINIS

⁸ *brakes*: bushy retreats ¹³ *another's*: Ben Jonson's ¹⁴ *Thalia*: comic Muse

EASTWARD HOE.

As

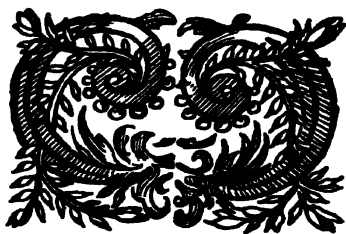
It was playd in the
Black-friers.

By

The Children of her Maiesties Reuels.

Made by.

Geo: CHAPMAN. BEN: IONSON. Ioh: MARSTON.



AT LONDON
Printed for *William Aspley.*
1605.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL RECORD. On September 4, 1605, William Aspley and Thomas Thorpe (who the year before had likewise registered Marston's *Malcontent* in conjunction) were assigned the copyright of *Eastward Ho!*:

iiiij Sept 1605

Willm Aspley Thomas Thorp Entred for their Copies vnder the hands of Mr Wilson and Mr ffield
warden A Comedie called *Eastward Ho* ijs

Three Quarto editions (the only early texts) appeared in 1605, all printed for Aspley alone, and all naming the authors in alphabetical sequence: Geo. Chapman, Ben Jonson, Joh. Marston. (See facsimile.) Of the first Quarto there were two issues, since the witty but dangerous satire on the Scots in III. iii was cancelled during the printing, and the two leaves concerned (E3, E4) reset. Only two known copies now contain this offending matter. In three other places (mentioned in our notes) Q 1 offers bibliographical evidence that a part of the text has been deleted by the printers. See R. E. Brettell and W. W. Greg, *The Library*, Dec., 1928, 287-304; and the Oxford Jonson, Vol. IV. 489 ff.

DATE AND STAGE PERFORMANCE. *Eastward Ho!* was acted at the Blackfriars Theatre, probably between January and March, 1605, by the Children of the Queen's Revels. It was produced in friendly rivalry (see the Prologue) with *Westward Ho!* by Dekker and Webster, which had been written in the latter half of 1604 and produced by the other boys' company of Paul's. The play, Chapman told the Lord Chamberlain afterwards, was 'much importuned,' and for that or a less innocent reason was produced without license from the censors. King James was naturally incensed by the satire against his Scottish subjects and himself, and the offending authors were promptly sent to prison. Drummond of Hawthornden recorded the following story as told to him years after (1619) by Jonson. 'He was delated (accused) by Sir James Murray to the King for writing something against the Scots in a play, *Eastward Ho!*, and voluntarily imprisoned himself with Chapman and Marston, who had written it amongst them. The report was that they should then (have) had their ears cut and noses . . .'. Seven letters by Jonson and three by Chapman have been preserved, written during their incarceration, in which they assure the King, a lady of the court, the Lord Chamberlain, and several other noblemen of their innocence of the two offending passages — which indeed seem, in phrasing at least, to have been the work of Marston. Despite Drummond's testimony, it is not certain that Marston himself was arrested. All three authors escaped in the end without serious penalty. Nor did the King's wrath pursue the play: nine years later (Jan 25, 1614) it was acted before him at Whitehall by the Lady Elizabeth's Men. See J. Q. Adams: '*Eastward Ho!* and its Satire against the Scots,' *Studies in Philology*, 1931, 689-701.

Eastward Ho! was combined with Jonson's *Devil Is an Ass* by Nahum Tate to produce a farce called *Cuckold's Haven* (1685). In 1751 the original was produced by Garrick, and in 1775 a revision by Mrs. Charlotte Lennox under the title *Old City Manners*. The comedy was reprinted in Dodsley's collection of old plays, 1744, and supplied Hogarth with the hint for his series of drawings, the Idle and Industrious Apprentices (1747). It furnished Sir Walter Scott also with realistic background for his *Fortunes of Nigel*.

SOURCES. *Eastward Ho!* revived the old tradition of school plays dramatizing the parable of the Prodigal. In Latin the earliest of these is Wimpeling's *Stypho* (Heidelberg, 1480), the best perhaps the *Rebelles* of Macropedius and the famous *Acolastus* of Gnapheus. In English, Gascoigne's *Glass of Government* is a striking example (1575). This old dramatic theme, familiar to all schoolboys, was well suited to performance by a company of children; and it has been developed to tickle the fancies of London citizens and apprentices, who at this date were very theatre-conscious, though not normally patrons of the aristocratic Blackfriars. The subplot, dealing with Winifred, uses situations in two Italian stories in Masuccio's collection, especially No. 40. For the references to Virginia the authors are indebted both to More's *Utopia* and to Hakluyt's *Voyages*.

DIVISION OF AUTHORSHIP. The play was evidently written hastily and in close collaboration; moreover, it is mainly in fluent prose, which offers fewer criteria of style than verse would do. Marston's vivacious manner is the most easily and largely discernible, especially in the scenes which contrast the two apprentices or satirize the Virginian adventurers. Chapman seems primarily responsible for the Italianate subplot involving Winifred (II. ii, III. iii, IV. i), and his epic manner appears in other places. Jonson's hand is most clearly seen in the Prologue, in III. i, the discussion of alchemy in IV. i, and in many parts of Act V. But the style of this tripartite performance is, like the plot, surprisingly well unified.

EASTWARD HO!

〔DRAMATIS PERSONAE

WILLIAM TOUCHSTONE, a Goldsmith
FRANCIS QUICKSILVER, } his
GOLDING, } Apprentices
SIR PETRONEL FLASH, a new-made
Knight
SECURITY, an old Usurer
BRAMBLE, a Lawyer
POLDAVY, a Tailor

SEAGULL, a Sea-captain
SCAPETHRIFT, } Gentlemen-
SPENDALL, } Adventurers
WOLF, } Officers of
HOLDFAST, } Counter Prison
SLITGUT, a butcher's servant
HAMLET, a Footman
POTKIN, a Tankard-bearer

MISTRESS TOUCHSTONE
GERTRUDE, } her
MILDRED, } Daughters
BETTRICE, her Maid
WINIFRED, Security's Wife
SINDEFY, Quicksilver's Mistress
MISTRESS FOND, } Neigh-
MISTRESS GAZER, } bours

Sir Petronel's Page, Messenger, Coachman, Scrivener, Drawer at Blue Anchor Tavern, Constable,
Prisoners, Gentlemen, etc

SCENE: Touchstone's house and shop, Goldsmith's Row, Cheapside, Sir Petronel's Lodging; Security's House; Blue Anchor Tavern, Billingsgate, Cuckold's Haven on the Thames; one of the Counter Prisons]

PROLOGUS

Nor out of envy, for there 's no effect
Where there 's no cause; nor out of imitation,
For we have evermore been imitated,
Nor out of our contention to do better
Than that which is oppos'd to ours in title, 5
For that was good, and better cannot be.
And for the title, if it seem affected,
We might as well have called it, ' God you good
even.'

Only that Eastward Westwards still exceeds —
Honour the sun's fair rising, not his setting. 10
Nor is our title utterly enforc'd,
As by the points we touch at you shall see.
Bear with our willing pains, if dull or witty;
We only dedicate it to the City

Actus primi Scena prima

[Goldsmith's Row, Cheapside]

Enter Master Touchstone and Quicksilver at several doors; Quicksilver with his hat, pumps, short sword and dagger, and a racket trussed up under his cloak. At the middle door, enter Golding, discovering a goldsmith's shop, and walking short turns before it.

Touch. And whither with you now? What loose action are you bound for?

**Come, what comrades are you to meet withal?
Where 's the supper? Where 's the rendezvous?**

Quick. Indeed, and in every good sober [5
truth, sir —

Touch 'Indeed, and in very good sober truth, sir'! Behind my back thou wilt swear faster than a French footboy, and talk more bawdily than a common midwife, and now [10 'indeed and in very good sober truth, sir'! But if a privy search should be made, with what furniture are you rigged now? Sirrah, I tell thee, I am thy master, William Touchstone, goldsmith, and thou my prentice, [15 Francis Quicksilver, and I will see whither you are running Work upon that now!

Quick. Why, sir, I hope a man may use his recreation with his master's profit.

Touch Prentices' recreations are seldom [20
with their masters' profit. Work upon that
now! You shall give up your cloak, though
you be no alderman. Heyday, Ruffians!
Hall! Sword, pumps, here 's a racket indeed!

Touchstone uncloaks Quicksilver

Quick Work upon that now! 25

Touch. Thou shameless varlet, dost thou jest at thy lawful master contrary to thy indentures?

Quick. Why, 'sblood, sir, my mother's a

⁵ (*Westward Ho!* by Dekker and Webster, produced by the children of Paul's, 1604) ⁶ God . . . even: a conventional salutation (alluding to the fashion of nondescript play-titles like *What You Will, As You Like It*) ¹¹ enforce'd: strained Sc I S D several: different ¹⁹ with: in harmony with ²²⁻²³ though . . . alderman: (Aldermen wore silken gowns instead of wool cloaks; see *Shoemakers' Holiday*, III i.) ²⁵⁻²⁶ Ruffians' Hall: nickname of a field in West Smithfield, a duelling resort ²⁸ indentures: articles of apprenticeship

gentlewoman, and my father a Justice of [30 Peace and of Quorum' And though I am a younger brother and a prentice, yet I hope I am my father's son; and, by God's lid, 't is for your worship and for your commodity that I keep company. I am entertained among [35 gallants, true! They call me cousin Frank, right! I lend them moneys, good! They spend it, well! But when they are spent, must not they strive to get more, must not their land fly? And to whom? Shall not [40 your worship ha' the refusal? Well, I am a good member of the City, if I were well considered. How would merchants thrive, if gentlemen would not be unthrifths? How could gentlemen be unthrifths, if their humours were [45 not fed? How should their humours be fed but by white-meat and cunning secondings? Well, the city might consider us I am going to an ordinary now: the gallants fall to play, I carry light gold with me; the gallants call, 'Cousin [50 Frank, some gold for silver!'; I change, gain by it; the gallants lose the gold, and then call, 'Cousin Frank, lend me some silver!' Why —

Touch. Why? I cannot tell. Seven-score pound art thou out in the cash; but look [55 to it, I will not be gallanted out of my moneys. And as for my rising by other men's fall, God shield me! Did I gain my wealth by ordinaries? No! By exchanging of gold? No! By keeping of gallants' company? No! I [60 hired me a little shop, fought low, took small gain, kept no debt-book, garnished my shop, for want of plate, with good wholesome thrifty sentences, as 'Touchstone, keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee' 'Light gains [65 makes heavy purses.' 'T is good to be merry and wise' And when I was wived, having something to stick to, I had the horn of suretyship ever before my eyes. You all know the device of the horn, where the [70 young fellow slips in at the butt-end, and comes squeezed out at the buckle. And I grew up, and, I praise Providence, I bear my brows now as high as the best of my neighbours: but thou — well, look to the accounts; [75 your father's bond lies for you; seven-score pound is yet in the rear.

Quick. Why, 'slid, sir, I have as good, as proper, gallants' words for it as any are in London; gentlemen of good phrase, perfect [80

language, passingly behaved; gallants that wear socks and clean linen, and call me 'kind cousin Frank,' 'good cousin Frank,' for they know my father: and, by God's lid, shall I not trust 'em? Not trust! 85

Enter a Page, as inquiring for Touchstone's shop

Gold. What do ye lack, sir? What is 't you 'll buy, sir?

Touch. Ay, marry, sir; there's a youth of another piece. There's thy fellow-prentice, as good a gentleman born as thou art; nay, [90 and better meant. But does he pump it, or racket it? Well, if he thrive not, if he outlast not a hundred such crackling bavons as thou art, God and men neglect industry!

Gold. It is his shop, and here my master [95 walks. *To the Page.*

Touch. With me, boy?

Page. My master, Sir Petronel Flash, recommends his love to you, and will instantly visit you. 100

Touch. To make up the match with my eldest daughter, my wife's dilling, whom she longs to call madam. He shall find me unwillingly ready, boy. *Exit Page.*

There's another affliction too. As I have [105 two prentices, the one of a boundless prodigality, the other of a most hopeful industry, so have I only two daughters. the eldest of a proud ambition and nice wantonness, the other of a modest humility and comely sober- [110 ness. The one must be ladyfied, forsooth, and be attired just to the court cut-and-long-tail. So far is she ill natured to the place and means of my preferment and fortune, that she throws all the contempt and despite [115 hatred itself can cast upon it. Well, a piece of land she has, — 't was her grandmother's gift: let her, and her Sir Petronel, flash out that! But as for my substance, she that scorns me, as I am a citizen and tradesman, [120 shall never pamper her pride with my industry, shall never use me as men do foxes. keep themselves warm in the skin, and throw the body that bare it to the dunghill. I must go entertain this Sir Petronel. Golding, [125 my utmost care 's for thee, and only trust in thee; look to the shop. As for you, Master Quicksilver, think of husks, for thy course is

²¹ of Quorum: one of the superior justices with executive powers ²⁴ commodity: profit ⁴¹ refusal: opportunity to lend ⁴⁷ white-meat: dainty fare ⁴⁹ ordinary: restaurant ⁵⁰ light: of less than legal weight ⁶¹ fought low: used caution (a wrestling term) ⁶⁸⁻⁶⁹ horn of suretyship: (contemporary moral drawing, illustrating the peril of borrowing; further described in the next sentence) ⁷³ buckle: curve of the horn ⁷⁵ lies: is pledged ⁸⁴⁻⁸⁷ (The prentice's conventional appeal for trade) ⁸¹ meant: provided with wealth ⁸⁸ bavons: bundles of brushwood ⁸⁹ Petronel: (name of a light gun, carbine) ¹⁰⁸ dilling: darling ¹⁰⁹ nice: foolish ¹¹⁸⁻¹¹⁹ cut-and-long-tail: whim (alluding to types of dogs) ¹¹⁸ ill natured: antipathetic

running directly to the Prodigal's hog's-trough.
Husks, sirrah! Work upon that now. 130

Exit Touchstone.

Quick. Marry faugh, Goodman flat-cap!
'Sfoot! though I am a prentice, I can give
arms; and my father's a Justice-o'-Peace
by descent, and 'sblood —

Gold. Fie, how you swear! 135

Quick. 'Sfoot, man, I am a gentleman,
and may swear by my pedigree, God's my
life! Sirrah Golding, wilt be ruled by a fool?
Turn good fellow, turn swaggering gallant,
and let the welkin roar, and Erebus also. 140
Look not westward to the fall of Don Phœbus,
but to the East. Eastward Ho!

Where radiant beams of lusty Sol appear,
And bright Eous makes the welkin clear

We are both gentlemen, and therefore 145
should be no coxcombs; let 's be no longer
fools to this flat-cap Touchstone Eastward,
bully! This satin belly and canvas-backed
Touchstone! 'slife, man, his father was a
malt-man, and his mother sold ginger-bread 150
in Christ-church!

Gold. What would ye ha' me do?

Quick. Why, do nothing, be like a gentle-
man, be idle, the curse of man is labour.
Wipe thy bum with testons, and make 155
ducks and drakes with shillings. What, East-
ward Ho! Wilt thou cry, 'What is 't ye lack?',
stand with a bare pate and a dropping nose
under a wooden pent-house, and art a gentle-
man? Wilt thou bear tankards, and may'st 160
bear arms? Be ruled, turn gallant, Eastward
Ho! Ta, lirra, lirra, ro! 'Who calls Jeronimo?
Speak, here I am!' God's so, how like a sheep
thou look'st! O' my conscience some cowherd
begot thee, thou Golding of Golding Hall! 165
Ha, boy?

Gold. Go, ye are a prodigal coxcomb! I
a cowherd's son, because I turn not a drunken
whore-hunting rake-hell like thyself!

Quick. Rake-hell! Rake-hell! 170
*Offers to draw, and Golding trips up
his heels and holds him*

Gold. Pish, in soft terms ye are a cow-
ardly bragging boy! I'll ha' you whipped

Quick. Whipped? That's good, i' faith!
Untruss me?

Gold. No, thou wilt undo thyself Alas, 175

I behold thee with pity, not with anger, thou
common shot-clog, gull of all companies; me-
thinks I see thee already walking in Moor-
fields without a cloak, with half a hat, without
a band, a doublet with three buttons, with- 180
out a girdle, a hose with one point and no
garter, with a cudgel under thine arm, borrow-
ing and begging threepence.

Quick. Nay, 'slife, take this and take all!
As I am a gentleman born, I'll be drunk, 185
grow valiant, and beat thee. *Exit.*

Gold. Go, thou most madly vain, whom
nothing can recover but that which reclaims
atheists, and makes great persons sometimes
religious: calamity. As for my place and 190
life, thus I have read: —

Whate'er some vainer youth may term disgrace,
The gain of honest pains is never base;
From trades, from arts, from valour, honour
springs; 194

These three are founts of gentry, yea, of kings.

[Exit.]

[SCENE II.]

A Room in Touchstone's House]

*Enter Gertrude, Mildred, Beltrice, and Poldavy
a tailor, Poldavy with a fair gown, Scotch
farthingale, and French fall in his arms;
Gertrude in a French head-attire and citizen's
gown, Mildred sewing, and Beltrice leading
a monkey after her*

Ger. For the passion of patience, look if
Sir Petronel approach, that sweet, that fine,
that delicate, that — for love's sake, tell me
if he come O sister Mill, though my father
be a low-capped tradesman, yet I must be a 15
lady; and, I praise God, my mother must
call me Medam Does he come? Off with
this gown, for shame's sake, off with this
gown; let not my knight take me in the
city-cut in any hand. Tear 't, pax on 't! — 10
does he come? — tear 't off. *[Sings.]* 'Thus
whilst she sleeps, I sorrow for her sake,' &c.

Mil. Lord, sister, with what an immodest
impatience and disgraceful scorn do you put
off your City tire; I am sorry to think you 15
imagine to right yourself in wronging that
which hath made both you and us.

Ger. I tell you I cannot endure it, I must

131 *goodman flat-cap:* Mister Merchant 132-133 *give arms:* claim gentry 140 *let . . . also:*
(Pistol's rant in 2 *Henry IV.*, II. iv) 141 *Don Phœbus:* the sun 144 *Eous:* the dawn *welkin:*
sky 148 *satin . . . backed:* pretentious before and cheap behind 148 *testons:* sixpenny-pieces
150 *wooden pent-house:* shutter of the shop 161 *ruled:* advised 162-163 *Who . . . am:* (*Spanish*
Tragedy, II. v 4) 160 *rake-hell:* rascal 174 *Untruss:* prepare for spanking 177 *shot-clog:* dupe
178-179 *Moorfields:* unsavory section beyond the north wall of London 180 *band:* collar 181 *point:*
tape fastening 188 *recover:* cure s d *farthingale:* hooped skirt *fall:* flat collar 1 *Medam:*
(an affected pronunciation) 10 *-cut:* fashion in . . . hand: by any means 11-12 *Thus . . . sake:*
(from one of John Dowland's 'ayres,' 1597) 15 *tire:* attire

be a lady: do you wear your coif with a London licket, your stammel petticoat with 20 two guards, the buffin gown with the tuff-taffety cape, and the velvet lace. I must be a lady, and I will be a lady. I like some humours of the city dames well: to eat cherries only at an angel a pound, good! 25 To dye rich scarlet black, pretty! To line a gromgram gown clean thorough with velvet, tolerable! Their pure linen, their smocks of three pounds a smock, are to be borne withal! But your mincing niceries, taffata pipkins, 30 durance petticoats, and silver bodkins — God's my life, as I shall be a lady, I cannot endure it! Is he come yet? Lord, what a long knight 't is! — [Sings] 'And ever she cried, Shoot home!' — and yet I knew one longer 35 'And ever she cried, Shoot home!' Fa, la, ly, re, lo, la!

Mil. Well, sister, those that scorn their nest, oft fly with a sick wing.

Ger. Bow-bell! 40

Mil. Where titles presume to thrust before fit means to second them, wealth and respect often grow sullen, and will not follow. For sure in this I would for your sake I spake not truth: Where ambition of place 45 goes before fitness of birth, contempt and disgrace follow. I heard a scholar once say that Ulysses, when he counterfeited himself mad, yoked cats and foxes and dogs together to draw his plough, whilst he followed and 50 sowed salt, but sure I judge them truly mad that yoke citizens and courtiers, tradesmen and soldiers, a goldsmith's daughter and a knight. Well, sister, pray God my father sow not salt too. 55

Ger. Alas! Poor Mill, when I am a lady, I'll pray for thee yet, i' faith; nay, and I'll vouchsafe to call thee Sister Mill still; for though thou art not like to be a lady as I am, yet sure thou art a creature of God's 60 making, and mayest peradventure to be saved as soon as I — does he come? — [Sings] 'And ever and anon she doubled in her song' Now, lady's my comfort, what a profane ape's here! Tailor, Foldavis, prithe, fit it, fit it! Is 65 this a right Scot? Does it clip close, and bear up round?

Pol. Fine and stiffly, i' faith! 'T will keep your thighs so cool, and make your waist so

small; here was a fault in your body, but 70 I have supplied the defect with the effect of my steel instrument, which, though it have but one eye, can see to rectify the imperfection of the proportion.

Ger. Most edifying tailor! I protest you 75 tailors are most sanctified members, and make many crooked things go upright. How must I bear my hands? Light, light?

Pol. O, ay, now you are in the lady-fashion, you must do all things light. Tread 80 light, light. Ay, and fall so: that's the court-amble. *She trips about the stage.*

Ger. Has the court ne'er a trot?

Pol. No, but a false gallop, lady

Ger. 'And if she will not go to bed, —' 85 *Canal.*

Bel. The knight's come, forsooth.

Enter Sir Petronel, Master Touchstone, and Mistress Touchstone

Ger. Is my knight come? O the Lord, my band! Sister, do my cheeks look well? Give me a little box o' the ear that I may seem to blush; now, now! So, there, there, 90 there! Here he is. O my dearest delight! Lord, Lord, and how does my knight?

Touch. Fie, with more modesty!

Ger. Modesty! Why, I am no citizen now — modesty! Am I not to be married? 95 Y' are best to keep me modest, now I am to be a lady.

Sir Pet. Boldness is good fashion and court-like.

Ger. Ay, in a country lady I hope it is, 100 as I shall be. And how chance ye came no sooner, knight?

Sir Pet. 'Faith, I was so entertained in the Progress with one Count Epernour, a Welsh knight; we had a match at balloon 105 too with my Lord Whatchum for four crowns.

Ger. At baboon? Jesu! You and I will play at baboon in the country, knight.

Sir Pet. O, sweet lady, 't is a strong play with the arm 110

Ger. With arm or leg or any other member, if it be a Court sport. And when shall's be married, my knight?

Sir Pet. I come now to consummate it, and your father may call a poor knight 115 son-in-law.

¹⁰ coif: linen cap ²⁰ licket: flap (?) ^{stammel}: worsted ²¹ guards: trimmings ^{buffin}: coarse cloth ²¹⁻²⁵ tuff-taffety: tufted silk ²⁶ angel: about ten shillings ²⁷ gromgram: heavy silk
³⁰ pipkins: hats ³¹ durance: stout cloth ³⁴⁻³⁵ And . . . home: (from an old ballad) ³⁶ Shoot: ('shoute' Qq) ³⁶⁻⁴⁷ (The appearance of the page in Q 1 indicates that about nine lines have been cancelled) ⁴⁰ Bow-bell: cockney ⁴⁵ doubled: repeated a note in a higher or lower octave ⁶⁵ fit it: do your fitting ⁶⁶ Scot: Scotch farthingale ⁷⁰ instrument: needle ⁷⁷ things: ('thing' Q 1)
¹⁰⁰ country: belonging to the county aristocracy ¹⁰⁴ Progress: royal itinerary ¹⁰⁶ balloon: a game somewhat like football, played with the arms

Touch. Sir, ye are come. What is not mine to keep, I must not be sorry to forgo A hundred pounds land her grandmother left her; 't is yours; herself (as her mother's (120 gift) is yours. But if you expect aught from me, know my hand and mine eyes open together: I do not give blindly. Work upon that now!

Sir Pel. Sir, you mistrust not my means? (125 I am a knight.

Touch. Sir, sir, what I know not, you will give me leave to say I am ignorant of

Mist. Touch. Yes, that he is, a knight; I know where he had money to pay the (130 gentlemen-usurers and heralds their fees. Ay, that he is, a knight; and so might you have been too, if you had been aught else than an ass, as well as some of your neighbours And I thought you would not ha' been (135 knighted (as I am an honest woman) I would ha' dubbed you myself I praise God, I have wherewithal But as for you, daughter —

Ger. Ay, mother, I must be a lady tomorrow; and by your leave, mother (I speak (140 it not without my duty, but only in the right of my husband) I must take place of you, mother

Mist. Touch. That you shall, lady-daughter, and have a coach as well as I too. (145

Ger. Yes, mother. But by your leave, mother (I speak it not without my duty, but only in my husband's right) my coach-horses must take the wall of your coach-horses

Touch. Come, come, the day grows low: (150 't is supper-time Use my house; the wedding solemnity is at my wife's cost, thank me for nothing but my willing blessing, for, (I cannot feign) my hopes are faint And, sir, respect my daughter, she has refused for (155 you wealthy and honest matches, known good men, well-moneyed, better traded, best reputed.

Ger. Body o' truth! Chitizens, chitizens! Sweet knight, as soon as ever we are married, take me to thy mercy out of this miserable Chity; presently carry me out of the scent of Newcastle coal, and the hearing of Bow-bell; I beseech thee, down with me, for God's sake! (165

Touch. Well, daughter, I have read that old wit sings:

'The greatest rivers flow from little springs. Though thou art full, scorn not thy means at first; He that 's most drunk may soonest be athirst.'

Work upon that now!

All but Touchstone, Mildred, and Gold- ing depart. (171

No, no! Yond' stand my hopes Mildred, come hither, daughter! And how approve you your sister's fashion? How do you fancy her choice? What dost thou think? (175

Mil. I hope, as a sister, well

Touch. Nay but, nay but, how dost thou like her behaviour and humour? Speak freely.

Mil. I am loath to speak ill; and yet, I am sorry, of this I cannot speak well (180

Touch. Well! very good, as I would wish; a modest answer! Golding, come hither; hither, Golding! How dost thou like the knight, Sir Flash? Does he not look big? How lik'st thou the elephant? He says he (185 has a castle in the country

Gold. Pray heaven, the elephant carry not his castle on his back

Touch. 'Fore heaven, very well! But, seriously, how dost repute him? (190

Gold. The best I can say of him is, I know him not

Touch. Ha, Golding! I commend thee, I approve thee, and will make it appear my affection is strong to thee My wife has (195 her humour, and I will ha' mine. Dost thou see my daughter here? She is not fair. well-favoured or so, indifferent, which modest measure of beauty shall not make it thy only work to watch her, nor sufficient mischance (200 to suspect her Thou art towardly, she is modest, thou art provident, she is careful. She 's now mine, give me thy hand. She 's now thine Work upon that now!

Gold. Sir, as your son, I honour you; (205 and as your servant, obey you

Touch. Sayest thou so? Come hither, Mildred. Do you see yond' fellow? He is a gentleman, though my prentice, and has somewhat to take to, a youth of good hope, (210 well friended, well parted Are you mine? You are his Work you upon that now!

Mil. Sir, I am all yours. Your body gave me life; your care and love, happiness of life; let your virtue still direct it, for to your (215 wisdom I wholly dispose myself.

Touch. Say'st thou so? Be you two better acquainted. Lip her, lip her, knave! So, shut up shop, in! We must make holiday.

Exeunt Golding and Mildred.

This match shall on, for I intend to prove (220 Which thrives the best, the mean or lofty love.

¹¹⁹ A . . . land: land worth £ 100 a year ¹⁸¹ gentlemen-usurers: court flunkies
¹²⁶ place: precedence ¹⁵⁶ known: approved ¹⁸⁷ traded: established in business ¹⁹⁹ Chitizens: (a cockney pronunciation) ¹⁶⁸ Newcastle coal: (London burned "sea-coal," brought by water from Newcastle) ¹⁶⁴ down: into the country ¹⁸⁷ sings: who sings ¹⁹⁸ indifferent: tolerably
²⁰¹ towardly: promising ²¹⁰ take to: build on ²¹¹ parted: endowed

Whether fit wedlock vow'd 'twixt like and like,
Or prouder hopes, which daringly o'erstrike
Their place and means. 'Tis honest time's
expense,

When seeming lightness bears a moral sense. 225
Work upon that now. *Exit.*

Actus secundi Scena prima

[*Goldsmith's Row*]

*Touchstone, Golding, and Mildred, sitting on
either side of the stall*

Touch. Quicksilver! Master Francis Quicksilver! Master Quicksilver!

Enter Quicksilver

Quick. Here, sir — ump!

Touch. So, sir; nothing but flat Master Quicksilver (without any familiar addition) [5
will fetch you! Will you truss my points, sir?

Quick. Ay, forsooth — ump!

Touch. How now, sir? The drunken hiccup so soon this morning? 10

Quick. 'Tis but the coldness of my stomach, forsooth!

Touch. What, have you the cause natural for it? Y' are a very learned drunkard; I believe I shall miss some of my silver spoons [15
with your learning. The nuptial night will not moisten your throat sufficiently, but the morning likewise must rain her dews into your gluttonous weasand.

Quick. An 't please you, sir, we did but [20
drink — ump! — to the coming off of the knightly bridegroom.

Touch. To the coming off on him?

Quick. Ay, forsooth! We drunk to his coming on — ump! — when we went to bed; [25
and now we are up, we must drink to his coming off; for that's the chief honour of a soldier, sir; and therefore we must drink so much the more to it, forsooth — ump!

Touch. A very capital reason! So that [30
you go to bed late, and rise early to commit drunkenness; you fulfill the Scripture very sufficient wickedly, forsooth!

Quick. The knight's men, forsooth, be still o' their knees at it — ump! — and because [35
't is for your credit, sir, I would be loath to flinch.

Touch. I pray, sir, e'en to 'em again, then; y' are one of the separated crew, one

of my wife's faction, and my young lady's, [40
with whom, and with their great match, I will have nothing to do.

Quick. So, sir; now I will go keep my — ump! — credit with 'em, an 't please you, sir!

Touch. In any case, sir, lay one cup of [45
sack more o' your cold stomach, I beseech you!

Quick. Yes, forsooth! *Exit Quicksilver.*

Touch. This is for my credit; servants ever maintain drunkenness in their mas- [50
ter's house for their master's credit: a good idle serving-man's reason. I thank Time, the night is past! I ne'er waked to such cost; I think we have stowed more sorts of flesh in our bellies than ever Noah's ark received; [55
and for wine, why, my house turns giddy with it, and more noise in it than at a conduit. Ay me, even beasts condemn our gluttony! Well, 't is our city's fault, which, because we commit seldom, we commit the more sin- [60
fully, we lose no time in our sensuality, but we make amends for it O that we would do so in virtue and religious negligences! But see, here are all the sober parcels my house can show. I'll eavesdrop, hear what thoughts [65
they utter this morning [*He retires.*]

Enter Golding

Gold. But is it possible that you, seeing your sister preferred to the bed of a knight, should contain your affections in the arms of a prentice? 70

Mil. I had rather make up the garment of my affections in some of the same piece, than, like a fool, wear gowns of two colours, or mix sackcloth with satin

Gold. And do the costly garments — the [75
title and fame of a lady, the fashion, observation, and reverence proper to such preferment — no more inflame you than such convenience as my poor means and industry can offer to your virtues? 80

Mil. I have observed that the bridle given to those violent flatteries of fortune is seldom recovered; they bear one headlong in desire from one novelty to another, and where those ranging appetites reign, there is ever more [85
passion than reason: no stay, and so no happiness. These hasty advancements are not natural. Nature hath given us legs to go to our objects, not wings to fly to them.

Gold. How dear an object you are to my [90
desires I cannot express; whose fruition would

²²⁴ honest . . . expense: time well spent ²²⁵ lightness: triviality bears . . . sense: has a good purpose II. i. s. d. (Qq. add 'Quicksilver') ⁴ truss my points: tie the laces of my horse ⁵ Scripture: (Isaiah V. 11) ⁶ waked: kept awake ⁷ conduit: public hydrant (gossiping-place for servants) ⁸ s. d. (*I e.*, Golding comes forward, with Mildred) ⁹ preferred: advanced ¹⁰ contain: confine ⁷⁸ convenience: comforts ⁸⁰ stay: support

my master's absolute consent and yours vouchsafe me, I should be absolutely happy. And though it were a grace so far beyond my merit that I should blush with unworthiness to receive it, yet thus far both my love and my means shall assure your requital: you shall want nothing fit for your birth and education; what increase of wealth and advancement the honest and orderly industry and skill of our trade will afford in any, I doubt not will be aspired by me. I will ever make your contentment the end of my endeavours; I will love you above all; and only your grief shall be my misery, and your delight my felicity. 105

Touch. Work upon that now! By my hopes, he woos honestly and orderly; he shall be anchor of my hopes! Look, see the ill-yoked monster, his fellow!

Enter Quicksilver unlaced, a towel about his neck, in his flat-cap, drunk

Quick. Eastward Ho! Holla, ye pampered jades of Asia! 110

Touch. Drunk now downright, o' my fidelity!

Quick. Ump! Puldo, puldo! Showse, quoth the caliver. 115

Gold. Fie, fellow Quicksilver, what a pickle are you in!

Quick. Pickle? Pickle in thy throat; zounds, pickle! Wa, ha, ho! Good-morrow, knight Petronel; morrow, lady Goldsmith; come off, knight, with a counter-buff, for the honour of knighthood 120

Gold. Why, how now, sir? Do ye know where you are?

Quick. Where I am? Why, 'sblood, you jolthead, where I am. 125

Gold. Go to, go to, for shame! Go to bed and sleep out this immodesty. thou sham'st both my master and his house

Quick. Shame? What shame? I thought thou wouldst show thy bringing-up; and thou wert a gentleman as I am, thou wouldst think it no shame to be drunk. Lend me some money, save my credit, I must dine with the serving-men and their wives — and their wives, sirrah! 135

Gold. E'en who you will; I'll not lend thee threepence.

Quick. 'Sfoot, lend me some money! 'Hast thou not Hiren here?' 140

Touch. Why, how now, sirrah? What vein's this, ha?

Quick. 'Who cries on murder? Lady, was it you?' How does our master? Pray thee cry, Eastward Ho! 145

Touch. Sirrah, sirrah, y' are past your hucup now, I see y' are drunk —

Quick. 'T is for your credit, master

Touch. And hear you keep a whore in town — 150

Quick. 'T is for your credit, master.

Touch. And what you are out in cash, I know

Quick. So do I; my father's a gentleman. Work upon that now! Eastward Ho! 155

Touch. Sir, Eastward Ho will make you go Westward Ho. I will no longer dishonest my house, nor endanger my stock with your license. There, sir, there's your indenture; all your apparel (that I must know) is on your back, and from this time my door is shut to you from me be free, but for other freedom, and the moneys you have wasted, Eastward Ho shall not serve you.

Quick. Am I free o' my fetters? Rent, fly with a duck in thy mouth! And now I tell thee, Touchstone — 165

Touch. Good sir —

Quick. 'When this eternal substance of my soul' —

Touch. Well said, change your gold-ends for your play-ends 170

Quick. 'Did live imprison'd in my wanton flesh' —

Touch. What then, sir?

Quick. 'I was a courtier in the Spanish Court,

And Don Andrea was my name.' 175

Touch. Good Master Don Andrea, will you march?

Quick. Sweet Touchstone, will you lend me two shillings?

Touch. Not a penny! 180

Quick. Not a penny? I have friends, and I have acquaintance; I will piss at thy shop-posts, and throw rotten eggs at thy sign. Work upon that now! *Exit staggering.*

Touch. Now, surrah, you; hear you? You shall serve me no more neither — not an hour longer. 185

Gold. What mean you, sir?

Touch. I mean to give thee thy freedom,

110-111 *Holla . . . Asia:* (from Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, part II) 114, 118 *Puldo:* sound of belching
Showse . . . caliver: "Bang," said the gun 128 *jolthead:* blockhead 131 and: if 139-140 *Hast . . .*
here: (apparently from a lost play by Peele; quoted also by Pistol in 2 *Henry IV*) 142-144 *Who . . .*
you: (mimicking a line in Chapman's *Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, ix. 49, 'Who calls out murder? Lady, was it you?') Repeated also in Jonson's *Poetaster*, III iv 259) 147 *Westward Ho:* (i.e., to the gallows at Tyburn) *dishonest:* corrupt 148 *stock:* property 169-175 (Cf. *Spanish Tragedy*, I. i)

and with thy freedom my daughter, and (190
with my daughter a father's love. And with
all these such a portion as shall make Knight
Petronel himself envy thee! 'Y' are both agreed,
are ye not?

Ambo. With all submission, both of (195
thanks and duty.

Touch. Well, then, the great Power of
heaven bless and confirm you! And, Gold-
ing, that my love to thee may not show less
than my wife's love to my eldest daughter, (200
thy marriage-feast shall equal the knight's
and hers.

Gold. Let me beseech you, no, sir; the
superfluity and cold meat left at their nuptials
will with bounty furnish ours. The grossest (205
prodigality is superfluous cost of the belly;
nor would I wish any invitemet of states or
friends, only your reverent presence and wit-
ness shall sufficiently grace and confirm us.

Touch. Son to mine own bosom, take her (210
and my blessing. The nice fondling, my
lady, sir-reverence, that I must not now
presume to call daughter, is so ravished with
desire to hansom her new coach, and see her
knight's Eastward Castle, that the next (215
morning will sweat with her busy setting forth.
Away will she and her mother, and while their
preparation is making, ourselves, with some
two or three other friends, will consummate
the humble match we have in God's name (220
concluded.

'T is to my wish; for I have often read
Fit birth, fit age, keeps long a quiet bed
'T is to my wish; for tradesmen (well 't is known)
Get with more ease than gentry keeps his own (225

Exit [following Golding and Mildred].

[SCENE II — *Security's House*]

Security solus

Sec. My privy guest, lusty Quicksilver, has
drunk too deep of the bridle-bowl; but with a
little sleep, he is much recovered, and, I think,
is making himself ready to be drunk in a
gallanter likeness. My house is, as 't were, (5
the cave where the young outlaw hoards the
stolen vails of his occupation, and here, when
he will revel it in his prodigal similitude, he
retires to his trunks, and (I may say softly) his
punks: he dares trust me with the keeping (10
of both; for I am Security itself; my name is
Security, the famous usurer.

*Enter Quicksilver in his prentice's coat and
cap, his gallant breeches and stockings,
gartering himself, Security following*

Quick. Come, old Security, thou father of
destruction! Th' indented sheepskin is burned
wherein I was wrapped; and I am now loose (15
to get more children of perdition into thy usu-
rous bonds. Thou feed'st my lechery, and I thy
covetousness; thou art pandar to me for my
wench, and I to thee for thy cozenages. Ka
me, ka thee, runs through court and country. (20

Sec. Well said, my subtle Quicksilver!
These k's ope the doors to all this world's
felicity; the dullest forehead sees it. Let not
master courtier think he carries all the knavery
on his shoulders. I have known poor Hob (25
in the country, that has worn hob-nails on 's
shoes, have as much villainy in 's head as he
that wears gold buttons in 's cap.

Quick. Why, man, 't is the London high-
way to thrift, if virtue be used, 't is but as (30
a scrap to the net of villainy. They that
use it simply, thrive simply, I warrant. Weight
and fashion makes goldsmiths cuckolds

*Enter Sindefy, with Quicksilver's doublet, cloak,
rapiet, and dagger*

Sin. Here, sir, put off the other half of
your prenticeship (35

Quick. Well said, sweet Sin! Bring forth
my bravery.

Now let my trunks shoot forth their silks
conceal'd

I now am free, and now will justify
My trunks and punks. Avaunt, dull flat-cap,
then!

Via, the curtain that shadow'd Borgia! (40
There lie, thou husk of my envassal'd state,
I, Samson, now have burst the Philistines'
bands,

And in thy lap, my lovely Dalida,
I 'll lie and snore out my enfranchis'd state.

'When Samson was a tall young man, (45
His power and strength increas'd than;
He sold no more nor cup nor can;
But did them all despise
Old Touchstone, now write to thy friends
For one to sell thy base gold-ends; (50
Quicksilver now no more attends
'Thee, Touchstone.'

But, Dad, hast thou seen my running gelding
dressed to-day?

²⁰⁷ states: dignified persons ²⁰⁸ reverent: reverend ²¹¹ nice fondling: spoiled darling ²¹² sir-
reverence: all respect to her! ²¹⁴ hansom: get the first taste of ¹ gallanter likeness: courtlier cos-
tume ⁷ vails: profits ⁸ in . . . similitude: like the Prodigal ¹⁰ punks: harlots ¹¹ cozenages:
frauds ¹²⁻²⁰ Ka . . . thee: One good turn deserves another ²² k's: (pun on "keys," similarly
pronounced) ⁴⁰ Via: begone ^{curtain}: the apprentice costume ^{Borgia}: symbol of riotous splen-
dor ⁴² bands: bonds ⁴³ Dalida: Delilah ⁴⁴⁻⁴⁵ (Parody of an old ballad) ⁴⁴ dressed: groomed

Sec. That I have, Frank. The ostler [55
o' th' Cock dressed him for a breakfast.

Quick. What, did he eat him?

Sec. No, but he eat his breakfast for dressing him; and so dressed him for breakfast.

Quick. O witty age, where age is young in wit, 60
And all youth's words have gray beards full of it!

Sin. But alas, Frank, how will all this be maintained now? Your place maintained it before.

Quick. Why, and I maintained my [65
place. I'll to the Court, another manner of place for maintenance, I hope, than the silly City! 'I heard my father say, I heard my mother sing, an old song and a true!' Thou art a she-fool, and know'st not what be- [70
longs to our male wisdom. I shall be a merchant, forsooth, trust my estate in a wooden trough as he does! What are these ships but tennis-balls for the winds to play withal? Tossed from one wave to another, now [75
under line, now over the house: sometimes brick-walled against a rock, so that the guts fly out again; sometimes strook under the wide hazard, and farewell, master merchant!

Sin. Well, Frank, well! The seas, you [80
say, are uncertain; but he that sails in your court seas shall find 'em ten times fuller of hazard; wherein to see what is to be seen is torment more than a free spirit can endure. But when you come to suffer, how many [85
injuries swallow you! What care and devotion must you use to humour an imperious lord, proportion your looks to his looks, smiles to his smiles, fit your sails to the wind of his breath!

Quick. Tush, he's no journeyman in his [90
craft that cannot do that!

Sin. But he's worse than a prentice that does it; not only humouring the lord, but every trencher-bearer, every groom, that by indulgence and intelligence crept into his [95
favour, and by pandarism into his chamber. he rules the roast; and when my honourable lord says it shall be thus, my worshipful rascal, the groom of his close-stool, says it shall not be thus, claps the door after him, [100
and who dares enter? A prentice, quoth you? 'T is but to learn to live; and does that disgrace a man? He that rises hardly stands firmly; but he that rises with ease, alas, falls as easily!

Quick. A pox on you! Who taught you [105
this morality?

Sec. 'T is 'long of this witty age, Master

Francis. But, indeed, Mistress Sindefy, all trades complain of inconvenience, and therefore 't is best to have none. The merchant, [110
he complains and says, 'Traffic is subject to much uncertainty and loss.' Let 'em keep their goods on dry land, with a vengeance, and not expose other men's substances to the mercy of the winds, under protection of a [115
wooden wall (as Master Francis says); and all for greedy desire to enrich themselves with unconscionable gain, two for one, or so; where I, and such other honest men as live by lending money, are content with moderate profit; [120
thirty or forty i' th' hundred, so we may have it with quietness, and out of peril of wind and weather, rather than run those dangerous courses of trading, as they do.

Quick. Ay, Dad, thou mayst well be [125
called Security, for thou takest the safest course

Sec. Faith, the quieter, and the more contented, and, out of doubt, the more godly. For merchants, in their courses, are never [130
pleased, but ever repining against heaven: one prays for a westerly wind to carry his ship forth; another for an easterly to bring his ship home, and at every shaking of a leaf he falls into an agony to think what danger his ship [135
is in on such a coast, and so forth. The farmer, he is ever at odds with the weather. sometimes the clouds have been too barren; sometimes the heavens forget themselves, their harvests answer not their hopes; sometimes the [140
season falls out too fruitful, corn will bear no price, and so forth. Th' artificer, he's all for a stirring world, if his trade be too dull, and fall short of his expectation, then falls he out of joint. Where we that trade nothing but [145
money are free from all this, we are pleased with all weathers, let it rain or hold up, be calm or windy, let the season be whatsoever, let trade go how it will, we take all in good part, e'en what please the heavens to send us, so [150
the sun stand not still, and the moon keep her usual returns, and make up days, months, and years —

Quick. And you have good security!

Sec. Ay, marry, Frank, that 's the [155
special point.

Quick. And yet, forsooth, we must have trades to live withal; for we cannot stand without legs, nor fly without wings, and a number of such scurvy phrases. No, I say [160
still, he that has wit, let him live by his wit; he that has none, let him be a tradesman.

⁵⁵ Cock: Cock Tavern ⁷⁶ under line: (tennis term)
⁷⁸⁻⁷⁹ wide hazard: (tennis term)

⁸⁵ intelligence: tale-bearing ¹⁰⁷ 'long of: on account of
¹⁰⁸ (Something cancelled here in Q 1) ¹⁰⁸ such: such and such ¹⁴⁸ dull: (P. Simpson's emendation: 'full' Qq.)

Sec. Witty Master Francis! 'Tis pity any trade should dull that quick brain of yours! Do but bring Knight Petronel into my [165 parchment toils once, and you shall never need to toil in any trade, o' my credit. You know his wife's land?

Quick. Even to a foot, sir; I have been often there; a pretty fine seat, good land, [170 all entire within itself.

Sec. Well wooded?

Quick. Two hundred pounds' worth of wood ready to fell. And a fine sweet house, that stands just in the midst on 't, like a [175 prick in the midst of a circle; would I were your farmer, for a hundred pound a year!

Sec. Excellent Master Francis, how I do long to do thee good! How I do hunger and thirst to have the honour to enrich thee! [180 Ay, even to die that thou mightest inherit my living, even hunger and thirst! For o' my religion, Master Francis — and so tell Knight Petronel — I do it to do him a pleasure.

Quick. Marry, Dad, his horses are now [185 coming up to bear down his lady; wilt thou lend him thy stable to set 'em in?

Sec. Faith, Master Francis, I would be loath to lend my stable out of doors; in a greater matter I will pleasure him, but not [190 in this.

Quick. A pox of your hunger and thirst! Well, Dad, let him have money, all he could any way get is bestowed on a ship now bound for Virginia; the frame of which voyage is [195 so closely conveyed that his new lady nor any of her friends know it. Notwithstanding, as soon as his lady's hand is gotten to the sale of her inheritance, and you have furnished him with money, he will instantly hoist sail [200 and away.

Sec. Now, a frank gale of wind go with him, Master Frank. We have too few such knight adventurers. Who would not sell away competent certainties to purchase, [205 with any danger, excellent uncertainties? Your true knight venturer ever does it. Let his wife seal to-day, he shall have his money to-day.

Quick. To-morrow she shall, Dad, before [210 she goes into the country; to work her with that action with the more engines, I purpose presently to prefer my sweet Sun here to the place of her gentlewoman; whom you (for the more credit) shall present as your [215 friend's daughter, a gentlewoman of the

country, new come up with a will for awhile to learn fashions, forsooth, and be toward some lady, and she shall buzz pretty devices into her lady's ear, feeding her humours so serv- [220 iceably, as the manner of such as she is, you know —

Sec. True, good Master Francis!

Quick. That she shall keep her port open to anything she commends to her. [225

Sec. O' my religion, a most fashionable project; as good she spoil the lady, as the lady spoil her, for 't is three to one of one side. Sweet Mistress Sin, how are you bound to Master Francis! I do not doubt to see you [230 shortly wed one of the head men of our city.

Sin. But, sweet Frank, when shall my father Security present me?

Quick. With all festination; I have broken the ice to it already; and will presently to [235 the knight's house, whither, my good old Dad, let me pray thee with all formality to man her.

Sec. Command me, Master Francis, I do hunger and thirst to do thee service. Come, sweet Mistress Sin, take leave of my Winn- [240 fred, and we will instantly meet frank Master Francis at your lady's.

Enter Winnifred above

Win. Where is my Cu there? Cu?

Sec. Ay, Winnie!

Win. Wilt thou come in, sweet Cu? [245

Sec. Ay, Winnie, presently!

Exeunt [all but Quicksilver].

Quick. Ay, Winnie, quod he! That's all he can do, poor man, he may well cut off her name at Winnie. O 't is an egregious pandar! What will not an usurous knave be, so he [250 may be rich? O 'tis a notable Jew's trump! I hope to live to see dogs' meat made of the old usurer's flesh, dice of his bones, and indentures of his skin; and yet his skin is too thick to make parchment, 't would make good [255 boots for a peterman to catch salmon in. Your only smooth skin to make fine vellum is your Puritan's skin; they be the smoothest and slickest knaves in a country. [Exit.]

[SCENE III. — *Before Sir Petronel's Lodging*]

Enter Sir Petronel in boots, with a riding wan [followed by Quicksilver]

Pet. I'll out of this wicked town as fast as my horse can trot. Here's now no good action for a man to spend his time in. Taverns

¹⁷⁷ farmer: tenant ¹⁸⁰ out of doors: to strangers ¹⁸⁶ frame: plan ²¹² engines: contrivances
²¹⁸ toward: expecting service with ²²⁴ festination: haste ²²⁷ man: escort ²⁴⁴ Cu: (Security's pet name)
²⁴⁷ quod: said ²⁵¹ Jew's trump: Jew's harp, i.e., Jew ²⁵⁶ peterman: fisherman
 Sc. III. s. d. wan: wand, stick (The scene clearly changes, but the original stage directions show that Quicksilver remained on the stage and Sir Petronel entered to him.)

grow dead; ordinaries are blown up; plays are at a stand; houses of hospitality at a fall; [5 not a feather waving, not a spur jingling anywhere. I'll away instantly.

Quick. Y'ad best take some crowns in your purse, knight, or else your Eastward Castle will smoke but miserably. 10

Pel. O, Frank, my castle! Alas, all the castles I have are built with air, thou know'st!

Quick. I know it, knight, and therefore wonder whither your lady is going.

Pel. Faith, to seek her fortune, I think [15 I said I had a castle and land eastward, and eastward she will, without contradiction, her coach and the coach of the sun must meet full butt. And the sun being out-shined with her ladyship's glory, she fears he goes westward [20 to hang himself

Quick. And I fear, when her enchanted castle becomes invisible, her ladyship will return and follow his example

Pel. O that she would have the grace, [25 for I shall never be able to pacify her, when she sees herself deceived so.

Quick. As easily as can be Tell her she mistook your directions, and that shortly yourself will down with her to approve it, [30 and then clothe but her crupper in a new gown, and you may drive her any way you list For these women, sir, are like Essex calves, you must wriggle 'em on by the tail still, or they will never drive orderly. 35

Pel. But, alas, sweet Frank, thou know'st my hability will not furnish her blood with those costly humours.

Quick. Cast that cost on me, sir I have spoken to my old pandar, Security, for [40 money or commodity, and commodity (if you will) I know he will procure you.

Pel. Commodity! Alas, what commodity?

Quick. Why, sir, what say you to figs and raisins? 45

Pel. A plague of figs and raisins, and all such frail commodities! We shall make nothing of 'em.

Quick. Why then, sir, what say you to forty pound in roasted beef? 50

Pel. Out upon 't! I have less stomach to that than to the figs and raisins I'll out of town, though I sojourn with a friend of mine; for stay here I must not; my creditors have laid to arrest me, and I have no friend under [55 heaven but my sword to bail me.

Quick. God's me, knight, put 'em in sufficient sureties, rather than let your sword bail you! Let 'em take their choice, either the King's Bench or the Fleet, or which of the [60 two Counters they like best, for, by the Lord, I like none of 'em

Pel. Well, Frank, there is no jesting with my earnest necessity; thou know'st if I make not present money to further my voyage [65 begun, all's lost, and all I have laid out about it

Quick. Why, then, sir, in earnest, if you can get your wise lady to set her hand to the sale of her inheritance, the bloodhound, [70 Security, will smell out ready money for you instantly

Pel. There spake an angel! To bring her to which conformity, I must feign myself extremely amorous; and alleging urgent [75 excuses for my stay behind, part with her as passionately as she would from her foisting hound

Quick. You have the sow by the right ear, sir I warrant there was never child longed [80 more to ride a-cock-horse or wear his new coat, than she longs to ride in her new coach She would long for everything when she was a maid, and now she will run mad for 'em. I lay my life, she will have every year four [85 children, and what charge and change of humour you must endure while she is with child, and how she will tie you to your tackling till she be with child, a dog would not endure. Nay, there is no turnspit dog bound to his [90 wheel more servilely than you shall be to her wheel, for as that dog can never climb the top of his wheel but when the top comes under him, so shall you never climb the top of her contentment but when she is under you. 95

Pel. 'Slight, how thou terrifiest me!

Quick. Nay, hark you, sir, what nurses, what midwives, what fools, what physicians, what cunning women must be sought for (fearing sometimes she is bewitched, some- [100 times in a consumption) to tell her tales, to talk bawdy to her, to make her laugh, to give her glisters, to let her blood under the tongue and betwixt the toes; how she will revile and kiss you, spit in your face, and lick it off [105 again, how she will vaunt you are her creature, she made you of nothing, how she could have had thousand-mark jointures; she could have been made a lady by a Scotch knight, and

¹⁸⁻¹⁹ full butt: in full career ³⁰ approve: prove ³⁴ still: constantly ³⁷ hability: ability, means blood; temper ⁴¹ commodity: dubiously marketable ware, to be turned into cash by the borrower ⁵⁰ pound: pounds sterling ⁵⁵ laid: set ambushes ⁵⁸ sureties: guarantees (with pun on "places of safe keeping") ⁶⁰⁻⁶¹ King's Bench . . . Counters: London prisons ⁶⁵ present: immediate ⁷⁷ foisting: ill-smelling ⁸⁸ charge: expense ⁹² change: inconstancy ⁹⁵ turnspit dog: dog harnessed to turn the spit on which meat was roasted ¹⁰⁰ glisters: clysters, enemases

never ha' married him; she could have had ¹¹⁰ poynados in her bed every morning; how she set you up, and how she will pull you down: you 'll never be able to stand of your legs to endure it.

Pel. Out of my fortune! what a death ¹¹⁵ is my life bound face to face to! The best is, a large time-fitted conscience is bound to nothing; marriage is but a form in the school of policy, to which scholars sit fastened only with painted chains. Old Security's young ¹²⁰ wife is ne'er the further off with me.

Quick. Thereby lies a tale, sir. The old usurer will be here instantly with my punk Sindefy, whom you know your lady has promised me to entertain for her gentlewoman; ¹²⁵ and he (with a purpose to feed on you) invites you most solemnly by me to supper.

Pel. It falls out excellently fitly. I see desire of gain makes jealous venturous.

Enter Gertrude

See, Frank, here comes my lady. Lord, ¹³⁰ how she views thee! She knows thee not, I think, in this bravery.

Ger. How now? Who be you, I pray?

Quick. One Master Francis Quicksilver, an't please your ladyship ¹³⁵

Ger. God's my dignity! As I am a lady, if he did not make me blush so that mine eyes stood a-water, would I were unmarried again! Where's my woman, I pray?

Enter Security and Sindefy

Quick. See, madam, she now comes to ¹⁴⁰ attend you.

Sec. God save my honourable knight and his worshipful lady!

Ger. Y' are very welcome! you must not put on your hat yet. ¹⁴⁵

Sec. No, madam; till I know your ladyship's further pleasure, I will not presume.

Ger. And is this a gentleman's daughter new come out of the country?

Sec. She is, madam; and one that her ¹⁵⁰ father hath a special care to bestow in some honourable lady's service, to put her out of her honest humours, forsooth; for she had a great desire to be a nun, an't please you.

Ger. A nun? What nun? A nun sub- ¹⁵⁵ stantive, or a nun adjective?

Sec. A nun substantive, madam, I hope, if a nun be a noun. But I mean, lady, a vowed maid of that order.

Ger. I'll teach her to be a maid of the ¹⁶⁰

order, I warrant you! And can you do any work belongs to a lady's chamber?

Sin. What I cannot do, madam, I would be glad to learn.

Ger. Well said, hold up, then; hold up ¹⁶⁵ your head, I say! Come hither a little.

Sin. I thank your ladyship.

Ger. And hark you — good man, you may put on your hat now; I do not look on you — I must have you of my faction now; not of ¹⁷⁰ my knight's, maid!

Sin. No, forsooth, madam, of yours.

Ger. And draw all my servants in my bow, and keep my counsel, and tell me tales, and put me riddles, and read on a book some- ¹⁷⁵ times when I am busy, and laugh at country gentlewomen, and command anything in the house for my retainers, and care not what you spend, for it is all mine; and in any case be still a maid, whatsoever you do, or whatsoever any man can do unto you. ¹⁸¹

Sec. I warrant your ladyship for that.

Ger. Very well, you shall ride in my coach with me into the country to-morrow morning. Come, knight, pray thee, let's make a short ¹⁸⁵ supper, and to bed presently.

Sec. Nay, good madam, this night I have a short supper at home waits on his worship's acceptance.

Ger. By my faith, but he shall not go, ¹⁹⁰ sir, I shall swoon and he sup from me.

Pel. Pray thee, forbear, shall he lose his provision?

Ger. Ay, by lady, sir, rather than I lose my longing. Come in, I say; as I am a lady, ¹⁹⁵ you shall not go.

Quick. [aside to Security] I told him what a burr he had gotten.

Sec. If you will not sup from your knight, madam, let me entreat your ladyship to sup ²⁰⁰ at my house with him.

Ger. No, by my faith, sir, then we cannot be abed soon enough after supper.

Pel. What a med'cine is this! — Well, Master Security, you are new married as ²⁰⁵ well as I; I hope you are bound as well. We must honour our young wives, you know.

Quick. [aside to Security] In policy, Dad, till to-morrow she has sealed.

Sec. I hope in the morning, yet, your ²¹⁰ knighthood will breakfast with me?

Pel. As early as you will, sir.

Sec. Thank your good worship; I do hunger and thirst to do you good, sir. ²¹⁴

Ger. Come, sweet knight, come; I do hunger and thirst to be abed with thee. *Exeunt.*

¹¹¹ poynados: panadas, bread puddings ¹¹⁵ Out of: Out upon! ¹¹⁷ large: liberal time-fitted: up to date, modern ¹²⁵ entertain: employ ¹³⁵ bravery: finery ¹⁴⁵ belongs: which belongs ¹⁷⁵ in my bow: to my faction ¹⁸⁵ pray: ('I pray' Q 3) ¹⁹¹ and: if ²⁰⁵ from: apart from

Actus tertii Scena prima

[Security's House]

Enter Petronel, Quicksilver, Security, Bramble, and Winsfred

Pet. Thanks for your feast-like breakfast, good Master Security; I am sorry (by reason of my instant haste to so long a voyage as Virginia) I am without means by any kind amends to show how affectionately I take [5 your kindness, and to confirm by some worthy ceremony a perpetual league of friendship betwixt us.

Sec. Excellent knight, let this be a token betwixt us of inviolable friendship. I am [10 new married to this fair gentlewoman, you know, and by my hope to make her fruitful, though I be something in years, I vow faithfully unto you to make you godfather (though in your absence) to the first child I am [15 bless'd withal; and henceforth call me gossip, I beseech you, if you please to accept it.

Pet. In the highest degree of gratitude, my most worthy gossip, for confirmation [20 of which friendly title, let me entreat my fair gossip, your wife here, to accept this diamond, and keep it as my gift to her first child, wheresoever my fortune, in event of my voyage, shall bestow me 25

Sec. How now, my coy wedlock, make you strange of so noble a favour? Take it, I charge you, with all affection, and, by way of taking your leave, present boldly your lips to our honourable gossip 30

Quick. [aside] How venturous he is to him, and how jealous to others!

Pet. Long may this kind touch of our lips print in our hearts all the forms of affection And now, my good gossip, if the writings [35 be ready to which my wife should seal, let them be brought this morning before she takes coach into the country, and my kindness shall work her to dispatch it

Sec. The writings are ready, sir My [40 learned counsel here, Master Bramble the lawyer, hath perused them, and within this hour I will bring the scrivener with them to your worshipful lady.

Pet. Good Master Bramble, I will here [45 take my leave of you, then God send you fortunate pleas, sir, and contentous clients!

Bram. And you foreright winds, sir, and a fortunate voyage!

*Exit.**Enter a Messenger*

Mes. Sir Petronel, here are three or four [50 gentlemen desire to speak with you

Pet. What are they?

Quick. They are your followers in this voyage, Knight, Captain Seagull and his associates; I met them this morning, and told them [55 you would be here

Pet. Let them enter, I pray you; I know they long to be gone, for their stay is dangerous

Enter Seagull, Scapethrifi, and Spendall

Sea. God save my honourable Colonel! 60

Pet. Welcome, good Captain Seagull and worthy gentlemen If you will meet my friend Frank here and me, at the Blue Anchor Tavern by Billingsgate this evening, we will there drink to our happy voyage, be merry, and take [65 boat to our ship with all expedition.

Spem. Defer it no longer, I beseech you, sir, but as your voyage is hitherto carried closely, and in another knight's name, so for your own safety and ours, let it be continued, [70 - our meeting and speedy purpose of departing known to as few as is possible, lest your ship and goods be attached

Quick. Well advised, Captain! Our colonel shall have money this morning to dispatch [75 all our departures Bring those gentlemen at night to the place appointed, and with our skins full of vintage we'll take occasion by the vantage, and away

Spem. We will not fail but be there, sir. [80

Pet. Good morrow, good Captain and my worthy associates. Health and all sovereignty to my beautiful gossip, for you, sir, we shall see you presently with the writings

Sec. With writings and crowns to my [85 honourable gossip I do hunger and thirst to do you good, sir! *Exeunt.*

Actus tertii Scena secunda

[An inn-yard]

Enter a Coachman in haste, in 's frock, feeding

Coach. Here 's a stir when citizens ride out of town, indeed, as if all the house were afire! 'Slight, they will not give a man leave to eat 's breakfast afore he rises!

Enter Hamlet, a footman, in haste

Ham. What, coachman! My lady's coach [95 for shame! Her ladyship 's ready to come down.

Enter Potkin, a tankard-bearer

⁵ amends: requital ¹⁶⁻¹⁷ gossip: one related by the sacrament of baptism ²⁴ event: outcome
²⁶⁻²⁷ make . . . strange: are you hesitant ⁴⁸ foreright: favorable ⁶⁸⁻⁶⁹ carried closely: prepared secretly Sc. II. ⁷ s. d. tankard-bearer: water-carrier

Pot. 'Sfoot, Hamlet, are you mad?
Whither run you now? You should brush up
my old mistress' [*Exit Hamlet.*] 10

Enter Sindefy

Sin. What, Potkin? You must put off your
tankard, and put on your blue coat and wait
upon Mistress Touchstone into the country.

Exit.

Pot. I will, forsooth, presently. *Exit.*

Enter Mistress Fond and Mistress Gazer

Fond. Come, sweet Mistress Gazer, let 's [15]
watch here, and see my Lady Flash take coach.

Gaz. O' my word, here 's a most fine place
to stand in. Did you see the new ship launched
last day, Mistress Fond?

Fond. O God, and we citizens should lose [20]
such a sight!

Gaz. I warrant here will be double as many
people to see her take coach as there were to
see it take water.

Fond. O she 's married to a most fine [25]
castle i' th' country, they say.

Gaz. But there are no giants in the castle,
are there?

Fond. O no; they say her knight killed
'em all, and therefore he was knighted [30]

Gaz. Would to God her ladyship would
come away!

*Enter Gertrude, Mistress Touchstone, Sindefy,
Hamlet, Polkin*

Fond. She comes, she comes, she comes!

Gaz. } Pray heaven bless your ladyship!
Fond. }

Ger. Thank you, good people! My [35]
coach! for the love of heaven, my coach! In
good truth I shall swoon else.

Ham. Coach, coach, my lady's coach!

Exit.

Ger. As I am a lady, I think I am with
child already, I long for a coach so. May [40]
one be with child afore they are married,
mother?

Mist Touch. Ay, by 'r lady, madam, a little
thing does that. I have seen a little prick
no bigger than a pin's head swell bigger and [45]
bigger till it has come to an ancome; and e'en
so 't is in these cases

Enter Hamlet

Ham. Your coach is coming, madam.

Ger. That 's well said. Now, heaven, me-

thinks I am e'en up to the knees in prefer- [50]
ment' [*sings*]

*But a little higher, but a little higher, but a little
higher:*

There, there, there lies Cupid's fire!

Mist. Touch. But must this young man,
an't please you, madam, run by your coach
all the way a-foot? [56]

Ger. Ay, by my faith, I warrant him! He
gives no other milk, as I have another servant
does [59]

Mist Touch. Alas, 't is e'en pity, methinks!
For God's sake, madam, buy him but a hobby-
horse; let the poor youth have something be-
twixt his legs to ease 'em Alas, we must do
as we would be done to! [64]

Ger. Go to, hold your peace, dame; you
talk like an old fool, I tell you!

Enter [Sir] Petronel and Quicksilver

Pet. Wilt thou be gone, sweet honeysuckle,
before I can go with thee?

Ger. I pray thee, sweet knight, let me, [69]
I do so long to dress up thy castle afore thou
com'st. But I marle how my modest sister
occupies herself this morning, that she cannot
wait on me to my coach, as well as her mother.

Quick. Marry, madam, she 's married by
this time to prentice Golding Your father, [75]
and some one more, stole to church with
'em in all the haste, that the cold meat left
at your wedding might serve to furnish their
nuptial table [79]

Ger. There 's no base fellow, my father, now!
But he 's e'en fit to father such a daughter:
he must call me daughter no more now; but
'madam,' and, 'please you, madam,' and
'please your worship, madam,' indeed Out [84]
upon him! marry his daughter to a base pre-
ntice!

Mist Touch. What should one do? Is there
no law for one that marries a woman's daughter
against her will? How shall we punish him,
madam? [90]

Ger. As I am a lady, an 't would snow,
we 'd so pebble 'em with snow-balls as they
come from church! But, sirrah, Frank Quick-
silver!

Quick. Ay, madam. [95]

Ger. Dost remember since thou and I
clapped what-d 'ye-call-'ts in the garret?

Quick. I know not what you mean, madam.

* *Hamlet* . . . mad: (jest at Shakespeare's *Hamlet*; the part was probably played by Robert Hamlett, an adult actor in 1611) ¹⁰ old mistress: Mistress Touchstone ¹¹ blue coat: footman's uniform ¹² come away: make her appearance ¹³ ancome: inflammation, felon ¹⁴⁻¹⁵ preferment: prosperity ¹⁶⁻¹⁷ (From a song by Thos. Campion) ¹⁸ gives . . . milk: has no other use ¹⁹ marle: marvel

Ger. [sings.] *His head as white as milk,
All flaxen was his hair;
But now he is dead, and laid in his bed,
And never will come again.
God be at your labour!*

Enter Touchstone, Golding, Mildred with rosemary

Pet. [aside.] Was there ever such a lady?

Quick. See, madam, the bride and bridegroom!

Ger. God's my precious! God give you joy, Mistress What-lack-you! Now out upon thee, baggage! My sister married in a taffeta hat! Marry, hang you! Westward with a wanion t'ye! Nay, I have done wi' ye, minion, then, i' faith; never look to have my count'nance any more, nor anything I can do for thee Thou ride in my coach? or come down to my castle? Fie upon thee! I charge thee in my ladyship's name, call me sister no more.

Touch. An 't please your worship, this is not your sister, this is my daughter, and she calls me father, and so does not your ladyship, an 't please your worship, madam.

Mist. Touch. No, nor she must not call thee father by heraldry, because thou mak'st thy prentice thy son as well as she Ah, thou misproud prentice, dar'st thou presume to marry a lady's sister?

Gold. It pleased my master, forsooth, to embolden me with his favour; and though I confess myself far unworthy so worthy a wife (being in part her servant, as I am your prentice) yet since (I may say it without boasting) I am born a gentleman, and by the trade I have learned of my master (which I trust taints not my blood) able with mine own industry and portion to maintain your daughter, my hope is heaven will so bless our humble beginning that in the end I shall be no disgrace to the grace with which my master hath bound me his double prentice

Touch. Master me no more, son, if thou think'st me worthy to be thy father

Ger. Son? Now, good Lord, how he shines, an you mark him! He's a gentleman!

Gold. Ay, indeed, madam, a gentleman born.

Pet. Never stand o' your gentry, Master Bridegroom; if your legs be no better than your arms, you'll be able to stand upon neither shortly.

Touch. An 't please your good worship, sir, there are two sorts of gentlemen.

[Doff's his hat.]

Pet. What mean you, sir?

Touch. Bold to put off my hat to your worship

Pet. Nay, pray forbear, sir, and then forth with your two sorts of gentlemen.

Touch. If your worship will have it so. I say there are two sorts of gentlemen There is a gentleman artificial, and a gentleman natural. Now though your worship be a gentleman natural — work upon that now!

Quick. Well said, old Touchstone; I am proud to hear thee enter a set speech, i' faith! Forth, I beseech thee!

Touch. Cry you mercy, sir, your worship's a gentleman I do not know. If you be one of my acquaintance, y' are very much disguised, sir.

Quick. Go to, old quipper! Forth with thy speech, I say!

Touch. What, sir, my speeches were ever in vain to your gracious worship, and therefore, till I speak to you gallantly indeed, I will save my breath for my broth anon. Come, my poor son and daughter, let us hide ourselves in our poor humility, and live safe Ambition consumes itself with the very show Work upon that now!

[Exeunt Touchstone, Golding and Mildred]

Ger. Let him go, let him go, for God's sake! Let him make his prentice his son, for God's sake! Give away his daughter, for God's sake! And when they come a-begging to us for God's sake, let's laugh at their good husbandry, for God's sake! Farewell, sweet knight, pray thee make haste after

Pet. What shall I say? I would not have thee go

Quick

Now, O now, I must depart;

Parting though it absence move —

This ditty, knight, do I see in thy looks in capital letters

What a grief 't is to depart,

And leave the flower that has my heart!

My sweet lady, and alack for woe,

Why should we part so?

195

Tell truth, knight, and shame all dissembling lovers. does not your pain lie on that side?

Pet. If it do, canst thou tell me how I may cure it?

99-100 (Variation of Ophelia's song in *Hamlet*, IV, v, 190-200) ¹⁰⁰ S. D. rosemary: flower, symbolic of remembrance, used at weddings (and funerals) ¹⁴⁰ Master me: call me master ¹⁴³ an: ('and' Qq) ¹⁴⁸ arms: i.e., heraldic arms ¹⁵¹ natural: (punning on meaning, "fool") ¹⁵⁵ Cry . . . mercy: I beg pardon ¹⁷³ gallantry indeed: the real language of fops ¹⁸⁹⁻¹⁹⁵ (Based on a song in John Dowland's *First Book of Ayres*, 1597)

Quick. Excellent easily! Divide your- [200
self in two halves, just by the girdlestead;
send one half with your lady, and keep the
tother yourself. Or else do as all true lovers do:
part with your heart, and leave your body
behind. I have seen 't done a hundred [205
times: 't is as easy a matter for a lover to
part without a heart from his sweetheart, and
he ne'er the worse, as for a mouse to get
from a trap and leave her tail behind her.
See, here comes the writings. 210

Enter Security with a Scrivener

Sec. Good morrow to my worshipful lady!
I present your ladyship with this writing, to
which if you please to set your hand with
your knight's, a velvet gown shall attend your
journey, o' my credit. 215

Ger. What writing is it, knight?

Pet. The sale, sweetheart, of the poor tene-
ment I told thee of, only to make a little
money to send thee down furniture for my
castle, to which my hand shall lead thee. 220

Ger. Very well! Now give me your pen,
I pray.

Quick [*aside.*] It goes down without chew-
ing, i' faith!

Scriv. Your worships deliver this as [225
your deed?

Ambo. We do.

Ger. So now, knight, farewell till I see thee!

Pet. All farewell to my sweetheart!

Mist. Touch. Good-bye, son knight! 230

Pet. Farewell, my good mother!

Ger. Farewell, Frank; I would fain take
thee down if I could

Quick. I thank your good ladyship. Fare-
well, Mistress Sindefy. 235

Exeunt [*Gertrude and her party*].

Pet. O tedious voyage, whereof there is no
end! What will they think of me?

Quick. Think what they list. They longed
for a vagary into the country and now they
are fitted. So a woman marry to ride in a [240
coach, she cares not if she ride to her rum.
'T is the great end of many of their marriages.
This is not first time a lady has rid a false
journey in her coach, I hope.

Pet. Nay, 't is no matter. I care little [245
what they think; he that weighs men's
thoughts has his hands full of nothing. A
man, in the course of this world, should be
like a surgeon's instrument — work in the
wounds of others, and feel nothing himself. [250
The sharper and subtler, the better.

Quick. As it falls out now, knight, you
shall not need to devise excuses, or endure

her outcries, when she returns. We shall now
be gone before, where they cannot reach us. [255

Pet. Well, my kind compeer, you have now
th' assurance

We both can make you. Let me now entreat
you,

The money we agreed on may be brought
To the Blue Anchor, near to Billingsgate, 260
By six o'clock; where I and my chief friends,
Bound for this voyage, will with feasts attend
you.

Sec. The money, my most honourable com-
peer, shall without fail observe your ap-
pointed hour. 265

Pet. Thanks, my dear gossip. I must now
impart

To your approved love a loving secret,
As one on whom my life doth more rely
In friendly trust than any man alive.
Nor shall you be the chosen secretary 270
Of my affections for affection only:

For I protest (if God bless my return)
To make you partner in my actions' gain
As deeply as if you had ventur'd with me
Half my expenses. Know then, honest gossip, 275
I have enjoy'd with such divine contentment
A gentlewoman's bed, whom you well know,
That I shall ne'er enjoy this tedious voyage,
Nor live the least part of the time it asketh,
Without her presence, so I thirst and hunger
To taste the dear feast of her company. 281

And if the hunger and the thirst you vow,
As my sworn gossip, to my wished good
Be (as I know it is) unfeign'd and firm,
Do me an easy favour in your power. 285

Sec. Be sure, brave gossip, all that I can do,
To my best nerve, is wholly at your service:
Who is the woman, first, that is your friend?

Pet. The woman is your learned counsel's
wife, 289

The lawyer, Master Bramble; whom would you
Bring out this even in honest neighbourhood,
To take his leave with you of me your gossip,
I, in the mean time, will send this my friend
Home to his house, to bring his wife disguis'd,
Before his face, into our company; 295

For love hath made her look for such a wile
To free her from his tyrannous jealousy.
And I would take this course before another,
In stealing her away to make us sport
And gull his circumspection the more grossly.
And I am sure that no man like yourself 301
Hath credit with him to entice his jealousy
To so long stay abroad as may give time
To her enlargement in such safe disguise.

Sec. A pretty, pithy, and most pleasant
project! 305

²⁰¹ girdlestead: waist ²⁰⁹ behind her: ('behind him' Qq.) ²⁷⁰ secretary: secret-keeper,
confidant ²⁸¹ neighbourhood: neighborliness ²⁸⁰ gull: outwit ³⁰¹ like: equal to

Who would not strain a point of neighbourhood
 For such a point-device, that, as the ship
 Of famous Draco went about the world,
 Will wind about the lawyer, compassing
 The world himself; he hath it in his arms, 310
 And that 's enough for him without his wife.
 A lawyer is ambitious, and his head
 Cannot be prais'd nor rais'd too high,
 With any fork of highest knavery.
 I 'll go fetch him straight. *Exit Security.* 315

Pet. So, so. Now, Frank, go thou home to
 his house,
 Stead of his lawyer's, and bring his wife hither,
 Who, just like to the lawyer's wife, is
 prison'd
 With his stern usurous jealousy, which could
 never 319
 Be over-reach'd thus but with over-reaching.

Enter Security

Sec. And, Master Francis, watch you th'
 instant time
 To enter with his exit: 't will be rare,
 Two fine horn'd beasts — a camel and a law-
 yer! [*Exit*]
Quick. How the old villan joys in villainy!

Enter Security

Sec. And hark you, gossip, when you have
 her here, 325
 Have your boat ready, ship her to your ship
 With utmost haste, lest Master Bramble stay
 you.
 To o'er-reach that head that out-reacheth all
 heads,
 'T is a trick rampant! 'T is a very quiblin! 329
 I hope this harvest to pitch cart with lawyers,
 Their heads will be so forked. Thus sly touch
 Will get apes to invent a number such *Exit.*

Quick. Was ever rascal honey'd so with
 poison?
 He that delights in slavish avarice,
 Is apt to joy in every sort of vice, 335
 Well, I 'll go fetch his wife, whilst he the lawyer.
Pet. But stay, Frank, let 's think how we
 may disguise her
 Upon this sudden.

Quick. God 's me, there 's the mischief!
 But hark you, here 's an excellent device; 340
 'Fore God, a rare one! I will carry her
 A sailor's gown and cap, and cover her,
 And a player's beard.

Pet. And what upon her head?

Quick. I tell you; a sailor's cap! 'Slight,
 God forgive me, 345
 What kind of figent memory have you?

Pet. Nay, then, what kind of figent wit
 hast thou?

A sailor's cap? How shall she put it off
 When thou present'st her to our company?

Quick. Tush, man, for that, make her a
 saucy sailor. 350

Pet. Tush, tush, 't is no fit sauce for such
 sweet mutton!

I know not what t' advise.

Enter Security, with his wife's gown

Sec. Knight, knight, a rare device!

Pet. 'Ssounds, yet again!

Quick. What stratagem have you now?

Sec. The best that ever! You talk'd of dis-
 guising? 355

Pet. Ay, marry, gossip, that 's our present
 care

Sec. Cast care away, then; here 's the best
 device

For plain security (for I am no better)

I think, that ever liv'd. here 's my wife's
 gown,

Which you may put upon the lawyer's wife,
 And which I brought you, sir, for two great
 reasons 361

One is, that Master Bramble may take hold
 Of some suspicion that it is my wife,
 And gird me so, perhaps, with his law-
 wit,

The other (which is policy indeed) 365
 Is that my wife may now be tied at home,
 Having no more but her old gown abroad,
 And not show me a quirk, while I firk others.
 Is not this rare?

Ambo. The best that ever was.

Sec. Am I not born to furnish gentlemen?

Pet. O my dear gossip! 371

Sec. Well, hold, Master Francis!

Watch when the lawyer 's out, and put it in.
 And now I will go fetch him. *Exit.*

Quick. O my Dad! 375

He goes, as 't were the devil, to fetch the
 lawyer,
 And devil shall he be, if horns will make him.

[*Re-enter Security*]

Pet. Why, how now, gossip? Why stay you
 there musing?

Sec. A toy, a toy runs in my head, i' faith!

³⁰⁷ point-device: master stroke (with pun on "point of vice") ³⁰⁸ Draco: Sir Francis Drake
³¹¹ him: ('her' Qq., emended by R. H. Case) ³¹² Two fine: ('To finde' uncorrected copies of Q 1,
 Qq. 2-3) camel: proverbially stupid beast, who desired horns in a fable ³¹³ rampant: full of fire
 quiblin: trick ³¹⁴ pitch cart: load a cart with a pitchfork ³¹⁵ apes: imitators ³¹⁶ figent:
 fidgety ³¹⁷ policy: strategy ³¹⁸ abroad: current, available ³¹⁹ quirk: trick ³²⁰ firk: bedevil
³²¹ furnish: provide for

Quick. A pox of that head! Is there more toys yet? 380

Pet. What is it, pray thee, gossip?

Sec. Why, sir, what if you Should slip away now with my wife's best gown, I having no security for it?

Quick. For that, I hope, Dad, you will take our words. 385

Sec. Ay, by th' mass, your word! That's a proper staff

For wise Security to lean upon!

But 't is no matter, once I 'll trust my name On your crack'd credits; let it take no shame Fetch the wench, Frank. *Exit.*

Quick. I 'll wait upon you, sir 390 And fetch you over, you were ne'er so fetch'd. Go to the tavern, knight; your followers Dare not be drunk, I think, before their captain. *Exit.*

Pet. Would I might lead them to no hotter service

Till our Virginian gold were in our purses! 395 *Exit.*

[SCENE III. — *Blue Anchor Tavern, Billingsgate*]

Enter Seagull, Spendall, and Scapethrift, in the Tavern, with a Drawer

Sea. Come, drawer, pierce your neatest hogsheads, and let's have cheer, not fit for your Billingsgate tavern, but for our Virginian colonel, he will be here instantly

Draw. You shall have all things fit, sir; 15 please you have any more wine?

Spem. More wine, slave? Whether we drink it or no, spill it, and draw more.

Scap. Fill all the pots in your house with all sorts of liquor, and let 'em wait on us 10 here like soldiers in their pewter coats; and though we do not employ them now, yet we will maintain 'em till we do.

Draw. Said like an honourable captain; you shall have all you can command, sir. 15

Exit Drawer

Sea. Come, boys, Virginia longs till we share the rest of her maidenhead.

Spem. Why, is she inhabited already with any English?

Sea. A whole country of English is 20 there, man, bred of those that were left there in '79. They have married with the Indians,

and make 'em bring forth as beautiful faces as any we have in England; and therefore the Indians are so in love with 'em, that 25 all the treasure they have they lay at their feet.

Scap. But is there such treasure there, captain, as I have heard?

Sea. I tell thee, gold is more plentiful 30 there than copper is with us; and for as much red copper as I can bring, I 'll have thrice the weight in gold. Why, man, all their dripping-pans and their chamber-pots are pure gold; and all the chains with which they chain 35 up their streets are massy gold; all the prisoners they take are fettered in gold; and for rubies and diamonds, they go forth on holidays and gather 'em by the sea-shore to hang on their children's coats and stick in their caps, as 40 commonly as our children wear saffron-gilt brooches and groats with holes in 'em

Scap. And is it a pleasant country withal?

Sea. As ever the sun shined on; temperate and full of all sorts of excellent viands. 45 wild boar is as common there as our tamest bacon is here; venison, as mutton. And then you shall live freely there, without sergeants, or courtiers, or lawyers, or intelligencers, only a few industrious Scots, perhaps, who, in- 50 deed, are dispersed over the face of the whole earth. But as for them, there are no greater friends to Englishmen and England, when they are out on 't, in the world than they are. And for my part, I would a hundred thou- 55 sand of 'em were there, for we are all one-countrymen now, ye know; and we should find ten times more comfort of them there than we do here. Then for your means to advancement there, it is simple, and not 60 preposterously mixed. You may be an alderman there, and never be scavenger: you may be a nobleman, and never be a slave. You may come to preferment enough, and never be a pandar, to riches and fortune enough, 65 and have never the more villainy nor the less wit.

Spem. God's me! And how far is it thither?

Sea. Some six weeks' sail, no more, with 70 any indifferent good wind. And if I get to any part of the coast of Africa, I 'll sail thither with any wind; or when I come to Cape Finisterre, there's a foreright wind con-

³⁸¹ fetch'd: victimized ³⁸² in '79: (The "lost colony" was left on Roanoke Island in 1587) ³⁸³ (Closely imitated from More's *Utopia*) ³⁸⁴ saffron-gilt: false gold ³⁸⁵ groats: fourpenny pieces ³⁸⁶ intelligencers: spies ³⁸⁷ only . . . here: (This passage survives in only two known copies of Q 1; in the rest and in the later Qq it is cancelled) ³⁸⁸ a nobleman: (changed to 'any other officer' in cancelled copies of Q 1 and in Qq. 2-3) ³⁸⁹ wit: (To fill space, cancelled copies of Q 1, followed by Qq. 2-3, add: "Besides, there we shall have no more law than conscience, and not too much of either; serve God enough, eat and drink enough, and enough is as good as a feast.") ³⁹⁰ indifferent: moderately

tinually wafts us till we come at Virginia. [75
See, our colonel's come.

Enter Sir Petronel, with his followers

Pet. Well met, good Captain Seagull, and my noble gentlemen! Now the sweet hour of our freedom is at hand. Come, drawer, fill us some carouses, and prepare us for the [80 mirth that will be occasioned presently. Here will be a pretty wench, gentlemen, that will bear us company all our voyage

Sea. Whatsoever she be, here 's to her health, noble Colonel, both with cap and knee [85

Pet. Thanks, kind Captain Seagull! She 's one I love dearly, and must not be known till we be free from all that know us. And so, gentlemen, here 's to her health!

Ambo. Let it come, worthy Colonel. We [90 do hunger and thirst for it.

Pet. Afore heaven, you have hit the phrase of one that her presence will touch from the foot to the forehead, if ye knew it

Spem. Well, then, we will join his fore- [95 head with her health, sir; and, Captain Scape-thrift, here 's to 'em both!

[All kneel and drink.]

Enter Security and Bramble

Sec. See, see, Master Bramble, 'fore heaven, their voyage cannot but prosper! They are o' their knees for success to it [100

Bram. And they pray to god Bacchus

Sec. God save my brave colonel, with all his tall captains and corporals. See, sir, my worshipful learned counsel, Master Bramble, is come to take his leave of you [105

Pet. Worshipful Master Bramble, how far do you draw us into the sweet-brier of your kindness! Come, Captain Seagull, another health to this rare Bramble, that hath never a prick about him [110

Sea. I pledge his most smooth disposition, sir. Come, Master Security, bend your supporters, and pledge this notorious health here.

Sec. Bend you yours likewise, Master Bramble; for it is you shall pledge me. [115

Sea. Not so, Master Security; he must not pledge his own health

Sec. No, Master Captain?

Enter Quicksilver, with Winnie disguised

Why, then, here 's one is fitly come to do him that honour. [120

Quick. Here 's the gentlewoman your cousin, sir, whom, with much entreaty, I have

brought to take her leave of you in a tavern; ashamed whereof, you must pardon her if she put not off her mask. [125

Pet. Pardon me, sweet cousin; my kind desire to see you before I went, made me so importunate to entreat your presence here.

Sec. How now, Master Francis, have you honoured this presence with a fair gentle- [130 woman?

Quick. Pray, sir, take you no notice of her, for she will not be known to you.

Sec. But my learned counsel, Master Bramble here, I hope may know her. [135

Quick. No more than you, sir, at this time; his learning must pardon her

Sec. Well, God pardon her for my part, and I do, I 'll be sworn; and so, Master Francis, here 's to all that are going eastward to- [140 night towards Cuckold's Haven, and so to the health of Master Bramble

Quick. I pledge it, sir. Hath it gone round, Captains?

Sea. It has, sweet Frank, and the round [145 closes with thee

Quick. Well, sir, here 's to all eastward and toward cuckolds, and so to famous Cuckold's Haven, so fatally remembered [150

Pet. [to Winnifred.] Nay, pray thee, [150 coz, weep not. Gossip Security!

Sec. Ay, my brave gossip!

Pet. A word, I beseech you, sir! Our friend, Mistress Bramble here, is so dissolved in tears that she drowns the whole mirth of our [155 meeting. Sweet gossip, take her aside and comfort her

Sec. [aside to Winnifred.] Pity of all true love, Mistress Bramble! What, weep you to enjoy your love? What 's the cause, lady? [160 Is 't because your husband is so near, and your heart earns to have a little abused him? Alas, alas, the offence is too common to be respected! So great a grace hath seldom changed to so unthankful a woman: to be [165 rid of an old jealous dotard, to enjoy the arms of a loving young knight, that, when your prickless Bramble is withered with grief of your loss, will make you flourish afresh in the bed of a lady. [170

Enter Drawer

Draw. Sir Petronel, here 's one of your watermen come to tell you it will be flood these three hours, and that 't will be dangerous going against the tide, for the sky is overcast, and there was a porpoise even now seen at [175

74 s. d. with . . . followers: (added in cancel sheet of Q 1) 112-113 supporters: legs 122 will not: desires not to 141 Cuckold's Haven: a point on the Thames a mile below London Bridge 146 round: circuit of the cup 149 fatally: ominously 149 s. d. Surgit: rises from his knees 152 earns: grieves 164 respected: regarded 172 flood: incoming tide 175 porpoise: porpoise

London Bridge, which is always the messenger of tempests, he says.

Pet. A porcpisce! What 's that to th' purpose? Charge him, if he love his life, to attend us; can we not reach Blackwall (180 where my ship lies) against the tide, and in spite of tempests? Captains and gentlemen, we'll begin a new ceremony at the beginning of our voyage, which I believe will be followed of all future adventurers 185

Sea. What 's that, good Colonel?

Pet. This, Captain Seagull. We'll have our provided supper brought aboard Sir Francis Drake's ship, that hath compassed the world; where, with full cups and banquets, we will (190 do sacrifice for a prosperous voyage. My mind gives me that some good spirits of the waters should haunt the desert ribs of her, and be auspicious to all that honour her memory, and will with like orgies enter their voyages. 195

Sea. Rarely conceited! One health more to this motion, and aboard to perform it. He that will not this night be drunk, may he never be sober.

They compass in Winsfred, dance the drunken round, and drink carouses.

Bram. Sir Petronel and his honourable (200 Captains, in these young services we old servants may be spared. We only came to take our leaves, and with one health to you all, I'll be bold to do so. Here, neighbour Security, to the health of Sir Petronel and all his (205 captains.

Sec. You must bend, then, Master Bramble [*They kneel*]. So, now I am for you I have one corner of my brain, I hope, fit to bear one carouse more. Here, lady, to (210 you that are encompassed there, and are ashamed of our company. Ha ha, ha! By my troth, my learned counsel, Master Bramble, my mind runs so of Cuckold's Haven to-night, that my head runs over with (215 admiration

Bram. [*aside.*] But is not that your wife, neighbour?

Sec. [*aside.*] No, by my troth, Master Bramble. Ha, ha, ha! A pox of all Cuckold's (220 Havens, I say!

Bram. [*aside.*] O' my faith, her garments are exceeding like your wife's.

Sec. [*aside.*] *Cucullus non facit monachum*, my learned counsel; all are not cuckolds (225

that seem so, nor all seem not that are so. Give me your hand, my learned counsel; you and I will sup somewhere else than at Sir Francis Drake's ship to-night. — Adieu, my noble gossip! 230

Bram. Good fortune, brave captains; fair skies God send ye!

Omnes. Farewell, my hearts, farewell!

Pet. Gossip, laugh no more at Cuckold's Haven, gossip. 235

Sec. I have done, I have done, sir; will you lead, Master Bramble? Ha, ha, ha!

Exit [with Bramble].

Pet. Captain Seagull, charge a boat!

Omnes. A boat, a boat, a boat! *Exeunt.*

Draw. Y' are in a proper taking, indeed, 240 to take a boat, especially at this time of night, and against tide and tempest. They say yet, 'drunken men never take harm.' This night will try the truth of that proverb. *Exit.*

[SCENE IV. — Outside Security's House]

Enter Security

Sec. What, Winnie! Wife, I say! Out doors at this time! Where should I seek the gad-fly? Billingsgate, Billingsgate, Billingsgate! She's gone with the knight, she's gone with the knight! Woe be to thee, Billingsgate! A boat, a boat, a boat! A full hundred marks for a boat! *Exit.*

Actus quartus Scena prima

[*Cuckold's Haven, Surrey*]

Enter Stitgut, with a pair of ox-horns, discovering Cuckold's Haven, above

Stit. All hail, fair haven of married men only, for there are none but married men cuckolds! For my part, I presume not to arrive here, but in my master's behalf (a poor butcher of Eastcheap) who sends me to set (5 up (in honour of Saint Luke) these necessary ensigns of his homage. And up I got this morning, thus early, to get up to the top of this famous tree, that is all fruit and no leaves, to advance this crest of my master's occupation. Up then; heaven and Saint Luke bless me, that I be not blown into the Thames as I climb, with this furious tempest 'Slight, I think the devil be abroad, in likeness of a storm, to rob me of my horns! Hark how he (15 roars! Lord, what a coil the Thames keeps!

¹⁸⁰ attend: wait for ¹⁹² gives: presages ¹⁹⁸ conceited: imagined ²⁰⁷ bend: kneel ²¹⁶ admiration: wonder ²²⁴ Cucullus . . . monachum: The cowl does not make the monk (with the pun on "cuckold"). ²²⁸ charge: order ²⁴⁰ taking: state IV, i. s. d. discovering: typifying (above: on the upper stage ² butcher: (The London butchers provided the horns set up at Cuckold's Haven.) ⁶ St. Luke: (St. Luke's Day, Oct. 15, was commemorated by a horn-fair.) ⁹ tree: (a bare pole) ¹⁶ coil: turmoil

She bears some unjust burthen, I believe, that she kicks and curvets thus to cast it. Heaven bless all honest passengers that are upon her back now; for the bit is out of her mouth, [20] I see, and she will run away with 'em! So, so, I think I have made it look the right way; it runs against London Bridge, as it were, even full butt. And now let me discover from this lofty prospect, what pranks the rude [25] Thames plays in her desperate lunacy O me, here 's a boat has been cast away hard by! Alas, alas, see one of her passengers labouring for his life to land at this haven here! Pray heaven he may recover it! His next land [30] is even just under me; hold out yet a little, whatsoever thou art, pray, and take a good heart to thee. 'T is a man; take a man's heart to thee; yet a little further, get up o' thy legs, man; now 't is shallow enough [35] So, so, so! Alas, he 's down again! Hold thy wind, father! 't is a man in a night-cap. So! Now he 's got up again; now he 's past the worst; yet, thanks be to heaven, he comes toward me pretty and strongly. 40

Enter Security without his hat, in a night-cap, wel band, &c

Sec. Heaven, I beseech thee, how have I offended thee! Where am I cast ashore now, that I may go a righter way home by land? Let me see. O, I am scarce able to look about me! Where is there any sea-mark that I am [45] acquainted withal?

Slit. Look up, father, are you acquainted with this mark?

Sec. What! Landed at Cuckold's Haven! Hell and damnation! I will run back and [50] drown myself

He falls down

Slit. Poor man, how weak he is! The weak water has washed away his strength.

Sec. Landed at Cuckold's Haven! If it had not been to die twenty times alive, I [55] should never have scaped death! I will never arise more; I will grovel here and eat dirt till I be choked; I will make the gentle earth do that which the cruel water has denied me!

Slit. Alas, good father, be not so des- [60] perate! Rise, man; if you will, I'll come presently and lead you home

Sec. Home! Shall I make any know my home, that has known me thus abroad? How low shall I crouch away, that no eye may [65] see me? I will creep on the earth while I live, and never look heaven in the face more.

Exit creeping.

Slit. What young planet reigns now, throw,

that old men are so foolish? What desperate young swaggerer would have been abroad [70] such a weather as this upon the water? Ay me, see another remnant of this unfortunate shipwreck, or some other! A woman, I' faith, a woman! Though it be almost at St. Katherine's, I discern it to be a woman, for all her body [75] is above the water, and her clothes swim about her most handsomely. O, they bear her up most bravely! Has not a woman reason to love the taking up of her clothes the better while she lives, for this? Alas, how busy [80] the rude Thames is about her! A pox o' that wave! It will drown her, I' faith, 't will drown her! Cry God mercy, she has scaped it, I thank heaven she has scaped it! O how she swims, like a mermaid! Some vigilant body [85] look out and save her That 's well said, just where the priest fell in, there 's one sets down a ladder, and goes to take her up God's blessing o' thy heart, boy! Now take her up in thy arms and to bed with her She 's up, she 's [90] up! She 's a beautiful woman, I warrant her; the billows durst not devour her.

Enter the Drawer in the Tavern before, with Winsifred

Draw How fare you now, lady?

Win Much better, my good friend, than I wish. as one desperate of her fame, now my [95] life is preserved

Draw Comfort yourself that Power that preserved you from death can likewise defend you from infamy, howsoever you deserve it. Were not you one that took boat late this [100] night with a knight and other gentlemen at Billingsgate?

Win Unhappy that I am, I was

Draw I am glad it was my good hap to come down thus far after you, to a house of [105] my friend's here in St Katherine's, since I am now happily made a mean to your rescue from the ruthless tempest, which (when you took boat) was so extreme, and the gentleman that brought you forth so desperate and un- [110] sober, that I feared long ere this I should hear of your shipwreck, and therefore (with little other reason) made thus far this way. And this I must tell you, since perhaps you may make use of it there was left behind you [115] at our tavern, brought by a porter (hired by the young gentleman that brought you) a gentlewoman's gown, hat, stockings, and shoes; which, if they be yours, and you please to shift you, taking a hard bed here in this [120] house of my friend, I will presently go fetch you.

¹¹ prospect: viewpoint ³⁰ recover: gain ^{next:} nearest ⁴¹ sea-mark: landmark ⁷⁷ S. D. creeping: ('creep' Qq.) ⁸⁸ throw: pray ⁷⁴ St. Katherine's: a home for fallen women ⁸⁸ well said: well done

Win. Thanks, my good friend, for your more than good news. The gown with all things bound with it are mine, which if you please to fetch as you have promised, I will ¹¹²⁵ boldly receive the kind favour you have offered till your return; entreating you, by all the good you have done in preserving me hitherto, to let none take knowledge of what favour you do me, or where such a one as I am bestowed, ¹¹³⁰ lest you incur me much more damage in my fame than you have done me pleasure in preserving my life.

Draw. Come in, lady, and shift yourself; resolve that nothing but your own pleasure ¹¹³⁵ shall be used in your discovery.

Win. Thank you, good friend; the time may come, I shall requite you. *Exeunt.*

Shu. See, see, see! I hold my life, there's some other a-taking up at Wapping now! ¹¹⁴⁰ Look, what a sort of people cluster about the gallows there! In good troth it is so. O me, a fine young gentleman! What, and taken up at the gallows! Heaven grant he be not one day taken down there! A' my life, it is ¹¹⁴⁵ ominous! Well, he is delivered for the time I see the people have all left him, yet will I keep my prospect awhile, to see if any more have been shipwrecked

Enter Quicksilver, barehead

Quick Accurs'd that ever I was sav'd or born! ¹¹⁵⁰

How fatal is my sad arrival here!

As if the stars and Providence spake to me,
And said, 'The drift of all unlawful courses
(Whatever end they dare propose themselves
In frame of their licentious policies) ¹¹⁵⁵
In the firm order of just Destiny

They are the ready highways to our ruins.'
I know not what to do; my wicked hopes
Are, with this tempest, torn up by the roots.
O, which way shall I bend my desperate
steps, ¹¹⁶⁰

In which unsufferable shame and misery
Will not attend them? I will walk this bank,
And see if I can meet the other relics
Of our poor shipwreck'd crew, or hear of them.
The knight — alas! — was so far gone with
wine, ¹¹⁶⁵

And th' other three, that I refus'd their boat,
And took the hapless woman in another,
Who cannot but be sunk, whatever Fortune
Hath wrought upon the others' desperate
lives. *[Exit.]*

Enter Petronel, and Seagull, bareheaded

Pet. Zounds, Captain, I tell thee, we ¹¹⁷⁰ are cast up o' the coast of France! 'Sfoot, I am not drunk still, I hope! Dost remember where we were last night?

Sea No, by my troth, knight, not I; but methinks we have been a horrible while ¹¹⁷⁵ upon the water and in the water.

Pet. Ay me, we are undone for ever! Hast any money about thee?

Sea Not a penny, by heaven!

Pet. Not a penny betwixt us, and cast ¹¹⁸⁰ ashore in France!

Sea Faith, I cannot tell that; my brains nor mine eyes are not mine own yet

Enter two Gentlemen

Pet. 'Sfoot, wilt not believe me? I know 't by th' elevation of the pole, and by the ¹¹⁸⁵ altitude and latitude of the climate. See, here comes a couple of French gentlemen, I knew we were in France; dost thou think our Englishmen are so Frenchified that a man knows not whether he be in France or in England, ¹¹⁹⁰ when he sees 'em? What shall we do? We must e'en to 'em, and entreat some relief of 'em. Life is sweet, and we have no other means to relieve our lives now but their charities. ¹¹⁹⁵

Sea. Pray you, do you beg on 'em then; you can speak French.

Pet. Monsieur, plaust-il d'avoir pitié de nostre grande infortune Je suis un povre chevalier d'Angleterre qui a souffri l'infor- ¹²⁰⁰ tune de naufrage

1 Gent. Un povre chevalier d'Angleterre?

Pet. Oui, monsieur, il est trop vraye, mais vous scavés bien nous sommes toutes subject à fortune. ¹²⁰⁵

2 Gent. A poor knight of England? A poor knight of Windsor, are you not? Why speak you this broken French, when y' are a whole Englishman? On what coast are you, think you? ¹²¹⁰

Pet. On the coast of France, sir.

1 Gent. On the coast of Dogs, sir; y' are i' th' Isle o' Dogs, I tell you. I see y' ave been washed in the Thames here, and I believe ye were drowned in a tavern before, or else you ¹²¹⁵ would never have took boat in such a dawning as this was. Farewell, farewell; we will not know you for shaming of you. — I ken the man weel; he's one of my thirty-pound knights. ¹²²⁰

¹¹⁸⁴ shift: reclothe ¹¹⁸⁹ hold: wager ¹¹⁹⁰ a-taking: being taken ¹¹⁹¹ sort: crowd ¹¹⁹⁵ frame: planning ¹¹⁹⁶ climate: region ¹¹⁹⁹ infortune: ('infortunes' Qq) ¹²⁰⁴ scavés: i.e., savez ¹²⁰⁶⁻¹²⁰⁷ poor . . . Windsor: slang for 'pauper'; properly, 'pensioner' ¹²¹¹ Isle o' Dogs: a small peninsula in the Thames near Greenwich ¹²¹²⁻¹²¹³ ken, weel: (Scotch-English) ¹²¹⁹⁻¹²²⁰ he 's . . . knights: (referring to James I's traffic in knighthoods)

2 *Gent.* No, no, this is he that stole his knighthood o' the grand day for four pound, giving to a page all the money in 's purse, I wot well.

Exeunt [Gentlemen]

Sea. Death, Colonel, I knew you were [225 overshoot!

Pet. Sure, I think now, indeed, Captain Seagull, we were something overshoot.

Enter Quicksilver

What, my sweet Frank Quicksilver! Dost thou survive to rejoice me? But what! [230 Nobody at thy heels, Frank? Ay me, what is become of poor Mistress Security?

Quick. Faith, gone quite from her name, as she is from her fame, I think, I left her to the mercy of the water. [235

Sea. Let her go, let her go! Let us go to our ship at Blackwall, and shift us.

Pet. Nay, by my troth, let our clothes rot upon us, and let us rot in them, twenty to one our ship is attached by this time! If we set [240 her not under sail this last tide, I never looked for any other. Woe, woe is me! what shall become of us? The last money we could make, the greedy Thames has devoured, and if our ship be attached, there is no hope can relieve [245 us

Quick. 'Sfoot, knight, what an unknighly faintness transports thee! Let our ship sink, and all the world that 's without us be taken from us, I hope I have some tricks in this [250 brain of mine shall not let us perish.

Sea. Well said, Frank, i' faith! O my nimble-spirited Quicksilver! 'Fore God, would thou hadst been our colonel!

Pet. I like his spirit rarely; but I see [255 no means he has to support that spirit.

Quick. Go to, knight! I have more means than thou art aware of. I have not lived amongst goldsmiths and goldmakers all this while, but I have learned something worthy [260 of my time with 'em And not to let thee stink where thou stand'st, knight, I 'll let thee know some of my skill presently

Sea. Do, good Frank, I beseech thee!

Quick. I will blanch copper so cunningly [265 that it shall endure all proofs but the test: it shall endure malleation, it shall have the ponderosity of Luna, and the tenacity of Luna, by no means friable

Pet. 'Slight, where learnt'st thou these [270 terms, trow?

Quick. Tush, knight, the terms of this art

every ignorant quack-salver is perfect in. But I 'll tell you how yourself shall blanch copper thus cunningly. Take arsenic, otherwise [275 called realga (which, indeed, is plain ratsbane); sublime 'em three or four times, then take the sublimate of this realga, and put 'em into a glass, into chymia, and let 'em have a convenient decoction natural, four-and-twenty [280 hours, and he will become perfectly fixed; then take this fixed powder, and project him upon well-purged copper, et habebis magisterium.

Ambo. Excellent Frank, let us hug thee! [285

Quick. Nay, this I will do besides: I 'll take you off twelvence from every angel, with a kind of aqua-fortis, and never deface any part of the image

Pet. But then it will want weight? [290

Quick. You shall restore that thus. take your sal achyme prepared and your distilled urine, and let your angels lie in it but four-and-twenty hours, and they shall have their perfect weight again Come on, now, I hope this [295 is enough to put some spirit into the livers of you I 'll infuse more another time. We have saluted the proud air long enough with our bare sconces. Now will I have you to a wench's house of mine at London, there make shift [300 to shift us, and, after, take such fortunes as the stars shall assign us

Ambo. Notable Frank, we will ever adore thee! [305
Exeunt.

Enter Drawer, with Winifred new-attired

Win. Now, sweet friend, you have [305 brought me near enough your tavern, which I desired that I might with some colour be seen near, inquiring for my husband; who, I must tell you, staid thither last night with my wet gown we have left at your friend's— [310 which, to continue your former honest kindness, let me pray you to keep close from the knowledge of any, and so, with all vow of your requital, let me now entreat you to leave me to my woman's wit and fortune. [315

Draw. All shall be done you desire; and so, all the fortune you can wish for attend you! [320
Exit Drawer.

Enter Security

Sec. I will once more to this unhappy tavern before I shift one rag of me more, [320 that I may there know what is left behind,

²²⁶ overshoot: mistaken ²⁴² any other: anything else ²⁶⁸ faintness: faint-heartedness ²⁶⁸ blanch: whiten, turn silvery ²⁶⁷ malleation: hammering ²⁶⁸ Luna: silver ²⁷⁶ realga: realgar, arsenic disulphide ²⁷⁷ sublime: vaporize and then resolidify ²⁷⁷ chymia: kemia, vessel for distillation ²⁸³⁻²⁸⁴ et . . . magisterium: and you will have the philosopher's stone ²⁸⁸ aqua-fortis: sulphuric acid ²⁹² sal achyme: chemical salt ²⁹⁰ sconces: skulls ³⁰⁷ colour: plausibility ³⁰⁹ staid: stole

and what news of their passengers. I have bought me a hat and band with the little money I had about me, and made the streets a little leave staring at my night-cap. 325

Win. O my dear husband! Where have you been to-night? All night abroad at taverns! Rob me of my garments, and fare as one run away from me! Alas, is this seemingly for a man of your credit, of your age, and [330 affection to your wife?

Sec. What should I say? How miraculously sorts this! Was not I at home, and called thee last night?

Win. Yes, sir, the harmless sleep you [335 broke; and my answer to you would have witnessed it, if you had had the patience to have stayed and answered me: but your so sudden retreat made me imagine you were gone to Master Bramble's, and so rested patient and [340 hopeful of your coming again, till this your unbelieved absence brought me abroad with no less than wonder, to seek you where the false knight had carried you.

Sec. Villain and monster that I was, how [345 have I abused thee! I was suddenly gone indeed; for my sudden jealousy transferred me. I will say no more but thus, dear wife: I suspected thee.

Win. Did you suspect me? 350

Sec. Talk not of it, I beseech thee; I am ashamed to imagine it. I will home, I will home; and every morning on my knees ask thee heartily forgiveness *Exeunt.*

[*Sh.*] Now will I descend my honourable [355 prospect, the farthest seeing sea-mark of the world; no marvel, then, if I could see two miles about me. I hope the red tempest's anger be now over-blown, which sure, I think, heaven sent as a punishment for profaning holy [360 Saint Luke's memory with so ridiculous a custom. Thou dishonest satire, farewell to honest married men. Farewell to all sorts and degrees of thee! Farewell, thou horn of hunger, that call'st th' Inns o' Court to their manger! [365 Farewell, thou horn of abundance, that adornest the headsmen of the commonwealth! Farewell, thou horn of direction, that is the city lantern! Farewell, thou horn of pleasure, the ensign of the huntsman; Farewell, thou [370 horn of destiny, th' ensign of the married man! Farewell, thou horn tree, that bearest nothing but stone-fruit! *Exit.*

[SCENE II. — *Touchstone's House*]

Enter Touchstone

Touch. Ha, sirrah! Thinks my knight adventurer we can no point of our compass? Do we not know north-north-east, north-east-and-by-east, east-and-by-north, nor plain eastward? Ha! Have we never heard of Virginia? Nor the Cavallaria? Nor the Colonoria? Can we discover no discoveries? Well, mine errant Sir Flash, and my runagate Quick-silver, you may drink drunk, crack cans, hurl away a brown dozen of Monmouth caps [10 or so, in sea ceremony to your *bon voyage*; but for reaching any coast, save the coast of Kent or Essex, with this tide, or with this fleet, I'll be your warrant for a Gravesend toast. There's that gone afore will stay your [15 admiral and vice-admiral and rear-admiral, were they all (as they are) but one pinnace and under sail, as well as a remora, doubt it not, and from this sconce, without either powder or shot. Work upon that now! Nay, and [20 you'll show tricks, we'll vie with you a little. My daughter, his lady, was sent eastward by land, to a castle of his i' the air (in what region I know not) and, as I hear, was glad to take up her lodging in her coach, she [25 and her two waiting-women (her maid and her mother), like three snails in a shell, and the coachman a-top on 'em, I think. Since they have all found the way back again by Weeping Cross, but I'll not see 'em. And for two [30 on 'em, madam and her malkin, they are like to bite o' the bridle for William, as the poor horses have done all this while that hurried 'em, or else go graze o' the common. So should my Dame Touchstone, too; but she [35 has been my cross these thirty years, and I'll now keep her to fright away sprites, i' faith. I wonder I hear no news of my son Golding. He was sent for to the Guildhall this morning betimes, and I marvel at the matter. If [40 I had not laid up comfort and hope in him, I should grow desperate of all *Enter Golding.* See, he is come i' my thought! How now, son? What news at the Court of Aldermen?

Gold. Troth, sir, an accident somewhat [45 strange, else it hath little in it worth the reporting

Touch. What? It is not borrowing of money, then?

³²⁵ sorts: turns out ³⁴⁷ transferred: transported ³⁶² satire: (i.e., the horn on the pole)
³⁶³⁻³⁶⁴ all . . . thee: all kinds of horns ³⁶⁸ horn of direction: sign-post ³ can: know ⁴ Cavallaria,
 Colonoria: the dream-lands of cavaliers and colonists ⁵ runagate: vagrant ¹⁰ brown: round
 Monmouth caps: (worn by soldiers and sailors) ¹⁴ be . . . for: bet you Gravesend toast: a
 proverbially thin potation ¹⁸ admiral: flagship ¹⁹ remora: sucking-fish of fabulous powers
¹⁹ sconce: entrenchment (also, head) ³⁰ and: if ³⁵ Since: since then ³¹ malkin: slut ³² bite
 . . . William: go unfed for all I care ⁴⁸ i': in the moment of

Gold. No, sir; it hath pleased the wor-
shipful commoners of the city to take me one
i' their number at presentation of the in-
quest —

Touch. Ha!

Gold. And the alderman of the ward
wherein I dwell to appoint me his deputy —

Touch. How?

Gold. In which place I have had an oath
ministered me, since I went.

Touch. Now, my dear and happy son,
let me kiss thy new worship, and a little
boast mine own happiness in thee. What a
fortune was it (or rather my judgment, in-
deed) for me, first to see that in his disposition
which a whole city so conspires to second!
Ta'en into the livery of his company the first
day of his freedom! Now (not a week married)
chosen commoner and alderman's deputy in a
day! Note but the reward of a thrifty course
The wonder of his time! Well, I will
honour Master Alderman for this act (as be-
comes me) and shall think the better of the
Common Council's wisdom and worship while
I live, for thus meeting, or but coming after,
me in the opinion of his desert. For-
ward, my sufficient son, and as this is the
first, so esteem it the least step to that high
and prime honour that expects thee

Gold. Sir, as I was not ambitious of this,
so I covet no higher place, it hath dignity
enough, if it will but save me from contempt;
and I had rather my bearing in this or any other
office should add worth to it, than the place
give the least opinion to me

Touch. Excellently spoken! This mod-
est answer of thine blushes, as if it said, I will
wear scarlet shortly. Worshipful son! I can-
not contain myself, I must tell thee: I hope
to see thee one o' the monuments of our city,
and reckoned among her worthies to be
remembered the same day with the Lady
Ramsey and grave Gresham, when the famous
fable of Whittington and his puss shall be for-
gotten, and thou and thy acts become the
posies for hospitals; when thy name shall
be written upon conduits, and thy deeds played
i' thy lifetime by the best companies of actors,
and be called their get-penny. This I divine;
this I prophesy.

Gold. Sir, engage not your expectation
farther than my abilities will answer. I, that

know mine own strengths, fear 'em; and there
is so seldom a loss in promising the least,
that commonly it brings with it a welcome
deceit. I have other news for you, sir.

Touch. None more welcome, I am sure!

Gold. They have their degree of welcome,
I dare affirm. The Colonel and all his com-
pany, this morning putting forth drunk from
Billingsgate, had like to have been cast
away o' this side Greenwich; and (as I have
intelligence by a false brother) are come drop-
ping to town like so many masterless men,
i' their doublets and hose, without hat, or
cloak, or any other —

Touch. A miracle! The justice of heaven!
Where are they? Let's go presently and lay
for 'em.

Gold. I have done that already, sir, both
by constables and other officers, who shall
take 'em at their old Anchor, and with less
tumult or suspicion than if yourself were seen
in 't, under colour of a great press that is now
abroad, and they shall here be brought afore
me

Touch. Prudent and politic son! Disgrace
'em all that ever thou canst; their ship I
have already arrested. How to my wish it
falls out, that thou hast the place of a justicer
upon 'em! I am partly glad of the injury
done to me, that thou mayst punish it. Be
severe i' thy place, like a new officer o' the
first quarter, unreflected. You hear how our
lady is come back with her train from the in-
visible castle?

Gold. No; where is she?

Touch. Within; but I ha' not seen her
yet, nor her mother, who now begins to wish
her daughter undubbed, they say, and that
she had walked a foot-pace with her sister.
Here they come; stand back.

[Enter] Mistress Touchstone, Gertrude, Mildred,
Sindey

God save your ladyship, 'save your good lady-
ship! Your ladyship is welcome from your
enchanted castle, so are your beauteous retin-
ue. I hear your knight errant is travelled
on strange adventures. Surely, in my mind,
your ladyship hath fished fair and caught a
frog, as the saying is

Mist Touch. Speak to your father, madam,
and kneel down

¹¹⁻¹² take . . . inquest: make me a member of their committee ¹³ Ta'en . . . livery: made a member ¹⁴ freedom: (from apprenticeship) ¹⁵ sufficient: able ¹⁶ expects: awaits ¹⁷ opinion: fame ¹⁸ wear scarlet: be an alderman (with pun) ¹⁹⁻²⁰ Lady Ramsey: widow of a Lord Mayor, benefactress of Christ's Hospital ²¹ Gresham: Sir Thomas, builder of the Royal Exchange ²² posies: mottoes ²³ get-penny: box-office triumph ²⁴ false brother: traitor ²⁵ lay: employ sergeants to watch ²⁶ Anchor: the inn ²⁷ colour: pretext ²⁸ press: impressment of troops ²⁹ unreflected: dark, like the moon in the first quarter ³⁰ a foot-pace: slowly and sure

Ger. Kneel? I hope I am not brought so low yet; though my knight be run away, and has sold my land, I am a lady still.

Touch. Your ladyship says true, madam; and it is fitter and a greater decorum, that I should curtsy to you that are a knight's wife, and a lady, than you be brought o' your knees to me, who am a poor cullion and your father.

Ger. La! My father knows his duty. 160

Mist. Touch. O child!

Touch. And therefore I do desire your ladyship, my good Lady Flash, in all humility, to depart my obscure cottage, and return in quest of your bright and most transparent castle, however presently concealed to mortal eyes. And as for one poor woman of your train here, I will take that order, she shall no longer be a charge unto you, nor help to spend your ladyship; she shall stay at home with me, and not go abroad; not put you to the pawning of an odd coach-horse or three wheels, but take part with the Touchstone. If we lack, we will not complain to your ladyship. And so, good madam, with your damosel here, please you to let us see your straight backs in equipage; for truly here is no roost for such chickens as you are, or birds o' your feather, if it like your ladyship.

Ger. Marry, fist o' your kindness! I thought as much. Come away, Sin, we shall as soon get a fart from a dead man, as a farthing of courtesy here.

Mil. O good sister!

Ger. Sister, sir-reverence! Come away, I say, hunger drops out at his nose.

Gold. O madam, fair words never hurt the tongue.

Ger. How say you by that? You come out with your gold-ends now!

Mist. Touch. Stay, lady-daughter! Good husband!

Touch. Wife, no man loves his fetters, be they made of gold. I list not ha' my head fastened under my child's girdle: as she has brewed, so let her drink, o' God's name! She went witless to wedding, now she may go wisely a-begging. It's but honeymoon yet with her ladyship; she has coach-horses, apparel, jewels, yet left, she needs care for 200 no friends, nor take knowledge of father, mother, brother, sister, or anybody. When those are pawned or spent, perhaps we shall return into the list of her acquaintance.

Ger. I scorn it, i' faith! Come, Sin. 205

Mist. Touch. O madam, why do you provoke your father thus?

Exit Gertrude [with Sindefy].

Touch. Nay, nay; e'en let pride go afore, shame will follow after, I warrant you. Come, why dost thou weep now? Thou art not the first good cow hast had an ill calf, I trust.

[Exit Mistress Touchstone.]

What's the news with that fellow?

Enter Constable

Gold. Sir, the knight and your man Quicksilver are without; will you ha' 'em brought in?

Touch. O by any means! *[Exit Constable.]* And, son, here's a chair; appear terrible unto 'em on the first interview. Let them behold the melancholy of a magistrate, and taste the fury of a citizen in office.

Gold. Why, sir, I can do nothing to 'em, except you charge 'em with somewhat

Touch. I will charge 'em and recharge 'em, rather than authority should want foil to set it off. *[Offers Golding a chair.]*

Gold. No, good sir, I will not.

Touch. Son, it is your place; by any means!

Gold. Believe it, I will not, sir.

Enter Knight Petronel, Quicksilver, Constable, Officers

Pet. How misfortune pursues us still in our misery!

Quick. Would it had been my fortune to have been trussed up at Wapping, rather than ever ha' come here!

Pet. Or mine to have famished in the island!

Quick. Must Golding sit upon us?

Con. You might carry an M. under your girdle to Master Deputy's worship

Gold. What are those, Master Constable?

Con. An't please your worship, a couple of masterless men I pressed for the Low Countries, sir.

Gold. Why do you not carry 'em to Bridewell, according to your order, they may be shipped away?

Con. An't please your worship, one of 'em says he is a knight; and we thought good to shew him to your worship, for our discharge.

Gold. Which is he?

Con. This, sir!

Gold. And what's the other?

Con. A knight's fellow, sir, an't please you.

Gold. What! A knight and his fellow thus

158 cullion: rogue 177 in equipage: retreating side by side 180 flat: expression of contempt
188 hunger . . . nose: proverbial saying of misers 218 by any means: by all means 223 trussed
. . . Wapping: hanged 226 island: Isle of Dogs 228-229 carry . . . girdle: use the title of respect
230 masterless: vagrant 246 they: that they 246 discharge: immunity

accounted? Where are their hats and [255] feathers, their rapiers and their cloaks?

Quick. O, they mock us!

Con. Nay, truly, sir, they had cast both their feathers and hats too, before we see 'em. Here 's all their furniture, an 't please [260] you, that we found. They say knights are now to be known without feathers, like cockerels, by their spurs, sir.

Gold. What are their names, say they?

Touch. [*aside*] Very well, this! He [265] should not take knowledge of 'em in his place, indeed.

Con. This is Sir Petronel Flash.

Touch. How!

Con. And this, Francis Quicksilver. 270

Touch. Is 't possible? I thought your worship had been gone for Virginia, sir. You are welcome home, sir. Your worship has made a quick return, it seems, and no doubt a good voyage. Nay, pray you be covered, [275] sir. How did your biscuit hold out, sir? Methought I had seen this gentleman afore. Good Master Quicksilver, how a degree to the southward has changed you!

Gold. Do you know 'em, father? — [280] Forbear your offers a little, you shall be heard anon

Touch. Yes, Master Deputy; I had a small venture with them in the voyage — a thing called a son-in-law, or so. Officers, you [285] may let 'em stand alone, they will not run away; I 'll give my word for them. A couple of very honest gentlemen. One of 'em was my prentice, Master Quicksilver here; and when he had two year to serve, kept his [290] whore and his hunting nag, would play his hundred pound at gresco, or primero, as familiarly (and all o' my purse) as any bright piece of crimson on 'em all; had his changeable trunks of apparel standing at livery, with [295] his mare, his chest of perfumed linen, and his bathing-tubs — which when I told him of, why he — he was a gentleman, and I a poor Cheap-side groom! The remedy was, we must part. Since when, he hath had the gift of gath- [300] ering up some small parcels of mine, to the value of five hundred pound, dispersed among my customers, to furnish this his Virginian venture; wherein this knight was the chief, Sir Flash — one that married a daughter [305] of mine, ladyfied her, turned two thousand pounds' worth of good land of hers into cash within the first week, bought her a new gown and a coach, sent her to seek her fortune by land, whilst himself prepared for his [310]

fortune by sea; took in fresh flesh at Billingsgate, for his own diet, to serve him the whole voyage — the wife of a certain usurer called Security, who hath been the broker for 'em in all this business. Please, Master Deputy, [315] work upon that now!

Gold. If my worshipful father have ended.

Touch. I have, it shall please Master Deputy.

Gold. Well then, under correction —

Touch. [*aside to Golding.*] Now, son, [320] come over 'em with some fine gird, as thus: 'Knight, you shall be encountered,' that is, had to the Counter, or, 'Quicksilver, I will put you into a crucible,' or so.

Gold. Sir Petronel Flash, I am sorry to [325] see such flashes as these proceed from a gentleman of your quality and rank; for mine own part, I could wish I could say I could not see them, but such is the misery of magistrates and men in place, that they must not wink [330] at offenders. Take him aside — I will hear you anon, sir

Touch. I like this well, yet; there 's some grace i' the knight left — he cries.

Gold. Francis Quicksilver, would God [335] thou hadst turned quacksilver, rather than run into these dissolute and lewd courses! It is great pity, thou art a proper young man, of an honest and clean face, somewhat near a good one (God hath done his part in thee); [340] but thou hast made too much and been too proud of that face, with the rest of thy body; for maintenance of which in neat and gariish attire (only to be looked upon by some light housewives) thou hast prodigally consumed [345] much of thy master's estate, and being by him gently admonished at several times, hast returned thyself haughty and rebellious in thine answers, thund'ring out uncivil comparisons, requiring all his kindness with a [350] coarse and harsh behaviour, never returning thanks for any one benefit, but receiving all as if they had been debts to thee and no courtesies. I must tell thee, Francis, these are manifest signs of an ill nature; and [355] God doth often punish such pride and outrecuidance with scorn and infamy, which is the worst of misfortune. My worshipful father, what do you please to charge them withal? From the press I will free 'em, Master Con- [360] stable.

Con. Then I 'll leave your worship, sir.

Gold. No, you may stay; there will be other matters against 'em.

Touch. Sir, I do charge this gallant, [365] Master Quicksilver, on suspicion of felony;

²⁶⁶ place: seat of justice ²⁷⁵ be covered: put on your hat ²⁷⁵⁻²⁷⁶ degree . . . southward: southern latitude ²⁸¹ offers: gestures ²⁹² gresco, primero: card games ³²⁰ wink: close their eyes
²⁸⁵ returned: expressed ³²⁶⁻³²⁷ outrecuidance: conceit

and the knight as being accessory in the receipt of my goods.

Quick. O God, sir!

Touch. Hold thy peace, impudent var- [370] let, hold thy peace! With what forehead or face dost thou offer to chop logic with me, having run such a race of riot as thou hast done? Does not the sight of this worshipful man's fortune and temper confound thee, [375] that was thy younger fellow in household, and now come to have the place of a judge upon thee? Dost not observe this? Which of all thy gallants and gamesters, thy swearers and thy swaggerers, will come now to moan thy [380] misfortune, or pity thy penury? They 'll look out at a window, as thou rid'st in triumph to Tyburn, and cry, 'Yonder goes honest Frank, mad Quicksilver!' 'He was a free boon companion, when he had money,' says one; [385] 'Hang him, fool!' says another, 'he could not keep it when he had it!' 'A pox o' the cullion, his master,' says a third, 'he has brought him to this'; when their pox of pleasure and their piles of perdition would have been better [390] bestowed upon thee, that hast ventured for 'em with the best, and by the clew of thy knavery brought thyself weeping to the cart of calamity.

Quick. Worshipful master! 395

Touch. Offer not to speak, crocodile; I will not hear a sound come from thee. Thou hast learnt to whine at the play yonder. Master Deputy, pray you commit 'em both to safe custody, till I be able farther to charge 'em. 400

Quick. O me, what an infortunate thing am I!

Pet. Will you not take security, sir?

Touch. Yes, marry, will I, Sir Flash, if I can find him, and charge him as deep as [405] the best on you. He has been the plotter of all this; he is your enginer, I hear. Master Deputy, you 'll dispose of these? In the mean time, I 'll to my Lord Mayor, and get his warrant to seize that serpent Security into [410] my hands, and seal up both house and goods to the King's use or my satisfaction.

Gold. Officers, take 'em to the Counter.

Quick. } O God!
Pet. }

Touch. Nay, on, on! You see the issue of [415] your sloth. Of sloth cometh pleasure, of pleasure cometh riot, of riot comes whoring, of whoring comes spending, of spending comes want, of want comes theft, of theft comes hanging; and there is my Quicksilver fixed. 420

Exeunt.

Actus quintus Scena prima

[*Gertrude's Lodging*]

Gertrude. *Sindefy*

Ger. Ah, Sin! hast thou ever read i' the chronicle of any lady and her waiting-woman driven to that extremity that we are, Sin?

Sin. Not I, truly, madam; and if I had, it were but cold comfort should come out [5] of books now.

Ger. Why, good faith, Sin, I could dine with a lamentable story now. 'O hone, hone, o no nera,' &c.! Canst thou tell ne'er a one, Sin? 10

Sin. None but mine own, madam, which is lamentable enough: first to be stolen from my friends, which were worshipful and of good accompt, by a prentice in the habit and disguise of a gentleman, and here brought up [15] to London and promised marriage, and now likely to be forsaken, for he is in possibility to be hanged!

Ger. Nay, weep not, good Sin; my Petronel is in as good possibility as he. Thy miseries [20] are nothing to mine, Sin: I was more than promised marriage, Sin; I had it, Sin, and was made a lady; and by a knight, Sin, which is now as good as no knight, Sin. And I was born in London, which is more than [25] brought up, Sin; and already forsaken, which is past likelihood, Sin; and instead of land i' the country, all my knight's living lies i' the Counter, Sin: there 's his castle now!

Sin. Which he cannot be forced out of, [30] madam.

Ger. Yes, if he would live hungry a week or two. 'Hunger,' they say, 'breaks stone walls.' But he is e'en well enough served, Sin, that so soon as ever he had got my [35] hand to the sale of my inheritance, run away from me, and I had been his punk, God bless us! Would the Knight o' the Sun, or Palmerin of England, have used their ladies so, Sin? Or Sir Lancelot, or Sir Tristram? 40

Sin. I do not know, madam.

Ger. Then thou know'st nothing, Sin. Thou art a fool, Sin. The knighthood nowadays are nothing like the knighthood of old time. They rid a-horseback; ours go a-foot. [45] They were attended by their squires; ours by their lackeys. They went buckled in their armour; ours muffled in their cloaks. They travelled wildernesses and deserts; ours dare scarce walk the streets. They were still [50]

³⁷³ chop logic; bicker ³⁸³ clew: ball of thread ⁴⁰⁷ enginer: schemer ³⁷ and: as if
³⁹⁻⁴¹ Knight . . . England: heroes of popular Spanish romances (see *Knight of the Burning Pestle*)
⁴² knighthood: knights ⁴⁰⁻⁴¹ still prent: always ready

prest to engage their honour; ours still ready to pawn their clothes. They would gallop on at sight of a monster; ours run away at sight of a sergeant. They would help poor ladies; ours make poor ladies. 55

Sin. Ay, madam, they were knights of the Round Table at Winchester, that sought adventures; but these of the Square Table at ordinaries, that sit at hazard.

Ger. True, Sin, let him vanish. And tell 60 me, what shall we pawn next?

Sin. Ay, marry, madam, a timely consideration; for our hostess (profane woman!) has sworn by bread and salt, she will not trust us another meal. 65

Ger. Let it stink in her hand then. I'll not be beholding to her. Let me see. my jewels be gone, and my gowns, and my red velvet petticoat that I was married in, and my wedding silk stockings, and all thy 70 best apparel, poor Sin! Good faith, rather than thou shouldst pawn a rag more, I'd lay my ladyship in lavender — if I knew where.

Sin. Alas, madam, your ladyship?

Ger. Ay, why? You do not scorn my 75 ladyship, though it is in a waistcoat? God's my life, you are a peat indeed! Do I offer to mortgage my ladyship for you and for your avail, and do you turn the lip and the alas to my ladyship? 80

Sin. No, madam; but I make question who will lend anything upon it?

Ger. Who? Marry, enow, I warrant you, if you'll seek 'em out. I'm sure I remember the time when I would ha' given a 85 thousand pound (if I had had it) to have been a lady; and I hope I was not bred and born with that appetite alone. some other gentleman o' the City have the same longing, I trust. And for my part, I would afford 90 'em a penny'rth; my ladyship is little the worse for the wearing, and yet I would bate a good deal of the sum. I would lend it (let me see) for forty pound in hand, Sin — that would apparel us — and ten pound 95 a year. That would keep me and you, Sin (with our needles), and we should never need to be beholding to our scurvy parents. Good Lord, that there are no fairies nowadays, Sin! 100

Sin. Why, madam?

Ger. To do miracles, and bring ladies money. Sure, if we lay in a cleanly house, they would haunt it, Sin. I'll try. I'll sweep the chamber soon at night, and set a dish of water 105 o' the hearth. A fairy may come, and bring

a pearl or a diamond. We do not know, Sin. Or, there may be a pot of gold hid o' the backside, if we had tools to dig for 't? Why may not we two rise early i' the morning, 110 Sin, afore anybody is up, and find a jewel i' the streets worth a hundred pound? May not some great court-lady, as she comes from revels at midnight, look out of her coach as 't is running, and lose such a jewel, and we find 115 it? Ha?

Sin. They are pretty waking dreams, these.

Ger. Or may not some old usurer be drunk overnight, with a bag of money, and leave it behind him on a stall? For God-sake, 120 Sin, let's rise to-morrow by break of day, and see I protest, la! if I had as much money as an alderman, I would scatter some on't i' th' streets for poor ladies to find, when their knights were laid up. And, 125 now I remember my song o' the Golden Shower, why may not I have such a fortune? I'll sing it, and try what luck I shall have after it 129

'Fond fables tell of old

How Jove in Danae's lap

Fell in a shower of gold,

By which she caught a clap;

O had it been my hap

(How ere the blow doth threaten) 135

So well I like the play,

That I could wish all day

And night to be so beaten'

Enter Mistress Touchstone

O here's my mother! Good luck. I hope. Ha' you brought any money, mother? 140 Pray you, mother, your blessing. Nay, sweet mother, do not weep

Mist. Touch. God bless you! I would I were in my grave!

Ger. Nay, dear mother, can you steal 145 no more money from my father? Dry your eyes, and comfort me. Alas, it is my knight's fault, and not mine, that I am in a waistcoat, and attired thus simply.

Mist. Touch. Simply? 'T is better than 150 thou deserv'st. Never whimper for the matter. Thou shouldst have looked before thou hadst leaped. Thou wert afire to be a lady, and now your ladyship and you may both blow at the coal, for aught I know. Self do, 155 self have. 'The hasty person never wants woe,' they say.

Ger. Nay, then, mother, you should ha' looked to it. A body would think you were

⁵⁵ Winchester: (where Arthur's Round Table was reputedly preserved) ⁵⁸ hazard: dice-game
⁶⁷ beholding: obliged ⁷⁵ in lavender: in pawn ⁷⁶ waistcoat: under-garment ⁷⁷ peat: saucy
 wench ⁸¹ penny'rth: pennyworth, bargain ⁸² bate: remit

the older; I did but my kind, I. He ¹⁶⁰ was a knight, and I was fit to be a lady. 'Tis not lack of liking, but lack of living, that severs us. And you talk like yourself and a cittiner in this, i' faith. You show what husband you come on, ¹⁶⁵ *iwis* You smell the Touchstone—he that will do more for his daughter that has married a scurvy gold-end man and his prentice, than he will for his tother daughter, that has wedded a knight and his customer. By this light, I think ¹⁷⁰ he is not my legimate father.

Sin. O good madam, do not take up your mother so!

Mist. Touch. Nay, nay, let her e'en alone! Let her ladyship grieve me still, with her ¹⁷⁵ bitter taunts and terms. I have not dole enough to see her in this miserable case, I, without her velvet gowns, without ribands, without jewels, without French wires, or cheat-bread, or quails, or a little dog, or a gentle- ¹⁸⁰ man-usher, or anything, indeed, that 's fit for a lady—

Sin. [*aside*] Except her tongue.

Mist. Touch. And I not able to relieve her, neither, being kept so short by my hus- ¹⁸⁵ band. Well, God knows my heart I did little think that ever she should have had need of her sister Golding.

Ger. Why, mother, I ha' not yet. Alas, good mother, be not intoxicate for me! I ¹⁹⁰ am well enough; I would not change husbands with my sister, I. The leg of a lark is better than the body of a kite.

Mist. Touch. I know that, but —

Ger. What, sweet mother, what? ¹⁹⁵

Mist. Touch. It's but ill food when nothing's left but the claw.

Ger. That's true, mother. Ay me!

Mist. Touch. Nay, sweet lady-bird, sigh not Child, madam, why do you weep ²⁰⁰ thus? Be of good cheer; I shall die, if you cry and mar your complexion thus.

Ger. Alas, mother, what should I do?

Mist. Touch. Go to thy sister's, child; she 'll be proud thy ladyship will come ²⁰⁵ under her roof. She 'll win thy father to release thy knight, and redeem thy gowns and thy coach and thy horses, and set thee up again.

Ger. But will she get him to set my ²¹⁰ knight up, too?

Mist. Touch. That she will, or anything else thou 'lt ask her.

Ger. I will begin to love her, if I thought she would do this. ²¹⁵

Mist. Touch. Try her, good chuck, I warrant thee.

Ger. Dost thou think she 'll do 't?

Sin. Ay, madam, and be glad you will receive it. ²²⁰

Mist. Touch. That's a good maiden; she tells you true. Come, I 'll take order for your debts i' the ale-house.

Ger. Go, Sin, and pray for thy Frank, as I will for my Pet. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. — Goldsmith's Row]

Enter Touchstone, Golding, Wolf

Touch. I will receive no letters, Master Wolf; you shall pardon me.

Gold. Good father, let me entreat you.

Touch. Son Golding, I will not be tempted; I find mine own easy nature, and I know ⁵ not what a well-penned subtle letter may work upon it; there may be tricks, packing, do you see? Return with your packet, sir

Wolf. Believe it, sir, you need fear no packing here. These are but letters of sub- ¹⁰ mission all.

Touch. Sir, I do look for no submission. I will bear myself in this like blind Justice. Work upon that now! When the Sessions come, they shall hear from me ¹⁵

Gold. From whom come your letters, Master Wolf?

Wolf. An't please you, sir, one from Sir Petronel, another from Francis Quicksilver, and a third from old Security, who is al- ²⁰ most mad in prison. There are two to your worship, one from Master Francis, sir, another from the knight.

Touch. I do wonder, Master Wolf, why you should travail thus in a business so ²⁵ contrary to kind or the nature o' your place! that you, being the keeper of a prison, should labour the release of your prisoners! Whereas, methinks, it were far more natural and kindly in you to be ranging about for more, and ³⁰ not let these scape you have already under the tooth. But they say, you wolves, when you ha' sucked the blood once, that they are dry, you ha' done.

Wolf. Sir, your worship may descant as ³⁵ you please o' my name; but I protest I was never so mortified with any men's discourse or behaviour in prison; yet I have had of

¹⁶⁰ my kind: according to my nature ¹⁶⁴ cittiner: cockney ¹⁶⁵ *iwis*: forsooth ¹⁶⁷ has: ('he has' Qq) ¹⁷⁰ dole: sorrow ¹⁷⁵⁻¹⁸⁰ cheat-bread: bread of fine flour ¹⁸⁰ intoxicate: (perhaps for "exasperate" or "intemperate") ¹⁸⁶ chuck: term of endearment ¹⁸⁸ take order: arrange ¹⁹⁰ find: recognize ¹⁹² packing: scheming ¹⁹⁴ kind: natural disposition ¹⁹⁶ kindly: normal ¹⁹⁸ that: so that

all sorts of men i' the kingdom under my keys, and almost of all religions i' the land, as [40] Papist, Protestant, Puritan, Brownist, Anabaptist, Millenary, Family-o'-Love, Jew, Turk, Infidel, Atheist, Good-Fellow, &c.

Gold. And which of all these, thinks Master Wolf, was the best religion? 45

Wolf. Troth, Master Deputy, they that pay fees best: we never examine their consciences farder.

Gold. I believe you, Master Wolf. Good faith, sir, here's a great deal of humility [50] i' these letters.

Wolf. Humility, sir? Ay, were your worship an eye-witness of it, you would say so. The knight will i' the Knight's Ward, do what we can, sir, and Master Quicksilver would [55] be i' the Hole if we would let him. I never knew or saw prisoners more penitent, or more devout. They will sit you up all night singing of psalms and edifying the whole prison; only Security sings a note too high some- [60] times, because he lies i' the twopenny ward, far off, and cannot take his tune. The neighbours cannot rest for him, but come every morning to ask what godly prisoners we have.

Touch. Which on 'em is 't is so devout [65] — the knight or the t'other?

Wolf. Both, sir, but the young man especially. I never heard his like. He has cut his hair too. He is so well given, and has such good gifts. He can tell you almost all [70] the stories of the Book of Martyrs, and speak you all the Sick Man's Salve, without book.

Touch. Ay, if he had had grace, he was brought up where it grew, i'wis. On, Master Wolf! [75]

Wolf. And he has converted one Fangs, a sergeant, a fellow could neither write nor read: he was called the Bandog o' the Counter, and he has brought him already to pare his nails and say his prayers; and 't is hoped [80] he will sell his place shortly, and become an intelligencer.

Touch. No more; I am coming already. If I should give any farder ear I were taken Adieu, good Master Wolf! Son, I do feel [85] mine own weaknesses, do not importune me. Pity is a rheum, that I am subject to, but I will resist it. Master Wolf, fish is cast away that is cast in dry pools. Tell hypocrisy it will not do; I have touched and tried too [90] often; I am yet proof, and I will remain so, when the Sessions come they shall hear from me. In the mean time, to all suits, to all entreaties, to

all letters, to all tricks, I will be deaf as an adder, and blind as a beetle, lay mine ear to [95] the ground, and lock mine eyes i' my hand against all temptations. *Exit.*

Gold. You see, Master Wolf, how inexorable he is. There is no hope to recover him. Pray you commend me to my brother [100] knight, and to my fellow Francis; present 'em with this small token of my love [*giving money*]. Tell 'em, I wish I could do 'em any worthier office, but in this, 't is desperate; yet I will not fail to try the uttermost of my power [105] for 'em. And, sir, as far as I have any credit with you, pray you let 'em want nothing; though I am not ambitious they should know so much.

Wolf. Sir, both your actions and words [110] speak you to be a true gentleman. They shall know only what is fit, and no more. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE III. — *The Counter*]

Holdfast, Bramble, [later] Security

Hold. Who would you speak with, sir?

Bram. I would speak with one Security, that is prisoner here.

Hold. You are welcome, sir! Stay there, I'll call him to you. Master Security! 5

Sec. [at the grate.] Who calls?

Hold. Here's a gentleman would speak with you.

Sec. What is he? Is 't one that grafts my forehead now I am in prison, and comes [10] to see how the horns shoot up and prosper?

Hold. You must pardon him, sir. The old man is a little crazed with his imprisonment.

Sec. What say you to me, sir? Look you here. My learned counsel, Master Bramble! [15] Cry you mercy, sir! When saw you my wife?

Bram. She is now at my house, sir; and desired me that I would come to visit you, and inquire of your case, that we might work some means to get you forth. 20

Sec. My case, Master Bramble, is stone walls and iron grates; you see it, this is the weakest part on 't. And for getting me forth, no means but hang myself, and so to be carried forth, from which they have here bound [25] me in intolerable bands.

Bram. Why, but what is 't you are in for, sir?

Sec. For my sins, for my sins, sir, whereof marriage is the greatest! O, had I never [30] married, I had never known this purgatory, to which hell is a kind of cool bath in respect.

⁴⁰ farder: farther ⁴¹⁻⁴² Knight's Ward, Hole: inferior parts of the prison ⁴³ Book of Martyrs: John Fox's Protestant classic, the "Acts and Monuments" ⁴⁴ Sick Man's Salve: popular devotional work by Thomas Becon ⁴⁵ coming: yielding ⁴⁶ case: container (pun) ⁴⁷ respect: comparison

My wife's confederacy, sir, with old Touchstone, that she might keep her jubilee and the feast of her new moon. Do you [35 understand me, sir?

Enter Quicksilver

Quick. Good sir, go in and talk with him. The light does him harm, and his example will be hurtful to the weak prisoners. Fie, Father Security, that you'll be still so [40 profane! Will nothing humble you?

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter two prisoners with a friend

Friend. What's he?

1 Pris. O he is a rare young man! Do you not know him?

Friend. Not I! I never saw him, I can [45 remember.

2 Pris. Why, it is he that was the gallant prentice of London — Master Touchstone's man.

Friend. Who? Quicksilver? 50

1 Pris. Ay, this is he.

Friend. Is this he? They say he has been a gallant indeed.

2 Pris. O the royalest fellow that ever was bred up i' the City! He would play [55 you his thousand pound a night at dice, keep knights and lords company; go with them to bawdy-houses; had his six men in a livery; kept a stable of hunting-horses, and his wench in her velvet gown and her cloth of silver. [60 Here's one knight with him here in prison

Friend. And how miserably he is changed!

1 Pris. O that's voluntary in him: he gave away all his rich clothes, as soon as ever he came in here, among the prisoners; and [65 will eat o' the basket, for humility.

Friend. Why will he do so?

1 Pris. Alas, he has no hope of life. He mortifies himself. He does but linger on till the Sessions. 70

2 Pris. O, he has penned the best thing, that he calls his Repentance or his Last Farewell, that ever you heard. He is a pretty poet, and for prose — you would wonder how many prisoners he has helped out, with [75 penning petitions for 'em, and not take a penny. Look! This is the knight, in the rug gown. Stand by!

Enter Petronel, Bramble, Quicksilver

Bram. Sir, for Security's case, I have told him. Say he should be condemned to be [80 carted or whipped for a bawd, or so, why,

I'll lay an execution on him o' two hundred pound; let him acknowledge a judgment, he shall do it in half an hour; they shall not all fetch him out without paying the exe- [85 cution, o' my word.

Pet. But can we not be bailed, Master Bramble?

Bram. Hardly; there are none of the judges in town, else you should remove yourself [90 (in spite of him) with a *habeas corpus*. But if you have a friend to deliver your tale sensibly to some justice o' the town, that he may have feeling of it (do you see) you may be bailed; for as I understand the case, [95 't is only done *in terrorem*, and you shall have an action of false imprisonment against him when you come out, and perhaps a thousand pound costs.

Enter Master Wolf

Quick. How now, Master Wolf? What [100 news? What return?

Wolf. Faith, bad all! Yonder will be no letters received. He says the Sessions shall determine it. Only Master Deputy Golding commends him to you, and with this [105 token wishes he could do you other good.

[*Gives money.*]

Quick. I thank him. Good Master Bramble, trouble our quiet no more; do not molest us in prison thus with your winding devices. Pray you, depart. For my part, I commit [110 my cause to him that can succour me; let God work his will. Master Wolf, I pray you, let this be distributed among the prisoners, and desire 'em to pray for us.

Wolf. It shall be done, Master Francis. [115
[*Exit Quicksilver.*]

1 Pris. An excellent temper!

2 Pris. Now God send him good luck!

Exeunt (Bramble, two Prisoners and Friend)

Pet. But what said my father-in-law, Master Wolf?

Enter Holdfast

Hold. Here's one would speak with [120 you, sir.

Wolf. I'll tell you anon, Sir Petronel. Who is 't?

Hold. A gentleman, sir, that will not be seen. 125

Enter Golding

Wolf. Where is he? Master Deputy! Your worship is welcome —
Gold. Peace!

³⁵ feast . . . moon: orgies of dancing ⁴⁰ 2 Pris.: ('Pris.' Qq.) ⁴⁵ basket: alms-basket, refuse food contributed by charity ⁵⁰ 1 Pris.: ('Pris. 2' Qq.) ⁵⁵ wonder: be surprised ⁶⁰ rug: coarse wool ⁶⁵ sensibly: appealingly ⁷⁰ return: reply

Wolf. Away, sirrah!

[*Exit Holdfast with Sir Petronel.*]

Gold. Good faith, Master Wolf, the es-¹³⁰
tate of these gentlemen, for whom you were
so late and willing a suitor, doth much af-
fect me; and because I am desirous to do
them some fair office, and find there is no means
to make my father relent so likely as to¹³⁵
bring him to be a spectator of their miseries,
I have ventured on a device, which is, to
make myself your prisoner, entreating you
will presently go report it to my father, and
(feigning an action at suit of some third¹⁴⁰
person) pray him by this token [*giving a ring*]
that he will presently, and with all secrecy,
come hither for my bail, which train, if any,
I know will bring him abroad, and then,
having him here, I doubt not but we shall¹⁴⁵
be all fortunate in the event.

Wolf. Sir, I will put on my best speed
to effect it. Please you, come in.

Gold. Yes; and let me rest concealed, I
pray you.¹⁵⁰

Wolf. See here a benefit truly done, when
it is done timely, freely, and to no ambition.

Exit [with Golding]

[SCENE IV. — *Touchstone's House*]

*Enter Touchstone, Wife, Daughters,
Sindey, Winsfred*

Touch. I will sail by you and not hear you,
like the wise Ulysses

Mil. Dear father!

Mist. Touch. Husband!

Ger. Father.

5

Win and Sin. Master Touchstone!

Touch. Away, sirens, I will immure my-
self against your cries, and lock myself up to
your lamentations

Mist. Touch. Gentle husband, hear me!

Ger. Father, it is I, father, my Lady Flash.
My sister and I am friends.

Mil. Good father!

Win. Be not hardened, good Master Touch-
stone!¹⁵

Sin. I pray you, sir, be merciful!

Touch. I am deaf, I do not hear you; I
have stopped mine ears with shoemakers' wax,
and drunk Lethe and mandragora to forget
you. All you speak to me I commit to the¹²⁰
air.

Enter Wolf

Mil. How now, Master Wolf?

Wolf. Where's Master Touchstone? I must

speak with him presently; I have lost my
breath for haste.²⁵

Mil. What's the matter, sir? Pray all be
well!

Wolf. Master Deputy Golding is arrested
upon an execution, and desires him presently
to come to him, forthwith.³⁰

Mil. Ay me! Do you hear, father?

Touch. Tricks, tricks, confederacy, tricks!
I have 'em in my nose — I scent 'em!

Wolf. Who's that? Master Touchstone?

Mist Touch. Why, it is Master Wolf³⁵
himself, husband.

Mil. Father!

Touch. I am deaf still, I say, I will neither
yield to the song of the siren, nor the voice
of the hyena, the tears of the crocodile,⁴⁰
nor the howling o' the wolf. Avoid my habita-
tion, monsters!

Wolf. Why, you are not mad, sir? I pray
you, look forth, and see the token I have
brought you, sir.⁴⁵

Touch. Ha! What token is it?

Wolf. Do you know it, sir?

Touch. My son Golding's ring! Are you
in earnest, Master Wolf?

Wolf. Ay, by my faith, sir! He is in⁵⁰
prison, and required me to use all speed and
secrecy to you

Touch. My cloak, there! — pray you be pa-
tient I am plagued for my austerity. My
cloak! At whose suit, Master Wolf?⁵⁵

Wolf. I'll tell you as we go, sir. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE V. — *The Counter*]

Enter Friend, Prisoners

Friend. Why, but is his offence such as he
cannot hope of life?

1 Pris. Troth, it should seem so; and 't is
great pity, for he is exceeding penitent.

Friend. They say he is charged but on¹⁵
suspicion of felony yet.

2 Pris. Ay, but his master is a shrewd
fellow, he'll prove great matter against him

Friend. I'd as lief as anything I could see
his Farewell¹⁰

1 Pris. O 't is rarely written; why, Toby
may get him to sing it to you; he's not curious
to anybody.

2 Pris. O no! He would that all the world
should take knowledge of his repentance,¹¹⁵
and thinks he merits in 't, the more shame he
suffers.

1 Pris. Pray thee, try what thou canst do.

2 Pris. I warrant you, he will not deny

¹³⁰⁻¹³¹ estate: situation ¹⁴³ train: device ¹⁴⁶ event: outcome ⁹ your: ('our' Qq 2-3)
¹⁰ Lethe: river of forgetfulness ¹¹ mandragora: mandrake, a narcotic ¹¹ required: requested
Sc. V. ¹² curious: capricious ¹⁶ merits: acquires merit

it, if he be not hoarse with the often re- [20
peating of it. *Exit.*

1 Pris. You never saw a more courteous creature than he is, and the knight too: the poorest prisoner of the house may command em. You shall hear a thing admirably [25
penned.

Friend. Is the knight any scholar too?

1 Pris. No, but he will speak very well, and discourse admirably of running horses and White-Friars, and against bawds, and [30
of cocks; and talk as loud as a hunter, but is none.

Enter Wolf and Touchstone

Wolf. Please you, stay here, sir: I'll call his worship down to you. *[Exit.]*

Enter [2nd Prisoner with] Quicksilver, Petronel, [and, at another door, Wolf with Golding].

1 Pris. See, he has brought him, and the [35
knight too. Salute him, I pray. Sir, this gentleman, upon our report, is very desirous to hear some piece of your Repentance.

Quick. Sir, with all my heart; and, as I told Master Toby, I shall be glad to have [40
any man a witness of it. And the more openly I profess it, I hope it will appear the heartier and the more unfeigned.

Touch. *[aside]* Who is this? My man Francis, and my son-in-law? 45

Quick. Sir, it is all the testimony I shall leave behind me to the world and my master that I have so offended.

Friend. Good sir!

Quick. I writ it when my spirits were [50
oppressed.

Pet. Ay, I'll be sworn for you, Francis!

Quick. It is in imitation of Mannington's: he that was hanged at Cambridge, that cut off the horse's head at a blow. 55

Friend. So, sir!

Quick. To the tune of 'I wail in woe, I plunge in pain.'

Pet. An excellent ditty it is, and worthy of a new tune. 60

Quick. *In Cheapside, famous for gold and plate,*

Quicksilver, I did dwell of late;

I had a master good and kind,

That would have wrought me to his mind.

He bade me still, Work upon that, 65

But, alas, I wrought I knew not what!

He was a Touchstone black, but true,

And told me still what would ensue,

Yet, woe is me! I would not learn;

I saw, alas, but could not discern! 70

Friend. Excellent, excellent well!

Gold. *[aside to Wolf.]* O let him alone; he is taken already.

Quick. *I cast my coat and cap away,*

I went in silks and satins gay; 75

False metal of good manners I

Did daily coin unlawfully.

I scorn'd my master, being drunk;

I kept my gelding and my punk;

And with a knight, Sir Flash by name, 80

(Who now is sorry for the same) —

Pet. I thank you, Francis.

[Quick.] *I thought by sea to run away,*

But Thames and tempest did me stay.

Touch. *[aside]* This cannot be feigned, [85
sure Heaven pardon my severity. The ragged colt may prove a good horse.

Gold. *[aside]* How he listens, and is transported! He has forgot me

Quick. *Still Eastward Ho was all my word,* 90

But westward I had no regard,

Nor never thought what would come after,

As did, alas, his youngest daughter!

At last the black ox trod o' my foot,

And I saw then what long'd unto 't, 95

Now cry I, 'Touchstone, touch me still,

And make me current by thy skill.'

Touch *[aside]* And I will do it, Francis

Wolf *[aside to Golding]* Stay him, Master Deputy; now is the time; we shall lose [100
the song else

Friend. I protest it is the best that ever I heard

Quick How like you it, gentlemen?

All O admirable, sir! 105

Quick. This stanza now following alludes to the story of Mannington, from whence I took my project for my invention

Friend. Pray you, go on, sir.

Quick *O Mannington, thy stories show,* [110
Thou cut'st a horse-head off at a blow.

But I confess, I have not the force

For to cut off the head of a horse,

Yet I desire this grace to win,

That I may cut off the horse-head of Sin, 115

And leave his body in the dust

Of Sin's highway and bogs of lust,

Whereby I may take Virtue's purse,

And live with her for better, for worse.

Friend Admirable, sir, and excellently [120
conceited.

³⁰ White-Friars: a sanctuary for ruffians, later called "Alsatia" ³¹ S. D. and . . . Golding: ('&c' Qq) ³² Mannington's: (entered for publication, Nov. 7, 1576, printed in *A Handful of Pleasant Delights*, 1584) ³³ I . . . pain: (first line of Mannington's ballad, hence the name of its tune) ³⁴ after, daughter: (pronounce "arter," "darter") ³⁵ black ox: symbolic of adversity ³⁶ what . . . 't: what it all meant ³⁷ current: true gold

Quick. Alas, Sir!

Touch. Son Golding and Master Wolf, I thank you: the deceit is welcome, especially from thee, whose charitable soul in this hath [125 shown a high point of wisdom and honesty. Listen. I am ravished with his Repentance, and could stand here a whole prenticeship to hear him.

Friend. Forth, good sir! 130

Quick. This is the last, and the Farewell.

Farewell, Cheapside, farewell, sweet trade

Of Goldsmiths all, that never shall fade!

Farewell, dear fellow prentices all,

And be you warned by my fall. 135

Shun usurers, bawds, and dice, and drabs;

Avoid them as you would French scabs.

Seek not to go beyond your tether,

But cut your thongs unto your leather,

So shall you thrive by little and little, 140

Scape Tyburn, Counters, and the Spital!

Touch And scape them shalt thou, my penitent and dear Francis.

Quick. Master!

Pel. Father! 145

Touch I can no longer forbear to do your humility right. Arise, and let me honour your repentance with the hearty and joyful embraces of a father and friend's love. Quick-silver, thou hast eat into my breast, Quick- [150 silver, with the drops of thy sorrow, and killed the desperate opinion I had of thy reclaim

Quick. O sir, I am not worthy to see your worshipful face! 155

Pel. Forgive me, father!

Touch Speak no more; all former passages are forgotten, and here my word shall release you. Thank this worthy brother and kind friend, Francis. — Master Wolf, I [160 am their bail. *A shout in the prison.*

[*Security appears at the grate*]

Sec Master Touchstone! Master Touchstone!

Touch Who's that?

Wolf. Security, sir. 165

Sec Pray you, sir, if you'll be won with a song, hear my lamentable tune, too

SONG

O Master Touchstone,

My heart is full of woe!

Alas, I am a cuckold, 170

And why it should be so?

Because I was a usurer

And bawd, as all you know,

For which, again I tell you,

My heart is full of woe 175

Touch Bring him forth, Master Wolf, and release his bands. This day shall be sacred to mercy and the mirth of this encounter in the Counter. See, we are encountered with more suitors! 180

Enter Mistress Touchstone, Gertrude, Mildred, Sindefy, Wmsfred, &c.

Save your breath, save your breath! All things have succeeded to your wishes; and we are heartily satisfied in their events.

Ger. Ah, runaway, runaway! Have I caught you? And how has my poor knight done [185 all this while?

Pel Dear lady-wife, forgive me!

Ger As heartily as I would be forgiven, knight. Dear father, give me your blessing and forgive me too, I ha' been proud [190 and lascivious, father, and a fool, father, and being raised to the state of a wanton coy thing, called a lady, father, have scorned you, father, and my sister, and my sister's velvet cap too; and would make a mouth at the [195 City as I rid through it, and stop mine ears at Bow-bell. I have said your beard was a base one, father, and that you looked like Twierpipe the taborer, and that my mother was but my midwife 200

Mist Touch Now God forgi' you, child madam!

Touch No more repetitions! What is else wanting to make our harmony full? 204

Gold Only this, sir, that my fellow Francis make amends to Mistress Sindefy with marriage

Quick With all my heart!

Gold And Security give her a dower, which shall be all the restitution he shall make [210 of that huge mass he hath so unlawfully gotten

Touch Excellently devised! A good motion! What says Master Security?

Sec I say anything, sir, what you'll ha' [215 me say. Would I were no cuckold!

Wm. Cuckold, husband? Why, I think this wearing of yellow has infected you.

Touch Why, Master Security, that should rather be a comfort to you than a corasive [220 If you be a cuckold, it's an argument you have a beautiful woman to your wife; then you shall be much made of; you shall have store of friends, never want money; you shall be eased of much o' your wedlock pain. [225 others will take it for you. Besides, you being a usurer and likely to go to hell, the devils will never torment you, they'll take you for one o' their own race. Again, if

¹⁸⁰ Forth: go on ¹⁸⁸⁻¹⁸⁹ thy . . . reclaim: my despair of your cure ¹⁹⁹ taborer: drummer
²¹⁸ yellow: color betokening jealousy; also that worn by prisoners ²²⁰ corasive: corrosive, irritant

you be a cuckold, and know it not, you are [230
an innocent; if you know it and endure it,
a true martyr.

Sec. I am resolved, sir. Come hither,
Winnie!

Touch. Well, then, all are pleased, or [235
shall be anon. Master Wolf, you look hun-
gry, methinks; have you no apparel to lend
Francis to shift him?

Quick. No, sir, nor I desire none; but
here make it my suit, that I may go home [240
through the streets in these, as a spectacle,
or rather an example, to the children of Cheap-
side.

Touch. Thou hast thy wish. Now, Lon-
don, look about,
And in this moral see thy glass run out: 245
Behold the careful father, thrifty son,

The solemn deeds which each of us have done;
The usurer punish'd, and from fall so steep
The prodigal child reclaim'd, and the lost sheep.

EPILOGUS

[*Quick.*] Stay, sir, I perceive the multi-
tude are gathered together to view our com-
ing out at the Counter. See, if the streets
and the fronts of the houses be not stuck
with people, and the windows filled with 5
ladies, as on the solemn day of the Pageant!

*O may you find in this our pageant, here,
The same contentment which you came to seek;
And as that show but draws you once a year,
May this attract you hither once a week. 10*

[*Exeunt.*]

FINIS

²⁴⁵ *glass*: (quibble on looking-glass and hour-glass) ⁵ *Pageant*: the annual Lord Mayor's show
¹⁰ *once a week*: (the maximum frequency of performance to be expected for a Jacobean play)

EVERY MAN IN his Humor.

As it hath beene fundry times
publickly acted by the right
Honorable the Lord Cham-
berlaine his seruants.

Written by BEN. JOHNSON.

Quod non dant proceres, dabit Histrion.

Haud tamen inuidias vati, quem pulpita pascunt.

Imprinted at London for *Walter Burre*, and are to
be sould at his shoppe in Paules Church-yard.

1601.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL RECORD. This play is extant in two forms, the Quarto issued in 1601, in which the scene is Florence, and the characters bear Italian names, and the revised version which appeared in the Folio of 1616. In this latter text the action is transferred to London, and the characters are given English names. On Aug. 4, 1600, the play was mentioned on the Registers of the Stationers' Company together with *As You Like It*, *Henry V*, and *Much Ado about Nothing*, the publication of all these plays being ordered "to be staid." This entry was probably made by the Lord Chamberlain's Company to secure the copyright and checkmate a possible pirate. Yet on Aug. 14 (ten days later) the following entry was made for Cuthbert Burby and Walter Burre: — *Entred for yeur copie vnder the handes of Master Pasvill [i.e., Pasfield] and ye wardens, a booke called Every man in his humour . . . yd.* The Quarto appeared the following year, under Burre's imprint, bearing the statement on its title-page that the play had "beene sundry times publickly acted by the right Honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants."

DEDICATION. When he issued the revised and definitive version of his play in 1616, Jonson added the following dedication to his old schoolmaster at Westminster, the famous antiquary, William Camden, Clarenceux king-of-arms:

"To the most learned, and my honor'd friend, Mr. Cambden, Clarentiaux

"Sir, There are, no doubt, a supercilious race in the world, who will esteeme all office, done you in this kind, an iniurie; so solemne a vice it is with them to vse the authoritie of their ignorance, to the crying downe of Poetry, or the Professors But my gratitude must not leaue (i.e., omit) to correct their error, since I am none of those, that can suffer the benefits conferr'd vpon my youth, to perish with my age It is a fraile memorie, that remembers but present things: And, had the fauour of the times so conspir'd with my disposition, as it could haue brought forth other, or better, you had had the same proportion, & number of the fruits, the first Now, I pray you, to accept this, such, wherein neither the confession of my manners shall make you blush; nor of my studies repent you to haue beene the instructor: And, for the profession of my thankfulness, I am sure, it will, with good men, find either praise, or excuse Your true louer,

BEN. IONSON "

DATE AND STAGE PERFORMANCE The title-page of the folio version of the play states that it had been "acted in the yeere 1598, By the then Lord Chamberlaine his seruants " As it is not mentioned by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* (1598), and as it is definitely referred to as a new play in a letter from Tobie Matthew to Dudley Carleton, dated Sept 20, 1598, it may be definitely assumed that the date given in the folio is the date of the first performance There is also appended to the folio text a list of the principal actors in the play in 1598, at the head of which appears the name of William Shakespeare. The other actors were Augustine Phillips, Henry Condell, William Sly, William Kempe, Richard Burbage, John Heminges, Thomas Pope, Christopher Beeston, and John Duke. There is an old tradition that *Every Man in his Humour* was acted only as a result of Shakespeare's intercession, but there is no direct proof to support the story. The comedy was acted at court before James I, Feb 2, 1605, and the original text may have undergone revision at this time; but the very careful rewriting that the 1616 text presents is probably later, perhaps as late as 1612 when the folio collection of Jonson's plays was first projected. Garrick produced the play in 1751 and Kean in 1816 A famous revival took place in 1845, for Leigh Hunt's benefit, Charles Dickens acting the part of Bobadill

STRUCTURE. The division into acts and scenes is moulded on Latin precedent, and the stage directions are of the classical pattern employed also by Lyly in *Endymion* and by Marlowe in *Tamburlaine*. A new scene is indicated whenever a new character or group of characters appears. At the head of each scene are listed the characters who take part in it in the order in which they speak or appear. Jonson is careful to observe the unities demanded by the renaissance interpretation of classical dramatic theory; but it was the richness of his appreciation of contemporary life, his theory of humours, and his penetrating observation that made the play a great force in English comedy.

BEN JONSON (1572-1637)

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR

(Version of 1616)

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

KNOWELL, an old Gentleman
 EDWARD KNOWELL, his Son
 BRAINWORM, the Father's Man
 MASTER STEPHEN, a Country Gull
 [GEORGE] DOWNRIGHT, a plain Squire
 WELLBRED, his Half-Brother
 JUSTICE CLEMENT, an old merry Magistrate
 ROGER FORMAL, his Clerk
 KITELY, a Merchant

MASTER MATHEW, the Town Gull
 [THOMAS] CASH, Kitley's Man
 [OLIVER] COB, a Water-bearer
 CAPTAIN BOBADILL, a Paul's Man

DAME KITELY, Kitley's Wife
 MISTRESS BRIDGET, his Sister
 TIB, Cob's Wife
 [Servants, etc.]

THE SCENE — London

PROLOGUE

THOUGH need make many poets, and some such
 As art and nature have not better'd much,
 Yet ours for want hath not so lov'd the stage,
 As he dare serve th' ill customs of the age,
 Or purchase your delight at such a rate, 5
 As, for it, he himself must justly hate:
 To make a child, now swaddled, to proceed
 Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and weed,
 Past threescore years, or, with three rusty swords,
 And help of some few foot-and-half-foot words, 10
 Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,
 And in the tiring-house bring wounds to scars.
 He rather prays you will be pleas'd to see
 One such to-day, as other plays should be.
 Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas, 15
 Nor creaking throne comes down, the boys to please;
 Nor nimble squib is seen, to make afraid
 The gentlewomen; nor roll'd bullet heard
 To say, it thunders, nor tempestuous drum
 Rumbles, to tell you when the storm doth come;
 But deeds, and language, such as men do use,
 And persons, such as Comedy would choose,
 When she would show an image of the times,
 And sport with human follies, not with crimes;
 Except we make 'em such, by loving still 25
 Our popular errors, when we know th' are ill.
 I mean such errors as you 'll all confess,
 By laughing at them, they deserve no less
 Which when you heartily do, there 's hope left then,
 You, that have so grac'd monsters, may like men 30

D P. Gull: fool Paul's Man: one who frequents the aisle of St Paul's Cathedral, a loafer Prologue: (not in 1601 version) ¹⁰ foot-and-half-foot: sesquipedalian, very long ¹¹ York . . . jars: probably a reference to the three Henry VI plays ¹² tiring-house: dressing room ¹³ (Allusion to Shakespeare's *Henry V* and *Pericles*) ¹⁴⁻¹⁵ Nor . . . gentlewomen: (allusion to *Dr. Faustus*) ¹⁶⁻¹⁷ nor . . . come: (allusion to *King Lear*) ²¹⁻²² (These lines define the theory of humors which Jonson's classical mind opposed to the romantic stage methods indicated in ll. 7-20, which broke all ancient dramatic laws. Cf. 111, iv, 20-25)

Act I. Scene I

[Before Knowell's House, Hogsden.]

Knowell, [later] Brainworm, Master Stephen

[Know.] A goodly day toward, and a fresh morning. —
Brainworm!

[Enter Brainworm]

Call up your young master: bid him rise, sir.
Tell him, I have some business to employ him.

Brain. I will, sir, presently.

Know. But hear you, sirrah,
If he be at his book, disturb him not. 6

Brain. Well, sir. [Exit.]

Know. How happy yet should I esteem myself,

Could I, by any practice, wean the boy
From one vain course of study he affects. 10
He is a scholar, if a man may trust
The liberal voice of fame in her report,
Of good account in both our Universities,
Either of which hath favour'd him with graces:
But their indulgence must not spring in me 15
A fond opinion that he cannot err.

Myself was once a student, and, indeed,
Fed with the self-same humour he is now,
Dreaming on nought but idle poetry,
That fruitless and unprofitable art, 20
Good unto none, but least to the professors;
Which then I thought the mistress of all knowledge;

But since, time and the truth have wak'd my judgment,
And reason taught me better to distinguish
The vain from th' useful learnings.

[Enter Master Stephen]

Cousin Stephen, 25
What news with you, that you are here so early?

Step. Nothing, but e'en come to see how you do, uncle.

Know. That's kindly done; you are welcome, coz. 30

Step. Ay, I know that, sir; I would not ha' come else. How do my cousin Edward, uncle?

Know. O, well, coz; go in and see; I doubt he be scarce stirring yet.

Step. Uncle, afore I go in, can you tell me, 35
an he have e'er a book of the sciences of hawking and hunting; I would fain borrow it.

Know. Why, I hope you will not a-hawking now, will you?

Step. No, wussie; but I'll practise against 40
next year, uncle. I have bought me a hawk, and a hood, and bells, and all; I lack nothing but a book to keep it by.

Know. Oh, most ridiculous!

Step. Nay, look you now, you are angry, 45
uncle. — Why, you know an a man have not skill in the hawking and hunting languages now-a-days, I'll not give a rush for him. they are more studied than the Greek, or the Latin. He is for no gallant's company without 'em; 50
and by gadslid I scorn it, I, so I do, to be a consort for every humdrum: hang 'em, scroyles! there's nothing in 'em i' the world. What do you talk on it? Because I dwell at Hogsden, I shall keep company with none but the 55
archers of Finsbury, or the citizens that come a ducking to Islington ponds! A fine jest, i' faith! 'Slid, a gentleman mun show himself like a gentleman. Uncle, I pray you be not angry, I know what I have to do, I trow, I 60
am no novice.

Know. You are a prodigal, absurd coxcomb: go to!

Nay, never look at me, it's I that speak;
Take 't as you will, sir, I'll not flatter you.
Ha' you not yet found means enow to waste 65
That which your friends have left you, but you must

Go cast away your money on a kite,
And know not how to keep it, when you ha' done?

O, it's comely! This will make you a gentleman!

Well, cousin, well, I see you are e'en past hope 70

Of all reclaim. — Ay, so, now you are told on it, You look another way.

Step. What would you ha' me do?

Know. What would I have you do? I'll tell you, kinsman;

Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive;
That would I have you do. and not to spend 75
Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,
Or every foolish brain that humours you.
I would not have you to invade each place,
Nor thrust yourself on all societies,
Till men's affections, or your own desert, 80
Should worthily invite you to your rank.
He that is so respectless in his courses,
Oft sells his reputation at cheap market.

¹ presently: at once ¹³ fame: reputation ¹⁶ fond: foolish ²¹ professors: practitioners
(Lines 19–21 are borrowed from Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, IV, i, 68–71.) ³⁰ coz: cousin (here, "nephew")
⁴⁰ wussie: ywis, indeed ⁵¹ gadslid: by God's eyelid (a common oath) ⁵⁵ scroyles: scoundrels
⁵⁶ Hogsden: Hoxton, a suburb of London ⁶⁰ ⁶⁷ Finsbury, Islington: open tracts north of London
⁶⁸ 'Slid: cf. n. on l. 51 ⁶⁹ mun: must ⁷⁰ kite: hawk ⁸⁰ respectless: heedless, reckless ⁸¹ courses: behavior

Nor would I you should melt away yourself
 In flashing bravery, lest, while you affect 85
 To make a blaze of gentry to the world,
 A little puff of scorn extinguish it,
 And you be left like an unsavoury snuff,
 Whose property is only to offend.
 I 'd ha' you sober, and contain yourself, 90
 Not that your sail be bigger than your boat;
 But moderate your expenses now, at first,
 As you may keep the same proportion still:
 Nor stand so much on your gentility,
 Which is an airy and mere borrow'd thing, 95
 From dead men's dust and bones; and none of
 yours,
 Except you make, or hold it. Who comes here?

Act I. Scene II

[The Same.]

Servant, Master Stephen, Knowell, [later]

Brainworm

[Serv.] Save you, gentlemen!

Step. Nay, we do not stand much on our gentility, friend; yet you are welcome: and I assure you mine uncle here is a man of a thousand a year, Middlesex land. He has but one son in 15 all the world, I am his next heir, at the common law, master Stephen, as simple as I stand here, if my cousin die, as there 's hope he will. I have a pretty living o' mine own too, beside, hard by here. 10

Serv. In good time, sir.

Step. In good time, sir! Why, and in very good time, sir! You do not flout, friend, do you?

Serv. Not I, sir.

Step. Not you, sir! you were not best, 115 sir, an you should, here be them can perceive it, and that quickly too; go to. and they can give it again soundly too, an need be.

Serv. Why, sit, let this satisfy you; good faith, I had no such intent. 20

Step. Sir, an I thought you had, I would talk with you, and that presently

Serv. Good master Stephen, so you may, sir, at your pleasure

Step. And so I would, sir, good my saucy 25 companion! An you were out o' mine uncle's ground, I can tell you; though I do not stand upon my gentility, neither, in 't.

Know. Cousin, cousin, will this ne'er be left?

Step. Whoreson, base fellow! a mechanical 30 cal serving-man! By this cudgel, an 't were not for shame, I would —

Know. What would you do, you peremptory gull?

If you cannot be quiet, get you hence.
 You see the honest man demeans himself 35
 Modestly tow'rds you, giving no reply
 To your unseason'd, quarrelling, rude fashion;
 And still you huff it, with a kind of carriage
 As void of wit, as of humanity.
 Go, get you in; 'fore heaven, I am asham'd 40
 Thou hast a kinsman's interest in me.

[Exit Master Stephen]

Serv. I pray you, sir, is this master Knowell's house?

Know. Yes, marry, is it, sir. 44

Serv. I should inquire for a gentleman here, one master Edward Knowell: do you know any such, sir, I pray you?

Know. I should forget myself else, sir.

Serv. Are you the gentleman? Cry you mercy, sir. I was requir'd by a gentleman i' 50 the city, as I rode out at this end o' the town, to deliver you this letter, sir.

Know. To me, sir! What do you mean? pray you remember your court'sy. [Reads] "To his most selected friend, master Edward 55 Knowell." What might the gentleman's name be, sir, that sent it? Nay, pray you be cover'd.

Serv. One master Wellbred, sir.

Know. Master Wellbred! a young gentleman, is he not? 60

Serv. The same, sir; master Kitley married his sister, the rich merchant i' the Old Jewry.

Know. You say very true — Brainworm!

[Enter Brainworm]

Brai. Sir 64

Know. Make this honest friend drink here: pray you, go in

[Exeunt Brainworm and Servant.]

This letter is directed to my son;
 Yet I am Edward Knowell too, and may,
 With the safe conscience of good manners, use
 The fellow's error to my satisfaction. 70
 Well, I will break it ope (old men are curious),
 Be it but for the style's sake and the phrase,
 To see if both do answer my son's praises,
 Who is, almost, grown the idolater 74
 Of this young Wellbred. What have we here?

What 's this?

The letter

[Reads] "Why, Ned, I beseech thee, hast thou forsworn all thy friends i' the Old Jewry? or dost thou think us all Jews that inhabit there yet? If thou dost, come over, and but see our frippery; change an old shirt for a whole smock 80 with us: do not conceive that antipathy between

⁸⁵ bravery: finery ⁸⁶⁻⁸⁷ affect: desire ⁸⁸ As: so that ⁸⁹ In . . . time: very well ⁹⁰ flout: mock
⁹¹⁻⁹² mechanical: base, mean ⁹³ demeans: conducts ⁹⁴ huff it: swagger ⁹⁵⁻⁹⁶ Cry you mercy: I beg your pardon
⁹⁷ remember your court'sy: put on your hat ⁹⁸ frippery: second-hand clothing shop

us and Hogsden, as was between Jews and hogs-flesh. Leave thy vigilant father alone, to number over his green apricots, evening and morning, o' the north-west wall. An I had been [85 his son, I had sav'd him the labour long since, if taking in all the young wenches that pass by at the back-door, and coddling every kernel of the fruit for 'em, would ha' serv'd. But prithee, come over to me quickly this morning; [90 I have such a present for thee! — our Turkey company never sent the like to the Grand Signior. One is a rhymers, sir, o' your own batch, your own leaven; but doth think himself poet-major o' the town, willing to be shown, and [95 worthy to be seen. The other — I will not venter his description with you, till you come, because I would ha' you make hither with an appetite. If the worst of 'em be not worth your journey, draw your bill of charges, as un- [100 conscionable as any Guildhall verdict will give it you, and you shall be allow'd your viaticum.

From the Windmill."

From the Bordello it might come as well, The Spittle, or Pict-hatch. Is this the man My son hath sung so, for the happiest wit, [105 The choicest brain, the times have sent us forth! I know not what he may be in the arts, Nor what in schools; but, surely, for his manners,

I judge him a profane and dissolute wretch; Worse by possession of such great good gifts, [110 Being the master of so loose a spirit Why, what unhallow'd ruffian would have writ In such a scurrilous manner to a friend! Why should he think I tell my apricots, Or play th' Hesperian dragon with my fruit, [115 To watch it? Well, my son, I'd thought Y' had had more judgment t' have made election

Of your companions, than t' have ta'en on trust Such petulant, jeering gamesters, that can spare No argument or subject from their jest. [120 But I perceive affection makes a fool Of any man too much the father. — Brainworm!

[Enter Brainworm]

Brai. Sir.

Know. Is the fellow gone that brought this letter?

Brai. Yes, sir, a pretty while since.

Know. And where's your young master? [125

Brai. In his chamber, sir.

Know. He spake not with the fellow, did he?

Brai. No, sir, he saw him not.

Know. Take you this letter, and deliver it

my son; but with no notice that I have [130 open'd it, on your life.

Brai. O Lord, sir! that were a jest indeed. *[Exit.]*

Know. I am resolv'd I will not stop his journey,

Nor practise any violent mean to stay [134 The unbridled course of youth in him; for that Restrain'd grows more impatient; and in kind Like to the eager, but the generous greyhound, Who ne'er so little from his game withheld, Turns head, and leaps up at his holder's throat. There is a way of winning more by love [140 And urging of the modesty, than fear: Force works on servile natures, not the free. He that 's compell'd to goodness, may be good, But 't is but for that fit, where others, drawn By softness and example, get a habit [145 Then, if they stray, but warn 'em, and the same They should for virtue 've done, they 'll do for shame. *[Exit.]*

Act I. Scene III

[A Room in Knowell's House.]

Edward Knowell, Brainworm, [later] Master Stephen

[E. Know.] Did he open it, sayest thou?

Brai. Yes, o' my word, sir, and read the contents.

E. Know. That scarce contents me. What countenance, prithee, made he i' the reading [5 of it? Was he angry or pleas'd?

Brai. Nay, sir, I saw him not read it, nor open it, I assure your worship.

E. Know. No! How know'st thou, then, that he did either? [10

Brai. Marry, sir, because he charg'd me, on my life, to tell nobody that he open'd it; which, unless he had done, he would never fear to have it reveal'd.

E. Know. That's true: well, I thank [15 thee, Brainworm.

[Enter Stephen]

Step. O, Brainworm, didst thou not see a fellow here in a what-sha'-call-him doublet? He brought mine uncle a letter e'en now.

Brai. Yes, master Stephen; what of him? [20

Step. O, I ha' such a mind to beat him — where is he? canst thou tell?

Brai. Faith, he is not of that mind: he is gone, master Stephen.

Step. Gone! which way? When went [25 he? How long since?

⁸⁸ coddling: stewing ⁹¹⁻⁹² Turkey company: chartered 1581 for trade in the Levant ⁸⁹ batch: a "baking" of bread ¹⁰² viaticum: traveling expenses ^{Windmill:} a tavern ¹⁰³ Bordello: brothel ¹⁰⁴ Spittle: a hospital for venereal diseases ^{Pict-hatch:} a notorious haunt of prostitutes ¹¹⁴ tell: count ¹¹⁷ election: selection ¹³⁴ pretty: considerable ¹³⁷ generous: well-bred

Brai. He is rid hence; he took horse at the street-door.

Step. And I stay'd i' the fields! Whoreson Scanderbag rogue! O that I had but a horse [30 to fetch him back again!]

Brai. Why, you may ha' my master's gelding, to save your longing, sir.

Step. But I ha' no boots, that 's the spite on 't.

Brai. Why, a fine wisp of hay, roll'd hard, [35 master Stephen.

Step. No, faith, it 's no boot to follow him now: let him e'en go and hang. Prithee, help to truss me a little: he does so vex me —

Brai. You 'll be worse vex'd when you are [40 truss'd, master Stephen. Best keep unbrac'd, and walk yourself till you be cold; your choler may founder you else.

Step. By my faith, and so I will, now thou tell'st me on 't. How dost thou like my leg, [45 Brainworm?

Brai. A very good leg, master Stephen, but the woollen stocking does not commend it so well

Step. Foh! the stockings be good enough, [50 now summer is coming on, for the dust. I 'll have a pair of silk again' winter, that I go to dwell i' the town. I think my leg would show in a silk hose —

Brai. Believe me, master Stephen, rarely well

Step. In sadness, I think it would, I have [55 a reasonable good leg.

Brai. You have an excellent good leg, master Stephen; but I cannot stay to praise it longer now, and I am very sorry for 't. [Exit] 60

Step. Another time will serve, Brainworm Gramercy for this

E. Know. Ha, ha, ha! *Knowell laughs, having read the letter.*

Step. 'Slid, I hope he laughs not at me, an he do — 65

E. Know. Here was a letter indeed, to be intercepted by a man's father, and do him good with him! He cannot but think most virtuously, both of me, and the sender, sure, that make the careful costermonger of him in our familiar [70 epistles. Well, if he read this with patience I 'll be gelt, and troll ballads for Master John Trundle yonder, the rest of my mortality. It is true, and likely, my father may have as much patience as another man, for he takes much [75 physic; and oft taking physic makes a man very patient. But would your packet, Master

Wellbred, had arriv'd at him in such a minute of his patience! then we had known the end of it, which now is doubtful, and threatens — [sees Master Stephen.] What, my wise [81 cousin! Nay, then, I 'll furnish our feast with one gull more toward the mess. He writes to me of a brace, and here 's one, that 's three: oh, for a fourth! Fortune, if ever thou 't use thine eyes, I entreat thee — 86

Step. Oh, now I see who he laughed at: he laughed at somebody in that letter. By this good light, an he had laughed at me —

E. Know. How now, cousin Stephen, [90 melancholy?

Step. Yes, a little: I thought you had laughed at me, cousin.

E. Know. Why, what an I had, coz? What would you ha' done? 95

Step. By this light, I would ha' told mine uncle

E. Know. Nay, if you would ha' told your uncle, I did laugh at you, coz.

Step. Did you, indeed? 100

E. Know. Yes, indeed.

Step. Why then —

E. Know. What then?

Step. I am satisfied, it is sufficient.

E. Know. Why, be so, gentle coz: and, [105 I pray you, let me entreat a courtesy of you. I am sent for this morning by a friend i' the Old Jewry, to come to him, it 's but crossing over the fields to Moorgate. Will you bear me company? I protest it is not to draw you [110 into bond or any plot against the state, coz.

Step. Sir, that 's all one an 't were, you shall command me twice so far as Moorgate, to do you good in such a matter. Do you think I would leave you? I protest — 115

E. Know. No, no, you shall not protest, coz.

Step. By my fackins, but I will, by your leave: — I 'll protest more to my friend, than I 'll speak of at this time.

E. Know. You speak very well, coz. 120

Step. Nay, not so neither, you shall pardon me: but I speak to serve my turn.

E. Know. Your turn, coz! Do you know what you say? A gentleman of your sort, parts, carriage, and estimation, to talk o' your turn [125 i' this company, and to me alone, like a tankard-bearer at a conduit! fie! A wight that, hitherto, his every step hath left the stamp of a great foot behind him, as every word the

³⁰ Scanderbag: the Albanian patriot, Castriot, also known as Iskander Bey ³⁷ boot: use, avail
³⁹ truss: tie the laces which held the clothing ⁴⁸ again': against, in preparation for ⁴⁶ In sadness: seriously ⁴⁹ Gramercy: thanks ⁷⁰ costermonger: dealer in fruit (a term of contempt)
⁷¹ Trundle: a publisher of ballads, etc.; in business, 1603-1626 ⁸³ mess: group of four at dinner
^{86, 100} Step.: ('Serv.' F) ¹¹⁷ fackins: faith ¹²⁴ sort: rank ¹²⁵ turn: (Water-carriers, called "cobs," carried water in large "tankards" from the public cisterns, or "conduits," to private houses. They were paid a fixed sum per "turn," or journey from the conduit. Cf. l. 122)

savour of a strong spirit, and he! this man! (130 so grac'd, gilded, or, to use a more fit metaphor, so tin-foil'd by nature, as not ten housewives' pewter, again' a good time, shows more bright to the world than he! and he! (as I said last, so I say again, and still shall say it) this (135 man! to conceal such real ornaments as these, and shadow their glory, as a milliner's wife does her wrought stomacher, with a smoky lawn, or a black cypress! O, coz! it cannot be answer'd; go not about it. Drake's old ship at Dept- (140 ford may sooner circle the world again. Come, wrong not the quality of your desert, with looking downward, coz; but hold up your head, so: and let the idea of what you are be portray'd i' your face, that men may read i' your phys- (145 nomy, *Here within this place is to be seen the true, rare, and accomplish'd monster, or miracle of nature, which is all one.* What think you of this, coz?

Step. Why, I do think of it: and I will (150 be more proud, and melancholy, and gentleman-like, than I have been, I'll insure you.

E. Know Why, that's resolute master Stephen! — [*Aside*] Now, if I can but hold him up to his height, as it is happily begun, it (155 will do well for a suburb humour: we may hap have a match with the city, and play him for forty pound. — Come, coz.

Step. I'll follow you.

E. Know. Follow me! You must go before.

Step. Nay, an I must, I will. Pray you show me, good cousin. [*Exeunt.*] 162

Act I. Scene IIII

[*The Lane before Cob's House.*]

Master Mathew, Cob

[*Mat.*] I think this be the house. What, ho!

[*Enter Cob*]

Cob. Who's there? O, master Mathew! gi' your worship good morrow.

Mat. What, Cob! how dost thou, good Cob? Dost thou inhabit here, Cob? 5

Cob. Ay, sir, I and my lineage ha' kept a poor house here, in our days.

Mat. Thy lineage, monsieur Cobb! What lineage, what lineage?

Cob. Why, sir, an ancient lineage, and a (10 princely. Mine ance'try came from a king's belly, no worse man; and yet no man neither (by your worship's leave, I did lie in that) but herring,

the king of fish (from his belly I proceed), one o' the monarchs o' the world, I assure you. (15 The first red herring that was broil'd in Adam and Eve's kitchen do I fetch my pedigree from, by the harrot's books. His cob was my great, great, mighty-great grandfather.

Mat. Why mighty, why mighty, I pray (20 thee?

Cob. O, it was a mighty while ago, sir, and a mighty great cob.

Mat. How know'st thou that?

Cob. How know I! why, I smell his ghost ever and anon. 26

Mat. Smell a ghost! O unsavoury jest! and the ghost of a herring cob?

Cob. Ay, sir. With favour of your worship's nose, master Mathew, why not the ghost of (30 a herring cob, as well as the ghost of Rasher Bacon?

Mat. Roger Bacon, thou would'st say.

Cob. I say Rasher Bacon. They were both broil'd o' the coals; and a man may smell (35 broil'd meat, I hope! You are a scholar; up-solve me that now.

Mat. O raw ignorance! — Cob, canst thou show me of a gentleman, one captain Bobadill, where his lodging is? 40

Cob. O, my guest, sir, you mean.

Mat. Thy guest! alas, ha, ha!

Cob. Why do you laugh, sir? Do you not mean captain Bobadill?

Mat. Cob, pray thee advise thyself well; (45 do not wrong the gentleman, and thyself too. I dare be sworn he scorns thy house; he! he lodge in such a base obscure place as thy house! Tut, I know his disposition so well, he would not lie in thy bed if thou 'dst gi' it him. 50

Cob. I will not give it him though, sir. Mass, I thought somewhat was in 't, we could not get him to bed all night. Well, sir, though he lie not o' my bed, he lies o' my bench; an 't please you to go up, sir, you shall find him with two cushions under his head, and his cloak (55 wrapp'd about him, as though he had neither won nor lost, and yet, I warrant, he ne'er cast better in his life, than he has done to-night.

Mat. Why, was he drunk? 60

Cob. Drunk, sir! you hear not me say so. Perhaps he swallow'd a tavern-token, or some such device, sir; I have nothing to do withal. I deal with water and not with wine. — Gi' me my tankard there, ho! — God b' wi' you, sir. (65 It's six o'clock: I should ha' carried two turns by this. What ho! my stopple! come.

¹³⁰ again' . . . time: in preparation for a holiday ¹³⁷ milliner: seller of fancy wares or notions
¹³⁸ cypress: crape ¹⁴⁰ Drake's old ship: the *Golden Hind*, kept on exhibition at Deptford ¹⁴⁵ in-
 sure: promise ¹⁴⁸ harrot's: herald's cob: red herring ¹⁴⁹⁻¹⁵¹ up-solve: i.e., resolve ¹⁵² cast: to
 throw dice or to vomit ¹⁵³ swallow'd . . . token: got drunk (slang) Taverns issued metal tokens
 because of the scarcity of currency. ¹⁵⁷ stopple: stopper

[Enter Tib with a water-tankard]

Mat. Lie in a water-bearer's house! a gentleman of his havings! Well, I'll tell him my mind.

Cob. What, Tib; show this gentleman up to the captain. [Exit Tib with Master Mathew.] Oh, an my house were the Brazen-head now! faith it would e'en speak *Mo fools yet*. You should ha' some now would take this Master Mathew to be a gentleman, at the least. His father's an honest man, a worshipful fishmonger, and so forth, and now does he creep and wriggle into acquaintance with all the brave gallants about the town, such as my guest is (O, my guest is a fine man!), and they flout him invincibly. He useth every day to a merchant's house where I serve water, one master Kitley's, i' the Old Jewry; and here's the jest, he is in love with my master's sister, Mrs. Bridget, and calls her "Mistress"; and there he will sit you a whole afternoon sometimes, reading o' these same abominable, vile (a pox on 'em I cannot abide them), rascally verses, poyetry, poyetry, and speaking of interludes, 't will make a man burst to hear him And the wenches, they do so jeer, and ti-he at him -- Well, should they do so much to me, I'd forswear them all, by the foot of Pharaoh! There's an oath! How many water-bearers shall you hear swear such an oath? O, I have a guest -- he teaches me -- he does swear the legiblest of any man christ'ned: *By St George! The foot of Pharaoh! The body of me! As I am a gentleman and a soldier!* such dainty oaths! and withal he does take this same filthy roguish tobacco, the finest and cleanliest! It would do a man good to see the fume come forth at 's tonnels -- Well, he owes me forty shillings, my wife lent him out of her purse, by sixpence a time, besides his lodging: I would I had it! I shall ha' it, he says, the next action. Helter skelter, hang sorrow, care 'll kill a cat, up-tails all, and a louse for the hangman! [Exit]

Act I. Scene V

[A Room in Cob's House.]

Bobadill, [later] **Tib**, **Mathew**

[**Bob.**] Hostess, hostess! **Bobadill** is discovered lying on his bench.
[Enter Tib]

Tib. What say you, sir?

Bob. A cup o' thy small beer, sweet hostess.

Tib Sir, there 's a gentleman below would speak with you

Bob. A gentleman! 'odso, I am not within.

Tib. My husband told him you were, sir.

Bob. What a plague -- what meant he?

Mat. (below.) Captain Bobadill!

Bob. Who 's there! -- Take away the basin, good hostess; -- Come up, sir.

Tib. He would desire you to come up, sir. You come into a cleanly house, here!

[Enter Mathew]

Mat. Save you, sir; save you, captain!

Bob. Gentle master Mathew! Is it you, sir? Please you sit down

Mat. Thank you, good captain; you may see I am somewhat audacious.

Bob. Not so, sir. I was requested to supper last night by a sort of gallants, where you were wish'd for, and drunk to, I assure you.

Mat. Vouchsafe me, by whom, good captain?
Bob. Marry, by young Wellbred, and others. -- Why, hostess, a stool here for this gentleman.

Mat. No haste, sir, 't is very well.

Bob. Body of me! it was so late ere we parted last night, I can scarce open my eyes yet; I was but new risen, as you came How passes the day abroad, sir? you can tell.

Mat. Faith, some half hour to seven. Now, trust me, you have an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat, and private.

Bob. Ay, sir. sit down, I pray you Master Mathew, in any case possess no gentlemen of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging.

Mat. Who? I, sir? No

Bob. Not that I need to care who know it, for the cabin is convenient, but in regard I would not be too popular, and generally visited, as some are.

Mat. True, captain, I conceive you.

Bob. For, do you see, sir, by the heart of valour in me, except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily engag'd, as yourself, or so, I could not extend thus far.

Mat. O Lord, sir! I resolve so.

Bob. I confess I love a cleanly and quiet privacy, above all the tumult and roar of fortune. What new book ha' you there? What! "Go by, Hieronymo?"

Mat. Ay: did you ever see it acted? Is 't not well penn'd?

Bob. Well penn'd! I would fain see all the poets of these times pen such another play as that was: they 'll prate and swagger, and

¹⁰ havings: wealth ¹¹ Brazen-head: (See Greene's *Frisar Bacon* and *Frisar Bungay*) ¹² Mo: more ¹³ useth . . . to: is accustomed to go to ¹⁴ tonnels: nostrils ¹⁵ up-tails all: refrain of a popular song ¹⁶ 'odso: God's so (an oath) ¹⁷ sort: company ¹⁸ I . . . so: I am sure of it.
¹⁹⁻²¹ Go by, Hieronymo: (Cf. *The Spanish Tragedy*, III, xii, 30.)

keep a stir of art and devices, when, as I am a gentleman, read 'em, they are the most shallow, pitiful, barren fellows that live upon the face of the earth again. 60

Mat. Indeed here are a number of fine speeches in this book. *O eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears!* There's a conceit! Fountains fraught with tears! *O life, no life, but lively form of death!* — another. *O world, no* 165 *world, but mass of public wrongs!* — a third. *Confus'd and fill'd with murder and misdeeds!* — a fourth. O, the muses! Is 't not excellent? Is 't not simply the best that ever you heard, captain? Ha! how do you like it? 70

Bob. 'T is good

Mat. To thee, the purest object to my sense, The most refined essence heaven covers, Send I these lines, wherein I do commend The happy state of turtle-billing lovers. 75 If they prove rough, unpolish'd, harsh, and rude, Haste made the waste: thus mildly I conclude.

Bob. Nay, proceed, proceed. Where's this?

Bobadil is making him ready all this while.

Mat. This, sir! a toy o' mine own, in my nonage; the infancy of my muses. But 80 when will you come and see my study? Good faith, I can show you some very good things I have done of late. — That boot becomes your leg passing well, captain, methinks.

Bob. So, so; it's the fashion gentlemen 85 now use

Mat. Troth, captain, and now you speak o' the fashion, master Wellbred's elder brother and I are fall'n out exceedingly. This other day, I happ'n'd to enter into some discourse 90 of a hanger, which, I assure you, both for fashion and workmanship, was most peremptory beautiful and gentlemanlike: yet he condemn'd, and cri'd it down for the most pidd and ridiculous that he ever saw. 95

Bob. Squire Downright, the half-brother, was 't not?

Mat. Ay, sir, he.

Bob. Hang him, rook! he! why he has no more judgment than a malt-horse. By St 100 George, I wonder you'd lose a thought upon such an animal; the most peremptory absurd clown of Christendom, this day, he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman and a soldier, I ne'er chang'd words with his like. 105 By his discourse, he should eat nothing but hay; he was born for the manger, pannier, or pack-saddle. He has not so much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron and rusty proverbs: a

good commodity for some smith to make 110 hob-nails of.

Mat. Ay, and he thinks to carry it away with his manhood still, where he comes: he brags he will gi' me the bastinado, as I hear.

Bob. How! he the bastinado! How came 115 he by that word, trow?

Mat. Nay, indeed, he said cudgel me; I term'd it so, for my more grace.

Bob. That may be; for I was sure it was none of his word: but when, when said he so? 120

Mat. Faith, yesterday, they say; a young gallant, a friend of mine, told me so.

Bob. By the foot of Pharaoh, an 't were my case now, I should send him a charter presently. The bastinado! a most proper and sufficient 125 dependence, warranted by the great Caranza. Come hither, you shall charter him. I 'll show you a trick or two you shall kill him with at pleasure, the first stoccata, if you will, by this air. 130

Mat. Indeed, you have absolute knowledge i' the mystery, I have heard, sir.

Bob. Of whom, of whom, ha' you heard it, I beseech you?

Mat. Troth, I have heard it spoken of di- 135 vers, that you have very rare, and un-in-one-breath-utterable skill, sir

Bob. By heaven, no, not I; no skill i' the earth; some small rudiments i' the science, as to know my time, distance, or so. I have pro- 140 fess'd it more for noblemen and gentlemen's use, than mine own practice, I assure you — Hostess, accommodate us with another bed-staff here quickly. [*Enter Tib.*] Lend us another bed-staff — the woman does not understand the words 145 of action — Look you, sir exalt not your point above this state, at any hand, and let your poniard maintain your defence, thus: — give it the gentleman, and leave us. [*Exit Tib.*] So, sir. Come on! O, twine your body more about, 150 that you may fall to a more sweet, comely, gentleman-like guard; so! Indifferent. Hollow your body more, sir, thus: now, stand fast o' your left leg, note your distance, keep your due proportion of time. — Oh, you disorder your 155 point most irregularly!

Mat. How is the bearing of it now, sir?

Bob. O, out of measure ill. A well experienc'd hand would pass upon you at pleasure.

Mat. How mean you, sir, pass upon me? 160

Bob. Why, thus, sir, — make a thrust at me — [*Master Mathew pushes at Bobadil*] come in upon the answer, control your point, and

⁶⁰ O eyes, etc.: (Cf *Spanish Tragedy*, III, ii, 1-4) ⁹¹ hanger: strap by which a sword hung from the belt ⁹²⁻⁹³ peremptory: exceedingly ⁹⁴ pidd: variegated ⁹⁵ rook: fool ¹⁰⁵ chang'd: exchanged ¹¹³ carry it away: domineer ¹¹⁵ still: always ¹¹⁶ trow: do you suppose? ¹²⁴ charter: challenge ¹²⁵ dependence: quarrel awaiting settlement ¹²⁶ Caranza: author of the *Philosophy of Arms*, 1569 ¹²⁸ stoccata: thrust ¹²⁹ mystery: art, profession

make a full career at the body. The best-practis'd gallants of the time name it the pas-sada; a most desperate thrust, believe it. [166

Mat. Well, come, sir.

Bob. Why, you do not manage your weapon with any facility or grace to invite me. I have no spirit to play with you; your dearth of [170 judgment renders you tedious.

Mat. But one venue, sir

Bob. "Venue!" fie; most gross denomination as ever I heard. O, the "stoccata," while you live, sir; note that. — Come put on [175 your cloak, and we'll go to some private place where you are acquainted, some tavern, or so — and have a bit I'll send for one of these fencers, and he shall breathe you, by my direction; and then I will teach you your [180 trick: you shall kill him with it at the first, if you please. Why, I will learn you, by the true judgment of the eye, hand, and foot, to control any enemy's point i' the world. Should your adversary confront you with a pistol, 't were [185 nothing, by this hand! You should, by the same rule, control his bullet, in a line, except it were hail shot, and spread. What money ha' you about you, master Mathew?

Mat. Faith, I ha' not past a two shillings [190 or so

Bob. 'T is somewhat with the least; but come; we will have a bunch of radish and salt to taste our wine, and a pipe of tobacco to close the orifice of the stomach: and then we'll [195 call upon young Wellbred. Perhaps we shall meet the Corydon his brother there, and put him to the question. [Exeunt]

Act II. Scene I

[The Old Jewry Garden of Kilely's House]

Kilely, Cash, Downright

[*Kil.*] Thomas, come hither
There lies a note within upon my desk;
Here take my key: it is no matter, neither —
Where is the boy?

Cash. Within, sir, i' the warehouse

Kil. Let him tell over straight that Spanish gold, 5
And weigh it, with th' pieces of eight. Do you see the delivery of those silver stuffs To Master Lucar: tell him, if he will. He shall ha' the grograns at the rate I told him, And I will meet him on the Exchange anon 10

Cash Good, sir [Exit]

Kil. Do you see that fellow, brother Down-right?

Dow. Ay, what of him?

Kil. He is a jewel, brother. I took him of a chuld up at my door, And christ'ned him, gave him mine own name, Thomas. 15

Since bred him at the Hospital, where proving A toward imp, I call'd him home, and taught him

So much, as I have made him my cashier, And giv'n him, who had none, a surname, Cash: And find him in his place so full of faith, 20 That I durst trust my life into his hands.

Dow. So would not I in any bastard's, brother,

As it is like he is, although I knew Myself his father. But you said you'd some-what

To tell me, gentle brother: what is 't? what is 't?

Kil. Faith, I am very loath to utter it, 26 As fearing it may hurt your patience; But that I know your judgment is of strength, Against the nearness of affection —

Dow. What need this circumstance? Pray you, be direct 30

Kil. I will not say how much I do ascribe Unto your friendship, nor in what regard I hold your love, but let my past behaviour, And usage of your sister, but confirm How well I've been affected to your — 35

Dow. You are too tedious, come to the matter, the matter

Kil. Then, without further ceremony, thus. My brother Wellbred, sir, I know not how, Of late is much declin'd in what he was, And greatly alter'd in his disposition. 40

When he came first to lodge here in my house, Ne'er trust me if I were not proud of him: Methought he bare himself in such a fashion, So full of man, and sweetness in his carriage, And what was chief, it show'd not borrow'd in him, 45

But all he did became him as his own, And seem'd as perfect, proper, and possess'd As breath with life, or colour with the blood. But now, his course is so irregular, So loose, affected, and depriv'd of grace, 50 And he himself withal so far fall'n off From that first place, as scarce no note remains,

To tell men's judgments where he lately stood. He's grown a stranger to all due respect, Forgetful of his friends; and, not content 55 To stale himself in all societies,

178 venue: bout, thrust 179 breathe: exercise 180 Corydon: rustic 8 pieces of eight: coins worth eight reals (about two dollars) 9 grograns: stuff of silk and wool 14 of: as 16 Hospital: Christ's Hospital, a famous London school (where Peele was educated) 17 imp: child 20 circum-stance: beating about the bush 22 as: that 26 stale: make cheap

He makes my house here common as a mart,
 A theatre, a public receptacle
 For giddy humour, and diseased riot;
 And here, as in a tavern or a stews, 60
 He and his wild associates spend their hours,
 In repetition of lascivious jests,
 Swear, leap, drink, dance, and revel night by
 night,

Control my servants; and, indeed, what not?

Dow. 'Sdeins, I know not what I should 65
 say to him, i' the whole world! He values me
 at a crack'd three-farthings, for aught I see. It
 will never out o' the flesh that 's bred i' the bone.
 I have told him enough, one would think, if that
 would serve; but counsel to him is as good 70
 as a shoulder of mutton to a sick horse. Well!
 he knows what to trust to, for George: let him
 spend, and spend, and domineer, till his heart
 ache; an he think to be reliev'd by me, when
 he is got into one o' your city pounds, the 75
 Counters, he has the wrong sow by the ear, i'
 faith; and claps his dish at the wrong man's
 door. I 'll lay my hand o' my halpenny, ere I
 part with 't to fetch him out, I 'll assure him.

Kil. Nay, good brother, let it not trouble
 you thus. 80

Dow. 'Sdeath! he mads me; I could eat my
 very spur-leathers for anger! But, why are you
 so tame? Why do you not speak to him, and
 tell him how he disquiets your house?

Kil. O, there are divers reasons to dissuade,
 brother. 85

But, would yourself vouchsafe to travail in it
 (Though but with plain and easy circumstance),
 It would both come much better to his sense,
 And savour less of stomach, or of passion.

You are his elder brother, and that title 90
 Both gives and warrants you authority.

Which, by your presence seconded, must breed
 A kind of duty in him, and regard;

Whereas, if I should intimate the least,
 It would but add contempt to his neglect, 95

Heap worse on ill, make up a pile of hatred,
 That in the rearing would come tott'ring down,
 And in the ruin bury all our love.

Nay, more than this, brother; if I should speak,
 He would be ready, from his heat of humour,
 And overflowing of the vapour in him, 101

To blow the ears of his familiars
 With the false breath of telling what disgraces

And low disparagements I had put upon him:
 Whilst they, sir, to relieve him in the fable, 105

Make their loose comments upon every word,
 Gesture, or look, I use; mock me all over,

From my flat cap unto my shining shoes;

And, out of their impetuous rioting phant'sies,
 Beget some slander that shall dwell with me. 110
 And what would that be, think you? Marry,
 this:

They would give out, because my wife is fair,
 Myself but lately married, and my sister
 Here sojourning a virgin in my house,
 That I were jealous! — nay, as sure as death, 115
 That they would say; and, how that I had
 quarrell'd

My brother purposely, thereby to find
 An apt pretext to banish them my house.

Dow. Mass, perhaps so; they 're like enough
 to do it.

Kil. Brother, they would, believe it; so
 should I, 120

Like one of these penurious quack-salvers,
 But set the bills up to mine own disgrace,
 And try experiments upon myself;
 Lend scorn and envy opportunity
 To stab my reputation and good name — 125

Act II. Scene II

[The Same.]

Mathew, Bobadill, Downright, Kilely

[*Mat.*] I will speak to him.

Bob. Speak to him! away! By the foot of
 Pharaoh, you shall not! you shall not do him
 that grace. — The time of day to you, gentle-
 man o' the house Is master Wellbred stirring?

Dow. How then? What should he do? 6

Bob. Gentleman of the house, it is to you.
 Is he within, sir?

Kil. He came not to his lodging to-night, sir,
 I assure you. 10

Dow. Why, do you hear? You!

Bob. The gentleman-citizen hath satisfied
 me;

I 'll talk to no scavenger. [*Exeunt Bob. and
 Mat.*]

Dow. How! scavenger! Stay, sir, stay!

Kil. Nay, brother Downright. 15

Dow. 'Heart! stand you away, an you love
 me

Kil. You shall not follow him now, I pray
 you, brother, good faith you shall not; I will
 overrule you.

Dow. Ha! scavenger! Well, go to, I say [20
 little; but, by this good day (God forgive me I
 should swear), if I put it up so, say I am the
 rankest cow that ever piss'd. 'Sdeins, an I swal-
 low this, I 'll ne'er draw my sword in the sight of
 Fleet-street again while I live; I 'll sit in a [25

⁶⁰ stews: brothel

⁶⁵ 'Sdeins: God's dignity

⁷⁵ for George: i. e., so far as I am concerned

⁷⁰ Counters: debtors' prisons

⁷⁷ claps his dish: comes begging

⁸¹ 'Sdeath: God's death

⁸⁰ stomach: anger

¹⁰⁵ fable: narrative

¹⁰⁸ flat . . . shoes: features of a tradesman's dress

¹²⁰ set bills up: advertise

⁹ to-night: last night

²⁵ put it up: endure it

barn with madge-howlet, and catch mice first. Scavenger! heart! — and I 'll go near to fill that huge tumbrel-slop of yours with somewhat, an I have good luck: your Garagantua breech cannot carry it away so. 30

Kil. Oh, do not fret yourself thus; never think on 't.

Dow. These are my brother's consorts, these! These are his comrades, his walking mates! He's a gallant, a cavaliero too, right hangman cut! Let me not live, an I could not find in 35 my heart to swinge the whole ging of 'em, one after another, and begin with him first. I am griev'd it should be said he is my brother, and take these courses Well, as he brews, so he shall drink, for George, again. Yet he shall 40 hear on 't, and that tightly too, an I live, i' faith.

Kil. But, brother, let your reprehension, then, Run in an easy current, not o'er high Carried with rashness, or devouring choler, But rather use the soft persuading way, 45 Whose powers will work more gently, and compose

Th' imperfect thoughts you labour to reclaim; More winning than enforcing the consent

Dow. Ay, ay, let me alone for that, I warrant you. *Bell rings.*

Kil. How now! Oh, the bell rings to 50 breakfast. Brother, I pray you go in, and bear my wife company till I come; I 'll but give order for some despatch of business to my servants. *[Exit Downright]*

Act II. Scene III

[The Same.]

Kitely, Cob, [later] Dame Kitely

[Kil.] What, Cob! our maids will have you by the back, i' faith, for coming so late this morning.

Cob. Perhaps so, sir; take heed somebody have not them by the belly, for walking so 55 late in the evening.

He passes by with his tankard.

Kil. Well; yet my troubled spirit 's somewhat eas'd,

Though not repos'd in that security As I could wish: but I must be content, Howe'er I set a face on 't to the world. 10 Would I had lost this finger at a venter, So Wellbred had ne'er lodg'd within my house. Why 't cannot be, where there is such resort Of wanton gallants and young revellers,

That any woman should be honest long. 15 Is 't like that factious beauty will preserve The public weal of chastity unshaken, When such strong motives muster and make head

Against her single peace? No, no: beware. When mutual appetite doth meet to treat, 20 And spirits of one kind and quality Come once to parley in the pride of blood, It is no slow conspiracy that follows. Well, to be plain, if I but thought the time Had answer'd their affections, all the world 25 Should not persuade me but I were a cuckold. Marry, I hope they ha' not got that start; For opportunity hath balk'd 'em yet, And shall do still, while I have eyes and ears To attend the impositions of my heart. 30 My presence shall be as an iron bar 'Twixt the conspiring motions of desire: Yea, every look or glance mine eye ejects Shall check occasion, as one doth his slave, When he forgets the limits of prescription. 35

[Enter Dame Kitely]

Dame K. Sister Bridget, pray you fetch down the rose-water, above in the closet. — Sweet-heart, will you come in to breakfast?

Kil. An she have overheard me now! —

Dame Kil. I pray thee, good muss, we 40 stay for you.

Kil. By heaven, I would not for a thousand angels.

Dame K. What ail you, sweet-heart? are you not well? Speak, good muss. 45

Kil. Troth, my head aches extremely on a sudden

Dame K. *[pulling her hand to his forehead.]* O, the Lord!

Kil. How now! What? 50

Dame K. Alas, how it burns! Muss, keep you warm; good truth, it is this new disease! there 's a number are troubled withal. For love's sake, sweet-heart, come in out of the air.

Kil. How simple, and how subtle are her answers! 55

A new disease, and many troubled with it? Why true; she heard me, all the world to nothing.

Dame K. I pray thee, good sweet-heart, come in; the air will do you harm, in troth.

Kil. The air! she has me i' the wind. — 60 Sweet-heart, I 'll come to you presently; 't will away, I hope.

Dame K. Pray Heaven it do. *[Exit.]*

* madge-howlet: the barn owl * tumbrel-slop: large puffed breeches *—* hangman cut: born to be hanged or having the bearing of a hangman * ging: gang * make head: gather their forces * answer'd . . . affections: suited their desires * muss: mouse (a term of endearment) * stay: wait * angels: coins worth about ten shillings * new disease: a kind of fever * has . . . wind: suspects my thoughts

Kil. A new disease! I know not, new or old,
But it may well be call'd poor mortals' plague;
For, like a pestilence, it doth infect 66
The houses of the brain. First it begins
Solely to work upon the phantasy,
Filling her seat with such pestiferous air
As soon corrupts the judgment; and from thence
Sends like contagion to the memory: 71
Still each to other giving the infection,
Which as a subtle vapour spreads itself
Confusedly through every sensitive part,
Till not a thought or motion in the mind 75
Be free from the black poison of suspect.
Ah! but what misery is it to know this?
Or, knowing it, to want the mind's erection
In such extremes? Well, I will once more strive,
In spite of this black cloud, myself to be, 80
And shake the fever off that thus shakes me.

[*Exit.*]

Act II. Scene IIII

[*Moorfields.*]

Brainworm, [later] *Eduard Knowell*, Master
Stephen

[*Bras.*] 'Slid, I cannot choose but laugh to see
myself translated thus, from a poor creature to
a creator; for now must I create an intolerable
sort of lies, or my present profession loses the
grace: and yet the lie, to a man of my coat, is [s
as ominous a fruit as the fico. O, sir, it holds
for good polity ever, to have that outwardly in
vilest estimation, that inwardly is most dear to
us. So much for my borrowed shape. Well, the
troth is, my old master intends to follow my 110
young, dry-foot, over Moorfields to London,
this morning, now, I knowing of this hunting-
match, or rather conspiracy, and to insinuate
with my young master (for so must we that
are blue waiters, and men of hope and serv- 115
ice do, or perhaps we may wear motley at
the year's end, and who wears motley, — you
know), have got me afore in this disguise, de-
termining here to lie in ambuscado, and inter-
cept him in the mid-way. If I can but get his 120
cloak, his purse, his hat, nay, anything to
cut him off, that is, to stay his journey, *Veni,
vidi, vici*, I may say with Captain Cæsar, I am
made for ever, i' faith. Well, now must I prac-
tise to get the true garb of one of these lance- 125
knights: my arm here, and — My young
master, and his cousin, master Stephen, as
I am true counterfeit man of war, and no
soldier! [Exit.]

[Enter *E. Knowell* and *Stephen*]

E. Know. So, sir! and how then, coz? 30
Step. 'Sfoot! I have lost my purse, I think.
E. Know. How! lost your purse? Where?
When had you it?
Step. I cannot tell; stay.
Bras. [*aside*] 'Slid, I am afraid they will
know me: would I could get by them! [*Retires.*]
E. Know. What, ha' you it? 37
Step. No, I think I was bewitch'd, I —

[*Weeps*]

E. Know. Nay, do not weep the loss, hang
it, let it go. 40
Step. Oh, it's here. No, an it had been lost,
I had not car'd, but for a jet ring mistress Mary
sent me.

E. Know. A jet ring! O the posy, the posy?
Step. Fine, i' faith — 45

Though Fancy sleep,
My love is deep

Meaning, that though I did not fancy her, yet
she loved me dearly

E. Know. Most excellent! 50
Step. And then I sent her another, and my
posy was,

The deeper the sweeter,
I'll be judg'd by St. Peter.

E. Know. How, by St. Peter? I do not [ss
conceive that

Step. Marry, St. Peter, to make up the metre.

E. Know. Well, there the saint was your
good patron, he help'd you at your need, thank
him, thank him. 60

Bras. (*He is come back*) I cannot take leave
on 'em so, I will venture, come what will —
Gentlemen, please you change a few crowns
for a very excellent good blade here? I am a
poor gentleman, a soldier, one that, in the [65
better state of my fortunes, scorn'd so mean a
refuge, but now it is the humour of necessity
to have it so. You seem to be gentlemen well
affected to martial men, else I should rather
die with silence, than live with shame. how- 70
ever, vouchsafe to remember it is my want
speaks, not myself; this condition agrees not
with my spirit —

E. Know. Where hast thou serv'd?

Bras. May it please you, sir, in all the [75
late wars of Bohemia, Hungary, Dalmatia, Po-
land, — where not, sir? I have been a poor
servitor by sea and land any time this fourteen
years, and follow'd the fortunes of the best com-
manders in Christendom. I was twice shot [80

⁷⁴ *sensitive*: sensitive⁷⁵ *suspect*: suspicion⁴ *fico*: poisoned fig, also an insulting gesture⁹ *borrowed shape*: (*Brainworm* is disguised as a maimed soldier)¹¹ *dry-foot*: by scentless foot-prints¹⁵ *blue waiters*: (Servants then wore blue coats)¹⁶ *motley*: the dress of the Fool¹⁸ *ambuscado*: ambush²⁵⁻²⁶ *lance-knights*: mercenary foot soldiers⁴⁴ *posy*: motto inscribed in a ring⁷⁶⁻⁷⁷ *Bohemia* . . . *Poland*: the theatres of recent warfare

at the taking of Aleppo, once at the relief of Vienna; I have been at Marseilles, Naples, and the Adriatic gulf, a gentleman-slave in the galleys, thrice; where I was most dangerously shot in the head, through both the thighs, and as yet, being thus maim'd, I am void of maintenance, nothing left me but my scars, the noted marks of my resolution.

Step. How will you sell this rapier, friend?

Brai. Generous sir, I refer it to your own judgment; you are a gentleman, give me what you please.

Step. True, I am a gentleman, I know that, friend, but what though? I pray you say, what would you ask?

Brai. I assure you, the blade may become the side or thigh of the best prince in Europe

E. Know. Ay, with a velvet scabbard, I think

Step. Nay, an 't be mine, it shall have a velvet scabbard, coz, that 's flat; I 'd not wear it, as 't is, an you would give me an angel

Brai. At your worship's pleasure, sir. [*Stephen examines the blade*] Nay, 't is a most pure Toledo.

Step. I had rather it were a Spaniard But tell me, what shall I give you for it? An it had a silver hilt —

E. Know. Come, come, you shall not buy it. Hold, there 's a shilling, fellow, take thy rapier.

Step. Why, but I will buy it now, because you say so; and there 's another shilling, fellow, I scorn to be out-bidden What, shall I walk with a cudgel, like Higginbottom, and may have a rapier for money!

E. Know. You may buy one in the city

Step. Tut! I 'll buy this i' the field, so I will: I have a mind to 't, because 't is a field rapier Tell me your lowest price

E. Know. You shall not buy it, I say

Step. By this money, but I will, though I give more than 't is worth

E. Know. Come away, you are a fool.

Step. Friend, I am a fool, that 's granted; but I 'll have it, for that word's sake Follow me for your money.

Brai. At your service, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

Act II. Scene V

[*Another Part of Moorfields*]

Knowell. [*later*] *Brainworm*

[*Know.*] I cannot lose the thought yet of this letter

Sent to my son; nor leave t' admire the change Of manners, and the breeding of our youth

¹¹³ *Higginbottom*: a contemporary ruffian not certainly identified ¹² *leave t' admire*: desist from wondering at ³⁰ *liver*: the seat of the passions ³¹ *heart*: seat of knowledge ⁴⁰ *seal*: to agree to the sale of family lands (?)

Within the kingdom, since myself was one. —
When I was young, he liv'd not in the stewards
Durst have conceiv'd a scorn, and utter'd it,
On a gray head, age was authority
Against a buffoon, and a man had then
A certain reverence paid unto his years,
That had none due unto his life so much
The sanctity of some prevail'd for others.
But now we all are fall'n, youth, from their fear,

And age, from that which bred it, good example.
Nay, would ourselves were not the first, even parents,

That did destroy the hopes in our own children;
Or they not learn'd our vices in their cradles,
And suck'd in our ill customs with their milk!
Ere all their teeth be born, or they can speak,
We make their palates cunning; the first words
We form their tongues with, are licentious jests

Can it call "whore"? cry "bastard"? O, then, kiss it!

A witty child! Can't swear? The father's darling!

Give it two plums Nay, rather than 't shall learn

No bawdy song, the mother herself will teach it!
But this is in the infancy, the days
Of the long coat, when it puts on the breeches,
It will put off all this Ay, it is like,
When it is gone into the bone already!

No, no, this dye goes deeper than the coat,
Or shirt, or skin, it stains unto the liver
And heart, in some and, rather than it should not,

Note what we fathers do! Look how we live!
What mistresses we keep! at what expense!
In our sons' eyes, where they may handle our gifts,

Hear our lascivious courtships, see our dalliance,

Taste of the same provoking meats with us,
To ruin of our states! Nay, when our own Portion is fled, to prey on their remainder,
We call them into fellowship of vice;

Bait 'em with the young chamber-maid, to seal,

And teach 'em all bad ways to buy affliction.
This is one path; but there are millions more,
In which we spoil our own, with leading them.
Well, I thank heaven, I never yet was he
That travell'd with my son, before sixteen,
To show him the Venetian courtesans;
Nor read the grammar of cheating I had made,
To my sharp boy, at twelve; repeating still
The rule, *Get money, still, get money, boy;*

No matter by what means; money will do 50
More, boy, than my lord's letter. Neither have I
 Dress'd snails or mushrooms curiously before
 him,

Perfum'd my sauces, and taught him how to
 make 'em;

Preceding still, with my gray gluttony,
 At all the ord'naries, and only fear'd 55
 His palate should degenerate, not his manners.
 These are the trade of fathers now; however,
 My son, I hope, hath met within my threshold
 None of these household precedents, which are
 strong

And swift to rape youth to their precipice. 60
 But let the house at home be ne'er so clean-
 Swept, or kept sweet from filth, nay dust and
 cobwebs,

If he will live abroad with his companions,
 In dung and leystals, it is worth a fear;
 Nor is the danger of conversing less 65
 Than all that I have mention'd of example.

[Enter Brainworm, disguised as before]

Brai. [aside.] My master! nay, faith, have
 at you; I am flesh'd now, I have sped so well. —
 Worshipful sir, I beseech you, respect the estate
 of a poor soldier; I am asham'd of this base 70
 course of life, — God's my comfort — but ex-
 tremity provokes me to 't: what remedy?

Know. I have not for you, now.

Brai. By the faith I bear unto truth, gentle-
 man, it is no ordinary custom in me, but 75
 only to preserve manhood. I protest to you, a
 man I have been; a man I may be, by your
 sweet bounty.

Know. Pray thee, good friend, be satisfied.

Brai. Good sir, by that hand, you may do 80
 the part of a kind gentleman, in lending a poor
 soldier the price of two cans of beer, a matter
 of small value: the king of heaven shall pay you,
 and I shall rest thankful. Sweet worship —

Know. Nay, an you be so importunate — 85

Brai. Oh, tender sir! need will have his
 course; I was not made to this vile use. Well,
 the edge of the enemy could not have abated
 me so much: it's hard when a man hath serv'd
 in his prince's cause, and be thus — *He weeps.*
 Honourable worship, let me derive a small piece
 of silver from you, it shall not be given in the
 course of time. By this good ground, I was fain
 to pawn my rapier last night for a poor supper;
 I had suck'd the hilts long before, I am a 95
 pagan else. Sweet honour —

Know. Believe me, I am taken with some
 wonder,
 To think a fellow of thy outward presence,

Should, in the frame and fashion of his mind,
 Be so degenerate, and sordid-base. 100
 Art thou a man, and sham'st thou not to beg?
 To practise such a servile kind of life?

Why, were thy education ne'er so mean,
 Having thy limbs, a thousand fairer courses
 Offer themselves to thy election. 105

Either the wars might still supply thy wants,
 Or service of some virtuous gentleman,
 Or honest labour; nay, what can I name,
 But would become thee better than to beg:
 But men of thy condition feed on sloth, 110
 As doth the beetle on the dung she breeds in;
 Not caring how the metal of your minds
 Is eaten with the rust of idleness.

Now, afore me, whate'er he be, that should
 Relieve a person of thy quality, 115
 While thou insist'st in this loose desperate
 course,

I would esteem the sin not thine, but his.

Brai. Faith, sir, I would gladly find some
 other course, if so —

Know. Ay, you'd gladly find it, but you
 will not seek it. 121

Brai. Alas, sir, where should a man seek?
 In the wars, there's no ascent by desert in these
 days; but — and for service, would it were as
 soon purchas'd, as wish'd for! The air's my 125
 comfort — I know what I would say.

Know. What's thy name?

Brai. Please you, Fitz-Sword, sir.

Know. Fitz-Sword!

Say that a man should entertain thee now, 130
 Wouldst thou be honest, humble, just, and true?

Brai. Sir, by the place and honour of a sol-
 dier —

Know. Nay, nay, I like not those affected
 oaths. Speak plainly, man, what think'st thou
 of my words? 135

Brai. Nothing, sir, but wish my fortunes
 were as happy as my service should be honest.

Know. Well, follow me. I'll prove thee, if
 thy deeds

Will carry a proportion to thy words. [Exit.]

Brai. Yes, sir, straight; I'll but garter 140
 my hose — Oh that my belly were hoop'd now,
 for I am ready to burst with laughing! never
 was bottle or bagpipe fuller. 'Slid, was there
 ever seen a fox in years to betray himself thus!
 Now shall I be possess'd of all his counsels; 145
 and, by that conduit, my young master. Well,
 he is resolv'd to prove my honesty; faith, and
 I'm resolv'd to prove his patience: oh, I shall
 abuse him intolerably. This small piece of serv-
 ice will bring him clean out of love with 150
 the soldier for ever. He will never come within

⁵⁰ ord'naries: taverns ⁵⁴ leystals: dung-heaps ⁵⁵ flesh'd: eager, started ⁹⁵⁻⁹⁶ i. e. time:
 i. e., you will be repaid some day ¹²⁵ purchas'd: obtained ¹³⁰ entertain: give a position to
¹⁴⁷ prove: test

the sign of it, the sight of a cassock, or a musket-rest again. He will hate the musters at Mile-end for it, to his dying day. It 's no matter, let the world think me a bad counterfeit, 155 if I cannot give him the slip at an instant. Why, this is better than to have stay'd his journey. Well, I 'll follow him. Oh, how I long to be employed! [Exit.]

Act III. Scene I

[The Old Jewry. A Room in the Windmill Tavern.]

Mathew, Wellbred, Bobadill, Edward Knowell, Stephen

[Mat.] Yes, faith, sir, we were at your lodging to seek you too.

Wel. Oh, I came not there to-night.

Bob. Your brother delivered us as much.

Wel. Who, my brother Downright? 5

Bob. He. Master Wellbred, I know not in what kind you hold me; but let me say to you this: as sure as honour, I esteem it so much out of the sunshine of reputation, to throw the least beam of regard upon such a — 10

Wel. Sir, I must hear no ill words of my brother.

Bob. I protest to you, as I have a thing to be sav'd about me, I never saw any gentleman-like part — 15

Wel. Good captain, faces about to some other discourse.

Bob. With your leave, sir, an there were no more men living upon the face of the earth, I should not fancy him, by St George! 20

Mat. Troth, nor I, he is of a rustical cut, I know not how: he doth not carry himself like a gentleman of fashion

Wel. Oh, master Mathew, that 's a grace peculiar but to a few, *quos æquus amavit Jupiter* 25

Mat. I understand you, sir.

Wel. No question, you do, — [aside] or you do not, sir.

Young Knowell enters.

Ned Knowell! by my soul, welcome: how dost thou, sweet spirit, my genius? 'Shd, I shall love Apollo and the mad Thespian girls the better, 31 while I live, for this, my dear Fury, now I see there 's some love in thee. Sirrah, these be the two I writ to thee of: nay, what a drowsy humour is this now! Why dost thou not speak? 35

E. Know. Oh, you are a fine gallant, you sent me a rare letter.

Wel. Why, was 't not rare?

E. Know. Yes, I 'll be sworn! I was ne'er guilty of reading the like; match it in all 40 Pliny, or Symmachus' epistles, and I 'll have my judgment burn'd in the ear for a rogue: make much of thy vein, for it is inimitable. But I marle what camel it was, that had the carriage of it; for, doubtless, he was no ordinary beast that brought it. 46

Wel. Why?

E. Know. "Why?" say'st thou! Why, dost thou think that any reasonable creature, especially in the morning, the sober time of the day too, could have mista'en my father for me? 51

Wel. 'Shd, you jest, I hope

E. Know. Indeed, the best use we can turn it to, is to make a jest on 't, now: but I 'll assure you, my father had the full view o' your 55 flourishing style some hour before I saw it.

Wel. What a dull slave was this! But, sirrah, what said he to it, i' faith?

E. Know. Nay, I know not what he said; but I have a shrewd guess what he thought. 60

Wel. What, what?

E. Know. Marry, that thou art some strange, dissolute young fellow, and I — a grain or two better, for keeping thee company.

Wel. Tut! that thought is like the moon 65 in her last quarter, 't will change shortly. But, sirrah, I pray thee be acquainted with my two hang-by's here; thou wilt take exceeding pleasure in 'em if thou hear'st 'em once go; my 69 wind-instruments; I 'll wind 'em up — But what strange piece of silence is this? The sign of the Dumb Man?

E. Know. Oh, sir, a kinsman of mine, one that may make your music the fuller, an he 75 please; he has his humour, sir.

Wel. Oh, what is 't, what is 't?

E. Know. Nay, I 'll neither do your judgment nor his folly that wrong, as to prepare your apprehension, I 'll leave him to the mercy o' your search; if you can take him, so! 80

Wel. Well, captain Bobadill, master Mathew, pray you know this gentleman here; he is a friend of mine, and one that will deserve your affection — I know not your name, sir 84 [to Master Stephen], but I shall be glad of any occasion to render me more familiar to you.

Step. My name is master Stephen, sir; I am this gentleman's own cousin, sir; his father is

¹⁵⁵ cassock: soldier's loose cloak or coat ¹⁵⁶ Mile-end: training ground for militia outside London
¹⁵⁶ slip: pun on "slip" meaning counterfeit coin ⁴ delivered: told ¹⁸ faces about: about face
²⁵ quos . . . Jupiter: whom the impartial Jupiter has loved ²¹ Thespian girls: the Muses ⁴¹ Symmachus: a Roman scholar, statesman, and orator (4th cent., A.D.), the florid style of whose epistles, modeled on those of Pliny, was much admired ⁴⁴ marle: marvel camel: proverbially dull beast

mine uncle, sir. I am somewhat melancholy, [89] but you shall command me, sir, in whatsoever is incident to a gentleman

Bob. (to *E. Knowell*) Sir, I must tell you this, I am no general man; but for master Wellbred's sake (you may embrace it at what height of favour you please), I do communi- [95] cate with you, and conceive you to be a gentleman of some parts; I love few words.

E. Know. And I fewer, sir, I have scarce enow to thank you 99

Mat. (to *Master Stephen*) But are you, indeed, sir, so given to it?

Step. Ay, truly, sir, I am mightily given to melancholy.

Mat. Oh, it's your only fine humour, sir: your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit, sir. I am melancholy myself divers [106] times, sir, and then do I no more but take pen and paper presently, and overflow you half a score, or a dozen of sonnets at a sitting.

E. Know. (*aside.*) Sure he utters them [110] then by the gross

Step. Truly, sir, and I love such things out of measure.

E. Know. I' faith, better than in measure, I'll undertake. 115

Mat. Why, I pray you, sir, make use of my study; it's at your service.

Step. I thank you, sir. I shall be bold, I warrant you; have you a stool there to be melancholy upon? 120

Mat. That I have, sir, and some papers there of mine own doing, at idle hours, that you'll say there's some sparks of wit in 'em, when you see them.

Wel. [*aside.*] Would the sparks would kindle once, and become a fire amongst 'em! I [126] might see self-love burnt for her heresy.

Step. Cousin, is it well? Am I melancholy enough?

E. Know. Oh ay, excellent. 130

Wel. Captain Bobadill, why muse you so?

E. Know. He is melancholy too.

Bob. Faith, sir, I was thinking of a most honourable piece of service, was perform'd tomorrow, being St. Mark's day, shall be some ten years now. 136

E. Know. In what place, captain?

Bob. Why, at the beleag'ring of Strigonium, where, in less than two hours, seven hundred resolute gentlemen, as any were in Europe, lost their lives upon the breach I'll tell you, [141] gentlemen, it was the first, but the best leaguer

that ever I beheld with these eyes, except the taking in of — what do you call it? last year, by the Genoways; but that, of all other, was the most fatal and dangerous exploit that ever [146] I was rang'd in, since I first bore arms before the face of the enemy, as I am a gentleman and soldier!

Step. So! I had as lief as an angel I could swear as well as that gentleman. 151

E. Know. Then, you were a servitor at both, it seems, at Strigonium, and what do you call 't?

Bob. O lord, sir! By St George, I was the first man that ent'red the breach; and had I not effected it with resolution, I had been slain if I had had a million of lives 157

E. Know. 'T was pity you had not ten; a cat's and your own, i' faith. But, was it possible?

Mat. Pray you mark this discourse, sir.

Step. So I do. 161

Bob. I assure you, upon my reputation, 't is true, and yourself shall confess.

E. Know. [*aside*] You must bring me to the rack, first 165

Bob. Observe me judiciously, sweet sir: they had planted me three demi-culverins just in the mouth of the breach, now, sir, as we were to give on, their master-gunner (a man of no mean skill and mark, you must think), con- [170] fronts me with his linstock, ready to give fire; I, spying his intentment, discharg'd my petronel in his bosom, and with these single arms, my poor rapier, ran violently upon the Moors that guarded the ordnance, and put 'em pell-mell to the sword. 176

Wel. To the sword! To the rapier, captain.

E. Know. Oh, it was a good figure observ'd, sir. But did you all this, captain, without hurting your blade?

Bob. Without any impeach o' the earth: [181] you shall perceive, sir. [*Shows his rapier*] It is the most fortunate weapon that ever rid on poor gentleman's thigh. Shall I tell you, sir? You talk of Morglay, Excalibur, Durindana, or so, tut! I lend no credit to that is fabled of [186] 'em. I know the virtue of mine own, and therefore I dare the boldier maintain it

Step. I marle whether it be a Toledo or no.

Bob. A most perfect Toledo, I assure you, sir. 191

Step. I have a countryman of his here.

Mat. Pray you, let 's see, sir; yes, faith, it is.

Bob. This a Toledo? Pish!

Step. Why do you pish, captain? 195

Bob. A Fleming, by heaven! I'll buy them

⁸⁹ general: of easy friendship ¹³⁸ Strigonium: Graan, in Hungary, retaken from the Turks in 1595
¹⁴² leaguer: siege ¹⁴⁴ taking in: capture ¹⁴⁶ Genoways: Genoese ¹⁶⁷ demi-culverins: small cannon
¹⁶⁹ give on: charge ¹⁷¹ linstock: device for firing cannon ¹⁷²⁻¹⁷³ petronel: carbine or horse-pistol
¹⁸¹ o' the earth: at all ¹⁸⁶ Morglay . . . Durindana: the swords of Bevis, Arthur, and Orlando in the romances

for a guilder a-piece, an I would have a thousand of them.

E. Know. How say you, cousin? I told you thus much. 200

Wel. Where bought you it, master Stephen?

Step. Of a scurvy rogue soldier: a hundred of lice go with him! He swore it was a Toledo.

Bob. A poor provant rapier, no better.

Mal. Mass, I think it be indeed, now I look on 't better. 206

E. Know. Nay, the longer you look on 't, the worse. Put it up, put it up

Step. Well, I will put it up; but by — I ha' forgot the captain's oath, I thought to ha' sworn by it — an e'er I meet him — 211

Wel. O, it is past help now, sir; you must have patience.

Step. Whoreson, coney-catching rascal! I could eat the very hilts for anger. 215

E. Know. A sign of good digestion; you have an ostrich stomach, cousin

Step. A stomach! Would I had him here, you should see an I had a stomach

Wel. It's better as 't is. — Come, gentlemen, shall we go? 221

Act III. Scene II

[*The Same.*]

E. Knowell, Brainworm, Stephen, Wellbred, Bobadill, Mathew

[*E. Know.*] A miracle, cousin, look here, look here!

Step. Oh — God's lid. By your leave, do you know me, sir?

Bras. Ay, sir, I know you by sight. 5

Step. You sold me a rapier, did you not?

Bras. Yes, marry, did I, sir

Step. You said it was a Toledo, ha?

Bras. True, I did so.

Step. But it is none. 10

Bras. No, sir, I confess it, it is none.

Step. Do you confess it? Gentlemen, bear witness, he has confess'd it. — By God's will, an you had not confess'd it —

E. Know. Oh, cousin, forbear, forbear! 15

Step. Nay, I have done, cousin.

Wel. Why, you have done like a gentleman; he has confess'd it, what would you more?

Step. Yet, by his leave, he is a rascal. under his favour, do you see. 20

E. Know. Ay, by his leave, he is, and under favour: a pretty piece of civility! Sirrah, how dost thou like him?

Wel. Oh, it's a most precious fool, make much on him. I can compare him to nothing 25 more happily than a drum; for every one may play upon him

E. Know. No, no, a child's whistle were far the fitter

Bras. Sir, shall I entreat a word with you? 30

E. Know. With me, sir? You have not another Toledo to sell, ha' you?

Bras. You are conceited, sir. Your name is Master Knowell, as I take it?

E. Know. You are 't the right; you mean 35 not to proceed in the catechism, do you?

Bras. No, sir, I am none of that coat.

E. Know. Of as bare a coat, though. Well, say, sir 39

Bras. [*taking E. Know aside*] Faith, sir, I am but servant to the drum extraordinary, and indeed, this smoky varnish being wash'd off, and three or four patches remov'd, I appear your worship's in reversion, after the decease of your good father, — Brainworm. 45

E. Know. Brainworm! 'Slight, what breath of a conjurer hath blown thee hither in this shape?

Bras. The breath o' your letter, sir, this morning, the same that blew you to the 50 Windmill, and your father after you.

E. Know. My father!

Bras. Nay, never start, 't is true; he has follow'd you over the fields by the foot, as you would do a hare 't the snow. 55

E. Know. Sirrah Wellbred, what shall we do, sirrah? My father is come over after me.

Wel. Thy father! Where is he?

Bras. At justice Clement's house here, in Coleman-street, where he but stays my return; and then — 61

Wel. Who's this? Brainworm!

Bras. The same, sir.

Wel. Why how, 't the name of wit, com'st thou transmuted thus? 65

Bras. Faith, a device, a device; nay, for the love of reason, gentlemen, and avoiding the danger, stand not here; withdraw, and I 'll tell you all. 69

Wel. But art thou sure he will stay thy return?

Bras. Do I live, sir? What a question is that!

Wel. We 'll prorogue his expectation, then, a little Brainworm, thou shalt go with us. — Come on, gentlemen — Nay, I pray thee, 75 sweet Ned, droop not; 'heart, an our wits be so wretchedly dull, that one old plodding brain can outstrip us all, would we were e'en press'd

¹⁹⁷ guilder: a Dutch coin worth less than a dollar

²¹⁴ coney-catching: swindling

²¹⁹ stomach: courage

¹⁹⁻²⁰ under his favour: with all submission

²⁸ conceited: witty

²⁷ none . . . coat: not a clergyman

⁴¹ extraordinary: for a special occasion

⁷⁸ press'd: impressed

to make porters of, and serve out the remnant of our days in Thames-street, or at Custom-house quay, in a civil war against the carmen!

Bras. Amen, amen, amen, say I. [*Exeunt.*]

Act III. Scene III

[*Kitely's Warehouse.*]

Kitely, Cash

[*Kit.*] What says he, Thomas? Did you speak with him?

Cash. He will expect you, sir, within this half hour.

Kit. Has he the money ready, can you tell?

Cash. Yes, sir, the money was brought in last night.

Kit. O, that 's well; fetch me my cloak, my cloak! — [*Exit Cash.*] 5

Stay, let me see, an hour to go and come; Ay, that will be the least; and then 't will be An hour before I can dispatch with him, Or very near; well, I will say two hours.

Two hours! ha! things never dreamt of yet, 10 May be contriv'd, ay, and effected too, In two hours' absence; well, I will not go.

Two hours! No, fleeing Opportunity, I will not give your subtilty that scope.

Who will not judge him worthy to be robb'd, 15 That sets his doors wide open to a thief, And shows the felon where his treasure lies?

Again, what earthy spirit but will attempt To taste the fruit of beauty's golden tree,

When leaden sleep seals up the dragon's eyes?

I will not go. Business, go by for once. 21

No, beauty, no; you are of too good caract To be left so, without a guard, or open.

Your lustre, too, 'll inflame at any distance, Draw courtship to you, as a jet doth straws; 25

Put motion in a stone, strike fire from ice, Nay, make a porter leap you with his burden.

You must be then kept up, close, and well watch'd,

For, give you opportunity, no quicksand Devours or swallows swifter! He that lends 30

His wife, if she be fair, or time or place, Compels her to be false. I will not go!

The dangers are too many: — and then the dressing

Is a most main attractive! Our great heads Within the city never were in safety 35

Since our wives wore these little caps. I 'll change 'em;

I 'll change 'em straight in mine: mine shall no more

Wear three-pil'd acorns, to make my horns ache,

Nor will I go; I am resolv'd for that.

[*Re-enter Cash with a cloak*]

Carry in my cloak again. Yet stay. Yet do, too: 40

I will defer going, on all occasions.

Cash. Sir, Snare, your scrivener, will be there with th' bonds.

Kit. That 's true: fool on me! I had clean forgot it;

I must go. What 's o'clock?

Cash. Exchange-time, sir.

Kit. 'Heart! then will Wellbred presently be here too, 45

With one or other of his loose consorts.

I am a knave if I know what to say,

What course to take, or which way to resolve.

My brain, methinks, is like an hour-glass,

Wherein my imaginations run like sands, 50

Filling up time; but then are turn'd and turn'd:

So that I know not what to stay upon,

And less, to put in act. — It shall be so.

Nay, I dare build upon his secrecy,

He knows not to deceive me. — Thomas!

Cash. Sir. 55

Kit. Yet now I have bethought me, too, I will not. —

Thomas, is Cob within?

Cash. I think he be, sir.

Kit. But he 'll prate too, there 's no speech of him.

No, there were no man o' the earth to Thomas, If I durst trust him; there is all the doubt. 60

But should he have a chink in him, I were gone.

Lost i' my fame for ever, talk for th' Exchange! The manner he hath stood with, till this present,

Doth promise no such change: what should I fear then?

Well, come what will, I 'll tempt my fortune once. 65

Thomas — you may deceive me, but, I hope — Your love to me is more —

Cash. Sir, if a servant's

Duty, with faith, may be call'd love, you are More than in hope, you are possess'd of it.

Kit. I thank you heartily, Thomas: gi' me your hand: 70

With all my heart, good Thomas. I have, Thomas,

A secret to impart unto you — but,

When once you have it, I must seal your lips up;

So far I tell you, Thomas.

Cash. Sir, for that —

¹¹⁻¹² carmen: carters
velvet of the best quality

²² caract: carat, value
⁴⁴ Exchange-time: ten o'clock

⁵¹ or . . . or: either . . . or
⁵⁵ three-pil'd: of
⁵⁹ to: compared to

Kil. Nay, hear me out. Think I esteem you, Thomas, 75
When I will let you in thus to my private.
It is a thing sits nearer to my crest,
Than thou art 'ware of, Thomas; if thou should'st

Reveal it, but ——

Cash. How, I reveal it?

Kil. Nay,
I do not think thou would'st; but if thou should'st, 80

'T were a great weakness.

Cash. A great treachery:
Give it no other name.

Kil. Thou wilt not do 't, then?

Cash. Sir, if I do, mankind disclaim me ever!

Kil. He will not swear, he has some reservation, 84

Some conceal'd purpose, and close meaning sure;
Else, being urg'd so much, how should he choose
But lend an oath to all this protestation?
He's no precisian, that I am certain of,
Nor rigid Roman Catholic: he'll play
At fayles, and tick-tack, I have heard him swear. 90

What should I think of it? Urge him again,
And by some other way? I will do so
Well, Thomas, thou hast sworn not to disclose: —

Yes, you did swear?

Cash. Not yet, sir, but I will,
Please you —— 95

Kil. No, Thomas, I dare take thy word,
But, if thou wilt swear, do as thou think'st good;
I am resolv'd without it; at thy pleasure

Cash. By my soul's safety then, sir, I protest,
My tongue shall ne'er take knowledge of a word
Deliver'd me in nature of your trust. 100

Kil. It's too much; these ceremonies need not;

I know thy faith to be as firm as rock.

Thomas, come hither, near; we cannot be
Too private in this business. So it is, —

[*Aside*] Now he has sworn, I dare the safelier
venter. 105

I have of late, by divers observations ——

[*Aside.*] But whether his oath can bind him,
yea, or no,

Being not taken lawfully? Ha! say you?

I will ask counsel ere I do proceed: —

Thomas, it will be now too long to stay, 110

I'll spy some fitter time soon, or to-morrow.

Cash. Sir, at your pleasure.

Kil. I will think: — and, Thomas,
I pray you search the books 'gainst my return,
For the receipts 'twixt me and Traps.

Cash. I will, sir.

Kil. And hear you, if your mistress' brother,
Wellbred, 115

Chance to bring hither any gentlemen
Ere I come back, let one straight bring me word.

Cash. Very well, sir.

Kil. To the Exchange, do you hear?
Or here in Coleman-street, to justice Clement's.
Forget it not, nor be not out of the way. 120

Cash. I will not, sir.

Kil. I pray you have a care on 't.
Or, whether he come or no, if any other,
Stranger, or else, fail not to send me word.

Cash. I shall not, sir.

Kil. Be 't your special business
Now to remember it.

Cash. Sir, I warrant you. 125

Kil. But, Thomas, this is not the secret,
Thomas,
I told you of.

Cash. No, sir; I do suppose it.

Kil. Believe me, it is not.

Cash. Sir, I do believe you.

Kil. By heaven it is not, that's enough.
But, Thomas,

I would not you should utter it, do you see? 130
To any creature living; yet I care not

Well, I must hence. Thomas, conceive thus
much;

It was a trial of you, when I meant
So deep a secret to you; I mean not this, 134
But that I have to tell you: this is nothing,
this.

But, Thomas, keep this from my wife, I charge
you,

Lock'd up in silence, midnight, buried here. —
No greater hell than to be slave to fear. [*Exit.*]

Cash. Lock'd up in silence, midnight, buried
here!

Whence should this flood of passion, trow, take
head? ha! 140

Best dream no longer of this running humour, }
For fear I sink; the violence of the stream

Already hath transported me so far,
That I can feel no ground at all. But soft —

Oh, 't is our water-bearer: somewhat has cross'd
him now. 145

Act III. Scene IIII

[*The Same.*]

Cob, Cash

[*Cob.*] Fasting-days! what tell you me of
fasting-days? 'Slid, would they were all on a
light fire for me! They say the whole world shall

⁷⁵ private: privacy, private thoughts ⁸⁴ close: secret ⁸⁸ precisian: Puritan ⁹⁰ fayles, tick-tack: varieties of backgammon ⁹⁷ resolv'd: convinced ¹⁰¹ need not: are not necessary ¹⁰⁸ lawfully: before a magistrate ¹³⁴ on . . . fire: ablaze

be consum'd with fire one day, but would I had these Ember-weeks and villainous Fridays [5] burnt in the mean time, and then —

Cash. Why, how now, Cob? What moves thee to this choler, ha?

Cob. Collar, master Thomas! I scorn your collar, I, sir; I am none o' your cart-horse, [10] though I carry and draw water. An you offer to ride me with your collar or halter either, I may hap show you a jade's trick, sir.

Cash. O, you 'll slip your head out of the collar? Why, Goodman Cob, you mistake me. 15

Cob. Nay, I have my rheum, and I can be angry as well as another, sir.

Cash. Thy rheum, Cob! Thy humour, thy humour — thou mistak'st.

Cob. Humour! mack, I think it be so in- [20] deed. What is that humour? Some rare thing, I warrant. —

Cash. Marry I 'll tell thee, Cob: it is a gentleman-like monster, bred in the special gallantry of our time by affectation, and fed by folly. 25

Cob. How! must it be fed?

Cash. Oh ay, humour is nothing if it be not fed, didst thou never hear that? It's a common phrase, *Feed my humour*.

Cob. I 'll none on it: humour, avaunt! I know you not, be gone! Let who will make [31] hungry meals for your monstership, it shall not be I. Feed you, quoth he! 'Slid, I ha' much ado to feed myself; especially on these lean rascally days too; an 't had been any other day [35] but a fasting-day — a plague on them all for me! By this light, one might have done the commonwealth good service, and have drown'd them all i' the flood, two or three hundred thousand years ago. O, I do stomach them [40] hugely. I have a maw now, an 't were for sir Bevis his horse against 'em.

Cash. I pray thee, good Cob, what makes thee so out of love with fasting-days?

Cob. Marry, that which will make any [45] man out of love with 'em, I think; their bad conditions, an you will needs know. First, they are of a Flemish breed, I am sure on 't, for they raven up more butter than all the days of the week beside; next, they stink of fish and leek-porridge miserably; thirdly, they 'll [51] keep a man devoutly hungry all day, and at night send him supperless to bed.

Cash. Indeed, these are faults, Cob. 54

Cob. Nay, an this were all, 't were something;

but they are the only known enemies to my generation. A fasting-day no sooner comes, but my lineage goes to wrack, poor cobs! they smoke for it, they are made martyrs o' the grid-iron, they melt in passion. And your maids [60] too know this, and yet would have me turn Hannibal, and eat my own fish and blood. My princely coz (*he pulls out a red herring*), fear nothing; I have not the heart to devour you, an I might be made as rich as king Cophetua. O that I had room for my tears, I could weep [66] salt-water enough now to preserve the lives of ten thousand of my kin! But I may curse none but these filthy almanacs; for an 't were not for them, these days of persecution would ne'er [70] be known. I 'll be hang'd an some fishmonger's son do not make of 'em, and puts in more fasting-days than he should do, because he would utter his father's dried stock-fish and stinking conger. 75

Cash. 'Slight, peace! Thou 'lt be beaten like a stock-fish else. Here is master Mathew. Now must I look out for a messenger to my master. [Exeunt.]

Act III. Scene V

[The Same.]

Wellbred, Ed Knowell, Brainworm, Bobadill, Mathew, Stephen, [later] Thomas, Cob

[*Wel*] Beshrew me, but it was an absolute good jest, and exceedingly well carried!

E Know. Ay, and our ignorance maintain'd it as well, did it not?

Wel. Yes, faith; but was 't possible thou [5] shouldst not know him? I forgive master Stephen, for he is stupidity itself.

E Know. 'Fore God, not I, an I might have been join'd patten with one of the seven wise masters for knowing him. He had so writhen himself into the habit of one of your poor [11] infantry, your decay'd, rounous, worm-eaten gentlemen of the round, such as have vowed to sit on the skirts of the city, let your provost and his half-dozen of halberdiers do what [15] they can; and have translated begging out of the old hackney-pace to a fine easy amble, and made it run as smooth off the tongue as a shove-groat shilling. Into the likeness of one of these reformados had he moulded himself so per- [20] fectly, observing every trick of their action, as,

¹⁰ *humour*: *Humour*, but not *rheum*, was the fashionable word for affectation or whim ²⁰ *mack*: (by the) mass ⁴⁰ *do stomach*: am angry with ⁴¹ *maw*: appetite ⁴² *raven*: devour ⁶¹⁻⁶² *Hannibal*: *s.e.*, cannibal ⁶³ *fish*: ('Flesh' F 1692) ⁷⁴ *utter*: sell, put into circulation ⁷⁵ *stock-fish*: salt fish ⁷⁶ *conger*: eels ⁷⁷ *patten*: by a patent ⁷⁸ *written*: twisted ⁷⁹ *gentlemen of the round*: minor officers who went the rounds of inspection ⁸⁰ *sit . . . of*: press hard upon, punish ⁸¹ *provost*: a police officer ⁸²⁻⁸³ *shove-groat shilling*: smooth shilling used at shovel-board ⁸⁴ *reformados*: officers of disbanded companies

varying the accent, swearing with an emphasis, indeed, all with so special and exquisite a grace, that, hadst thou seen him, thou wouldst have sworn he might have been sergeant-major, if not lieutenant-coronel to the regiment. 26

Wel. Why, Brainworm, who would have thought thou hadst been such an artificer?

E. Know. An artificer! an architect. Except a man had studied begging all his life time, [30 and been a weaver of language from his infancy for the clothing of it, I never saw his rival

Wel. Where got'st thou this coat, I marle?

Brai. Of a Houndsditch man, sir, one of the devil's near kinsmen, a broker. 35

Wel. That cannot be, if the proverb hold; for *A crafty knave needs no broker*

Brai. True, sir; but I did need a broker, ergo —

Wel. Well put off: — *no crafty knave*, you 'll say 41

E. Know. Tut, he has more of these shifts

Brai. And yet, where I have one the broker has ten, sir

[*Enter Cash*]

Cash. Francis! Martin! Ne'er a one to be found now? What a spite 's this! 46

Wel. How now, Thomas? Is my brother Kitley within?

Cash. No, sir, my master went forth e'en now; but master Downright is within. — Cob! what, Cob! Is he gone too? 51

Wel. Whither went your master, Thomas, canst thou tell?

Cash. I know not: to justice Clement's, I think, sir — Cob!

E. Know. Justice Clement! what 's he? 56

Wel. Why, dost thou not know him? He is a city-magistrate, a justice here, an excellent good lawyer, and a great scholar, but the only mad, merry old fellow in Europe. I show'd him you the other day 61

E. Know. Oh, is that he? I remember him now. Good faith, and he has a very strange presence, methinks, it shows as if he stood out of the rank from other men. I have heard many [65 of his jests i' the University. They say he will commit a man for taking the wall of his horse.

Wel. Ay, or wearing his cloak of one shoulder, or serving of God, anything indeed, if it come in the way of his humour. 70

Cash goes in and out calling.

Cash. Gasper! Martin! Cob! 'Heart, where should they be, trow?

Bob. Master Kitley's man, pray thee vouchsafe us the lighting of this match. 74

Cash. Fire on your match! No time but now to *vouchsafe*? — Francis! Cob! [*Exit.*]

Bob. Body of me! here 's the remainder of seven pound since yesterday was seven-night. 'T is your right Trinidado. did you never take any, master Stephen? 80

Step. No, truly, sir; but I 'll learn to take it now, since you commend it so.

Bob. Sir, believe me upon my relation, for what I tell you, the world shall not reprove. I have been in the Indies, where this herb grows, where neither myself, nor a dozen gentlemen [86 more of my knowledge, have received the taste of any other nutriment in the world, for the space of one-and-twenty weeks, but the fume of this simple only, therefore it cannot be but 't is most divine. Further, take it in the na- [91 ture, in the true kind, so, it makes an antidote, that, had you taken the most deadly poisonous plant in all Italy, it should expel it, and clarify you, with as much ease as I speak. And for [95 your green wound, your Balsamum and your St John's wort are all mere gulleries and trash to it, especially your Trinidado. your Nicotian is good too. I could say what I know of the virtue of it, for the expulsion of rheums, [100 raw humours, crudities, obstructions, with a thousand of this kind; but I profess myself no quacksalver. Only thus much, by Hercules, I do hold it, and will affirm it before any prince in Europe, to be the most sovereign and pre- [105 cious weed that ever the earth tend'red to the use of man.

E. Know. This speech would ha' done decently in a tobacco-trader's mouth.

[*Re-enter Cash with Cob*]

Cash. At justice Clement's he is, in the [110 middle of Coleman-street.

Cob. Oh, oh!

Bob. Where 's the match I gave thee, master Kitley's man? 114

Cash. Would his match and he, and pipe and all, were at Sancto Domingo! I had forgot it. [*Exit.*]

Cob. By God's me, I marle what pleasure or felicity they have in taking this roguish tobacco. It 's good for nothing but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke and embers. [120 There were four died out of one house last week with taking of it, and two more the

²⁶ sergeant-major: major ³⁶ coronel: colonel ³⁴ Houndsditch: a part of London where dealers in old clothes congregated ⁴⁶ shifts: devices, suits of clothes ⁴⁸ the: (not in F 1) ⁴⁷ taking . . . horse: (In Elizabethan London streets the position next the wall was safest and cleanest. It was yielded to the superior in rank and demanded by the braggart.) ⁷⁹ Trinidado: The best tobacco came from Trinidad ⁸⁴ reprove: disprove ⁹⁰ simple: herb ⁹¹ gulleries: hoaxes ⁹⁸ Nicotian: named from Nicot, who introduced tobacco into France in 1560

bell went for yesternight; one of them, they say, will ne'er scape it; he voided a bushel of soot yesterday, upward and downward. By [125 the stocks, an there were no wiser men than I, I 'd have it present whipping, man or woman, that should but deal with a tobacco pipe. Why, it will stifle them all in the end, as many as use it; it's little better than ratsbane or rosaker.

Bobadill beats him with a cudgel.

All. Oh, good captain, hold, hold! 131

Bob. You base cullion, you!

[*Re-enter Cash*]

Cash. Sir, here 's your match. — Come, thou must needs be talking too, thou 'rt well enough serv'd. 135

Cob. Nay, he will not meddle with his match, I warrant you. Well, it shall be a dear beating, an I live.

Bob. Do you prate? do you murmur? 139

E. Know. Nay, good captain, will you regard the humour of a fool? Away, knave.

Wel. Thomas, get him away

[*Exit Cash with Cob.*]

Bob. A whoreson filthy slave, a dung-worm, an excrement! Body o' Cæsar, but that I scorn to let forth so mean a spirit, I 'd ha' stabb'd him to the earth. 146

Wel. Marry, the law forbid, sir!

Bob. By Pharaoh's foot, I would have done it.

Step. Oh, he swears admirably! By Pharaoh's foot! Body o' Cæsar! — I shall never [150 do it, sure. Upon mine honour, and by St. George! — No, I ha' not the right grace.

Mat. Master Stephen, will you any? By this air, the most divine tobacco that ever I drunk.

Step. None, I thank you, sir. O, this [155 gentleman does it rarely too: but nothing like the other. By this air! As I am a gentleman! By —

[*Exeunt Bob and Mat.*]

Brai. Master, glance, glance! master Wellbred! *Master Stephen is practising to the post.*

Step. As I have somewhat to be saved, I protest — 161

Wel. You are a fool; it needs no affidavit.

E. Know. Cousin, will you any tobacco?

Step. I, sir! Upon my reputation —

E. Know. How now, cousin! 165

Step. I protest, as I am a gentleman, but no soldier, indeed —

Wel. No, master Stephen! As I remember, your name is ent'red in the artillery-garden. [169

Step. Ay, sir, that 's true. Cousin, may I swear "as I am a soldier" by that?

E. Know. O yes, that you may. It 's all you have for your money.

Step. Then, as I am a gentleman and a soldier, it is divine tobacco! 175

Wel. But soft, where 's master Mathew? Gone?

Brai. No, sir; they went in here.

Wel. O let 's follow them. Master Mathew is gone to salute his mistress in verse; we shall [180 ha' the happiness to hear some of his poetry now; he never comes unfurnish'd. — Brainworm!

Step. Brainworm! Where? Is this Brainworm?

E. Know. Ay, cousin; no words of it, upon your gentility. 186

Step. Not I, body of me! By this air! St. George! and the foot of Pharaoh!

Wel. Rare! Your cousin's discourse is simply drawn out with oaths. 190

E. Know. 'T is larded with 'em; a kind of French dressing, if you love it. [*Exeunt.*]

Act III. Scene VI

[*Coleman-street. A Room in Justice Clement's House.*]

Kilely, Cob

[*Kit.*] Ha! how many are there, sayest thou? *Cob.* Marry, sir, your brother, master Wellbred —

Kit. Tut, beside him: what strangers are there, man?

Cob. Strangers? let me see, one, two; mass, I know not well, there are so many. 5

Kit. How! so many?

Cob. Ay, there 's some five or six of them at the most.

Kit. [*aside.*] A swarm, a swarm! Spite of the devil, how they sting my head

With forked stings, thus wide and large! — But, *Cob,*

How long hast thou been coming hither, *Cob?*

Cob. A little while, sir.

Kit. Didst thou come running?

Cob. No, sir.

Kit. [*aside.*] Nay, then I am familiar with thy haste. 15

Bane to my fortunes! what meant I to marry? I, that before was rank'd in such content,

My mind at rest too, in so soft a peace, Being free master of mine own free thoughts, 19

And now become a slave? What! never sigh, Be of good cheer, man; for thou art a cuckold:

'T is done, 't is done! Nay, when such flowing store,

Plenty itself, falls in my wife's lap,

The cornucopiæ will be mine, I know. —

But, *Cob,* 25

What entertainment had they? I am sure My sister and my wife would bid them welcome: ha?

¹⁸⁰ *rosaker*: arsenic poison ¹⁸⁸ *cullion*: rascal
plenty, and cuckold's horns

¹⁸⁴ *drunk*: smoked ²⁴ *cornucopiæ*: horns of

Cob. Like enough, sir; yet I heard not a word of it.

Kit. No; —

[*Aside.*] Their lips were seal'd with kisses, and the voice, 30

Drown'd in a flood of joy at their arrival,

Had lost her motion, state, and faculty. —

Cob. which of them was 't that first kiss'd my wife,

My sister, I should say? My wife, alas!

I fear not her; ha! who was it, say'st thou? 35

Cob. By my troth, sir, will you have the truth of it?

Kit. Oh, ay, good *Cob*, I pray thee heartily.

Cob. Then I am a vagabond, and fitter for Bridewell than your worship's company, if I saw any body to be kiss'd, unless they would 40 have kiss'd the post in the middle of the warehouse; for there I left them all at their tobacco, with a pox!

Kit. How! were they not gone in then ere thou cam'st!

Cob. O no, sir. 45

Kit. Spite of the devil! what do I stay here then?

Cob. follow me.

[*Exit*]

Cob. Nay, soft and fair; I have eggs on the spit; I cannot go yet, sir. Now am I, for some five-and-fifty reasons, hammering, hammer- 50 ing revenge: oh for three or four gallons of vinegar, to sharpen my wits! Revenge, vinegar revenge, vinegar and mustard revenge! Nay, an he had not lien in my house, 't would never have griev'd me; but being my guest, one 55 that I'll be sworn, my wife has lent him her smock off her back, while his one shirt has been at washing; pawn'd her neckerchers for clean bands for him, sold almost all my platters, to buy him tobacco; and he to turn monster of 60 ingratitude, and strike his lawful host! Well, I hope to raise up an host of fury for 't: here comes justice Clement.

Act III. Scene VII

[*A Tavern*]

Clement, Knowell, Formal, Cob

[*Clem.*] What 's master Kitely gone, Roger?

Form. Ay, sir.

Clem. 'Heart of me! what made him leave us so abruptly? — How now, sirrah! what make you here? What would you have, ha? 5

Cob. An 't please your worship, I am a poor neighbour of your worship's —

Clem. A poor neighbour of mine! Why, speak, poor neighbour.

Cob. I dwell, sir, at the sign of the Water- 10 tankard, hard by the Green Lattice: I have paid scot and lot there any time this eighteen years.

Clem. To the Green Lattice?

Cob. No, sir, to the parish. Marry, I 15 have seldom scap'd scot-free at the Lattice.

Clem. O, well; what business has my poor neighbour with me?

Cob. An 't like your worship, I am come to crave the peace of your worship. 20

Clem. Of me, knave! Peace of me, knave! Did I'er hurt thee, or threaten thee, or wrong thee, ha?

Cob. No, sir; but your worship's warrant for one that has wrong'd me, sir. His arms are 25 at too much liberty, I would fain have them bound to a treaty of peace, an my credit could compass it with your worship.

Clem. Thou goest far enough about for 't, I am sure 30

Know. Why, dost thou go in danger of thy life for him, friend?

Cob. No, sir; but I go in danger of my death every hour, by his means; an I die within a twelve-month and a day, I may swear by the law of the land that he kill'd me. 36

Clem. How, how, knave? swear he kill'd thee, and by the law? What pretence, what colour, hast thou for that?

Cob. Marry, an 't please your worship, both black and blue; colour enough, I warrant 41 you. I have it here to show your worship.

[*Shows his bruises.*]

Clem. What is he that gave you this, sirrah?

Cob. A gentleman and a soldier, he says he is, o' the city here. 45

Clem. A soldier o' the city! What call you him?

Cob. Captain Bobadill

Clem. Bobadill! and why did he bob and beat you, sirrah? How began the quarrel betwixt you, ha? Speak truly, knave, I advise you. 50

Cob. Marry, indeed, an 't please your worship, only because I spake against their vagrant tobacco, as I came by 'em when they were taking on 't; for nothing else.

Clem. Ha! you speak against tobacco? Formal, his name 56

Form. What 's your name, sirrah?

Cob. Oliver, sir, Oliver Cob, sir.

Clem. Tell Oliver Cob he shall go to the jail, Formal. 60

³⁰ Bridewell: the workhouse ⁴¹ kiss'd the post: play on sense "to be shut out from meals"
⁴⁸⁻⁴⁹ have . . . spit: have work to do ⁵⁵ bands: collars Sc VII ⁴ make: do ¹¹ Green Lattice:
a tavern ¹³ scot and lot: rates and taxes ³⁶ twelve-month . . . day: the legal limit for determin-
ing murder as the cause of death ³⁸ colour: reason ⁴⁸ bob: strike

Form. Oliver Cob, my master, justice Clement, says you shall go to the jail.

Cob. O, I beseech your worship, for God's sake, dear master justice! 64

Clem. Nay, God's precious! an such drunkards and tankards as you are come to dispute of tobacco once, I have done. Away with him!

Cob. O, good master justice! — Sweet old gentleman! [To Knowell.]

Know. Sweet Oliver, would I could do [70]
thee any good! — Justice Clement, let me in-
treat you, sir.

Clem. What! a thread-bare rascal, a beggar, a slave that never drunk out of better than piss-pot metal in his life! and he to deprave and [75]
abuse the virtue of an herb so generally receiv'd in the courts of princes, the chambers of nobles, the bowers of sweet ladies, the cabins of soldiers! — Roger, away with him! By God's precious — I say, go to. 80

Cob. Dear master justice, let me be beaten again, I have deserv'd it: but not the prison, I beseech you.

Know. Alas, poor Oliver!

Clem. Roger, make him a warrant: — he shall not go, I but fear the knave. 86

Form. Do not stink, sweet Oliver, you shall not go; my master will give you a warrant.

Cob. O, the Lord maintain his worship, his worthy worship! 90

Clem. Away, dispatch him.

[Exeunt Formal and Cob.]

— How now, master Knowell, in dumps, in dumps! Come, this becomes not.

Know. Sir, would I could not feel my cares.

Clem. Your cares are nothing: they are [95]
like my cap, soon put on, and as soon put off. What! your son is old enough to govern himself; let him run his course, it's the only way to make him a staid man. If he were an unthrift, a ruffian, a drunkard, or a licentious liver, [100]
then you had reason; you had reason to take care: but, being none of these, mirth 's my wit-ness, an I had twice so many cares as you have, I'd drown them all in a cup of sack. Come, come, let's try it: I muse your parcel of a [105]
soldier returns not all this while. Exeunt.

Act IIII. Scene I

[A Room in Kitley's House.]

Downright, Dame Kitley

[Dow.] Well, sister, I tell you true; and you 'll find it so in the end.

Dame K. Alas, brother, what would you

74-76 piss-pot metal: pewter 86 fear: frighten 99 unthrift: prodigal 106 muse: wonder
Sc. I. 7 Slud: God's lid (?) Sc II 1 Servant: lover 6 close: aside 11 To . . . withal: to dupe a
simpleton with (proverbial)

have me to do? I cannot help it; you see my brother brings 'em in here; they are his [5] friends.

Dow. His friends! his fiends. 'Slud! they do nothing but haunt him up and down like a sort of unlucky sprites, and tempt him to all manner of villainy that can be thought of. Well, by this light, a little thing would make me play [11]
the devil with some of 'em: an 't were not more for your husband's sake than anything else, I'd make the house too hot for the best on 'em; they should say, and swear, hell were broken loose, ere they went hence. But, by God's will, 't is nobody's fault but yours, for an you had [17]
done as you might have done, they should have been parboil'd, and bak'd too, every mother's son, ere they should ha' come in, e'er a one of 'em. 21

Dame K. God's my life! did you ever hear the like? What a strange man is this! Could I keep out all them, thank you? I should put myself against half a dozen men, should I? Good faith, you'd mad the patient'st body in the [26]
world, to hear you talk so, without any sense or reason.

Act IIII. Scene II

[The Same.]

Mrs. Bridget, Master Mathew, Dame Kitley, Downright, Wellbred, Stephen, Ed. Knowell, Bobadill, Brainworm, Cash

[Brid.] Servant, in troth you are too prodigal Of your wit's treasure, thus to pour it forth Upon so mean a subject as my worth.

Mat. You say well, mistress, and I mean as well.

Dow. Hoy-day, here is stuff! 5

Wel. O, now stand close; pray Heaven, she can get him to read! He should do it of his own natural impudency.

Brid. Servant, what is this same, I pray you?

Mat. Marry, an elegy, an elegy, an odd toy — 10

Dow. To mock an ape withal! O, I could sew up his mouth, now.

Dame K. Sister, I pray you let's hear it.

Dow. Are you rhyme-given too?

Mat. Mistress, I'll read it, if you please. 15

Brid. Pray you do, servant.

Dow. O, here's no foppery! Death! I can endure the stocks better. [Exit.]

E. Know. What ails thy brother? Can he not hold his water at reading of a ballad? [20]

Wel. O, no; a rhyme to him is worse than

cheese, or a bag-pipe; but mark; you lose the protestation.

Mat. Faith, I did it in an humour; I know not how it is; but please you come near, sir. [25 This gentleman has judgment, he knows how to censure of a — pray you, sir, you can judge?]

Step. Not I, sir; upon my reputation, and by the foot of Pharaoh!

Wel. O, chide your cousin for swearing. 30

E. Know. Not I, so long as he does not forswear himself.

Bob. Master Mathew, you abuse the expectation of your dear mistress, and her fair sister. Fie! while you live, avoid this prolixity.

Mat. I shall, sir, well, *incipere dulce*. 36

E. Know. How, *incipere dulce*! "A sweet thing to be a fool," indeed!

Wel. What, do you take *incipere* in that sense? 40

E. Know. You do not, you! This was your villany, to gull him with a mot.

Wel. O, the benchers' phrase: *pauca verba, pauca verba!*

Mat. [reads] *Rare creature, let me speak without offence,* 45

Would God my rude words had the influence To rule thy thoughts, as thy fair looks do mine, Then shouldst thou be his prisoner, who is thine.

E. Know. This is in "Hero and Leander." 49

Wel. O, ay; peace, we shall have more of this.

Mat. *Be not unkind and fair misshapen stuff*

Is of behaviour boisterous and rough.

Wel. How like you that, sir?

Master Stephen answers with shaking his head

E. Know. 'Slight, he shakes his head like a bottle, to feel an there be any brain in it. 55

Mat. But observe the catastrophe, now:

And I in duty will exceed all other, As you in beauty do excel Love's mother.

E. Know. Well, I 'll have him free of the 59 wit-brokers, for he utters nothing but stol'n remnants.

Wel. O, forgive it him.

E. Know. A filching rogue, hang him! — and from the dead! It's worse than sacrilege 64

[Wellbred, E. Knowell, and Master Stephen come forward]

Wel. Sister, what ha' you here? Verses? Pray you, let's see. Who made these verses? They are excellent good.

Mat. O, Master Wellbred, 't is your disposition to say so, sir. They were good i' the morning: I made 'em *ex tempore* this morning. 70

Wel. How! *ex tempore*?

Mat. Ay, would I might be hang'd else; ask Captain Bobadill; he saw me write them, at the — pox on it! — the Star, yonder. 74

Bras. Can he find in his heart to curse the stars so?

E. Know. Faith, his are even with him; they ha' curs'd him enough already.

Step. Cousin, how do you like this gentleman's verses? 80

E. Know. O, admirable! the best that ever I heard, coz.

Step. Body o' Cæsar, they are admirable! the best that ever I heard, as I am a soldier! 84

[Re-enter Downright]

Dow. I am vex'd, I can hold ne'er a bone of me still 'Heart, I think they mean to build and breed here.

Wel. Sister, you have a simple servant here, that crowns your beauty with such encomi- 89 ons and devices; you may see what it is to be the mistress of a wit that can make your perfections so transparent, that every blear eye may look through them, and see him drown'd over head and ears in the deep well of desire. 94

Sister Kately. I marvel you get you not a servant that can rhyme, and do tricks too.

Dow. O monster! impudence itself! tricks!

Dame K. Tricks, brother! what tricks?

Brid. Nay, speak, I pray you, what tricks?

Dame K. Ay, never spare any body here; 100 but say, what tricks?

Brid. Passion of my heart, do tricks!

Wel. 'Slight, here 's a trick vied and revied! Why, you monkeys, you, what a caterwauling do you keep! Has he not given you rhymes 105 and verses and tricks?

Dow. O, the fiend!

Wel. Nay, you lamp of virginity, that take it in snuff so, come, and cherish this tame poetical fury in your servant; you 'll be begg'd 110 else shortly for a concealment: go to, reward his muse. You cannot give him less than a shilling in conscience, for the book he had it out of cost him a teston at least. How now, gallants! 114

Master Mathew! Captain! what, all sons of silence? No spirit?

Dow. Come, you might practise your ruffian

* *incipere dulce*: it is sweet to begin 45 *benchers*: loungers on tavern benches *pauca verba*: few words 49 *Hero and Leander*: by Christopher Marlowe (lines 199–202 slightly misquoted; lines 203–204 and 221–222 are repeated below) 64 *filching*: thieving 101 *vied and revied*: bet on, in cards, and then covered with a larger bet 108–109 *take* . . . *snuff*: take offense (at it) 111 *concealment*: (When the monasteries were dissolved some of the sequestered properties remained in private hands. Queen Elizabeth appointed commissions to search for such holdings, or "concealments." Her courtiers often begged for these lands) 114 *teston*: sixpence

tricks somewhere else, and not here, I wuss; this is no tavern nor drinking-school, to vent ¹¹⁹ your exploits in.

Wel. How now; whose cow has calv'd?

Dow. Marry, that has mine, sir. Nay, boy, never look askance at me for the matter; I'll tell you of it, I, sir; you and your compan- ¹²⁴ ions mend yourselves when I ha' done.

Wel. My companions!

Dow. Yes, sir, your companions, so I say; I am not afraid of you, nor them neither; your hangbys here. You must have your poets ¹²⁹ and your potlings, your soldados and foolados to follow you up and down the city; and here they must come to domineer and swagger. — Sirrah, you ballad-singer, and Slops your fellow there, get you out, get you home, or by this steel, ¹³⁴ I'll cut off your ears, and that presently.

Wel. 'Slight, stay, let's see what he dare do; cut off his ears! cut a whetstone. You are an ass, do you see? Touch any man here, and by this hand I'll run my rapier to the hilts ¹³⁹ in you.

Dow. Yea, that would I fain see, boy.

They all draw, and they of the house make out to part them.

Dame K. O Jesu! murder! Thomas! Gasper!

Brid. Help, help! Thomas!

E. Know. Gentlemen, forbear, I pray you. ¹⁴⁴

Bob. Well, sirrah, you Holofernes, by my hand, I will pink your flesh full of holes with my rapier for this; I will, by this good heaven! Nay, let him come, let him come, gentlemen; by the body of St. George, I'll not kill him. ¹⁴⁹

They offer to fight again, and are parted.

Cash. Hold, hold, good gentlemen.

Dow. You whoreson, bragging coystril!

Act IIII. Scene III

[*The Same.*]

To them, Kilely

Kil. Why, how now! what's the matter, what's the stir here?

Whence springs the quarrel? Thomas! where is he?

Put up your weapons, and put off this rage.

My wife and sister, they are cause of this.

What, Thomas! where is this knave? ⁵

Cash. Here, sir.

Wel. Come, let's go; this is one of my brother's ancient humours, this.

Step. I am glad nobody was hurt by his ancient humour. ¹⁰

[*Exeunt Wellbred, Stephen, E. Knowell, Bobadill, and Brainworm.*]

Kil. Why, how now, brother, who enforce'd this brawl?

Dow. A sort of lewd rake-hells, that care neither for God nor the devil. And they must come here to read ballads, and roguery, and ¹⁴ trash! I'll mar the knot of 'em ere I sleep, perhaps, especially Bob there, he that's all manner of shapes. and Songs and Sonnets, his fellow.

Brid. Brother, indeed you are too violent, Too sudden in your humour: and you know ²⁰ My brother Wellbred's temper will not bear Any reproof, chiefly in such a presence, Where every slight disgrace he should receive

Might wound him in opinion and respect. ²⁴

Dow. Respect! what talk you of respect 'mong such as ha' nor spark of manhood nor good manners? 'Sdeins, I am asham'd to hear you! respect! [*Exit.*]

Brid. Yes, there was one a civil gentleman, And very worthily demean'd himself. ³⁰

Kil. O, that was some love of yours, sister.

Brid. A love of mine! I would it were no worse, brother;

You'd pay my portion sooner than you think for.

Dame K. Indeed he seem'd to be a gentleman of an exceeding fair disposition, and of very ³⁵ excellent good parts

[*Exeunt Dame Kilely and Bridget.*]

Kil. Her love, by heaven! my wife's minion.

Fair disposition! excellent good parts!

Death! these phrases are intolerable.

Good parts! how should she know his parts? ⁴⁰

His parts! Well, well, well, well, well; It is too plain, too clear: Thomas, come

hither.

What, are they gone?

Cash. Ay, sir, they went in.

My mistress and your sister —

Kil. Are any of the gallants within? ⁴⁵

Cash. No, sir, they are all gone.

Kil. Art thou sure of it?

Cash. I can assure you, sir.

Kil. What gentleman was that they prais'd so, Thomas?

Cash. One, they call him Master Knowell, ⁵⁰ a handsome young gentleman, sir.

Kil. Ay, I thought so; my mind gave me as much.

I'll die, but they have hid him i' the house Somewhere; I'll go and search; go with me,

Thomas: ⁵⁴

Be true to me, and thou shalt find me a master.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹²¹ whose . . . calv'd: What's the matter? ¹²² potlings: toppers ¹²³ Slops: stuffed breeches, Bobadill; cf II, ii, 28-30 ¹²⁴ coystril: groom, knave ¹²⁵ opinion: reputation ¹²⁶ but: if not

Act IIII. Scene IIII

[The Lane before Cob's House.]

Cob, Tib

[Cob knocks at the door.] What, Tib! Tib, I say!

Tib. [within.] How now, what cuckold is that knocks so hard?

[Enter Tib]

O, husband! is 't you? What 's the news? 5

Cob. Nay, you have stunn'd me, i' faith; you ha' giv'n me a knock o' the forehead will stick by me. Cuckold! 'Slid, cuckold!

Tib. Away, you fool! did I know it was you that knock'd? Come, come, you may call me 10 as bad when you list.

Cob. May I? Tib, you are a whore.

Tib. You lie in your throat, husband.

Cob. How, the lie! and in my throat too! do you long to be stabb'd, ha? 15

Tib. Why, you are no soldier, I hope.

Cob. O, must you be stabb'd by a soldier? Mass, that 's true! When was Bobadill here, your captain? that rogue, that foist, that fencing Burgullion? I 'll tickle him, i' faith 20

Tib. Why, what 's the matter, trow?

Cob. O, he has basted me rarely, sumptuously! but I have it here in black and white [pulls out the warrant], for his black and blue shall pay him. O, the justice, the honestest old brave 25 Trojan in London; I do honour the very flea of his dog. A plague on him, though, he put me once in a villainous filthy fear, marry, it vanish'd away like the smoke of tobacco, but I was smok'd soundly first. I thank the devil, 30 and his good angel, my guest Well, wife, or Tib, which you will, get you in, and lock the door; I charge you let nobody in to you, wife, nobody in to you; those are my words: not Captain Bob himself, nor the fiend in his 35 likeness. You are a woman, you have flesh and blood enough in you to be tempted; therefore keep the door shut upon all comers.

Tib. I warrant you, there shall nobody enter here without my consent. 40

Cob. Nor with your consent, sweet Tib; and so I leave you.

Tib. It 's more than you know, whether you leave me so.

Cob. How? 45

Tib. Why, sweet.

Cob. Tut, sweet or sour, thou art a flower. Keep close thy door, I ask no more. [Exeunt.]

Act IIII. Scene V

[A Room in the Windmill Tavern.]

Ed. Knowell, Wellbred, Stephen, Brainworm

[E. Know.] Well, Brainworm, perform this business happily, and thou makest a purchase of my love for ever.

Wel. I' faith, now let thy spirits use their best faculties: but, at any hand, remember [5 the message to my brother; for there 's no other means to start him.

Brai. I warrant you, sir; fear nothing: I have a nimble soul has wak'd all forces of my phant'sie by this time, and put 'em in true 10 motion. What you have possess'd me withal, I 'll discharge it amply, sir: make it no question. [Exit.]

Wel. Forth, and prosper, Brainworm. Faith, Ned, how dost thou approve of my abilities in this device? 16

E. Know. Troth, well, howsoever, but it will come excellent if it take.

Wel. Take, man! why it cannot choose but take, if the circumstances miscarry not: 20 but, tell me ingenuously, dost thou affect my sister Bridget as thou pretend'st?

E. Know. Friend, am I worth belief?

Wel. Come, do not protest. In faith, she is a maid of good ornament, and much mod- 25 esty; and, except I conceiv'd very worthily of her, thou should'st not have her.

E. Know. Nay, that, I am afraid, will be a question yet, whether I shall have her, or no.

Wel. 'Slid, thou shalt have her; by this light thou shalt. 31

E. Know. Nay, do not swear.

Wel. By this hand thou shalt have her; I 'll go fetch her presently. 'Point but where to meet, and as I am an honest man I 'll bring her.

E. Know. Hold, hold, be temperate. 36

Wel. Why, by — what shall I swear by? Thou shalt have her, as I am —

E. Know. Pray thee, be at peace, I am satisfied; and do believe thou wilt omit no 40 offered occasion to make my desires complete.

Wel. Thou shalt see, and know, I will not. [Exeunt.]

Act IIII. Scene VI

[The Old Jewry. A Street.]

Formal, Knowell, [followed by] Brainworm

[Form.] Was your man a soldier, sir?

Know. Ay, a knave;

¹⁰ foist: rogue, pickpocket ²⁰ Burgullion: bully ³⁰ smok'd: made to suffer Sc. V. ⁴¹ possess'd: informed ²² pretend'st: professesst

I took him begging o' the way, this morning,
As I came over Moorfields.

[*Enter Brainworm, disguised as before*]

O, here he is! — you 've made fair speed, believe me.

Where, i' the name of sloth, could you be thus? 5

Brai. Marry, peace be my comfort, where I thought I should have had little comfort of your worship's service.

Know. How so? 9

Brai. O, sir, your coming to the city, your entertainment of me, and your sending me to watch — indeed all the circumstances either of your charge, or my employment, are as open to your son, as to yourself

Know. How should that be, unless that villain, Brainworm, 15

Have told him of the letter, and discover'd All that I strictly charg'd him to conceal?

'T is so

Brai. I am partly o' the faith, 't is so, indeed.

Know. But, how should he know thee to be my man? 20

Brai. Nay, sir, I cannot tell; unless it be by the black art Is not your son a scholar, sir?

Know. Yes, but I hope his soul is not allied Unto such hellish practice: if it were, I had just cause to weep my part in him, 25 And curse the time of his creation.

But, where didst thou find them, Fitz-Sword?

Brai. You should rather ask where they found me, sir; for I 'll be sworn, I was going along in the street, thinking nothing, when, 30 of a sudden, a voice calls, "Master Knowell's man!" Another cries, "Soldier!" and thus half a dozen of 'em, till they had call'd me within a house, where I no sooner came, but they seem'd men, and out flew all their 35 rapiers at my bosom, with some three or four score oaths to accompany 'em; and all to tell me, I was but a dead man, if I did not confess where you were, and how I was employed, and about what; which when they could not get 40 out of me (as, I protest, they must ha' dissected, and made an anatomy o' me first, and so I told 'em), they lock'd me up into a room i' the top of a high house, whence by great miracle (having a light heart) I slid down by a 45 bottom of packthread into the street, and so scap'd But, sir, thus much I can assure you, for I heard it while I was lock'd up, there were a great many rich merchants and brave citizens' wives with 'em at a feast; and your son, 50 master Edward, withdrew with one of 'em, and has 'pointed to meet her anon at one Cob's

house, a water-bearer that dwells by the Wall. Now, there your worship shall be sure to take him, for there he preys, and fail he will not. 55

Know. Nor will I fail to break his match, I doubt not

Go thou along with justice Clement's man, And stay there for me. At one Cob's house, say'st thou?

Brai. Ay, sir, there you shall have him. 59
[*Exit Knowell.*] Yes — invisible! Much wench, or much son! 'Slight, when he has stay'd there three or four hours, travelling with the expectation of wonders, and at length be deliver'd of air! O the sport that I should then take to look on him, if I durst! But now, I 65 mean to appear no more afore him in this shape: I have another trick to act yet. O that I were so happy as to light on a nupson now of this justice's novice! — Sir, I make you stay somewhat long 70

Form. Not a whit, sir. Pray you what do you mean, sir?

Brai. I was putting up some papers

Form. You ha' been lately in the wars, sir, it seems 75

Brai. Marry have I, sir, to my loss, and expense of all, almost.

Form. Troth, sir, I would be glad to bestow a pottle of wine o' you, if it please you to accept it — 80

Brai. O, sir —

Form. But to hear the manner of your services, and your devices in the wars. They say they be very strange, and not like those a man reads in the Roman histories, or sees at 85 Mile-end.

Brai. No, I assure you, sir; why at any time when it please you, I shall be ready to discourse to you all I know; [*aside.*] — and more too, somewhat 90

Form. No better time than now, sir; we 'll go to the Windmill; there we shall have a cup of neat grist, we call it. I pray you, sir, let me request you to the Windmill.

Brai. I 'll follow you, sir; [*aside.*] — and make grist o' you, if I have good luck 96

[*Exeunt*]

Act III. Scene VII

[*Moorfields.*]

Mathew, Ed. Knowell, Bobadill, Stephen,
[*later*] *Downright*

[*Mat.*] Sir, did your eyes ever taste the like clown of him where we were to-day, master Wellbred's half-brother? I think the whole earth cannot show his parallel, by this daylight.

¹⁵ discover'd: made known ²⁰ anatomy: skeleton ⁴⁵ bottom: skein ⁴⁶ brave: richly dressed
⁴⁸ nupson: simpleton ⁷⁰ pottle: two quarts ⁸⁵ Mile-end: training ground for militia

E. Know. We were now speaking of him: [5 captain Bobadill tells me he is fall'n foul o' you too.

Mat. O, ay, sir, he threat'ned me with the bastinado.

Bob. Ay, but I think, I taught you pre- [10 vention this morning, for that. You shall kill him beyond question, if you be so generously munded.

Mat. Indeed, it is a most excellent trick.

He practises at a post.

Bob. O, you do not give spirit enough to [15 your motion; you are too tardy, too heavy! O, it must be done like lightning, hay!

Mat. Rare, captain!

Bob. Tut! 't is nothing, an 't be not done in a — *punto.* 20

E. Know. Captain, did you ever prove yourself upon any of our masters of defence here?

Mat. O good sir! yes, I hope he has.

Bob. I will tell you, sir. Upon my first coming to the city, after my long travel for knowl- [25 edge in that mystery only, there came three or four of 'em to me, at a gentleman's house, where it was my chance to be resident at that time, to intreat my presence at their schools: and withal so much importun'd me that, [30 I protest to you as I am a gentleman, I was asham'd of their rude demcanour out of all measure. Well, I told 'em that to come to a public school, they should pardon me, it was opposite, in diameter, to my humour; but if [35 so be they would give their attendance at my lodging, I protested to do them what right or favour I could, as I was a gentleman, and so forth.

E. Know. So, sir! then you tried their skill?

Bob. Alas, soon tried: you shall hear, sir [41 Within two or three days after, they came; and, by honesty, fair sir, believe me, I grac'd them exceedingly, show'd them some two or three tricks of prevention have purchas'd [45 'em since a credit to admiration. They cannot deny this; and yet now they hate me; and why? Because I am excellent; and for no other vile reason on the earth.

E. Know. This is strange and barbarous, [50 as ever I heard.

Bob. Nay, for a more instance of their posterous natures, but note, sir. They have assaulted me some three, four, five, six of them together, as I have walk'd alone in divers skirts i' the town, as Turnbull, Whitechapel, [56 Shoreditch, which were then my quarters; and since, upon the Exchange, at my lodging, and

at my ordinary: where I have driven them afore me the whole length of a street, in the [60 open view of all our gallants, pitying to hurt them, believe me. Yet all this lenty will not o'ercome their spleen; they will be doing with the pismire, raising a hill a man may spurn abroad with his foot at pleasure. By myself, [65 I could have slain them all, but I delight not in murder. I am loath to bear any other than this bastinado for 'em. yet I hold it good polity not to go disarm'd, for though I be skilful, I may be oppress'd with multitudes. 70

E. Know. Ay, believe me, may you, sir: and in my conceit, our whole nation should sustain the loss by it, if it were so.

Bob. Alas, no? what 's a peculiar man to a nation? Not seen. 75

E. Know. O, but your skill, sir.

Bob. Indeed, that might be some loss; but who respects it? I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal, I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself; but [80 were I known to her majesty and the lords, — observe me, — I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in general, but to save the one half, [85 nay, three parts of her yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, thank you?

E. Know. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive 90

Bob. Why thus, sir. I would select nineteen more, to myself, throughout the land; gentlemen they should be of good spurt, strong and able constitution, I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have: and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your [96 *punto*, your *reverso*, your *stoccata*, your *imbrocata*, your *passada*, your *montanio*, till they could all play very near, or altogether, as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come [101 into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in their honour refuse us: well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, [105 kill them; twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that 's twenty score; twenty score, that 's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand. forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty, [111 two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this will I venture my poor gentle-

¹⁷ *hay*: an exclamation on hitting an opponent in fencing ²⁰ *punto*: instant ²⁵ *travel*: *travel*, and also *travai* ³⁰ *be*: (not in F 1 or Q) ³⁵ *skirts*: outskirts ⁴⁰⁻⁴¹ *Turnbull* . . . Shoreditch: all disreputable quarters of London ⁴⁵ *pismire*: ant ⁵⁰ *peculiar*: individual ⁵⁵⁻⁵⁶ *punto* . . . *mont-*
tanto: technical terms in fencing

man-like carcase to perform, provided there be no treason practis'd upon us, by fair and [115] discreet manhood; that is, civilly by the sword.

E. Know. Why, are you so sure of your hand, captain, at all times?

Bob. Tut! never miss thrust, upon my reputation with you. 120

E. Know. I would not stand in Downright's state then, an you meet him, for the wealth of any one street in London.

Bob. Why, sir, you mistake me: if he were here now, by this welkin, I would not draw my weapon on him. Let this gentleman do his [126] mind; but I will bastinado him, by the bright sun, wherever I meet him.

Mat. Faith, and I'll have a fling at him, at my distance. 130

E. Know. 'God's so, look where he is! yonder he goes.

Downright walks over the stage.

Dow. What peevish luck have I, I cannot meet with these bragging rascals?

Bob. It's not he, is it? 135

E. Know. Yes, faith, it is he.

Mat. I'll be hang'd, then, if that were he.

E. Know. Sir, keep your hanging good for some greater matter, for I assure you that was he. 140

Step. Upon my reputation, it was he.

Bob. Had I thought it had been he, he must not have gone so: but I can hardly be induc'd to believe it was he yet

E. Know. That I think, sir. 145

[Re-enter Downright]

But see, he is come again.

Dow. O, Pharaoh's foot, have I found you? Come, draw, to your tools; draw, gypsy, or I'll thresh you.

Bob. Gentleman of valour, I do believe in thee; hear me — 151

Dow. Draw your weapon then.

Bob. Tall man, I never thought on it till now — body of me, I had a warrant of the peace served on me, even now as I came along, by a water-bearer; this gentleman saw it, [156] master Mathew.

Dow. 'Sdeath! you will not draw then?

He beats him, and disarms him.

Mathew runs away.

Bob. Hold, hold! under thy favour forbear!

Dow. Prate again, as you like this, you [160] whoreson foist you! You'll "control the point," you! Your consort is gone; had he stay'd, he had shar'd with you, sir. [Exit.]

Bob. Well, gentlemen, bear witness, I was bound to the peace, by this good day. 165

E. Know. No, faith, it's an ill day, captain.

never reckon it other: but, say you were bound to the peace, the law allows you to defend yourself: that 'll prove but a poor excuse.

Bob. I cannot tell, sir; I desire good construction in fair sort. I never sustain'd the like disgrace, by heaven! Sure I was struck with a planet thence, for I had no power to touch my weapon.

E. Know. Ay, like enough; I have heard of many that have been beaten under a planet: [176] go, get you to a surgeon. 'Slid! an these be your tricks, your *passadas*, and your *montanios*, I'll none of them. [Exit Bobadill] O, manners! that this age should bring forth [180] such creatures! that nature should be at leisure to make 'em! Come, coz

Step. Mass, I'll ha' this cloak.

E. Know. God's will, 't is Downright's.

Step. Nay, it's mine now, another might [185] have ta'en up as well as I: I'll wear it, so I will.

E. Know. How an he see it? He'll challenge it, assure yourself.

Step. Ay, but he shall not ha' it; I'll say I bought it. 190

E. Know. Take heed you buy it not too dear, coz. [Exeunt.]

Act III. Scene VIII

[A Room in Ktely's House]

Kitely, Wellbred, Dame Ktely, Bridget,

[later] Bramworm, Cash

[Kit] Now, trust me, brother, you were much to blame,

T' incense his anger, and disturb the peace Of my poor house, where there are sentinels That every minute watch to give alarms Of civil war, without adjection Of your assistance or occasion.

Wel. No harm done, brother, I warrant you, since there is no harm done. Anger costs a man nothing; and a tall man is never his own man till he be angry. To keep his valour in ob- [10] scurity, is to keep himself as it were in a cloak-bag. What's a musician, unless he play? What's a tall man unless he fight? For, indeed, all this my wise brother stands upon absolutely; and that made me fall in with him so resolutely. [15]

Dame K. Ay, but what harm might have come of it, brother!

Wel. Might, sister? So might the good warm clothes your husband wears be poison'd, for anything he knows: or the wholesome wine [20] he drunk, even now, at the table.

Kit. [aside.] Now, God forbid! O me! now I remember

My wife drunk to me last, and chang'd the cup, And bade me wear this curst suit to-day.

See, if Heaven suffer murder undiscover'd! —
I feel me ill; give me some mithridate, 26
Some mithridate and oil, good sister, fetch me;
O, I am sick at heart, I burn, I burn.
If you will save my life, go fetch it me.

Wel. O strange humour! my very breath [30]
has poison'd him.

Brid. Good brother, be content, what do
you mean?
The strength of these extreme conceits will kill
you.

Dame K. Beshrew your heart-blood, brother
Wellbred, now,
For putting such a toy into his head! 35

Wel. Is a fit simile a toy? Will he be poison'd
with a simile? Brother Kitley, what a strange
and idle imagination is this! For shame, be
wiser. O' my soul, there's no such matter. 39

Kit. Am I not sick? How? am I then not
poison'd?

Am I not poison'd? How am I then so sick?

Dame K. If you be sick, your own thoughts
make you sick.

Wel. His jealousy is the poison he has taken.

[*Brainworm*] comes, disguised like
Justice Clement's man.

Brai. Master Kitley, my master, justice [44]
Clement, salutes you; and desires to speak with
you with all possible speed.

Kit. No time but now, when I think I am
sick, very sick! Well, I will wait upon his wor-
ship. Thomas! Cob! I must seek them out,
and set 'em sentinels till I return. Thomas! [50]
Cob! Thomas! [*Exit*]

Wel. This is perfectly rare, Brainworm;
[*takes him aside*] but how got'st thou this ap-
parel of the justice's man? 54

Brai. Marry, sir, my proper fine pen-man
would needs bestow the grist o' me, at the
Windmill, to hear some martial discourse;
where so I marshall'd him, that I made him
drunk with admiration: and, because too much
heat was the cause of his distemper, I stripp'd
him stark naked as he lay along asleep, and [61]
borrowed his suit to deliver this counterfeit
message in, leaving a rusty armour, and an old
brown bill to watch him till my return; which
shall be, when I ha' pawn'd his apparel, and [65]
spent the better part o' the money, perhaps.

Wel. Well, thou art a successful merry knave,
Brainworm: his absence will be a good subject
for more mirth. I pray thee return to thy young
master, and will him to meet me and my [70]
sister Bridget at the Tower instantly; for here,
tell him, the house is so stor'd with jealousy,
there is no room for love to stand upright in.
We must get our fortunes committed to some

larger prison, say; and than the Tower, I [75]
know no better air, nor where the liberty of the
house may do us more present service. Away!
[*Exit Brainworm.*]

[*Re-enter Kitley, talking aside to Cash*]

Kit. Come hither, Thomas. Now my secret's
ripe,

And thou shalt have it: lay to both thine ears.
Hark what I say to thee. I must go forth,
Thomas; 80

Be careful of thy promise, keep good watch,
Note every gallant, and observe him well,
That enters in my absence to thy mistress:
If she would show him rooms, the jest is stale,
Follow 'em, Thomas, or else hang on him, 85
And let him not go after; mark their looks;
Note if she offer but to see his band,
Or any other amorous toy about him,
But praise his leg, or foot: or if she say
The day is hot, and bid him feel her hand, 90
How hot it is, O that's a monstrous thing!
Note me all this, good Thomas, mark their
sighs,

And if they do but whisper, break 'em off:
I'll bear thee out in it. Wilt thou do this?

Wilt thou be true, my Thomas?

Cash. As truth's self, sir. 95

Kit. Why, I believe thee. Where is Cob,
now? Cob! [*Exit*]

Dame K. He's ever calling for Cob: I won-
der how he employs Cob so.

Wel. Indeed, sister, to ask how he employs
Cob, is a necessary question for you that are [100]
his wife, and a thing not very easy for you to be
satisfied in; but this I'll assure you, Cob's wife
is an excellent bawd, sister, and oftentimes your
husband haunts her house, marry, to what end?
I cannot altogether accuse him; imagine [105]
you what you think convenient: but I have
known fair hides have foul hearts ere now, sister.

Dame K. Never said you truer than that,
brother, so much I can tell you for your learning.
Thomas, fetch your cloak and go with me. [110]
[*Exit Cash.*]

I'll after him presently: I would to fortune I
could take him there, i' faith. I'd return him
his own, I warrant him! [*Exit.*]

Wel. So, let 'em go; this may make sport
anon. Now, my fair sister-in-law, that you [115]
knew but how happy a thing it were to be fair
and beautiful

Brid. That touches not me, brother.

Wel. That's true; that's even the fault of
it; for indeed, beauty stands a woman in no [120]
stead, unless it procure her touching. — But,
sister, whether it touch you or no, it touches

²⁶ mithridate: antidote ³³ conceits: fancies

³⁵ toy: foolish idea

⁶⁴ brown bill: pike

⁷¹ Tower: (They could be married at once in the Tower, which was extra-parochial.)

your beauties; and I am sure they will abide the touch; an they do not, a plague of all ceruse, say I! and it touches me too in part, [125 though not in the — Well, there 's a dear and respected friend of mine, sister, stands very strongly and worthily affected toward you, and hath vow'd to inflame whole bonfires of zeal at his heart, in honour of your perfections. I [130 have already engag'd my promise to bring you where you shall hear him confirm much more. Ned Knowell is the man, sister: there 's no exception against the party. You are ripe for a husband; and a minute's loss to such an [135 occasion is a great trespass in a wise beauty. What say you, sister? On my soul he loves you; will you give him the meeting?

Brid. Faith, I had very little confidence in mine own constancy, brother, if I durst not [140 meet a man: but this motion of yours savours of an old knight-adventurer's servant a little too much, methinks.

Wel. What 's that, sister?

Brid. Marry, of the squire. 145

Wel. No matter if it did, I would be such an one for my friend. But see, who is return'd to hinder us!

[*Re-enter Kiteley*]

Kit. What villainy is this? Call'd out on a false message!

This was some plot; I was not sent for —
Bridget, 150

Where 's your sister?

Brid. I think she be gone forth, sir.

Kit. How! is my wife gone forth? Whither, for God's sake?

Brid. She 's gone abroad with Thomas.

Kit. Abroad with Thomas! oh, that villain dors me:

He hath discover'd all unto my wife. 155

Beast that I was, to trust him! Whither, I pray you,

Went she?

Brid. I know not, sir.

Wel. I 'll tell you, brother, Whither I suspect she 's gone.

Kit. Whither, good brother?

Wel. To Cob's house, I believe: but, keep my counsel.

Kit. I will, I will: to Cob's house! Doth she haunt Cob's? 160

She 's gone a' purpose now to cuckold me With that lewd rascal, who, to win her favour, Hath told her all. [*Exit.*]

Wel. Come, he 's once more gone. Sister, let 's lose no time; th' affair is worth it.

[*Exeunt*]

Act IIII. Scene IX

[*A Street.*]

Mathew, Bobadill, Brainworm

[*Mat.*] I wonder, captain, what they will say of my going away, ha?

Bob. Why, what should they say, but as of a discreet gentleman; quck, wary, respectful of nature's fair lineaments? and that 's all. 5

Mat. Why so! but what can they say of your beating?

Bob. A rude part, a touch with soft wood, a kind of gross battery us'd, laid on strongly, borne most patiently; and that 's all. 10

Mat. Ay, but would any man have offered it in Venice, as you say?

Bob. Tut! I assure you, no, you shall have there your *nobilis*, your *gentilezza*, come in bravely upon your reverse, stand you close, [15 stand you firm, stand you fair, save your *rettricato* with his left leg, come to the *assalto* with the right, thrust with brave steel, defy your base wood! But wherefore do I awake this remembrance? I was fascinated, by Jupiter, fascinated, but I will be unwitch'd and reveng'd by law. 21

Mat. Do you hear? Is't not best to get a warrant, and have him arrested and brought before justice Clement?

Bob. It were not amiss? Would we had it! 25

[*Enter Brainworm disguised as Formal*]

Mat. Why, here comes his man; let 's speak to him.

Bob. Agreed, do you speak

Mat. Save you, sir

Bras. With all my heart, sir 30

Mat. Sir, there is one Downright hath abus'd this gentleman and myself, and we determine to make our amends by law. Now, if you would do us the favour to procure a warrant to [34 bring him afore your master, you shall be well considered, I assure you, sir

Brai. Sir, you know my service is my living; such favours as these gotten of my master is his only preferment, and therefore you must [39 consider me as I may make benefit of my place.

Mat. How is that, sir?

Brai. Faith, sir, the thing is extraordinary, and the gentleman may be of great account; yet, be he what he will, if you will lay me down a brace of angels in my hand you shall [45 have it, otherwise not.

Mat. How shall we do, captain? He asks a brace of angels; you have no money?

124-125 ceruse: white lead, a cosmetic 145 squire: pandar 144 dors: fools 14 nobilis, gentilezza: gentry 16-17 retricato: retreat (?) 17 assalto: attack 20 fascinated: bewitched 21 his only preferment: the only salary he gives me 40 as: in order that 44 be he: ('be' F 1 and Q)

Bob. Not a cross, by fortune.

Mat. Nor I, as I am a gentleman, but two—[50
pence left of my two shillings in the morning
for wine and radish: let 's find him some pawn.

Bob. Pawn! we have none to the value of his
demand.

Mat. O, yes; I 'll pawn this jewel in my [55
ear, and you may pawn your silk stockings, and
pull up your boots. They will ne'er be miss'd.
It must be done now.

Bob. Well, an there be no remedy, I 'll step
aside and pull 'em off. [Withdraws.] 60

Mat. Do you hear, sir? We have no store of
money at this time, but you shall have good
pawns; look you, sir, this jewel, and that gentle-
man's silk stockings; because we would have it
dispatch'd ere we went to our chambers. 65

Brai. I am content, sir; I will get you the
warrant presently. What 's his name, say you?
Downright?

Mat. Ay, ay, George Downright

Brai. What manner of man is he? 70

Mat. A tall big man, sir, he goes in a cloak
most commonly of silk-russet, laid about with
russet lace

Brai. 'T is very good, sir.

Mat. Here, sir, here 's my jewel 75

Bob [returning.] And here are stockings

Brai. Well, gentlemen, I 'll procure you this
warrant presently; but who will you have to
serve it?

Mat. That 's true, captain: that must [80
be consider'd.

Bob. Body o' me, I know not, 't is service
of danger.

Brai. Why, you were best get one o' the
varlets o' the city, a sergeant: I 'll appoint you
one, if you please 86

Mat. Will you, sir? Why, we can wish no
better

Bob. We 'll leave it to you, sir

[Exeunt *Bob* and *Mat*]

Brai. This is rare! Now will I go pawn [90
this cloak of the justice's man's at the broker's
for a varlet's suit, and be the varlet myself;
and get either more pawns, or more money of
Downright, for the arrest. [Exit.]

Act IIII. Scene X

[The Lane before *Cob's* House.]

Knowell, [followed successively by] *Tib*, *Cash*,
Dame Kitely, *Kitely*, *Cob*

[*Know.*] Oh, here it is; I am glad I have
found it now;

Ho! who is within here?

Tib [within.] I am within, sir. What 's
your pleasure?

Know. To know who is within besides your-
self.

Tib. Why, sir, you are no constable, I hope?

Know. O, fear you the constable? Then I
doubt not 6

You have some guests within deserve that fear.
I 'll fetch him straight.

[Enter *Tib*]

Tib. O' God's name, sir!

Know. Go to; come tell me, is not young
Knowell here?

Tib. Young Knowell! I know none such,
sir, o' mine honesty. 10

Know. Your honesty, dame! It flies too
lightly from you.

There is no way but fetch the constable.

Tib. The constable! the man is mad, I think.

[Exit, and claps to the door.]

[Enter *Dame Kitely* and *Cash*]

Cash. Ho! who keeps house here?

Know. O, this is the female copesmate of
my son: 15

Now shall I meet him straight.

Dame K. Knock, Thomas, hard.

Cash. Ho, goodwife!

[Re-enter *Tib*]

Tib. Why, what 's the matter with you?

Dame K. Why, woman, grieves it you to
ope your door?

Belike you get something to keep it shut.

Tib. What mean these questions, pray ye?

Dame K. So strange you make it! Is not
my husband here? 21

Know. Her husband!

Dame K. My tried husband, master Kitely?

Tib. I hope he needs not to be tried here.

Dame K. No, dame, he does it not for need,
but pleasure 24

Tib. Neither for need nor pleasure is he here.

Know. This is but a device to balk me withal:

[Enter *Kitely*, muffled in his cloak]

Soft, who is this? 'T is not my son disguis'd?

Dame K. [She spies her husband come, and
runs to him.] O, sir, have I forestall'd your
honest market?

Found your close walks? You stand amaz'd
now, do you? 29

I' faith, I am glad I have smok'd you yet at last.
What is your jewel, trow? In, come, let 's see
her;

Fetch forth your huswife, dame; if she be
fairer,

⁴⁰ cross: penny ⁴⁸ varlets: bailiffs ¹⁵ copesmate: companion ²¹ So . . . it: You are so
unwilling to give information ³⁰ smok'd: found

In any honest judgment, than myself,
 I 'll be content with it: but she is change,
 She feeds you fat, she soothes your appetite, 35
 And you are well! Your wife, an honest woman,
 Is meat twice sod to you, sir! O, you treachour!

Know. She cannot counterfeit thus palpably.

Kit. Out on thy more than strumpet's impudence!

Steal'st thou thus to thy haunts? and have I taken 40

Thy bawd and thee, and thy companion,

Pointing to old Knowell.

This hoary-headed lecher, this old goat,
 Close at your villainy, and would'st thou 'scuse it

With this stale harlot's jest, accusing me?

O, old incontinent, dost thou *To him.*
 not shame, 45

When all thy powers in chastity is spent,

To have a mind so hot, and to entice,
 And feed th' enticements of a lustful woman?

Dame K. Out, I defy thee, I, dissembling wretch!

Kit. Defy me, strumpet! Ask thy pandar here, 50

Can he deny it? or that wicked elder?

Know. Why, hear you, sir.

Kit. Tut, tut, tut; never speak:
 Thy guilty conscience will discover thee.

Know. What lunacy is this, that haunts this man?

Kit. Well, good wife BA'D, Cob's wife, and you, 55

That make your husband such a hoddy-doddy;
 And you, young apple-squire, and old cuckold-maker;

I 'll ha' you every one before a justice:

Nay, you shall answer it, I charge you go.

Know. Marry, with all my heart, sir, I go willingly; 60

Though I do taste this as a trick put on me,
 To punish my impertinent search, and justly,
 And half forgive my son for the device.

Kit. Come, will you go?

Dame K. Go! to thy shame, believe it.

[*Enter Cob*]

Cob. Why, what 's the matter here? what 's here to do? 65

Kit. O, Cob, art thou come? I have been abus'd,

And i' thy house. Never was man so wrong'd!

Cob. 'Slid, in my house, my master Kitley!
 Who wrongs you in my house?

Kit. Marry, young lust in old, and old in young here: 70

Thy wife 's their bawd, here have I taken 'em.

Cob. How, bawd! is my house come to that?
 Am I prefer'd thither? Did I charge you to keep your doors shut, Isabel? and do you let 'em lie open for all comers? 75

He falls upon his wife and beats her.

Know. Friend, know some cause, before thou beat'st thy wife.

This 's madness in thee.

Cob. Why, is there no cause?

Kit. Yes, I 'll show cause before the justice,

Cob:

Come, let her go with me.

Cob. Nay, she shall go.

Tib. Nay, I will go. I 'll see an you may 80
 be allow'd to make a bundle o' hemp o' your right and lawful wife thus, at every cuckoldly knave's pleasure. Why do you not go?

Kit. A bitter quean! Come, we 'll ha' you tam'd. [*Exeunt.*]

Act IIII. Scene XI

[*A Street*]

Brainworm, [later] Mathew, Bobadill, Stephen, Downright

[*Brai*] Well, of all my disguises yet, now am I most like myself, being in this sergeant's gown. A man of my present profession never counterfeits, till he lays hold upon a debtor and says he 'rests him; for then he brings him to all [s] manner of unrest. A kind of little kings we are, bearing the diminutive of a mace, made like a young artichoke, that always carries pepper and salt in itself. Well, I know not what danger I undergo by this exploit; pray 10
 Heaven I come well off!

[*Enter Mathew and Bobadill*]

Mat. See, I think, yonder is the varlet, by his gown.

Bob. Let 's go in quest of him.

Mat. 'Save you, friend! Are not you here by appointment of justice Clement's man? 15

Brai. Yes, an 't please you, sir; he told me two gentlemen had will'd him to procure a warrant from his master, which I have about me, to be serv'd on one Downright.

Mat. It is honestly done of you both; and 20
 see where the party comes you must arrest; serve it upon him quickly, afore he be aware.

Bob. Bear back, master Mathew.

³⁷ sod: boiled treachour: traitor ⁴⁰ pandar: (F has in the margin, "By [*i.e.*, referring to] Thomas.") ⁴¹ hoddy-doddy: fool, dupe ⁴² apple-squire: harlot's attendant ⁴³ hemp: Hemp is prepared by beating. ⁴⁴ quean: hussy Sc. XI. s. d. Brainworm is disguised as a City Sergeant
⁴⁵ mace: the City Sergeant's badge of office

[Enter Stephen in Downright's cloak]

Brai. Master Downright, I arrest you i' the queen's name, and must carry you afore a [25 justice by virtue of this warrant.

Step. Me, friend! I am no Downright, I; I am master Stephen. You do not well to arrest me, I tell you, truly; I am in nobody's bonds nor books, I would you should know it. A [30 plague on you heartily, for making me thus afraid afore my time!

Brai. Why, now, are you deceived, gentlemen?

Bob. He wears such a cloak, and that deceived us: but see, here 'a comes indeed; [35 this is he, officer.

[Enter Downright]

Dow. Why how now, signior gull! Are you turn'd filcher of late! Come, deliver my cloak.

Step. Your cloak, sir! I bought it even now, in open market. 40

Brai. Master Downright, I have a warrant I must serve upon you, procur'd by these two gentlemen.

Dow. These gentlemen! These rascals!

[Offers to beat them.]

Brai. Keep the peace, I charge you, in her majesty's name. 46

Dow. I obey thee. What must I do, officer?

Brai. Go before master justice Clement, to answer what they can object against you, sir. I will use you kindly, sir. 50

Mat. Come, let 's before, and make the justice, captain.

Bob. The varlet 's a tall man, afore heaven!

[Exeunt Bob and Mat.]

Dow. Gull, you 'll gi' me my cloak.

Step. Sir, I bought it, and I 'll keep it. 55

Dow. You will?

Step. Ay, that I will.

Dow. Officer, there 's thy fee, arrest him.

Brai. Master Stephen, I must arrest you.

Step. Arrest me! I scorn it. There, take your cloak, I 'll none on 't 61

Dow. Nay, that shall not serve your turn now, sir. Officer, I 'll go with thee to the justice's; bring him along.

Step. Why, is not here your cloak? What would you have? 66

Dow. I 'll ha' you answer it, sir.

Brai. Sir, I 'll take your word, and this gentleman's too, for his appearance.

Dow. I 'll ha' no words taken: bring him along. 71

Brai. Sir, I may choose to do that: I may take bail.

Dow. 'T is true, you may take bail, and choose at another time; but you shall not [75 now, varlet. Bring him along, or I 'll swinge you.

Brai. Sir, I pity the gentleman's case; here 's your money again.

Dow. 'Sdeins, tell not me of my money; bring him away, I say. 80

Brai. I warrant you, he will go with you of himself, sir.

Dow. Yet more ado?

Brai. [aside.] I have made a fair mash on 't.

Step. Must I go? 85

Brai. I know no remedy, master Stephen.

Dow. Come along afore me here; I do not love your hanging look behind.

Step. Why, sir, I hope you cannot hang me for it: can he, fellow? 90

Brai. I think not, sir; it is but a whipping matter, sure.

Step. Why then let him do his worst, I am resolute. [Exeunt.]

Act V. Scene I

[Coleman-street A Hall in Justice Clement's House.]

Clement, Knowell, Kitley, Dame Kitley, Tib, Cash, Cob, Servants

[Clem.] Nay, but stay, stay, give me leave: my chair, sirrah. — You, master Knowell, say you went thither to meet your son?

Know. Ay, sir.

Clem. But who directed you thither? 5

Know. That did mine own man, sir.

Clem. Where is he?

Know. Nay, I know not now; I left him with your clerk, and appointed him to stay here for me. 10

Clem. My clerk! about what time was this?

Know. Marry, between one and two, as I take it.

Clem. And what time came my man with the false message to you, master Kitley? 15

Kit. After two, sir.

Clem. Very good. but, mistress Kitley, how chance that you were at Cob's, ha?

Dame K. An 't please you, sir, I 'll tell you: my brother Wellbred told me that Cob's house was a suspected place — 21

Clem. So it appears, methinks: but on.

Dame K. And that my husband us'd thither daily.

Clem. No matter, so he us'd himself well, mistress. 26

Dame K. True, sir: but you know what grows by such haunts oftentimes.

Clem. I see rank fruits of a jealous brain, mistress Kitley: but did you find your hus- [30 band there, in that case as you suspected?

Kil. I found her there, sir.

Clem. Did you so? That alters the case. Who gave you knowledge of your wife's being there?

Kil. Marry, that did my brother Wellbred.

Clem. How? Wellbred first tell her; then tell you after! Where is Wellbred?

Kil. Gone with my sister, sir, I know not whither.

Clem. Why this is a mere trick, a device; you are gull'd in this most grossly, all. Alas, poor wench! wert thou beaten for this?

Tib. Yes, most pitifully, an 't please you.

Cob. And worthily, I hope, if it shall prove so.

Clem. Ay, that 's like, and a piece of a sentence. —

[*Enter a Servant*]

How now, sir! what 's the matter?

Serv. Sir, there 's a gentleman i' the court without, desires to speak with your worship.

Clem. A gentleman! what 's he?

Serv. A soldier, sir, he says.

Clem. A soldier! Take down my armour, my sword quickly. A soldier speak with me! Why, when, knaves! Come on, come on. (*He arms himself.*) Hold my cap there, so; give me my gorget, my sword: stand by, I will end your matters anon. — Let the soldier enter.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Act V. Scene II

[*The Same.*]

Bobadill, Mathew [*to the rest*]

Now, sir, what ha' you to say to me?

[*Bob.*] By your worship's favour —

Clem. Nay, keep out, sir; I know not your pretence. — You send me word, sir, you are a soldier; why, sir, you shall be answer'd here: 's here be them have been amongst soldiers. Sir, your pleasure.

Bob. Faith, sir, so it is, this gentleman and myself have been most uncivilly wrong'd and beaten by one Downright, a coarse fellow about the town here; and for mine own part, I protest, being a man in no sort given to this filthy humour of quarrelling, he hath assaulted me in the way of my peace, spoild me of mine honour, disarm'd me of my weapons, and rudely laid me along in the open streets, when I not so much as once offer'd to resist him.

Clem. O, God's precious! is this the soldier? Here, take my armour off quickly, 't will make him swoon, I fear; he is not fit to look on 't, [21] that will put up a blow.

Mat. An 't please your worship, he was bound to the peace.

Clem. Why, an he were, sir, his hands were not bound, were they?

[*Re-enter Servant*]

Serv. There 's one of the varlets of the city, sir, has brought two gentlemen here; one, upon your worship's warrant.

Clem. My warrant!

Serv. Yes, sir; the officer says, procur'd by these two.

Clem. Bid him come in. [*Exit Servant.*] Set by this picture.

Act V. Scene III

[*The Same.*]

Downright, Stephen, Brawmoorm [*to the rest*]

What, master Downright! Are you brought at master Freshwater's suit here?

[*Dow.*] I' faith, sir, and here 's another brought at my suit.

Clem. What are you, sir?

Step. A gentleman, sir. O, uncle!

Clem. Uncle! Who? Master Knowell?

Know. Ay, sir, this is a wise kinsman of mine.

Step. God 's my witness, uncle, I am wrong'd here monstrously; he charges me with stealing of his cloak, and would I might never stir, if I did not find it in the street by chance.

Dow. O, did you find it now? You said you bought it ere-while.

Step. And you said, I stole it. Nay, now my uncle is here, I 'll do well enough with you.

Clem. Well, let this breathe awhile. You that have cause to complain there, stand forth. Had you my warrant for this gentleman's apprehension?

Bob. Ay, an 't please your worship.

Clem. Nay, do not speak in passion so. Where had you it?

Bob. Of your clerk, sir.

Clem. That 's well! an my clerk can make warrants, and my hand not at 'em! Where is the warrant? — Officer, have you it?

Brai. No, sir. Your worship's man, Master Formal, bid me do it for these gentlemen, and he would be my discharge.

²² what: what kind of man ²³ gorget: armor for the throat Sc II. ¹ (This line is at the end of Sc. I in F.) ⁴ pretence: intention ¹⁸ laid me along: laid me low ²⁴ picture: i.e., mere picture of a soldier Sc. III. ² master Freshwater: i.e., a soldier who has never crossed the sea on service (This speech is at the end of Sc. II in F.) ¹⁹ breathe: rest

Clem. Why, Master Downright, are you such a novice, to be serv'd and never see the warrant?

Dow. Sir, he did not serve it on me. 35

Clem. No! how then?

Dow. Marry, sir, he came to me, and said he must serve it, and he would use me kindly, and so — 39

Clem. O, God's pity, was it so, sir? He must serve it! Give me my long sword there, and help me off, so. Come on, sir varlet, I must cut off your legs, sirrah [*Brainworm kneels.*]; nay, stand up, I'll use you kindly; I must cut off your legs, I say. 45

He flourishes over him with his long sword.

Brai. O, good sir, I beseech you; nay, good master justice!

Clem. I must do it, there is no remedy; I must cut off your legs, sirrah, I must cut off your ears, you rascal, I must do it I must [50 cut off your nose, I must cut off your head.

Brai. O, good your worship!

Clem. Well, rise; how dost thou do now? Dost thou feel thyself well? Hast thou no harm? 55

Brai. No, I thank your good worship, sir.

Clem. Why so! I said I must cut off thy legs, and I must cut off thy arms, and I must cut off thy head, but I did not do it so you said you must serve this gentleman with my [60 warrant, but you did not serve him. You knave, you slave, you rogue, do you say you must, sirrah! Away with him to the jail; I'll teach you a trick for your must, sir

Brai. Good sir, I beseech you, be good to [65 me

Clem. Tell him he shall to the jail; away with him, I say.

Brai. Nay, sir, if you will commit me, it shall be for committing more than this: I will [70 not lose by my travail any grain of my fame, certain.

[*Throws off his sergeant's gown.*]

Clem. How is this?

Know. My man Brainworm!

Step. O, yes, uncle, Brainworm has been with my cousin Edward and I all this day 76

Clem. I told you all there was some device.

Brai. Nay, excellent justice, since I have laid myself thus open to you, now stand strong for me; both with your sword and your balance. [80

Clem. Body o' me, a merry knave! give me a bowl of sack. If he belong to you, Master Knowell, I bespeak your patience.

Brai. That is it I have most need of. Sir, if you'll pardon me only, I'll glory in all the [85 rest of my exploits.

Know. Sir, you know I love not to have my

favours come hard from me. You have your pardon, though I suspect you shrewdly for being of counsel with my son against me. 90

Brai. Yes, faith, I have, sir, though you retain'd me doubly this morning for yourself: first, as Brainworm; after, as Fitz-Sword. I was your reform'd soldier, sir. 'T was I sent you to Cob's upon the errand without end. 95

Know. Is it possible? or that thou should'st disguise thy language so as I should not know thee?

Brai. O, sir, this has been the day of my metamorphosis. It is not that shape alone [100 that I have run through to-day. I brought this gentleman, master Kitley, a message too, in the form of master Justice's man here, to draw him out o' the way, as well as your worship, while master Wellbred might make a conveyance of mistress Bridget to my young master.

Ku. How! my sister stol'n away?

Know. My son is not married, I hope.

Brai. Faith, sir, they are both as sure as love, a priest, and three thousand pound, which [110 is her portion, can make 'em; and by this time are ready to bespeak their wedding-supper at the Windmill, except some friend here prevent 'em, and invite 'em home

Clem. Marry, that will I; I thank thee [115 for putting me in mind on 't. Sirrah, go you and fetch 'em hither upon my warrant. [*Exit Servant*] Neither's friends have cause to be sorry, if I know the young couple aright. Here, I drink to thee for thy good news. But I pray [120 thee, what hast thou done with my man, Formal?

Brai. Faith, sir, after some ceremony past, as making him drunk, first with story, and then with wine, (but all in kindness,) and strip- [125 ping him to his shirt, I left him in that cool vein, departed, sold your worship's warrant to these two, pawn'd his livery for that varlet's gown, to serve it in; and thus have brought myself by my activity to your worship's consideration 131

Clem. And I will consider thee in another cup of sack. Here 's to thee, which having drunk of, this is my sentence: Pledge me. Thou hast done, or assisted to nothing, in my [135 judgment, but deserves to be pardon'd for the wit o' the offence. If thy master, or any man here, be angry with thee, I shall suspect his ingine, while I know him, for 't. How now, what noise is that? 140

[*Enter Servant*]

Serv. Sir, it is Roger is come home.

Clem. Bring him in, bring him in.

Act V. Scene IIII

[The Same.]

To them, Formal

What! drunk? In arms against me? Your reason, your reason for this?

[Form.] I beseech your worship to pardon me; I happen'd into ill company by chance, that cast me into a sleep, and stripp'd me of all [s my clothes.

Clem. Well, tell him I am Justice Clement, and do pardon him: but what is this to your armour? What may that signify?

Form. An 't please you, sir, it hung up i' [10 the room where I was stripp'd; and I borrow'd it of one o' the drawers to come home in, because I was loath to do penance through the street i' my shirt.

Clem. Well, stand by a while. 15

Act V. Scene V

[The Same.]

To them, Ed. Knowell, Wellbred, Bridget

Who be these? O, the young company; welcome, welcome! Gi' you joy. Nay, mistress Bridget, blush not; you are not so fresh a bride, but the news of it is come hither afore you. Master bridegroom, I ha' made your peace, [s give me your hand: so will I for all the rest ere you forsake my roof.

[E. Know.] We are the more bound to your humanity, sir.

Clem. Only these two have so little of man in 'em, they are no part of my care. 11

Wel. Yes, sir, let me pray you for this gentleman: he belongs to my sister the bride.

Clem. In what place, sir?

Wel. Of her delight, sir, below the stairs, [15 and in public: her poet, sir.

Clem. A poet! I will challenge him myself presently at extempore,

Mount up thy Phlegon, Muse, and testify

How Saturn, sitting in an ebony cloud, 20

Disrob'd his podex, white as ivory,

And through the welkin thund' red all aloud.

Wel. He is not for extempore, sir: he is all for the pocket muse; please you command a sight of it. 25

Clem. Yes, yes, search him for a taste of his vein.

[They search Mathew's pockets.]

Wel. You must not deny the queen's justice, sir, under a writ o' rebellion. 29

Clem. What! all this verse? Body o' me, he carries a whole realm, a commonwealth of paper in 's hose. Let 's see some of his subjects. [Reads.]

*Unto the boundless ocean of thy face,
Runs this poor river, charg'd with streams of eyes.
How! this is stol'n. 35*

E. Know. A parody! a parody! with a kind of miraculous gift, to make it absurder than it was.

Clem. Is all the rest of this batch? Bring me a torch; lay it together, and give fire. [40 Cleanse the air. [Sets the papers on fire.] Here was enough to have infected the whole city, if it had not been taken in time. See, see, how our poet's glory shines! brighter and brighter! still it increases! O, now it 's at the highest; [45 and now it declines as fast. You may see, sic transi gloria mundi!

Know. There 's an emblem for you, son, and your studies. 49

Clem. Nay, no speech or act of mine be drawn against such as profess it worthily. They are not born every year, as an alderman. There goes more to the making of a good poet than a sheriff, master Kately. You look upon me! — though I live i' the city here, amongst you, I [55 will do more reverence to him, when I meet him, than I will to the mayor out of his year. But these paper-pedlars! these ink-dabblers! they cannot expect reprehension or reproach; they have it with the fact. 60

E. Know. Sir, you have sav'd me the labour of a defence.

Clem. It shall be discourse for supper between your father and me, if he dare under- [64 take me. But to dispatch away these: you sign o' the soldier, and picture o' the poet, (but both so false, I will not ha' you hang'd out at my door till midnight,) while we are at supper, you two shall penitently fast it out in my court without; and, if you will, you may pray there [70 that we may be so merry within as to forgive or forget you when we come out. Here 's a third, because we tender your safety, shall watch you: he is provided for the purpose. — Look to your charge, sir. 75

Step. And what shall I do?

Clem. O! I had lost a sheep an he had not bleated: why, sir, you shall give master Down-right his cloak; and I will entreat him to

Sc IIII 1-3 (At end of Sc III in F) 13 drawers: waiters Sc. V. 1-7 (At end of Sc. IV in F)
 11 Phlegon: one of the horses of the sun (The passage is a parody of Marston.) 21 podex: fundament
 22 realm: ream (with pun on realm, kingdom; cf *Jew of Malta* IV, 132) 23-24 Parodied from
 Daniel's first Sonnet to Delia 47-48 sic . . . mundi: So passes worldly glory. 57 out . . . year:
 when his year of office is over 61-62 (In Q, E. Knowell's prototype indulges in a long laudation of
 poetry at this point.) 73 third: i.e., Formal

take it. A trencher and a napkin you shall [80
have i' the buttery, and keep Cob and his wife
company here; whom I will entreat first to be
reconcil'd; and you to endeavour with your wit
to keep 'em so.

Step. I'll do my best. 85

Cob. Why, now I see thou art honest, Tib,
I receive thee as my dear and mortal wife
again.

Tib. And I you, as my loving and obedient
husband. 90

Clem. Good compliment! It will be their
bridal night too. They are married anew.
Come, I conjure the rest to put off all discon-
tent. You, master Downright, your anger;
you, master Knowell, your cares; Master Kately
and his wife, their jealousy. 96

For, I must tell you both, while that is fed,
Horns i' the mind are worse than o' the head.

Ku. Sir, thus they go from me; kiss me,
sweetheart. 100

100 *some:* ('fame' F)

*See what a drove of horns fly in the air,
Wing'd with my cleansed and my credulous
breath!*

*Watch 'em, suspicious eyes, watch where they fall.
See, see! on heads that think they 've none at all!
O, what a plenteous world of this will come! 105
When air rains horns, all may be sure of some.
I ha' learn'd so much verse out of a jealous
man's part in a play.*

Clem. 'T is well, 't is well! This night we'll
dedicate to friendship, love, and laughter. 110
Master bridegroom, take your bride and lead;
every one, a fellow. Here is my mistress, Brain-
worm! to whom all my addresses of courtship
shall have their reference: whose adventures
this day, when our grandchildren shall hear 115
to be made a fable, I doubt not but it shall find
both spectators and applause. [*Exeunt.*]

THE END

BEN: IONSON

his

VOLPONE

Or

THE FOXE.

—*Simul & iucundo, & idonea dicere vita.*

Printed for *Thomas Thorppe.*
1607.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL RECORD. *Volpone* was first printed for Thomas Thorpe, the famous publisher of Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, without entry on the Stationers' books. The title-page of this first Quarto (see facsimile) bears the date 1607, but as the author's Epistle Dedicatory is dated February 11, 1607, the volume was probably issued in February or March of 1608, which would be 1607 by the usual Elizabethan reckoning. It was next printed in the Folio of 1616. The play first appears on the Register of the Stationers' Co. on Oct. 3, 1610:—*Waller Burre. Entred for his Coppes by assignement from Thomas Thorpe and with the consente of Th'wardens vnder their handes, 2 bookes thone called Sejanus his fall thother, Vulpone or the ffoxe . . . xij^d*. The quarto text is preceded by a group of ten poems by various hands in commendation of the author, and both folio and quarto texts are dedicated to the two universities of Oxford and Cambridge. The folio text is followed by a list of the principal comedians who took part in the original performance. They were Richard Burbage, Henry Condell, William Sly, John Heminges, John Lowin, and Alexander Cooke. The part taken by each is not specified.

DATE AND STAGE PERFORMANCE. Jonson declares in the prologue to *Volpone* that the play was "fully penned" in five weeks. References to explicit contemporary events in the play indicate that these weeks must have been early in 1606. The folio title-page states that the play was "acted in the yeere 1605 by the K. Maiesties Servants," and this information is repeated at the end of the play. This performance must have been about the middle of March, for the play was certainly composed about February–March, 1606, and had it been played later than March 24 of that year, the date would have been given as 1606. Later in the year it seems to have been acted at both the universities, an honor seldom accorded a play from the London theatres. Two court performances at Whitehall are recorded, on December 27, 1624, and November 8, 1638, respectively. *Volpone* maintained its place on the stage until the closing of the theatres, was revived soon after the Restoration, and was occasionally acted during the eighteenth century. In a debased version it was revived in New York in 1928.

SOURCES. The best treatment yet available of this complex subject will be found in the edition of the play by the late Professor J. D. Rea (1919), where special emphasis is laid upon Jonson's use of Erasmus's *Praise of Folly*. Professor Rea advances the new and clever idea that Sir Politic Would-Be is a caricature of Sir Henry Wotton (1568–1639). The classic sources which have been noted are too numerous to be dealt with here; they include Lucian's dialogues, Libanius, and Horace's fifth satire of his second book. The essential point to note is that, though Jonson shows adequate knowledge of the Venice of his day, he is still drawing his ideas chiefly from the decadent life of imperial Rome, which had been the theme of *Sejanus* (1603). One cannot find in brief space a better characterization of the milieu of *Volpone* than is given in the passages from Ammianus Marcellinus which Gibbon paraphrases in the thirty-first chapter of his *Decline and Fall*.

STRUCTURE. In the list of the Persons of the Play Jonson makes use of a device which he had already employed in *Every Man in his Humour*—that of making the names of the characters suggest their natures, or "humours." Volpone is the fox; Voltore, the vulture; Corbaccio, the raven; Corvino, the crow; Nano, a dwarf; Castrone, an eunuch; Androgyno, a hermaphrodite; Bonario, an honest, good man. Mosca's name, which means "the fly," was often applied to the parasite of Latin comedy. The unities are observed, and the arrangement of scenes is rigidly classic.

BEN JONSON

VOLPONE; OR, THE FOX

To The

Most Noble and Most Equal Sisters,
THE TWO FAMOUS UNIVERSITIES,

For Their

Love and Acceptance Shown To His Poem

In The Presentation;

BEN JONSON

The Grateful Acknowledger,

DEDICATES BOTH IT AND HIMSELF

*There follows an Epistle, if you dare
venture on the length.*

Never, most equal Sisters, had any man a wit so presently excellent, as that it could raise itself; but there must come both matter, occasion, commendations, and favourers to it. If this be true, and that the fortune of all writers doth daily prove it, it behooves the careful to provide well toward these accidents; and, having acquired them, to preserve that part of reputation most tenderly, wherein the benefit of a friend is also defended. Hence it is, that I now render myself grateful, and am studious to justify the bounty of your act, to which, though your mere authority were satisfying, yet, it being an age wherein poetry and the professors of it hear so ill on all sides, there will a reason be looked for in the subject. It is certain, nor can it with any forehead be opposed, that the too much license of poetasters in this time hath much deformed their mistress; that, every day, their manifold and manifest ignorance doth stick unnatural reproaches upon her: but for their petulance, it were an act of the greatest injustice, either to let the learned suffer, or so divine a skill (which indeed should not be attempted with unclean hands) to fall under the least contempt. For, if men will impartially, and not asquint, look toward the offices and function of a poet, they will easily conclude to themselves the impossibility of any man's being the good poet, without first being a good man. He that is said to be able to inform

young men to all good disciplines, inflame grown men to all great virtues, keep old men in their best and supreme state, or, as they decline to childhood, recover them to their first strength, that comes forth the interpreter and arbiter of nature, a teacher of things divine no less than human, a master in manners; and can alone, or with a few, effect the business of mankind: this, I take him, is no subject for pride and ignorance to exercise their railing rhetoric upon. But it will here be hastily answered, that the writers of these days are other things, that not only their manners, but their natures, are inverted, and nothing remaining with them of the dignity of poet, but the abused name, which every scribe usurps, that now, especially in dramatic, or, as they term it, stage-poetry, nothing but ribaldry, profanation, blasphemy, all license of offence to God and man is practised. I dare not deny a great part of this, and am sorry I dare not, because in some men's abortive features (and would they had never boasted the light) it is over true but that all are embarked in this bold adventure for hell, is a most uncharitable thought, and, uttered, a more malicious slander. For my particular, I can, and from a most clear conscience, affirm, that I have ever trembled to think toward the least profaneness, have loathed the use of such foul and unwashed bawdiness, as is now made the food of the scene. and, howsoever I cannot escape, from some, the imputation of sharpness, but that they will say, I have taken a pride, or lust, to be bitter, and not my youngest infant but hath come into the world with all his teeth; I would ask of these supercilious politics, what nation, society, or general order or state, I have provoked? what public person? whether I have not in all these preserved their dignity, as mine own person, safe? My works are read, allowed, (I speak of those that are entirely mine,) look into them. What broad reproofs have I used? where have I been particular? where personal? except to a mimic, cheater, bawd, or buffoon, creatures, for their insolencies, worthy to be taxed? Yet to which of these so pointedly, as he might

Ded. There . . . length: (in margin of Q; not in F) ¹⁵ hear so ill: are so ill spoken of ²⁰ politics: politicians, worldly-wise men ²⁴ allowed: licensed, approved ²⁷ taxed: taken to task

not either ingenuously have confess'd, or wisely dissembled his disease? But it is not rumour can make men guilty, much less entitle me to other men's crimes I know, that nothing can be so innocently writ or carried, but may be (88 made obnoxious to construction; marry, whulst I bear mine innocence about me, I fear it not. Application is now grown a trade with many; and there are that profess to have a key for the deciphering of everything: but let wise and (90 noble persons take heed how they be too credulous, or give leave to these invading interpreters to be over-familiar with their fames, who cunningly, and often, utter their own virulent malice, under other men's simplest mean- (95 ings. As for those that will (by faults which charity hath raked up, or common honesty concealed) make themselves a name with the multitude, or (to draw their rude and beastly claps) care not whose living faces they in- (100 trench with their petulant styles, may they do it without a rival, for me! I choose rather to live graved in obscurity, than share with them in so preposterous a fame. Nor can I blame the wishes of those severe and wiser patriots, (105 who providing the hurts these licentious spirits may do in a state, desire rather to see fools and devils, and those antique relics of barbarism retrieved, with all other ridiculous and exploded follies, than behold the wounds of private (110 men, of princes and nations: for, as Horace makes Trebatius speak among these,

— *Sibi quisque timet, quanquam est intactus,
et odit.*

And men may justly impute such rages, if (114 continued, to the writer, as his sports. The increase of which lust in liberty, together with the present trade of the stage, in all their misc'line interludes, what learned or liberal soul doth not already abhor? where nothing (119 but the filth of the time is uttered, and that with such impropriety of phrase, such plenty of solecisms, such dearth of sense, so bold prolepses, so racked metaphors, with brothelry, able to violate the ear of a pagan, and (124 blasphemy, to turn the blood of a Christian to water.

I cannot but be serious in a cause of this nature, wherein my fame and the reputations of divers honest and learned are the question; when a name so full of authority, antiquity, (130 and all great mark, is (through their insolence) become the lowest scorn of the age;

and those men subject to the petulancy of every vernacular orator, that were wont to be the care of kings and happiest monarchs. (135 This it is that hath not only rapt me to present indignation, but made me studious heretofore, and by all my actions, to stand off from them; which may most appear in this my latest work, which you, most learned Arbitresses, have (140 seen, judged, and, to my crown, approved; wherein I have laboured for their instruction and amendment, to reduce not only the ancient forms, but manners of the scene, the easiness, the propriety, the innocence, and last, the (145 doctrine, which is the principal end of poesie, to inform men in the best reason of living. And though my catastrophe may, in the strict rigour of comic law, meet with censure, as turning back to my promise; I desire the (150 learned and charitable critic, to have so much faith in me, to think it was done of industry: for with what ease I could have varied it nearer his scale (but that I fear to boast my own faculty) I could here insert. But my special (155 aim being to put the snaffle in their mouths, that cry out, We never punish vice in our interludes, &c. I took the more liberty: though not without some lines of example, drawn even in the ancients themselves, the goings out (160 of whose comedies are not always joyful, but oft times the bawds, the servants, the rivals, yea, and the masters are mulcted, and fitly, it being the office of a comic poet to imitate justice, and instruct to life, as well as purty (165 of language, or stir up gentle affections: to which I shall take the occasion elsewhere to speak.

For the present, most revered Sisters, as I have cared to be thankful for your affec- (170 tions past, and here made the understanding acquainted with some ground of your favours; let me not despair their continuance, to the maturing of some worthier fruits: wherein, if my muses be true to me, I shall raise the (175 despised head of poetry again, and stripping her out of those rotten and base rags wherewith the times have adulterated her form, restore her to her primitive habit, feature, and majesty, and render her worthy to be embraced and (180 kiss'd of all the great and master-spirits of our world. As for the vile and slothful, who never affected an act worthy of celebration, or are so inward with their own vicious natures, as they worthily fear her, and think it a (185 high point of policy to keep her in contempt,

⁸⁸ carried: managed ⁸⁹ obnoxious to construction: liable to misinterpretation ⁹⁰ Application: explanation of personal satire ⁹¹ fames: reputations ⁹² raked up: hidden ¹⁰⁰ for me: for all I care ¹⁰¹ providing: foreseeing ¹¹¹ Sibi . . . odit: Every one fears for himself, although he is uninjured, and is angry. (Horace, *Satires*, 2, l. 23) ¹¹⁸ misc'line: mixed ¹²⁵⁻¹²⁶ prolepses: anachronisms ¹²⁴ vernacularous: scurrilous ¹³⁰ goings out: dénouements ¹³⁴ inward: familiar

with their declamatory and windy invectives; she shall out of just rage incite her servants (who are *genus irritabile*) to spout ink in their faces, that shall eat farder than their mar- [190 row into their fames; and not Cinnamus the barber, with his art, shall be able to take out

the brands; but they shall live, and be read, till the wretches die, as things worst deserving of themselves in chief, and then of all mankind. [195

From my House in the Black-Friars,
this 11th day of February, 1607

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

VOLPONE, a Magnifico
MOSCA, his Parasite
VOLTORE, an Advocate
CORBACCIO, an old Gentleman
CORVINO, a Merchant
BONARIO, a young Gentleman, [son to Corbaccio]
[SIR] POLITIC WOULD-BE, a Knight
PEREGRINE, a Gentleman Traveller
NANO, a Dwarf
CASTRONE, an Eunuch
ANDROGYNO, a Hermaphrodite

Grege [or Mob]
Commandadori, Officers [of Justice]
Mercatori, three Merchants
Avocatori, four Magistrates
Notario, the Register
Servitore, a Servant

Fine Madame WOULD-BE, the Knight's Wife
CELIA, [Corvino] the Merchant's Wife
[Two Waiting-] Women

THE SCENE — VENICE

THE ARGUMENT

V OLPONE, childless, rich, feigns sick, despairs,
O ffers his state to hopes of several heirs,
L ies languishing his parasite receives
P resents of all, assures, deludes, then weaves
O ther cross-plots, which ope themselves, are told. 5
N ew tricks for safety are sought; they thrive. when, bold,
E ach tempts th' other again, and all are sold.

PROLOGUE

Now, luck yet send us, and a little wit
Will serve to make our play hit;
According to the palates of the season,
Here is rhyme, not empty of reason.
Thus we were bid to credit from our poet, 5
Whose true scope, if you would know it,
In all his poems still hath been this measure,
To mix profit with your pleasure;
And not as some, whose throats their envy failing,
Cry hoarsely, "All he writes is railing" 10
And when his plays come forth, think they can flout them,
With saying, he was a year about them.
To these there needs no lie, but this his creature,
Which was two months since no feature:
And though he dares give them five lives to mend it, 15
'T is known, five weeks fully penn'd it,
From his own hand, without a coadjutor,
Novice, journeyman, or tutor.
Yet thus much I can give you as a token
Of his play's worth, no eggs are broken, 20
Nor quaking custards with fierce teeth affrighted,
Wherewith your rout are so delighted;
Nor haies he in a gull, old ends reciting,
To stop gaps in his loose writing;

¹⁹¹ Cinnamus: a barber referred to in this vein by Martial Argument: synopsis (The comedies of Plautus were provided with similar acrostical summaries of plot) ¹⁹² old ends: scraps of old plays

With such a deal of monstrous and forc'd action, 25
 As might make Bethlem a faction:
 Nor made he his play for jests stol'n from each table,
 But makes jests to fit his fable;
 And so presents quick comedy refin'd,
 As best critics have design'd; 30
 The laws of time, place, persons he observeth,
 From no needful rule he swerveth.
 All gall and copperas from his ink he draineth,
 Only a little salt remaineth,
 Wherewith he 'll rub your cheeks, till, red with laughter, 35
 They shall look fresh a week after.

Act I. Scene I

[A Room in Volpone's House.]

Volpone, Mosca

[Volp.] Good morning to the day; and
 next, my gold!
 Open the shrine, that I may see my saint.

[Mosca withdraws the rear-stage curtain, and discovers piles of gold, plate, jewels, etc.]

Hail the world's soul, and mine! More glad
 than is

The teeming earth to see the long'd-for sun
 Peep through the horns of the celestial Ram, s
 Am I, to view thy splendour dark'ning his;
 That lying here, amongst my other hoards,
 Show'st like a flame by night, or like the day
 Struck out of chaos, when all darkness fled
 Unto the centre. O thou son of Sol, 10
 But brighter than thy father, let me kiss,
 With adoration, thee, and every relic
 Of sacred treasure in this blessed room.
 Well did wise poets, by thy glorious name,
 Title that age which they would have the best;
 Thou being the best of things, and far trans-
 cending 16

All style of joy, in children, parents, friends,
 Or any other waking dream on earth.

Thy looks when they to Venus did ascribe,
 They should have given her twenty thousand
 Cupids; 20

Such are thy beauties and our loves! Dear
 saint,

Riches, the dumb god, that giv'st all men
 tongues,

That canst do nought, and yet mak'st men do
 all things;

The price of souls; even hell, with thee to
 boot, 24

Is made worth heaven. Thou art virtue, fame,

Honour, and all things else. Who can get thee,
 He shall be noble, valiant, honest, wise —

Mos. And what he will, sir. Riches are in
 fortune

A greater good than wisdom is in nature.

Volp. True, my beloved Mosca. Yet I glory
 More in the cunning purchase of my wealth, 31
 Than in the glad possession, since I gain
 No common way, I use no trade, no venter;
 I wound no earth with ploughshares, fat no
 beasts

To feed the shambles; have no mills for iron, 35
 Oil, corn, or men, to grind 'em into powder;
 I blow no subtle glass, expose no ships
 To threat'nings of the furrow-faced sea;
 I turn no moneys in the public bank,
 No usure private.

Mos. No, sir, nor devour 40
 Soft prodigals You shall ha' some will swal-
 low

A melting heir as glibly as your Dutch
 Will pills of butter, and ne'er purge for it;
 Tear forth the fathers of poor families
 Out of their beds, and coffin them alive 45
 In some kind clasping prison, where their bones
 May be forthcoming, when the flesh is rotten:
 But your sweet nature doth ahhor these courses;
 You loathe the widow's or the orphan's tears
 Should wash your pavements, or their piteous
 cries 50

Ring in your roofs, and beat the air for ven-
 geance.

Volp. Right, Mosca; I do loathe it.

Mos. And, besides, sir,
 You are not like the thresher that doth stand
 With a huge flail, watching a heap of corn, 54
 And, hungry, dares not taste the smallest grain,
 But feeds on mallows, and such bitter herbs;
 Nor like the merchant, who hath fill'd his
 vaults

With Romagnia, and rich Candian wines,
 Yet drinks the lees of Lombard's vinegar:

²⁵ Bethlem: Bedlam, the hospital for the insane ³⁰ copperas: vitriol ¹⁰ centre: i.e., of the earth
³¹ purchase: acquisition ³⁵ venter: investment, speculation ⁴⁰ loathe: s.e., loathe that
⁴⁵ Romagnia: Rumney, Greek

You will not lie in straw, whilst moths and worms 60

Feed on your sumptuous hangings and soft beds;

You know the use of riches, and dare give now
From that bright heap, to me, your poor ob-
server,

Or to your dwarf, or your hermaphrodite,
Your eunuch, or what other household trifle 65
Your pleasure allows maint'nance —

Volp. Hold thee, Mosca,
Take of my hand; thou strik'st on truth in all,
And they are envious term thee parasite.
Call forth my dwarf, my eunuch, and my fool,
And let 'em make me sport. [*Exit Mos.*]

What should I do, 70
But cocker up my genius, and live free
To all delights my fortune calls me to?
I have no wife, no parent, child, ally,
To give my substance to; but whom I make
Must be my heir; and thus makes men observe
me: 75

This draws new clients daily to my house,
Women and men of every sex and age,
That bring me presents, send me plate, coin,
jewels,

With hope that when I die (which they expect
Each greedy minute) it shall then return 80
Tenfold upon them; whilst some, covetous
Above the rest, seek to engross me whole,
And counter-work the one unto the other,
Contend in gifts, as they would seem in love:
All which I suffer, playing with their hopes, 85
And am content to coin 'em into profit,
And look upon their kindness, and take more,
And look on that, still bearing them in hand,
Letting the cherry knock against their lips,
And draw it by their mouths, and back again. —
How now! 91

Act I. Scene II

[*The Same*]

Nano, Androgyno, Castrone, Volpone, Mosca

[*Nan.*] Now, room for fresh gamesters, who
do will you to know,

They do bring you neither play nor university
show;

And therefore do intreat you that whatsoever
they rehearse,

May not fare a whit the worse, for the false
pace of the verse.

If you wonder at this, you will wonder more ere
we pass, 5

For know, here is inclos'd the soul of Pythag-
oras,

That juggler divine, as hereafter shall follow;
Which soul, fast and loose, sir, came first from
Apollo,

And was breath'd into Æthalides, Mercurius
his son,

Where it had the gift to remember all that ever
was done. 10

From thence it fled forth, and made quick
transmigration

To goldy-lock'd Euphorbus, who was kill'd in
good fashion,

At the siege of old Troy, by the cuckold of
Sparta

Hermotimus was next (I find it in my charta),
To whom it did pass, where no sooner it was
missing, 15

But with one Pyrrhus of Delos it learn'd to go
a-fishing;

And thence did it enter the sophist of Greece.
From Pythagore, she went into a beautiful
piece,

Hight Aspasia, the meretrix; and the next toss
of her

Was agam of a whore she became a philosopher,
Crates the cynic, as itself doth relate it: 21

Since kings, knights, and beggars, knaves, lords,
and fools gat it,

Besides ox and ass, camel, mule, goat, and
brock,

In all which it hath spoke, as in the cobbler's
cock. 24

But I come not here to discourse of that matter,
Or his one, two, or three, or his great oath,
BY QUATER!

His musics, his trigon, his golden thigh,
Or his telling how elements shift; but I

Would ask, how of late thou hast suffer'd
translation,

And shifted thy coat in these days of reforma-
tion. 30

And Like one of the reform'd, a fool, as you
see,

Counting all old doctrine heresy.

Nan. But not on thine own forbid meats
hast thou venter'd?

⁶⁰ *observer*: servant, obsequious follower ⁶⁵ *term*: i.e., who call ⁷¹ *cocker up*: pamper ⁷⁵ *ob-*
serve: be obsequious to ⁸⁰ *engross*: monopolize ⁸⁵ *bearing . . . hand*: deceiving them ⁹¹ *here*:
i.e., in Androgyno ¹ *Æthalides*: one of the Argonauts ¹⁰ *cuckold*: Menelaus ¹⁴ *charta*: paper
¹⁹ *Hight*: called ²¹ *meretrix*: harlot ²³ *brock*: badger ²⁴ *cobbler's cock*: This interlude, dealing
with the Pythagorean transmigrations of the soul, is based on Lucian's dialogue of the Cobbler and the
Cock. The verse, with its "false pace," is the measure which preceded blank verse on the stage.
²⁸ *Quater*: the tetractys, a geometrical figure which represented the number 10 as the triangle of 4, by
which the Pythagoreans swore ²⁷ *trigon*: triangular lyre ³¹ *one . . . reform'd*: a Protestant

And. On fish, when first a Carthusian I enter'd.

Nan. Why, then thy dogmatical silence hath left thee? 35

And. Of that an obstreperous lawyer bereft me.

Nan. O wonderful change, when sir lawyer forsook thee!

For Pythagore's sake, what body then took thee?

And. A good dull moyle.

Nan. And how! by that means Thou wert brought to allow of the eating of beans? 40

And. Yes. [thou pass?]

Nan. But from the moyle into whom didst

And. Into a very strange beast, by some writers call'd an ass;

By others a precise, pure, illuminate brother Of those devour flesh, and sometimes one another;

And will drop you forth a libel, or a sanctifi'd lie, Betwixt every spoonful of a nativity-pie. 46

Nan. Now quit thee, for heaven, of that profane nation,

And gently report thy next transmigration.

And. To the same that I am.

Nan. A creature of delight, And, what is more than a fool, an hermaphrodite! 50

Now, pray thee, sweet soul, in all thy variation, Which body wouldst thou choose to take up thy station?

And. Troth, this I am in: even here would I tarry.

Nan. 'Cause here the delight of each sex thou canst vary?

And. Alas, those pleasures be stale and forsaken; 55

No, 't is your fool wherewith I am so taken, The only one creature that I can call blessed; For all other forms I have prov'd most distressed.

Nan. Spoke true, as thou wert in Pythagoras still.

This learned opinion we celebrate will, 60 Fellow eunuch, as behooves us, with all our wit and art,

To dignify that whereof ourselves are so great and special a part.

Volp. Now, very, very pretty! Mosca, this Was thy invention?

Mos. If it please my patron, Not else.

Volp. It doth, good Mosca.

Mos. Then it was, sir. 65

[*Nano and Castrone sing.*]

* moyle: mule 46 precise . . . brother: a Puritan 48 those: those who 48 nativity-pie: Christmas pie 75 free from slaughter: with impunity 89 gorcrow: carrion crow

SONG

Fools, they are the only nation
Worth men's envy or admiration;
Free from care or sorrow-taking,
Selves and others merry making:
All they speak or do is sterling. 70
Your fool he is your great man's dearling,
And your ladies' sport and pleasure;
Tongue and bauble are his treasure.
E'en his face begetteth laughter,
And he speaks truth free from slaughter; 75
He's the grace of every feast,
And sometimes the chiefest guest;
Hath his trencher and his stool,
When wit waits upon the fool.
O, who would not be 80
He, he, he?

One knocks without.

Volp. Who's that? Away! Look, Mosca.

Mos. Fool, begone!

[*Exeunt Nano, Cast, and Andro.*]

'T is Signior Voltore, the advocate;
I know him by his knock.

Volp. Fetch me my gown,
My furs and night-caps; say my couch is changing 85

And let him entertain himself awhile
Without i' th' gallery. [*Exit Mosca*] Now,
now my clients

Begin their visitation! Vulture, kite,
Raven, and gorcrow, all my birds of prey, 89
That think me turning carcase, now they come:
I am not for 'em yet.

[*Re-enter Mosca, with the gown, etc.*]

How now! the news?

Mos. A piece of plate, sir.

Volp. Of what bigness?

Mos. Huge,
Massy, and antique, with your name inscrib'd,
And arms engraven.

Volp. Good! and not a fox 94
Stretch'd on the earth, with fine delusive
sleights,

Mocking a gaping crow? ha, Mosca!

Mos. Sharp, sir.

Volp. Give me my furs.

[*Puts on his sick dress*]

Why dost thou laugh so, man?

Mos. I cannot choose, sir, when I apprehend
What thoughts he has without now, as he walks: 99

That this might be the last gift he should give,
That this would fetch you; if you died to-day,
And gave him all, what he should be to-morrow;

What large return would come of all his venters;
How he should worshipp'd be, and reverenc'd;
Ride with his furs, and foot cloths; waited on 105
By herds of fools and clients; have clear way
Made for his moyle, as letter'd as himself;
Be call'd the great and learned advocate: 108
And then concludes, there 's nought impossible.

Volp. Yes, to be learned, Mosca.

Mos. O, no: rich
Implies it. Hood an ass with reverend purple,
So you can hide his two ambitious ears,
And he shall pass for a cathedral doctor.

Volp. My caps, my caps, good Mosca.

Fetch him in. 114

Mos. Stay, sir; your ointment for your eyes

Volp. That 's true,
Dispatch, dispatch: I long to have possession
Of my new present.

Mos. That, and thousands more,
I hope to see you lord of.

Volp. Thanks, kind Mosca.

Mos. And that, when I am lost in blended
dust,

And hundred such as I am, in succession — 120

Volp. Nay, that were too much, Mosca.

Mos. You shall live
Still to delude these harpies.

Volp. Loving Mosca!

'T is well: my pillow now, and let him enter.

[*Exit Mosca*]

Now, my feign'd cough, my phthisic, and my
gout,

My apoplexy, palsy, and catarrhs, 125

Help, with your forced functions, this my posture,

Wherein, this three year, I have milk'd their
hopes

He comes; I hear him — Uh! [*coughing*] uh!
uh! uh! O —

Act I. Scene III

[*The Same*]

Mosca, Voltore, Volpone

[*Mos*] You still are what you were, sir.

Only you,

Of all the rest, are he commands his love,

And you do wisely to preserve it thus,

With early visitation, and kind notes

Of your good meaning to him, which, I know, 5

Cannot but come most grateful. Patron! sir!

Here 's Signior Voltore is come —

Volp. [*Family*] What say you?

Mos. Sir, Signior Voltore is come this morn-

ing

To visit you.

Volp. I thank him.

Mos. And hath brought
A piece of antique plate, bought of St. Mark,
With which he here presents you.

Volp. He is welcome. 11

Pray him to come more often.

Mos. Yes.

Volp. What says he?

Mos. He thanks you, and desires you see
him often.

Volp. Mosca.

Mos. My patron!

Volp. Bring him near, where is he?

I long to feel his hand.

Mos. The plate is here, sir. 15

Volp. How fare you, sir?

Volp. I thank you, Signior Voltore;
Where is the plate? mine eyes are bad.

Volp. [*Putting it into his hands.*] I 'm sorry
To see you still thus weak

Mos. [*Aside*] That he is not weaker,

Volp. You are too munificent.

Volp. No, sir; would to heaven
I could as well give health to you, as that
plate! 20

Volp. You give, sir, what you can; I thank
you. Your love

Hath taste in this, and shall not be unanswer'd:
I pray you see me often.

Volp. Yes, I shall, sir.

Volp. Be not far from me.

Mos. Do you observe that, sir?

Volp. Harken unto me still, it will concern
you. 25

Mos. You are a happy man, sir; know your
good.

Volp. I cannot now last long —

Mos. [*Aside.*] You are his heir, sir.

Volp. [*Aside.*] Am I?

Volp. I feel me going: Uh! uh! uh! uh!
I am sailing to my port. Uh! uh! uh! uh!

And I am glad I am so near my haven. 30

Mos. Alas, kind gentleman! Well, we must
all go —

Volp. But, Mosca —

Mos. Age will conquer.

Volp. Pray thee, hear me;

Am I inscrib'd his heir for certain?

Mos. Are you!

I do beseech you, sir, you will vouchsafe

To write me i' your family. All my hopes 35

Depend upon your worship: I am lost

Except the rising sun do shine on me.

Volp. It shall both shine, and warm thee,

Mosca.

Mos. Sir,

I am a man that have not done your love

¹¹¹ ambitious: mobile ² he: the one who ¹⁰ of St. Mark: at a goldsmith's in St. Mark's Square
¹² write . . . family: enroll me among your servants

All the worst offices: here I wear your keys, 40
 See all your coffers and your caskets lock'd,
 Keep the poor inventory of your jewels,
 Your plate, and moneys; am your steward,
 sir,
 Husband your goods here.

Voll. But am I sole heir?

Mos. Without a partner, sir: confirm'd this morning: 45

The wax is warm yet, and the ink scarce dry
 Upon the parchment.

Voll. Happy, happy me!
 By what good chance, sweet Mosca?

Mos. Your desert, sir;

I know no second cause.

Voll. Thy modesty
 Is loath to know it; well, we shall requite it. 50

Mos. He ever lik'd your course, sir; that
 first took him.

I oft have heard him say how he admir'd
 Men of your large profession, that could speak
 To every cause, and things mere contraries,
 Till they were hoarse again, yet all be law; 55
 That, with most quick agility, could turn,
 And return; make knots, and undo them;
 Give forked counsel; take provoking gold
 On either hand, and put it up; these men,
 He knew, would thrive with their humility. 60
 And, for his part, he thought he should be blest
 To have his heir of such a suff'ring spirit,
 So wise, so grave, of so perplex'd a tongue,
 And loud withal, that would not wag, nor
 scarce

Lie still, without a fee; when every word 65
 Your worship but lets fall, is a cecchine! —

Another knocks.

Who's that? one knocks; I would not have
 you seen, sir.

And yet — pretend you came and went in
 haste;

I'll fashion an excuse — and, gentle sir,
 When you do come to swim in golden lard, 70
 Up to the arms in honey, that your chin
 Is borne up stiff with fatness of the flood,
 Think on your vassal; but remember me:
 I ha' not been your worst of clients.

Voll. Mosca! —

Mos. When will you have your inventory
 brought, sir? 75

Or see a copy of the will? — Anon!

I'll bring 'em to you, sir. Away, begone,
 Put business i' your face. [*Exit Vettore.*]

Voll. Excellent Mosca!

Come hither, let me kiss thee.

Mos. Keep you still, sir.
 Here is Corbaccio.

Voll. Set the plate away: 80
 The vulture's gone, and the old raven's come.

Act I. Scene *IIII*

[*The Same.*]

Mosca, Corbaccio, Volpone

[*Mos.*] Betake you to your silence, and your
 sleep.

Stand there and multiply. [*Putting the plate to
 the rest.*] Now shall we see

A wretch who is indeed more impotent
 Than this can feign to be; yet hopes to hop
 Over his grave.

[*Enter Corbaccio*]

Signior Corbaccio! 5

You're very welcome, sir.

Corb. How does your patron?

Mos. Troth, as he did, sir; no amends.

Corb. What! mends he?

Mos. No, sir: he is rather worse.

Corb. That's well. Where is he?

Mos. Upon his couch, sir, newly fall'n asleep.

Corb. Does he sleep well?

Mos. No wink, sir, all this night, 10
 Nor yesterday; but slumbers.

Corb. Good! he should take
 Some counsel of physicians: I have brought
 him

An opiate here, from mine own doctor.

Mos. He will not hear of drugs.

Corb. Why? I myself
 Stood by while 't was made, saw all th' ingre-
 dients; 15

And know it cannot but most gently work:

My life for his, 't is but to make him sleep.

Volp. [*Aside.*] Ay, his last sleep, if he would
 take it.

Mos. Sir,

He has no faith in physic.

Corb. Say you, say you?

Mos. He has no faith in physic: he does
 think 20

Most of your doctors are the greater danger,
 And worse disease, 't escape. I often have
 Heard him protest that your physician
 Should never be his heir.

Corb. Nor I his heir?

Mos. Not your physician, sir.

Corb. O, no, no, no, 25

I do not mean it.

Mos. No, sir, nor their fees

He cannot brook: he says they flay a man
 Before they kill him.

Corb. Right, I do conceive you.

Mos. And then they do it by experiment;
 For which the law not only doth absolve 'em,
 But gives them great reward: and he is loath 31
 To hire his death so.

⁴⁰ put it up: pocket it ⁶⁶ cecchine: a Venetian gold coin (sequin) worth over two dollars

Corb. It is true, they kill
With as much license as a judge.

Mos. Nay, more;
For he but kills, sir, where the law condemns,
And these can kill him too.

Corb. Ay, or me; 35
Or any man. How does his apoplexy?
Is that strong on him still?

Mos. Most violent.
His speech is broken, and his eyes are set,
His face drawn longer than 't was wont —

Corb. How! how!
Stronger than he was wont?

Mos. No, sir; his face 40
Drawn longer than 't was wont.

Corb. O, good!
Mos. His mouth
Is ever gaping, and his eyelids hang.

Corb. Good
Mos. A freezing numbness stuffens all his
joints,
And makes the colour of his flesh like lead.

Corb. 'T is good.
Mos. His pulse beats slow, and dull

Corb. Good symptoms still 45
Mos. And from his brain —

Corb. Ha? How? Not from his brain?
Mos. Yes, sir, and from his brain —

Corb. I conceive you; good.
Mos. Flows a cold sweat, with a continual
rheum,

Forth the resolved corners of his eyes.

Corb. Is 't possible? Yet I am better, ha! 50
How does he with the swimming of his head?

Mos. O, sir, 't is past the scotomy, he now
Hath lost his feeling, and hath left to snort:
You hardly can perceive him, that he breathes.

Corb. Excellent, excellent! sure I shall out-
last him: 55

This makes me young again, a score of years.

Mos. I was a-coming for you, sir

Corb. Has he made his will?
What has he giv'n me?

Mos. No, sir.
Corb. Nothing! ha?

Mos. He has not made his will, sir.
Corb. Oh, oh, oh!

What then did Voltore, the lawyer, here? 60
Mos. He smelt a carcase, sir, when he but
heard

My master was about his testament;
As I did urge him to it for your good —

Corb. He came unto him, did he? I thought
so.

Mos. Yes, and presented him this piece of
plate. 65

Corb. To be his heir?

Mos. I do not know, sir.
Corb. True:

I know it too.

Mos. [*Aside.*] By your own scale, sir.

Corb. Well,
I shall prevent him yet. See, Mosca, look,
Here I have brought a bag of bright cecchines,
Will quite weigh down his plate.

Mos. [*Taking the bag.*] Yea, marry, sir. 70
This is true physic, this your sacred medicine;
No talk of opiates to this great elixir!

Corb. 'T is *aurum palpabile*, if not *potabile*.

Mos. It shall be minister'd to him in his
bowl.

Corb. Ay, do, do, do.

Mos. Most blessed cordial! 75
This will recover him.

Corb. Yes, do, do, do.

Mos. I think it were not best, sir.

Corb. What?

Mos. To recover him.

Corb. O, no, no, no; by no means.

Mos. Why, sir, this
Will work some strange effect, if he but feel it.

Corb. 'T is true, therefore forbear; I 'll take
my venter: 80

Give me 't again.

Mos. At no hand: pardon me:

You shall not do yourself that wrong, sir. I
Will so advise you, you shall have it all.

Corb. How? [no man

Mos. All, sir; 't is your right, your own;
Can claim a part: 't is yours without a rival, 85
Decreed by destiny.

Corb. How, how, good Mosca?

Mos. I 'll tell you, sir This fit he shall re-
cover, —

Corb. I do conceive you.

Mos. And on first advantage
Of his gain'd sense, will I re-importune him
Unto the making of his testament 90

And show him this. [*Pointing to the money.*]
Corb. Good, good

Mos. 'T is better yet,
If you will hear, sir.

Corb. Yes, with all my heart.

Mos. Now would I counsel you, make home
with speed;

There, frame a will; whereto you shall inscribe
My master your sole heir.

Corb. And disinherit 95
My son?

Mos. O, sir, the better: for that colour

Shall make it much more taking.

Corb. O, but colour?

⁴⁰ resolved: weeping ⁵⁵ scotomy: dizziness ⁶⁵ left: ceased ⁶⁷ scale: standard ⁷⁵ aurum:
Aurum palpabile is gold which can be felt; *aurum potabile* (drinkable gold) was regarded as a sovereign
remedy of great efficacy. ⁸¹ At no hand: by no means ⁸⁶ colour: pretence

Mos. This will, sir, you shall send it unto me.
 Now, when I come to enforce, as I will do,
 Your cares, your watchings, and your many
 prayers, ¹⁰⁰
 Your more than many gifts, your this day's
 present,
 And last, produce your will; where, without
 thought,
 Or least regard, unto your proper issue,
 A son so brave, and highly meriting,
 The stream of your diverted love hath thrown
 you ¹⁰⁵
 Upon my master, and made him your heir;
 He cannot be so stupid, or stone-dead,
 But out of conscience and mere gratitude —
Corb. He must pronounce me his?
Mos. 'T is true.
Corb. This plot
 Did I think on before.

Mos. I do believe it. ¹¹⁰
Corb. Do you not believe it?
Mos. Yes, sir.
Corb. Mine own project.
Mos. Which, when he hath done, sir —
Corb. Publish'd me his heir?
Mos. And you so certain to survive him —
Corb. Ay.
Mos. Being so lusty a man —
Corb. 'T is true.
Mos. Yes, sir —
Corb. I thought on that too. See, how he
 should be ¹¹⁵
 The very organ to express my thoughts!
Mos. You have not only done yourself a
 good —
Corb. But multipli'd it on my son.
Mos. 'T is right, sir.
Corb. Still, my invention.
Mos. 'Las, sir! heaven knows,
 It hath been all my study, all my care, ¹²⁰
 (I e'en grow gray withal,) how to work
 things —
Corb. I do conceive, sweet Mosca.
Mos. You are he
 For whom I labour here.

Corb. Ay, do, do, do:
 I 'll straight about it. [*Going.*]
Mos. [*Aside.*] Rook go with you, raven!
Corb. I know thee honest.
Mos. You do lie, sir!
Corb. And — ¹²⁵
Mos. Your knowledge is no better than your
 ears, sir.
Corb. I do not doubt to be a father to thee.
Mos. Nor I to gull my brother of his blessing.
Corb. I may ha' my youth restor'd to me;
 why not?

Mos. Your worship is a precious ass!
Corb. What sayst thou?
Mos. I do desire your worship to make
 haste, sir. ¹³¹
Corb. 'T is done, 't is done; I go. [*Exit.*]
Volp. O, I shall burst!
 Let out my sides, let out my sides —
Mos. Contain
 Your flux of laughter, sir: you know this hope
 Is such a bait, it covers any hook. ¹³⁵
Volp. O, but thy working, and thy placing
 it!
 I cannot hold; good rascal, let me kiss thee:
 I never knew thee in so rare a humour

Mos. Alas, sir, I but do as I am taught;
 Follow your grave instructions; give 'em
 words; ¹⁴⁰
 Pour oil into their ears, and send them hence.
Volp. 'T is true, 't is true. What a rare
 punishment
 Is avarice to itself!

Mos. Ay, with our help, sir.
Volp. So many cares, so many maladies,
 So many fears attending on old age. ¹⁴⁵
 Yea, death so often call'd on, as no wish
 Can be more frequent with 'em, their limbs
 faint,
 Their senses dull, their seeing, hearing, going,
 All dead before them; yea, their very teeth,
 Their instruments of eating, failing them: ¹⁵⁰
 Yet this is reckon'd life! Nay, here was one,
 Is now gone home, that wishes to live longer!
 Feels not his gout, nor palsy; feigns himself
 Younger by scores of years, flatters his age
 With confident belying it, hopes he may ¹⁵⁵
 With charms like Æson, have his youth re-
 stor'd;

And with these thoughts so battens, as if fate
 Would be as easily cheated on as he,
 And all turns air! Who's that there, now? a
 third! *Another knocks.*

Mos. Close, to your couch again; I hear his
 voice. ¹⁶⁰
 It is Corvino, our spruce merchant.
Volp. [*Lies down as before.*] Dead.
Mos. Another bout, sir, with your eyes
 [*anointing them.*] Who's there?

Act I. Scene V

[*The Same*]

Mosca, Corvino, Volpone

Signior Corvino! come most wish'd for! O,
 How happy were you, if you knew it, now!

Corv. Why? what? wherein?

Mos. The tardy hour is come, sir.

¹⁰⁰ proper issue: own child ¹³⁴ Rook . . . you: May you be rooked, or cheated. ¹³⁸ gull:
 cheat ¹⁴⁰ give 'em words: deceive them ¹⁴⁸ as: that ¹⁴⁸ going: faculty of walking

Corv. He is not dead?

Mos. Not dead, sir, but as good;
He knows no man.

Corv. How shall I do then?

Mos. Why, sir? ^s

Corv. I have brought him here a pearl.

Mos. Perhaps he has
So much remembrance left as to know you,
sir:

He still calls on you; nothing but your name
Is in his mouth. Is your pearl orient, sir?

Corv. Venice was never owner of the like. 10

Volp. [*Faintly.*] Signior Corvino!

Mos. Hark!

Volp. Signior Corvino.

Mos. He calls you; step and give it him. —
He's here, sir.

And he has brought you a rich pearl.

Corv. How do you, sir?
Tell him it doubles the twelfth carat.

Mos. Sir,
He cannot understand, his hearing's gone; 15
And yet it comforts him to see you —

Corv. Say
I have a diamond for him, too

Mos. Best show 't, sir;
Put it into his hand: 't is only there
He apprehends: he has his feeling yet.
See how he grasps it!

Corv. 'Las, good gentleman! 20
How pitiful the sight is!

Mos. Tut, forget, sir.
The weeping of an heir should still be laughter
Under a visor.

Corv. Why, am I his heir?

Mos. Sir, I am sworn, I may not show the
will

Till he be dead; but here has been Corbaccio,
Here has been Voltore, here were others too; 26
I cannot number 'em, they were so many;

All gaping here for legacies: but I,
Taking the vantage of his naming you,
(Signior Corvino! Signior Corvino!) took 30
Paper, and pen, and ink, and there I ask'd
him

Whom he would have his heir? Corvino. Who
Should be executor? Corvino. And
To any question he was silent to,
I still interpreted the nods he made, 35
Through weakness, for consent: and sent home
th' others,

Nothing bequeath'd them, but to cry and curse.

Corv. O, my dear Mosca. *They embrace.*
Does he not perceive us?

Mos. No more than a blind harper. He
knows no man,
No face of friend, nor name of any servant, 40

Who 't was that fed him last, or gave him
drink:

Not those he hath begotten, or brought up,
Can he remember.

Corv. Has he children?

Mos. Bastards,
Some dozen, or more, that he begot on beggars,
Gypsies, and Jews, and black-moors, when he
was drunk. 45

Knew you not that, sir? 't is the common
fable,

The dwarf, the fool, the eunuch, are all his;
He's the true father of his family,
In all save me. — but he has giv'n 'em nothing.

Corv. That's well, that's well! Art sure he
does not hear us? 50

Mos. Sure, sir! why, look you, credit your
own sense. [*Shouts in Volp.'s ear.*]

The pox approach, and add to your diseases,
If it would send you hence the sooner, sir,
For your incontinence, it hath deserv'd it
Thoroughly and thoroughly, and the plague to
boot! — 55

You may come near, sir. — Would you would
once close

Those filthy eyes of yours, that flow with slime
Like two frog-pits, and those same hanging
cheeks,

Cover'd with hide instead of skin — Nay, help,
sir —

That look like frozen dish-clouts set on end! 60

Corv. Or like an old smok'd wall, on which
the rain

Ran down in streaks!

Mos. Excellent, sir! speak out:

You may be louder yet; a culverin

Discharged in his ear would hardly bore it.

Corv. His nose is like a common sewer, still
running. 65

Mos. 'T is good! And what his mouth?

Corv. A very draught.

Mos. O, stop it up —

Corv. By no means.

Mos. Pray you, let me:

Faith I could stifle him rarely with a pillow

As well as any woman that should keep him.

Corv. Do as you will; but I'll begone.

Mos. Be so; 70

It is your presence makes him last so long.

Corv. I pray you use no violence.

Mos. No, sir! why?

Why should you be thus scrupulous, pray you,
sir?

Corv. Nay, at your discretion.

Mos. Well, good sir, be gone.

Corv. I will not trouble him now to take my
pearl. 75

¹ still: continually ² orient: of the finest quality ³ sir: (to Corvino) ⁴ culverin: small
cannon ⁵ keep: nurse

Mos. Pooh! nor your diamond. What a needless care
Is this afflicts you? Is not all here yours?
Am not I here, whom you have made? your creature,
That owe my being to you?

Corv. Grateful Mosca! 79
Thou art my friend, my fellow, my companion,
My partner, and shalt share in all my fortunes.
Mos. Excepting one.

Corv. What 's that?
Mos. Your gallant wife, sir. [*Exit Corv.*]
Now is he gone: we had no other means
To shoot him hence but this.

Volp. My divine Mosca! 84
Thou hast to-day outgone thyself. Who 's there?
Another knocks.

I will be troubled with no more. Prepare
Me music, dances, banquets, all delights;
The Turk is not more sensual in his pleasures

Than will Volpone. [*Exit Mos.*] Let me see; a pearl!

A diamond! plate! cecchines! Good morning's purchase. 90

Why, this is better than rob churches, yet;
Or fat, by eating, once a month, a man —

[*Re-enter Mosca*]

Who is 't?

Mos. The beauteous Lady Would-be, sir,
Wife to the English knight, Sir Politic Would-be,

(This is the style, sir, is directed me,) 95
Hath sent to know how you have slept to-night,
And if you would be visited?

Volp. Not now:
Some three hours hence.

Mos. I told the squire so much.
Volp. When I am high with mirth and wine;
then, then: 99

'Fore heaven, I wonder at the desperate valour
Of the bold English, that they dare let loose
Their wives to all encounters!

Mos. Sir, this knight
Had not his name for nothing, he is *politic*,
And knows, howe'er his wife affect strange
airs,

She hath not yet the face to be dishonest: 105
But had she Signior Corvino's wife's face —

Volp. Has she so rare a face?

Mos. O, sir, the wonder,
The blazing star of Italy! a wench
O' the first year, a beauty ripe as harvest!
Whose skin is whiter than a swan all over, 110
Than silver, snow, or lilies; a soft lip,

Would tempt you to eternity of kissing!
And flesh that melteth in the touch to blood!
Bright as your gold, and lovely as your gold!

Volp. Why had not I known this before?
Mos. Alas, sir, 115

Myself but yesterday discover'd it.

Volp. How might I see her?

Mos. O, not possible;
She 's kept as warily as is your gold;
Never does come abroad, never takes air
But at a windore. All her looks are sweet, 120
As the first grapes or cherries, and are watch'd
As near as they are.

Volp. I must see her.

Mos. Sir,
There is a guard of ten spies thick upon her,
All his whole household; each of which is set
Upon his fellow, and have all their charge, 125
When he goes out, when he comes in, examin'd.

Volp. I will go see her, though but at her
windore.

Mos. In some disguise then.

Volp. That is true; I must
Maintain mine own shape still the same: we 'll
think. [*Exeunt.*]

Act II. Scene I

[*St. Mark's Place, before Corvino's House.*]

[*Sir*] *Politic Would-be, Peregrine*

[*Sir P.*] Sir, to a wise man, all the world 's
his soil:

It is not Italy, nor France, nor Europe,
That must bound me, if my fates call me forth.
Yet I protest, it is no salt desire
Of seeing countries, shifting a religion, 5
Nor any disaffection to the state
Where I was bred, and unto which I owe
My dearest plots, hath brought me out, much
less

That idle, antique, stale, grey-headed project
Of knowing men's minds and manners, with
Ulysses! 10

But a peculiar humour of my wife's
Laid for this height of Venice, to observe,
To quote, to learn the language, and so
forth —

I hope you travel, sir, with license?

Per. Yes.

Sir P. I dare the safelier converse — How
long, sir, 15

Since you left England?

Per. Seven weeks.

Sir P. So lately!

You ha' not been with my lord ambassador?

Per. Not yet, sir.

⁹⁰ purchase: booty ⁹² fat: fatten ⁹³ squire: messenger ¹⁰⁰ windore: window ¹⁰² near:
closely ⁴ salt: inordinate ¹⁰ height: meridian ¹³ quote: make note of ¹⁴ license: Englishmen
of rank required a royal license to leave the country.

Sir P. Pray you, what news, sir, vents our climate?

I heard last night a most strange thing reported
By some of my lord's followers, and I long 20
To hear how 't will be seconded.

Per. What was 't, sir?

Sir P. Marry, sir, of a raven that should build

In a ship royal of the king's.

Per. [*Aside.*] This fellow,

Does he gull me, trow? or is gull'd? Your name, sir?

Sir P. My name is Politic Would-be.

Per. [*Aside.*] O, that speaks him. 25

A knight, sir?

Sir P. A poor knight, sir.

Per. Your lady

Lies here in Venice, for intelligence
Of tyes and fashions, and behaviour,
Among the courtesans? The fine Lady Would-be?

Sir P. Yes, sir; the spider and the bee oft-times 30

Suck from one flower.

Per. Good Sir Politic,

I cry you mercy; I have heard much of you:
'T is true, sir, of your raven.

Sir P. On your knowledge?

Per. Yes, and your lion's whelping in the Tower.

Sir P. Another whelp!

Per. Another, sir.

Sir P. Now heaven! 35

What prodigies be these? The fires at Berwick!
And the new star! These things concurring,
strange,

And full of omen! Saw you those meteors?

Per. I did, sir.

Sir P. Fearful! Pray you, sir, confirm me,
Were there three porcupises seen above the
bridge, 40

As they give out?

Per. Six, and a sturgeon, sir.

Sir P. I am astonish'd.

Per. Nay, sir, be not so;

I'll tell you a greater prodigy than these.

Sir P. What should these things portend?

Per. The very day

(Let me be sure) that I put forth from London,
There was a whale discover'd in the river, 46
As high as Woolwich, that had waited there,
Few know how many months, for the subversion
Of the Stode fleet.

Sir P. Is 't possible? Believe it,

'T was either sent from Spain, or the arch-
duke's; 50

Spinola's whale, upon my life, my credit!

Will they not leave these projects? Worthy sir,
Some other news.

Per. Faith, Stone the fool is dead,
And they do lack a tavern fool extremely.

Sir P. Is Mass Stone dead?

Per. He's dead, sir; why, I hope 55
You thought him not immortal? — [*Aside.*] O,
this knight,

Were he well known, would be a precious thing
To fit our English stage: he that should write
But such a fellow, should be thought to feign
Extremely, if not maliciously.

Sir P. Stone dead! 60

Per. Dead — Lord! how deeply, sir, you
apprehend it!

He was no kinsman to you?

Sir P. That I know of.

Well! that same fellow was an unknown fool.

Per. And yet you knew him, it seems?

Sir P. I did so. Sir,

I knew him one of the most dangerous heads 65
Living within the state, and so I held him.

Per. Indeed, sir?

Sir P. While he liv'd, in action.

He has receiv'd weekly intelligence,
Upon my knowledge, out of the Low Countries,
For all parts of the world, in cabbages; 70
And those dispens'd again to ambassadors,
In oranges, musk-mellons, apricots,
Lemons, pome-citrons, and such-like; some-
times

In Colchester oysters, and your Selsey cockles.

Per. You make me wonder.

Sir P. Sir, upon my knowledge. 75

Nay, I've observ'd him, at your public ordinary,

Take his advertisement from a traveller,

A conceal'd statesman, in a trencher of meat;

And instantly, before the meal was done,

Convey an answer in a tooth-pick.

Per. Strange! 80

How could this be, sir?

Sir P. Why, the meat was cut

So like his character, and so laid as he

Must easily read the cipher.

Per. I have heard,

He could not read, sir.

Sir P. So 't was given out,

In policy, by those that did employ him: 85

But he could read, and had your languages,

And to 't, as sound a noddle —

Per. I have heard, sir,

¹⁸ our climate: England ²¹ seconded: confirmed ²⁷ Lies: stays ³⁸ whelp: A lion was born in the Tower of London, Aug. 5, 1604, and another on Feb. 26, 1606. ⁴⁰ porcupises: porpoises ⁴⁶ Stode: Hanseatic town near Hamburg ⁵¹ Spinola: a contemporary Spanish general, known as the inventor of fantastic military engines ⁵⁸ leave . . . projects: give up these plots ⁶⁰ Mass: master ⁶² That: not that ⁷⁰ ordinary: tavern ⁷⁷ advertisement: information ⁸⁷ to 't: in addition

That your baboons were spies, and that they were
A kind of subtle nation near to China.

Sir P. Ay, ay, your Mamaluchi. Faith,
they had 90

Their hand in a French plot or two; but they
Were so extremely giv'n to women, as
They made discovery of all: yet I
Had my advices here, on Wednesday last,
From one of their own coat, they were return'd,
Made their relations, as the fashion is, 96
And now stand fair for fresh employment.

Per. [*Aside.*] Heart!
This Sir Pol will be ignorant of nothing. —
It seems, sir, you know all.

Sir P. Not all, sir; but
I have some general notions. I do love 100
To note and to observe: though I live out,
Free from the active torrent, yet I'd mark
The currents and the passages of things
For mine own private use; and know the ebbs
And flows of state.

Per. Believe it, sir, I hold 105
Myself in no small tie unto my fortunes,
For casting me thus luckily upon you,
Whose knowledge, if your bounty equal it,
May do me great assistance, in instruction
For my behaviour, and my bearing, which 110
Is yet so rude and raw.

Sir P. Why? came you forth
Empty of rules for travel?

Per. Faith, I had
Some common ones, froin out that vulgar
grammar,

Which he that cri'd Italian to me, taught me.

Sir P. Why, this it is that spoils all our
brave bloods, 115

Trusting our hopeful gentry unto pedants,
Fellows of outside, and mere bark. You seem
To be a gentleman of ingenuous race: —

I not profess it, but my fate hath been
To be, where I have been consulted with, 120
In this high kind, touching some great men's sons,
Persons of blood and honour. —

Per. Who be these, sir?

Act II. Scene II

[*The Same*]

Mosca, Politic, Peregrine, Volpone, Nano, Grege

[*Mos.*] Under that windore, there 't must
be. The same.

Sir P. Fellows, to mount a bank. Did your
instructor

In the dear tongues never discourse to you
Of the Italian mountebanks?

Per. Yes, sir.

Sir P. Why,

Here shall you see one.

Per. They are quacksalvers,
Fellows that live by venting oils and drugs. 6

Sir P. Was that the character he gave you
of them?

Per. As I remember.

Sir P. Pity his ignorance.

They are the only knowing men of Europe!
Great general scholars, excellent physicians, 10
Most admir'd statesmen, profess'd favourites
And cabinet counsellors to the greatest princes;
The only languag'd men of all the world!

Per. And, I have heard, they are most lewd
impostors;

Made all of terms and shreds; no less beliers 15
Of great men's favours, than their own vile
medicines;

Which they will utter upon monstrous oaths;
Selling that drug for twopence, ere they part,
Which they have valu'd at twelve crowns be-
fore.

Sir P. Sir, calumnies are answer'd best with
silence. 20

Yoursell shall judge. — Who is it mounts, my
friends?

Mos. Scoto of Mantua, sir.

Sir P. Is 't he? Nay, then
I'll proudly promise, sir, you shall behold
Another man than has been phant'sied to you
I wonder yet, that he should mount his bank, 25
Here in this nook, that has been wont t' appear
In face of the Piazza! — Here he comes.

[*Enter Volpone, disguised as a mountebank
Doctor, and followed by a crowd of people*]

Volp. Mount, zany. [*To Nano*]

Grege. Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow.

Sir P. See how the people follow him! he's
a man 30
May write ten thousand crowns in bank here.
Note,

[*Volpone mounts the stage.*]

Mark but his gesture: — I do use to observe
The state he keeps in getting up.

Per. 'T is worth it, sir.

Volp. "Most noble gentlemen, and my [34
worthy patrons! It may seem strange that I,
your Scoto Mantuano, who was ever wont to fix
my bank in face of the public Piazza, near
the shelter of the Portico to the Procuratia,

* coat: kind * relations: reports 100 tie: obligation 114 cri'd: spoke Sc. II. S. D. Grege:
a mob of people * bank: platform, bench * dear tongues: difficult languages * venting: dis-
pensing 14 lewd: ignorant 17 utter: sell * Scoto: an Italian juggler, then in England
* phant'sied: represented 23 zany: buffoon * ff. Most noble, etc.: (Volpone's speeches to the
mob, here set in quotation marks, are printed in italic in F.)

should now, after eight months' absence from this illustrious city of Venice, humbly retire [40 myself into an obscure nook of the Piazza."

Sir P. Did not I now object the same?

Per.

Peace, sir.

Volp. "Let me tell you: I am not, as your Lombard proverb saith, cold on my feet, or content to part with my commodities at a [45 cheaper rate than I accustom'd: look not for it. Nor that the calumnious reports of that impudent detractor, and shame to our profession (Alessandro Buttone, I mean), who gave out, in public, I was condemn'd a' *sforzato* [50 to the galleys, for poisoning the Cardinal Bembo's cook, hath at all attach'd, much less detected me. No, no, worthy gentlemen; to tell you true, I cannot endure to see the rabble of these ground *ciarlanti*, that spread their [55 cloaks on the pavement, as if they meant to do feats of activity, and then come in lamely, with their mouldy tales out of Boccaccio, like stale Tabarin, the fabulist: some of them discoursing their travels, and of their tedious cap- [60 tivity in the Turks' galleys, when, indeed, were the truth known, they were the Christians' galleys, where very temporarily they eat bread, and drunk water, as a wholesome penance, enjoin'd them by their confessors, for base pil- [65 feries"

Sir P. Note but his bearing, and contempt of these.

Volp. "These turdy-facy-nasty-paty-lousy-fartical rogues, with one poor groat's-worth [69 of unprepar'd antimony, finely wrapp'd up in several *scartoccios*, are able, very well, to kill their twenty a week, and play, yet these meagre, starv'd spirits, who have half stopp'd the organs of their minds with earthy oppila- [74 tions, want not their favours among your shrivell'd salad-eating artisans, who are overjoy'd that they may have their half-pe'rth of physic, though it purge 'em into another world, 't makes no matter."

Sir P. Excellent! ha' you heard better language, sir? [80

Volp. "Well, let 'em go. And, gentlemen, honourable gentlemen, know, that for this time, our bank, being thus remov'd from the clamours of the *canaglia* shall be the scene of pleasure and delight; for I have nothing to sell, [85 little or nothing to sell."

Sir P. I told you, sir, his end.

Per.

You did so, sir.

Volp. "I protest, I, and my six servants, are not able to make of this precious liquor so fast as it is fetch'd away from my lodging by [90 gentlemen of your city; strangers of the terra firma, worshipful merchants; ay, and senators too: who, ever since my arrival, have detained me to their uses, by their splendidous liberalities. And worthily; for, what avails your [95 rich man to have his magazines stuff'd with *moscadelli*, or of the purest grape, when his physicians prescribe him, on pain of death, to drink nothing but water cocted with anise-seeds? O [99 health! health! the blessing of the rich! the riches of the poor! who can buy thee at too dear a rate, since there is no enjoying this world without thee? Be not then so sparing of your purses, honourable gentlemen, as to abridge the natural course of life —" [105

Per. You see his end?

Sir P.

Ay, is 't not good?

Volp. "For when a humid flux, or catarrh, by the mutability of air, falls from your head into an arm or shoulder, or any other part, take you a ducat, or your cecchine of gold, and [110 apply to the place affected: see what good effect it can work. No, no, 't is this blessed *unguento*, this rare extraction, that hath only power to disperse all malignant humours, that proceed either of hot, cold, moist, or windy causes —" [116

Per. I would he had put in dry too.

Sir P.

Pray you observe.

Volp. "To fortify the most indigest and crude stomach, ay, were it of one that, through extreme weakness, vomited blood, applying [120 only a warm napkin to the place, after the unction and fricace; — for the *vertigine* in the head, putting but a drop into your nostrils, likewise behind the ears; a most sovereign and ap- [124 proved remedy; the *mal caduco*, cramps, convulsions, paralyses, epilepsies, *tremor cordia*, retired nerves, ill vapours of the spleen, stoppings of the liver, the stone, the strangury, *hernia ventosa*, *iliaca passio*, stops a *dysenteria* immediately; easeth the torsion of the small [130 guts; and cures *melancholia hypocondriaca*, being taken and applied, according to my printed receipt. For *Poining to his bill and his glass*. this is the physician, this the medicine; this counsels, this cures; this gives the direction, [135 this works the effect; and, in sum, both together may be term'd an abstract of the theoric and practic in the *Æsculapian* art. 'T will cost

¹⁰ a' *sforzato*: with hard labor (Ital) ¹¹ *ciarlanti*: petty impostors ¹² Tabarin: member of an Italian strolling company that visited France in 1570 ¹³ fabulist: professional story teller
¹⁴ *scartoccios*: waste papers ¹⁵⁻¹⁷ *oppliations*: obstructions ¹⁸ *canaglia*: rabble ¹⁹⁻²⁰ *terra firma*: main land ²¹⁻²² *moscadelli*: sweet wines ²³ *cocted*: boiled ²⁴ *unguento*: ointment
²⁵ *fricace*: rubbing ²⁶ *vertigine*: giddiness. This speech gives a list of diseases which could be cured by Scoto's Oil. Jonson often used strings of technical words to give an air of authenticity to a particular scene.

you eight crowns. And, — Zan Fritada, pray thee sing a verse extempore in honour of it." 140

Sir P. How do you like him, sir?

Per. Most strangely, I!

Sir P. Is not his language rare?

Per. But alchemy, I never heard the like; or Broughton's books.

[*Nano sings.*]

SONG

Had old Hippocrates, or Galen,
That to their books put med'cines all in, 145
But known this secret, they had never
(Of which they will be guilty ever)
Been murderers of so much paper,
Or wasted many a hurtless taper;
No Indian drug had e'er been famed, 150
Tobacco, sassafras not named;
Ne yet of guacum one small stick, sir,
Nor Raymund Lully's great elixir
Ne had been known the Danish Gonswart,
Or Paracelsus, with his long sword. 155

Per. All this, yet, will not do; eight crowns is high.

Volp. "No more. — Gentlemen, if I had but time to discourse to you the miraculous effects of this my oil, surnamed *oglio del Scolo*; with the countless catalogue of those I have 160 cured of th' aforesaid, and many more diseases; the patents and privileges of all the princes and commonwealths of Christendom; or but the depositions of those that appear'd on my part, before the signory of the Sanità and most 165 learned College of Physicians; where I was authorized, upon notice taken of the admirable virtues of my medicaments, and mine own excellency in matter of rare and unknown secrets, not only to disperse them publicly in this 170 famous city, but in all the territories, that happily joy under the government of the most pious and magnificent states of Italy. But may some other gallant fellow say, 'O, there be divers that make profession to have as good, 175 and as experimented receipts as yours.' Indeed, very many have assay'd, like apes, in imitation of that, which is really and essentially in me, to make of this oil; bestow'd great cost in 179 furnaces, stills, alembics, continual fires, and preparation of the ingredients (as indeed there goes to it six hundred several simples, besides some quantity of human fat, for the conglutination, which we buy of the anatomists), but when these practitioners come to the last decoction, blow, blow, puff, puff, and all flies in

fumo: ha, ha, ha! Poor wretches! I rather pity their folly and indiscretion, than their loss of time and money; for those may be recovered by industry: but to be a fool born, is a disease incurable. 191

"For myself, I always from my youth have endeavour'd to get the rarest secrets, and book them, either in exchange, or for money; I spared nor cost nor labour, where anything 195 was worthy to be learned. And, gentlemen, honourable gentlemen, I will undertake, by virtue of chymical art, out of the honourable hat that covers your head, to extract the four elements; that is to say, the fire, air, water, 200 and earth, and return you your felt without burn or stain. For, whilst others have been at the *ballo*, I have been at my book; and am now past the craggy paths of study, and come to the flowery plains of honour and reputation." 205

Sir P. I do assure you, sir, that is his aim.

Volp. "But to our price —"

Per. And that withal, Sir Pol.

Volp. "You all know, honourable gentlemen, I never valu'd this *ampulla*, or vial, at less than eight crowns; but for this time, I am 210 content to be depriv'd of it for six; six crowns is the price, and less in courtesy I know you cannot offer me; take it or leave it, howsoever, both it and I am at your service. I ask you not as the value of the thing, for then I should 215 demand of you a thousand crowns, so the Cardinals Montalto, Fernese, the great Duke of Tuscany, my gossip, with divers other princes, have given me; but I despise money. Only to show my affection to you, honourable 220 gentlemen, and your illustrious state here, I have neglected the messages of these princes, mine own offices, fram'd my journey hither, only to present you with the fruits of my 224 travels — Tune your voices once more to the touch of your instruments, and give the honourable assembly some delightful recreation."

Per. What monstrous and most painful circumstance

Is here, to get some three or four gazettes, Some threepence i' the whole! for that 't will come to. 230

[*Nano sings*]

SONG

You that would last long, list to my song,
Make no more coil, but buy of this oil.
Would you be ever fair and young?
Stout of teeth, and strong of tongue?

¹⁴⁰ But: except (in) ¹⁴⁸ Broughton: an eccentric theologian of the time (cf. *The Alchemist*, II, ii, 242 and IV, v, 1 ff) ¹⁴⁹ guacum: a resinous drug ¹⁵³ Lully: a famous mediæval alchemist
¹⁵⁴ Gonswart: Gansfort, a Westphalian scholar of the 15th century ¹⁵⁵ simples: herbs ¹⁵⁷ fumo: smoke ¹⁵⁸ ballo: an Italian game of ball ¹⁵⁹ gossip: familiar friend ¹⁶² offices: duties ¹⁶³ circumstance: beating about the bush ¹⁶⁴ gazettes: small Venetian coins ¹⁶⁵ coil: disturbance

Tart of palate? quick of ear? 235
 Sharp of sight? of nostril clear?
 Moist of hand? and light of foot?
 Or, I will come nearer to 't,
 Would you live free from all diseases?
 Do the act your mistress pleases, 240
 Yet fight all aches from your bones?
 Here's a med'cine for the nones

Volp. "Well, I am in a humour at this time to make a present of the small quantity my coffer contains; to the rich in courtesy, and [245] to the poor for God's sake. Wherefore now mark. I ask'd you six crowns; and six crowns, at other times, you have paid me; you shall not give me six crowns, nor five, nor four, nor three, nor two, nor one; nor half a ducat; no, nor [250] a *moccinigo*. Sixpence it will cost you, or six hundred pound — expect no lower price, for, by the banner of my front, I will not bate a *bagatine*. — That I will have, only, a pledge of your loves, to carry something from amongst you, to [255] show I am not contemn'd by you. Therefore, now, toss your handkerchiefs, cheerfully, cheerfully; and be advertised, that the first heroic spirit that deigns to grace me with a handkerchief, I will give it a little remembrance of [260] something beside, shall please it better than if I had presented it with a double pistollet."

Per. Will you be that heroic spark, Sir Pol?

Celia, at the windrow, throws down her handkerchief

O, see! the windore has prevented you.

Volp. "Lady, I kiss your bounty, and [265] for this timely grace you have done your poor Scoto of Mantua, I will return you, over and above my oil, a secret of that high and inestimable nature, shall make you forever enamour'd on that minute, wherein your eye first de- [270] scended on so mean, yet not altogether to be despis'd, an object. Here is a powder conceal'd in this paper, of which, if I should speak to the worth, nine thousand volumes were but as one page, that page as a line, that line as a word, [275] so short is this pilgrimage of man (which some call life) to the expressing of it. Would I reflect on the price? Why, the whole world were but as an empire, that empire as a province, that province as a bank, that bank as a private purse [280] to the purchase of it. I will only tell you, it is the powder that made Venus a goddess (given her by Apollo), that kept her perpetually young,

clear'd her wrinkles, firm'd her gums, fill'd her skin, colour'd her hair; from her de- [285] riv'd to Helen, and at the sack of Troy unfortunately lost: till now, in this our age, it was as happily recover'd, by a studious antiquary, out of some ruins of Asia, who sent a moiety of it to the court of France (but much [290] sophisticated), wherewith the ladies there now colour their hair. The rest, at this present, remains with me, extracted to a quintessence. so that, wherever it but touches, in youth it perpetually preserves, in age restores the com- [295] plexion; seats your teeth, did they dance like virginal jacks, firm as a wall. makes them white as ivory, that were black as ——"

Act II. Scene III

[The Same]

Corvino, Politic, Peregrine

[*Corv.*] Spite o' the devil, and my shame! come down here;

Come down! — No house but mine to make your scene?

Signior Flamino, will you down, sir? down?

What, is my wife your Franciscina, sir?

No windores on the whole Piazza, here, 5

To make your properties, but mine? but mine?

He beats away the mountebank, &c.

Heart! ere to-morrow I shall be new christen'd, And called the Pantalone di Besognosi, About the town

Per. What should this mean, Sir Pol?
Sir P. Some trick of state, believe it; I will home 10

Per. It may be some design on you.

Sir P. I know not.

I'll stand upon my guard.

Per. It is your best, sir.

Sir P. This three weeks, all my advices, all my letters,

They have been intercepted.

Per. Indeed, sir!

Best have a care.

Sir P. Nay, so I will.

Per. This knight, 15
 I may not lose him, for my mirth, till night.

[*Exeunt*]

²⁴¹ aches: pronounced atches ²⁴² nones: occasion ²⁴³ moccinigo: a Venetian coin worth less than twenty cents ²⁴⁴ bagatine: a small Italian coin ²⁴⁵ pistollet: a Spanish gold coin ²⁴⁶ prevented: anticipated ²⁴⁷ virginal jacks: pieces of wood which made the quills pluck the strings of a virginal ²⁴⁸ Flamino: Corvino ironically pretends that he is taking part in one of the contemporary Italian comedies in which the dialogue was largely extemporaneous. The name probably refers to Flamino Scala, leader of a famous company of actors ²⁴⁹ Franciscina: a stock character, a flirtatious servant-girl ²⁵⁰ Pantalone di Besognosi: a stock humorous character (lit. "fool of beggars")

*Act II. Scene IIII**[A Room in Volpone's House.]**Volpone, Mosca**[Volp.]* O, I am wounded!*Mos.* Where, sir?*Volp.* Not without;

Those blows were nothing: I could bear them ever.

But angry Cupid, bolting from her eyes,
 Hath shot himself into me like a flame;
 Where now he flings about his burning heat, s
 As in a furnace an ambitious fire
 Whose vent is stopp'd. The fight is all within me.

I cannot live, except thou help me, Mosca;
 My liver melts, and I, without the hope
 Of some soft air from her refreshing breath, 10
 Am but a heap of cinders.

Mos. 'Las, good sir,
 Would you had never seen her!

Volp. Nay, would thou
 Hadst never told me of her!

Mos. Sir, 't is true;
 I do confess I was unfortunate,
 And you unhappy; but I'm bound in con-
 science, 15

No less than duty, to effect my best
 To your release of torment, and I will, sir.

Volp. Dear Mosca, shall I hope?

Mos. Sir, more than dear,
 I will not bid you to despair of aught
 Within a human compass.

Volp. O, there spoke 20
 My better angel. Mosca, take my keys,
 Gold, plate, and jewels, all 's at thy devotion;
 Employ them how thou wilt: nay, coin me
 too:

So thou in this but crown my longings, Mosca.

Mos. Use but your patience.

Volp. So I have.

Mos. I doubt not 25
 To bring success to your desires.

Volp. Nay, then,
 I not repent me of my late disguise.

Mos. If you can horn him, sir, you need not.
Volp. True:

Besides, I never meant him for my heir.
 Is not the colour o' my beard and eyebrows 30
 To make me known?

Mos. No jot.

Volp. I did it well.

Mos. So well, would I could follow you in
 mine,

With half the happiness! and yet I would
 Escape your epilogue.

Volp. But were they gull'd
 With a belief that I was Scoto?

Mos. Sir, 35
 Scoto himself could hardly have distinguish'd!
 I have not time to flatter you now; we 'll
 part:

And as I prosper, so applaud my art. *[Exeunt.]*

*Act II. Scene V**[A Room in Corvino's House.]**Corvino, Celta, Servitore*

[Corv.] Death of mine honour, with the city's
 fool!

A juggling, tooth-drawing, prating mounte-
 bank!

And at a public windore! where, whilst he,
 With his strain'd action, and his dole of faces,
 To his drug-lecture draws your itching ears, s
 A crew of old, unmarri'd, noted lechers,
 Stood leering up like satyrs: and you smile
 Most graciously, and fan your favours forth,
 To give your hot spectators satisfaction!
 What, was your mountebank their call? their
 whistle? 10

Or were you enamour'd on his copper rings,
 His saffron jewel, with the toad-stone in 't,
 Or his embroid' red suit, with the cope-stitch,
 Made of a hearse cloth? or his old tilt-feather?
 Or his starch'd beard! Well, you shall have
 him, yes! 15

He shall come home, and minister unto you
 The fricace for the mother. Or, let me see,
 I think you'd rather mount; would you not
 mount?

Why, if you 'll mount, you may; yes, truly,
 you may!

And so you may be seen, down to the foot. 20
 Get you a cittern, Lady Vanity,
 And be a dealer with the virtuous man;
 Make one. I 'll but protest myself a cuckold,
 And save your dowry. I 'm a Dutchman, I!
 For if you thought me an Italian, 25
 You would be damn'd ere you did this, you
 where!

Thou 'dst tremble to imagine that the murder
 Of father, mother, brother, all thy race,
 Should follow, as the subject of my justice.

Cel. Good sir, have patience.

Corv. What couldst thou propose 30
 Less to thyself, than in this heat of wrath,
 And stung with my dishonour, I should strike

¹⁰ horn him: make him a cuckold ¹⁴ epilogue: i.e., the beating from Corvino ⁴ dole of faces: grimaces
¹⁵ toad-stone: the jewel supposed to be found in the toad's head ¹⁶ tilt-feather: discarded plume from the tilt-yard (cf. *The Malcontent*, Induction, 61 ff) ¹⁷ mother: hysteria
¹⁸ mount: join the mountebanks ¹⁹ cittern: guitar ²⁰ propose: expect

This steel unto thee, with as many stabs
As thou wert gaz'd upon with goatish eyes?

Cel. Alas, sir, be appeas'd! I could not think

35

My being at the windore should more now
Move your impatience than at other times.

Corv. No! not to seek and entertain a parley
With a known knave, before a multitude!
You were an actor with your handkerchief, 40
Which he most sweetly kiss'd in the receipt,
And might, no doubt, return it with a letter,
And point the place where you might meet;
your sister's,

Your mother's, or your aunt's might serve the
turn.

Cel. Why, dear sir, when do I make these
excuses,

45

Or ever stir abroad, but to the church?

And that so seldom —

Corv. Well, it shall be less;
And thy restraint before was liberty,
To what I now decree: and therefore mark
me.

First, I will have this bawdy light damm'd
up;

50

And till 't be done, some two or three yards
off,

I 'll chalk a line; o'er which if thou but chance
To set thy desprate foot, more hell, more
horror,

More wild remorseless rage shall seize on
thee,

Than on a conjuror that had heedless left 55
His circle's safety ere his devil was laid

Then here 's a lock which I will hang upon
thee,

And, now I think on 't, I will keep thee back-
wards;

Thy lodging shall be backwards: thy walks
backwards;

Thy prospect, all be backwards, and no pleas-
ure,

60

That thou shalt know but backwards: nay,
since you force

My honest nature, know, it is your own,
Being too open, makes me use you thus:
Since you will not contain your subtle nos-
trils

In a sweet room, but they must snuff the air 65
Of rank and sweaty passengers. *Knock within.*

One knocks.

Away, and be not seen, pain of thy life;
Nor look toward the windore; if thou dost —

Nay, stay, hear this — let me not prosper,
whore,

But I will make thee an anatomy, 70
Dissect thee mine own self, and read a lecture

Upon thee to the city, and in public.

Away! —

[*Exit Celia.*]

[*Enter Servant.*]

Who 's there?

Ser.

'T is Signior Mosca, sir.

Act II. Scene VI

[*The Same.*]

Corvino, Mosca

[*Corv.*] Let him come in. His master 's
dead; there 's yet
Some good to help the bad. — My Mosca,
welcome!

I guess your news

Mos

I fear you cannot, sir.

Corv

Is 't not his death?

Mos

Rather the contrary.

Corv

Not his recovery?

Mos

Yes, sir.

Corv.

I am curs'd, 5

I am bewitch'd, my crosses meet to vex me.

How? how? how? how?

Mos

Why, sir, with Scotto's oil;
Corbaccio and Voltore brought of it,

Whilst I was busy in an inner room —

Corv

Death! that damn'd mountebank! but
for the law 10

Now, I could kill the rascal: 't cannot be
His oil should have that virtue. Ha' not I

Known him a common rogue, come fiddling in
To th' *osteria*, with a tumbling whore,

And, when he has done all his forc'd tricks,
been glad 15

Of a poor spoonful of dead wine, with flies
in 't?

It cannot be All his ingredients
Are a sheep's gall, a roasted bitch's marrow,

Some few sod earwigs, pounded caterpillars,
A little capon's grease, and fasting spittle: 20

I know 'em to a dram.

Mos

I know not, sir;

But some on 't, there, they pour'd into his ears,
Some in his nostrils, and recover'd him;

Applying but the fricace.

Corv.

Pox o' that fricace!

Mos. And since, to seem the more officious
And flatt'ring of his health, there, they have
had, 26

At extreme fees, the college of physicians
Consulting on him, how they might restore
him;

Where one would have a cataplasm of spices,
Another a flay'd ape clapp'd to his breast, 30

A third would ha' it a dog, a fourth an oil,

⁵⁵ backwards: in the back of the house
section ¹⁴ osteria: inn ¹⁵ sod: boiled

⁶⁵ passengers: passers-by
⁷⁰ cataplasm: poultice

⁷⁰ anatomy: corpse for dis-

With wild cats' skins: at last, they all resolv'd
That to preserve him, was no other means
But some young woman must be straight sought
out,

Lusty, and full of juice, to sleep by him; 35
And to this service most unhappily,
And most unwillingly am I now employ'd,
Which here I thought to pre-acquaint you with,
For your advice, since it concerns you most;
Because I would not do that thing might cross
Your ends, on whom I have my whole depend-
ence, sir; 41

Yet, if I do it not they may delate
My slackness to my patron, work me out
Of his opinion; and there all your hopes,
Venters, or whatsoever, are all frustrate! 45
I do but tell you, sir. Besides, they are all
Now striving who shall first present him; there-
fore —

I could entreat you, briefly conclude somewhat;
Prevent 'em if you can.

Corv. Death to my hopes,
This is my villainous fortune! Best to hire 50
Some common courtesan.

Mos. Ay. I thought on that, sir;
But they are all so subtle, full of art —
And age again doting and flexible,
So as — I cannot tell — we may, perchance,
Light on a quean may cheat us all.

Corv. 'T is true. 55
Mos. No, no: it must be one that has no
tricks, sir,
Some simple thing, a creature made unto it;
Some wench you may command. Ha' you no
kinswoman?
Gods so — Think, think, think, think, think,
think, think, sir.

One o' the doctors offer'd there his daughter.

Corv. How!

Mos. Yes, Signior Lupo, the physician. 61

Corv. His daughter!

Mos. And a virgin, sir. Why, alas,
He knows the state of 's body, what it is:
That nought can warm his blood, sir, but a fe-
ver;

Nor any incantation raise his spirit: 65
A long forgetfulness hath seiz'd that part.
Besides, sir, who shall know it? Some one or
two —

Corv. I pray thee give me leave. [*Walks
aside.*] If any man

But I had had this luck — The thing in 't self,
I know, is nothing. — Wherefore should not
I 70

As well command my blood and my affections
As this dull doctor? In the point of honour,
The cases are all one of wife and daughter.

Mos. [*Aside.*] I hear him coming.

Corv. She shall do 't: 't is done.
Slight! if this doctor, who is not engag'd, 75
Unless 't be for his counsel, which is nothing,
Offer his daughter, what should I, that am
So deeply in? I will prevent him. Wretch!
Covetous wretch! — Mosca, I have determin'd.

Mos. How, sir? [*wot of* 80

Corv. We 'll make all sure. The party you
Shall be mine own wife, Mosca.

Mos. Sir, the thing,
But that I would not seem to counsel you,
I should have motion'd to you, at the first:
And make your count, you have cut all their
throats.

Why, 't is directly taking a possession! 85
And in his next fit, we may let him go.
'T is but to pull the pillow from his head,
And he is throttled: 't had been done before
But for your scrupulous doubts.

Corv. Ay, a plague on 't,
My conscience fools my wit! Well, I 'll be
brief, 90

And so be thou, lest they should be before us.
Go home, prepare him, tell him with what
zeal

And willingness I do it: swear it was
On the first hearing, as thou mayst do, truly,
Mine own free motion.

Mos. Sir, I warrant you, 95
I 'll so possess him with it, that the rest
Of his starv'd clients shall be banish'd all;
And only you receiv'd But come not, sir,
Until I send, for I have something else
To ripen for your good, you must not know 't.

Corv. But do not you forget to send now.

Mos. Fear not. [*Exit.*] 101

Act II. Scene VII

[*The Same.*]

Corvino, Celia

[*Corv.*] Where are you, wife? My Celia!
wife!

[*Enter Celia*]

— What, blubbering?
Come, dry those tears. I think thou thought'st
me in earnest;

Ha! by this light I talk'd so but to try thee:
Methinks, the lightness of the occasion
Should ha' confirm'd thee. Come, I am not
jealous 5

Cel. No?

Corv. Faith I am not, I, nor never was;
It is a poor unprofitable humour.

^a delate: report (an evil action) ^b quean: jade, hussy ^c made: prepared ^d coming: i.e., into
my trap ^e motion'd: proposed ^f make your count: be sure cut . . . throats: outdone them all

Do not I know, if women have a will,
They 'll do 'gainst all the watches o' the
world,

And that the fiercest spies are tam'd with gold?
Tut, I am confident in thee, thou shalt see 't; 11
And see, I 'll give thee cause too, to believe it.
Come kiss me. Go, and make thee ready
straight,

In all thy best attire, thy choicest jewels,
Put 'em all on, and, with 'em, thy best look: 15
We are invited to a solemn feast,
At old Volpone's, where it shall appear
How far I am free from jealousy or fear.

[*Exeunt*]

Act III. Scene I

[*A Street.*]

Mosca

Mos. I fear I shall begin to grow in love
With my dear self, and my most prosperous
parts,
They do so spring and burgeon; I can feel
A whimsy i' my blood: I know not how,
Success hath made me wanton I could skip 5
Out of my skin now, like a subtle snake,
I am so limber O' your parasite
Is a most precious thing, dropp'd from above,
Not bred amongst clods and clodpoles, here on
earth.

I muse, the mystery was not made a science, 10
It is so liberally profess'd! Almost
All the wise world is little else, in nature,
But parasites or sub-parasites And yet
I mean not those that have your bare town-art,
To know who 's fit to feed 'em, have no house,
No family, no care, and therefore mould 16
Tales for men's ears, to bait that sense; or get
Kitchen-invention, and some stale receipts
To please the belly, and the groin, nor those,
With their court dog-tricks, that can fawn and
flee, 20

Make their revenue out of legs and faces,
Echo my lord, and lick away a moth:
But your fine elegant rascal, that can rise
And stoop, almost together, like an arrow;
Shoot through the air as numbly as a star; 25
Turn short as doth a swallow; and be here,
And there, and here, and yonder, all at once;
Present to any humour, all occasion,
And change a visor swifter than a thought! 29
This is the creature had the art born with him;
Toils not to learn it, but doth practise it
Out of most excellent nature and such sparks
Are the true parasites, others but their zanies.

Act III. Scene II

[*The Same.*]

Mosca, Bonario

Who 's this? Bonario, old Corbaccio's son?
The person I was bound to seek. Fair sir,
You are happy! met.

Bon. That cannot be by thee.

Mos. Why, sir? [leave me:]

Bon. Nay, pray thee know thy way, and
I would be loath to interchange discourse 5
With such a mate as thou art.

Mos. Courteous sir,

Scorn not my poverty.

Bon. Not I, by heaven;

But thou shalt give me leave to hate thy base-
ness.

Mos. Baseness!

Bon. Ay; answer me, is not thy sloth
Sufficient argument? thy flattery? 10

Thy means of feeding?

Mos. Heaven be good to me!

These imputations are too common, sir,

And eas'ly stuck on virtue when she 's poor.

You are unequal to me, and howe'er

Your sentence may be righteous, yet you are
not, 15

That, ere you know me, thus proceed in cen-
sure:

St. Mark bear witness 'gainst you, 't is inhuman
[*Weeps*]

Bon. [*Aside.*] What! does he weep? the sign
is soft and good:

I do repent me that I was so harsh.

Mos. 'T is true, that, sway'd by strong
necessity, 20

I am enforc'd to eat my careful bread

With too much obsequy; 't is true, beside,

That I am fain to spin mine own poor raiment

Out of my mere observance, being not born

To a free fortune but that I have done 25
Base offices, in rending friends asunder,
Dividing families, betraying counsels,

Whispering false lies, or mining men with
praises,

Train'd their credulity with perjuries,

Corrupted chastity, or am in love 30

With mine own tender ease, but would not
rather

Prove the most rugged and laborious course,

That might redeem my present estimation,

Let me here perish, in all hope of goodness.

Bon. [*Aside.*] This cannot be a personated
passion. — 35

¹⁰ mystery: profession

¹¹ sense: i. e., love of gossip

²¹ legs and faces: bows and smirks

²⁹ visor: expression

⁸ mate: fellow

¹⁴ unequal: unjust

²⁵ obsequy: obsequiousness

²⁴ observ-

ance: service

²⁹ Train'd: lured

³³ estimation: reputation

I was to blame, so to mistake thy nature;
Pray thee forgive me: and speak out thy business.

Mos. Sir, it concerns you; and though I may seem

At first to make a main offence in manners,
And in my gratitude unto my master, 40
Yet for the pure love which I bear all right,
And hatred of the wrong, I must reveal it.
This very hour your father is in purpose
To disinherit you —

Bon. How!

Mos. And thrust you forth,
As a mere stranger to his blood: 't is true, sir.
The work no way engageth me, but as 46
I claim an interest in the general state
Of goodness and true virtue, which I hear
T' abound in you; and for which mere respect,
Without a second aim, sir, I have done it. 50

Bon. This tale hath lost thee much of the late trust

Thou hadst with me; it is impossible.

I know not how to lend it any thought,

My father should be so unnatural.

Mos. It is a confidence that well becomes 55
Your piety; and form'd, no doubt, it is
From your own simple innocence: which makes
Your wrong more monstrous and abhor'd.

But, sir,

I now will tell you more. This very minute,
It is, or will be doing; and if you 60
Shall be but pleas'd to go with me, I 'll bring you,

I dare not say where you shall see, but where
Your ear shall be a witness of the deed;
Hear yourself written bastard, and profess'd
The common issue of the earth.

Bon. I 'm maz'd! 65

Mos. Sir, if I do it not, draw your just sword,
And score your vengeance on my front and face;

Mark me your villain: you have too much wrong,

And I do suffer for you, sir. My heart 69
Weeps blood in anguish —

Bon. Lead; I follow thee. [*Exeunt.*]

Act III. Scene III

[*A Room in Volpone's House.*]

Volpone, Nano, Androgyno, Castrone

[*Volp.*] Mosca stays long, methinks. —
Bring forth your sports,
And help to make the wretched time more sweet.

Nan. "Dwarf, fool, and eunuch, well met here we be.

A question it were now, whether of us three,
Being all the known delicates of a rich man, 5
In pleasing him, claim the precedence can?"

Cas. "I claim for myself."

And. "And so doth the fool."

Nan. "'T is foolish indeed: let me set you both to school.

First for your dwarf, he 's little and witty,
And everything, as it is little, is pretty; 10
Else why do men say to a creature of my shape,
So soon as they see him, 'T is a pretty little ape?"

And why a pretty ape, but for pleasing imitation

Of greater men's action, in a ridiculous fashion? 14

Beside, this feat body of mine doth not crave
Half the meat, drink, and cloth, one of your bulks will have.

Admit your fool's face be the mother of laughter,
Yet, for his brain, it must always come after:
And though that do feed him, it 's a pitiful case,
His body is beholding to such a bad face." 20

One knocks.

Volp. Who's there? My couch; away! look,

Nano, see! [*Exeunt And. and Cas.*]

Give me my caps first — go, inquire. [*Exit*

Nano] Now, Cupid

Send it be Mosca, and with fair return!

Nan. [*Within.*] It is the beauteous madam —

Volp. Would-be — is it?

Nan. The same.

Volp. Now torment on me! Squire her in; 25

For she will enter, or dwell here for ever.

Nay, quickly, that my fit were past! [*Retires to his couch.*] I fear

A second hell too, that my loathing this

Will quite expel my appetite to the other:

Would she were taking now her tedious leave.

Lord, how it threatens me what I am to suffer! 31

Act III. Scene IIII

[*The Same.*]

Lady [*Politico* *Would-be*], *Volpone, Nano,*
2 *Women*

[*Lady P.*] I thank you, good sir. Pray you signify

Unto your patron I am here. — This band
Shows not my neck enough. — I trouble you, sir;

Let me request you bid one of my women
Come hither to me. In good faith, I am dress'd 5

Most favourably to-day! It is no matter:
'T is well enough.

⁴ whether: which ⁵ delicates: favorites, pets ¹⁶ feat: neatly formed

[*Enter 1 Waiting-woman*]

Look, see these petulant things,
How they have done this!

Volp. [*Aside.*] I do feel the fever
Ent'ring in at mine ears; O, for a charm,
To fright it hence!

Lady P. Come nearer: is this curl 10
In his right place, or this? Why is this higher
Than all the rest? You ha' not wash'd your
eyes yet!

Or do they not stand even i' your head?
Where 's your fellow? call her. [*Exit 1 Woman.*]

Nan. Now, St. Mark
Deliver us! anon she 'll beat her women, 15
Because her nose is red.

[*Re-enter 1 with 2 Woman*]

Lady P. I pray you view
This ture, forsooth: are all things apt, or no?

1 *Wom.* One hair a little here sticks out, for-
sooth.

Lady P. Does 't so, forsooth! and where was
your dear sight,
When it did so, forsooth! What now! bird-
ey'd? 20

And you, too? Pray you, both approach and
mend it

Now, by that light I muse you 're not asham'd!
I, that have preach'd these things so oft unto
you,

Read you the principles, argu'd all the grounds,
Disputed every fitness, every grace, 25
Call'd you to counsel of so frequent dressings —

Nan (*Aside*) More carefully than of your
fame or honour.

Lady P. Made you acquainted what an
ample dowry

The knowledge of these things would be unto
you,

Able alone to get you noble husbands 30

At your return: and you thus to neglect it!
Besides, you seeing what a curious nation
Th' Italians are, what will they say of me?
"The English lady cannot dress herself."

Here 's a fine imputation to our country! 35
Well, go your ways, and stay i' the next room.
This fucus was too coarse too, it 's no matter. —
Good sir, you 'll give 'em entertainment?

[*Exeunt Nano and Waiting-women.*]

Volp. The storm comes toward me

Lady P. [*Goes to the couch.*] How does my
Volpone!

Volp. Troubl'd with noise, I cannot sleep;
I dreamt 40

That a strange fury ent'red now my house,
And, with the dreadful tempest of her breath,
Did cleave my roof asunder.

Lady P. Believe me, and I
Had the most fearful dream, could I remem-
ber 't —

Volp. [*Aside*] Out on my fate! I have
given her the occasion 45

How to torment me: she will tell me hers.

Lady P. Methought the golden mediocrity,
Polite, and delicate —

Volp. O, if you do love me,
No more. I sweat, and suffer, at the mention
Of any dream; feel how I tremble yet. 50

Lady P. Alas, good soul! the passion of the
heart.

Seed-pearl were good now, boil'd with syrup of
apples,

Tincture of gold, and coral, citron-pills,
Your elecampane root, myrobalanes —

Volp. Ay me, I have ta'en a grasshopper by
the wing! 55

Lady P. Burnt silk and amber. You have
muscadell

Good i' the house —

Volp. You will not drink, and part?

Lady P. No, fear not that I doubt we shall
not get

Some English saffron, half a dram would
serve; 59

Your sixteen cloves, a little musk, dried mints;
Bugloss, and barley-meal —

Volp. [*Aside*] She 's in again!
Before I feign'd diseases, now I have one.

Lady P. And these appli'd with a right
scarlet cloth.

Volp. [*Aside*] Another flood of words! a
very torrent!

Lady P. Shall I, sir, make you a poultice?

Volp. No, no, no. 65

I 'm very well, you need prescribe no more.

Lady P. I have a little studied physic; but
now

I 'm all for music, save, i' the forenoons,
An hour or two for painting I would have

A lady, indeed, t' have all letters and arts, 70
Be able to discourse, to write, to paint,
But principal, as Plato holds, your music

(And so does wise Pythagoras, I take it),
Is your true rapture: when there is concert

In face, in voice, and clothes: and is, indeed, 75
Our sex's chiefest ornament.

Volp. The poet

As old in time as Plato, and as knowing,
Says that your highest female grace is silence

¹¹ tire: headdress ²⁰ bird-ey'd: short-sighted or keen-eyed (in derision) ²² curious: fastidious
²⁷ fucus: rouge ²⁸ Volpone: ('Volp?' F) ³³⁻³⁴ Seed-pearl . . . myrobalanes: remedies for melan-
choly ³⁵ grasshopper: An ancient proverb holds that the faster grasshoppers are held by the wings
the louder they scream. ⁷⁴ concert: harmony

Lady P. Which o' your poets? Petrarch, or Tasso, or Dante?

Guarini? Ariosto? Aretine? 80
Cieco di Hadria? I have read them all.

Volp. [*Aside.*] Is everything a cause to my destruction?

Lady P. I think I ha' two or three of 'em about me.

Volp. [*Aside.*] The sun, the sea, will sooner both stand still 84

Than her eternal tongue! nothing can scape it.

Lady P. Here 's *Pastor Fido* —

Volp. [*Aside.*] Profess obstinate silence; That 's now my safest.

Lady P. All our English writers, I mean such as are happy in th' Italian, Will deign to steal out of this author, mainly; Almost as much as from Montagnié: 90

He has so modern and facile a vein, Fitting the time, and catching the court-ear! Your Petrarch is more passionate, yet he, In days of sonnetting, trusted 'em with much: Dante is hard, and few can understand him. 95
But for a desperate wit, there 's Aretine; Only his pictures are a little obscene — You mark me not.

Volp. Alas, my mind 's perturb'd.

Lady P. Why, in such cases, we must cure ourselves,

Make use of our philosophy —

Volp. Oh me! 100

Lady P. And as we find our passions do rebel,

Encounter 'em with reason, or divert 'em. By giving scope unto some other humour Of lesser danger. as, in politic bodies, There 's nothing more doth overwhelm the judgment, 105

And clouds the understanding, than too much Settling and fixing, and, as 't were, subsiding Upon one object. For the incorporating Of these same outward things, into that part Which we call mental, leaves some certain faeces 110

That stop the organs, and, as Plato says, Assassinate our knowledge.

Volp. [*Aside.*] Now, the spirit Of patience help me!

Lady P. Come, in faith, I must Visit you more a days; and make you well: Laugh and be lusty.

Volp. [*Aside.*] My good angel save me! 115

Lady P. There was but one sole man in all the world

With whom I e'er could sympathize; and he Would lie you, often, three, four hours together

To hear me speak; and be sometime so rapt, As he would answer me quite from the purpose, 120

Like you, and you are like him, just. I 'll discourse,

An 't be but only, sir, to bring you asleep, How we did spend our time and loves together, For some six years.

Volp. Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh!

Lady P. For we were *cozlanet*, and brought up — 125

Volp. Some power, some fate, some fortune rescue me!

Act III. Scene V

[*The Same.*]

Mosca, Lady [Politie Would-be], Volpone

[*Mos.*] God save you, madam!

Lady P. Good sir.

Volp. Mosca! welcome,

Welcome to my redemption.

Mos. Why, sir?

Volp. Oh,

Rid me of this my torture, quickly, there; My madam with the everlasting voice: The bells, in time of pestilence, ne'er made 5
Like noise or were in that perpetual motion! The Cock-pit comes not near it. All my house, But now, steam'd like a bath with her thick breath,

A lawyer could not have been heard; nor scarce Another woman, such a hail of words 10
She has let fall. For hell's sake, rid her hence.

Mos. Has she presented?

Volp. Oh, I do not care; I 'll take her absence upon any price,

With any loss.

Mos. Madam —

Lady P. I ha' brought your patron

A toy, a cap here, of mine own work.

Mos. 'T is well. 15

I had forgot to tell you I saw your knight Where you would little think it. —

Lady P. Where?

Mos. Marry,

Where yet, if you make haste, you may apprehend him,

Rowing upon the water in a gondole, With the most cunning courtesan of Venice. 20

Lady P. Is 't true?

Mos. Pursue 'em, and believe your eyes: Leave me to make your gift.

[*Exit Lady P. hastily.*]

I knew 't would take:

⁸⁰ *Pastor Fido*: *The Faithful Shepherd*, Guarini's pastoral drama ¹¹⁰ *faeces*: dregs ¹¹⁴ *more a days*: more frequently ¹²⁵ *cozlanet*: equals in age ¹⁵ *presented*: made a present

For, lightly, they that use themselves most
license,

Are still most jealous.

Volp. Mosca, hearty thanks
For thy quick fiction, and delivery of me. 25
Now to my hopes, what sayest thou?

[*Re-enter Lady P. Would-be*]

Lady P. But do you hear, sir? —

Volp. Again! I fear a paroxysm.

Lady P. Which way
Row'd they together?

Mos. Toward the Rialto.

Lady P. I pray you lend me your dwarf. 29

Mos. I pray you take him [*Exit Lady P.*]
Your hopes, sir, are like happy blossoms, fair,
And promise timely fruit, if you will stay
But the maturing; keep you at your couch,
Corbaccio will arrive straight, with the will;
When he is gone, I 'll tell you more. [*Exit.*]

Volp. My blood, 35
My spirits are return'd, I am alive
And, like your wanton gamester at primero,
Whose thought had whisper'd to him, not go
less,

Methinks I lie, and draw — for an encounter.

Act III. Scene VI

[*The Same.*]

Mosca, Bonario

[*Mos.*] Sir, here conceal'd [*opening a door*]
you may hear all. But, pray you,
Have patience, sir, *One knocks.*
the same 's your father knocks:
I am compell'd to leave you. [*Exit.*]

Bon. Do so. — Yet
Cannot my thought imagine this a truth.
[*Goes in.*]

Act III. Scene VII

[*The Same.*]

Mosca, Corvino, Celia, Bonario, Volpone

[*Mos.*] Death on me! you are come too
soon! what meant you?
Did not I say I would send?

Corv. Yes, but I fear'd
You might forget it, and then they prevent us.

Mos. Prevent! [*Aside*] Did e'er man
haste so for his horns?

A courtier would not ply it so for a place. 5
— Well, now there is no helping it, stay here;
I 'll presently return. [*Exit.*]

Corv. Where are you, Celia?
You know not wherefore I have brought you
hither?

Cel. Not well, except you told me.

Corv. Now I will:
Hark hither. [*They retire to one side.*]

[*Re-enter Mosca*]

Mos. Sir, your father hath sent word, 10
To Bonario.

It will be half an hour ere he come;
And therefore, if you please to walk the while
Into that gallery — at the upper end,
There are some books to entertain the time:
And I 'll take care no man shall come unto you,
sir. 15

Bon. Yes, I will stay there. — [*Aside.*] I do
doubt this fellow. [*Exit.*]

Mos. There, he is far enough; he can hear
nothing.
And for his father, I can keep him off.

[*Draws the curtains before Volpone's couch*]

Corv. Nay, now, there is no starting back,
and therefore,
Resolve upon it: I have so decreed. 20
It must be done Nor would I move 't afore,
Because I would avoid all shifts and tricks,
That might deny me.

Cel. Sir, let me beseech you,
Affect not these strange trials; if you doubt
My chastity, why, lock me up for ever; 25
Make me the heir of darkness Let me live
Where I may please your fears, if not your trust.

Corv. Believe it, I have no such humour, I.
All that I speak I mean; yet I am not mad; 29
Not horn-mad, see you? Go to, show yourself
Obedient, and a wife.

Cel. O heaven!
Corv. I say it,
Do so.

Cel. Was this the train?
Corv. I 've told you reasons;
What the physicians have set down; how much
It may concern me; what my engagements are;
My means, and the necessity of those means 35
For my recovery: wherefore, if you be
Loyal and mine, be won, respect my venture.

Cel. Before your honour?
Corv. Honour! tut, a breath:
There 's no such thing in nature; a mere term
Invented to awe fools. What is my gold 40
The worse for touching, clothes for being look'd
on?
Why, this 's no more. An old decrepit wretch,
That has no sense, no sinew; takes his meat

¹ lightly: commonly ² primero: a card game ³ go: wager ⁴ draw: "Draw" and "en-
counter" are terms in primero, but Volpone also plays on his position His couch is on the inner stage,
and the curtain is drawn before him as the scene closes. Sc. vii. ⁵ train: plot

With others' fingers: only knows to gape
When you do scald his gums; a voice, a shadow;
And what can this man hurt you?

Cel. [*Aside.*] Lord! what spirit 46
Is this hath ent'red him?

Corr. And for your fame,
That 's such a jig; as if I would go tell it,
Cry it on the Piazza! Who shall know it
But he that cannot speak it, and this fellow, 50
Whose lips are i' my pocket? Save yourself,
(If you'll proclaim 't, you may,) I know no other
Should come to know it.

Cel. Are heaven and saints then nothing?
Will they be blind or stupid?

Corr. How!
Cel. Good sir,
Be jealous still, emulate them; and think 55
What hate they burn with toward every sin.

Corr. I grant you: if I thought it were a sin
I would not urge you. Should I offer this
To some young Frenchman, or hot Tuscan
blood

That had read Aretine, conn'd all his prints, 60
Knew every quirk within lust's labyrinth,
And were profess'd critic in lechery;
And I would look upon him, and applaud him,
This were a sin: but here, 't is contrary,
A pious work, mere charity for physic, 65
And honest polity, to assure mine own.

Cel. O heaven! canst thou suffer such a
change?

Volp. Thou art mine honour, Mosca, and
my pride,
My joy, my tickling, my delight! Go bring
em.

Mos. [*Advancing.*] Please you draw near,
sir.

Corr. Come on, what — 70
You will not be rebellious? By that light —

Mos. Sir, Signior Corvino, here, is come to
see you.

Volp. Oh!

Mos. And hearing of the consultation had,
So lately, for your health, is come to offer,
Or rather, sir, to prostitute —

Corr. Thanks, sweet Mosca. 75

Mos. Freely, unask'd, or untreated —

Corr. Well.

Mos. As the true fervent instance of his love,
His own most fair and proper wife; the beauty
Only of price in Venice —

Corr. 'T is well urg'd.

Mos. To be your comfortress, and to pre-
serve you. 80

Volp. Alas, I am past, already! Pray you,
thank him

For his good care and promptness; but for that,

⁴⁸ jig: farce ⁷⁹ Only of price: unparalleled
nitric acid ¹⁰⁸ cor'sives: corrosives

'T is a vain labour e'en to fight 'gainst heaven;
Applying fire to a stone — uh, uh, uh!

[*Coughing.*]
Making a dead leaf grow again. I take 85
His wishes gently, though; and you may tell
him

What I have done for him: marry, my state is
hopeless.

Will him to pray for me; and t' use his fortune
With reverence when he comes to 't.

Mos. Do you hear, sir?
Go to him with your wife.

Corr. Heart of my father! 90
Wilt thou persist thus? Come, I pray thee,
come.

Thou seest 't is nothing, Celia. By this hand
I shall grow violent Come, do 't, I say.

Cel. Sir, kill me, rather. I will take down
poison,
Eat burning coals, do anything —

Corr. Be damn'd! 95
Heart, I will drag thee hence home by the hair;
Cry thee a strumpet through the streets; rip up
Thy mouth unto thine ears; and slit thy nose,
Like a raw rocket! — Do not tempt me; come,
Yield, I am loath — Death! I will buy some
slave 100

Whom I will kill, and bind thee to him alive;
And at my windore hang you forth, devising
Some monstrous crime, which I, in capital letters,
Will eat into thy flesh with aquafortis, 104
And burning cor'sives, on this stubborn breast.
Now, by the blood thou hast incens'd, I 'll do 't!

Cel. Sir, what you please, you may; I am
your martyr.

Corr. Be not thus obstinate, I ha' not de-
serv'd it:

Think who it is intreats you. Pray thee,
sweet; —

Good faith, thou shalt have jewels, gowns, at-
tires, 110

What thou wilt think, and ask. Do but go kiss
him.

Or touch him but. For my sake At my suit —
This once. No! not! I shall remember this.

Will you disgrace me thus? Do you thirst my
undoing?

Mos. Nay, gentle lady, be advis'd.

Corr. No, no. 115
She has watch'd her time. God's precious, this
is scurvy,

'T is very scurvy; and you are —

Mos. Nay, good sir.

Corr. An arrant locust — by heaven, a
locust! —

Whore, crocodile, that hast thy tears prepar'd,
Expecting how thou 't bid 'em flow —

⁹⁹ rocket: a fish of a red color ¹⁰⁴ aquafortis:

Mos. Nay, pray you, sir! 120
She will consider.

Cel. Would my life would serve
To satisfy —

Corv. 'Sdeath! if she would but speak to him,
And save my reputation, 't were somewhat;
But spitefully to affect my utter ruin!

Mos. Ay, now you have put your fortune in
her hands. 125

Why 'I faith, it is her modesty, I must quit
her.

If you were absent, she would be more coming,
I know it: and dare undertake for her.

What woman can before her husband? Pray
you,

Let us depart and leave her here.

Corv. Sweet Celia, 130
Thou may'st redeem all yet; I 'll say no more:
If not, esteem yourself as lost. Nay, stay there

[*Exit with Mosca*]

Cel. O God, and his good angels! whither,
whither,

Is shame fled human breasts? that with such
ease, 134

Men dare put off your honours, and their own?
Is that, which ever was a cause of life,

Now plac'd beneath the basest circumstance,
And modesty an exile made, for money?

Volp. Ay, in Corvino, and such earth-fed
minds, *He leaps off from his couch.*

That never tasted the true heaven of love 140
Assure thee, Celia, he that would sell thee,

Only for hope of gain, and that uncertain,
He would have sold his part of Paradise

For ready money, had he met a cope-man.
Why art thou maz'd to see me thus riviv'd?

Rather applaud thy beauty's miracle, 146
'T is thy great work, that hath, not now alone,

But sundry times rais'd me, in several shapes,
And, but this morning, like a mountebank,

To see thee at thy windore: ay, before 150
I would have left my practice, for thy love,

In varying figures, I would have contended
With the blue Proteus, or the horned flood.

Now art thou welcome.

Cel. Sir!
Volp. Nay, fly me not,

Nor let thy false imagination 155
That I was bed-rid, make thee think I am so:

Thou shalt not find it I am now as fresh,
As hot, as high, and in as jovial plight

As, when, in that so celebrated scene,
At recitation of our comedy, 160

For entertainment of the great Valois,
I acted young Antinous; and attracted

The eyes and ears of all the ladies present,
'T' admire each graceful gesture, note, and
footing. [*Sings.*]

SONG

Come, my Celia, let us prove 165

While we can, the sports of love,
Time will not be ours for ever,

He, at length, our good will sever;
Spend not then his gifts in vain:

Suns that set may rise again; 170
But if once we lose this light,
'T is with us perpetual night.

Why should we defer our joys?
Fame and rumour are but toys.

Cannot we delude the eyes 175
Of a few poor household spies?
Or his easier ears beguile,

Thus removed by our wile?
'T is no sin love's fruits to steal,

But the sweet thefts to reveal: 180
To be taken, to be seen,
These have crimes accounted been.

Cel. Some serene blast me, or dire lightning
strike

This my offending face!
Volp. Why droops my Celia?

Thou hast, in place of a base husband found 185
A worthy lover: use thy fortune well,

With secrecy and pleasure. See, behold,
What thou art queen of, not in expectation,

As I feed others. but possess'd and crown'd.
See, here, a rope of pearl; and each more
orient 190

Than that the brave Ægyptian queen carous'd:
Dissolve and drink 'em See, a carbuncle,

May put out both the eyes of our St Mark;
A diamond would have bought Lollia Paulina,

When she came in like star-light, hid with
jewels 195

That were the spoils of provinces; take these
And wear, and lose 'em; yet remains an ear-
ring

To purchase them again, and this whole state.
A gem but worth a private patrimony

Is nothing; we will eat such at a meal. 200
The heads of parrots, tongues of nightingales,

The brains of peacocks, and of estriches,
Shall be our food, and, could we get the phoenix,

Though nature lost her kind, she were our dish.
Cel. Good sir, these things might move a
mind affected 205

With such delights; but I, whose innocence
Is all I can think wealthy, or worth th' enjoy-
ing,

¹²⁰ quit: excuse, acquit ¹²⁵ undertake: promise ¹⁴⁴ cope-man: chapman, merchant ¹⁵¹ prac-
tice: plotting ¹⁵⁵ horned flood: the ocean ¹⁶¹ entertainment: for Henri III of France at Venice in
1574 ¹⁶⁵ serene: mildew ¹⁷⁴ Lollia Paulina: a Roman heiress ²⁰⁴ Though . . . kind: though
this unique bird became thereby extinct

And which, once lost, I have nought to lose beyond it,

Cannot be taken with these sensual baits:

If you have conscience —

Volp.

'T is the beggar's virtue;

If thou hast wisdom, hear me, Celia. 211

Thy baths shall be the juice of July-flowers,

Spirit of roses, and of violets,

The milk of unicorns, and panthers' breath 214

Gather'd in bags, and mix'd with Cretan wines.

Our drink shall be prepared gold and amber;

Which we will take until my roof whirl round

With the vertigo: and my dwarf shall dance,

My eunuch sing, my fool make up the antic, 219

Whilst we, in changed shapes, act Ovid's tales,

Thou, like Europa now, and I like Jove,

Then I like Mars, and thou like Erycine:

So of the rest, till we have quite run through,

And wearied all the fables of the gods. 224

Then will I have thee in more modern forms,

Attired like some sprightly dame of France,

Brave Tuscan lady, or proud Spanish beauty;

Sometimes unto the Persian sophy's wife;

Or the grand signior's mistress, and for change,

To one of our most artful courtesans, 230

Or some quick Negro, or cold Russian;

And I will meet thee in as many shapes:

Where we may so transfuse our wand'ring souls

Out at our lips, and score up sums of pleasures,

[*Sings.*]

That the curious shall not know 235

How to tell them as they flow;

And the envious, when they find

What their number is, be pin'd.

Cel. If you have ears that will be pierc'd — or eyes

That can be open'd — a heart may be touch'd —

Or any part that yet sounds man about you — 241

If you have touch of holy saints — or heaven —

Do me the grace to let me scape: — if not,

Be bountiful and kill me. You do know,

I am a creature, hither ill betray'd, 245

By one whose shame I would forget it were:

If you will deign me neither of these graces,

Yet feed your wrath, sir, rather than your lust,

(It is a vice comes nearer manliness.)

And punish that unhappy crime of nature, 250

Which you miscall my beauty: flay my face,

Or poison it with ointments for seducing

Your blood to this rebellion. Rub these hands

With what may cause an eating leprosy,

E'en to my bones and marrow: anything 255

That may disfavour me, save in my honour —

And I will kneel to you, pray for you, pay down

A thousand hourly vows, sir, for your health; Report, and think you virtuous —

Volp.

Think me cold,

Frozen, and impotent, and so report me? 260

That I had Nestor's hernia, thou shouldst think.

I do degenerate, and abuse my nation,

To play with opportunity thus long;

I should have done the act, and then have par-

ley'd. Yield, or I'll force thee. [*Seizes her.*]

Cel. O! just God!

Volp. In vain — 265

Bon. Forbear, foul ravisher! libidinous swine!

He leaps out from where Mosca had plac'd him.

Free the forc'd lady, or thou diest, impostor.

But that I'm loath to snatch thy punishment

Out of the hand of justice, thou shouldst yet

Be made the timely sacrifice of vengeance, 270

Before this altar and this dross, thy idol. —

Lady, let's quit the place, it is the den

Of villainy; fear nought, you have a guard:

And he ere long shall meet his just reward. 274

[*Exeunt Bon. and Cel.*]

Volp. Fall on me, roof, and bury me in ruin!

Become my grave, that wert my shelter! O!

I am unmask'd, unspirited, undone,

Betray'd to beggary, to infamy —

Act III. Scene VIII

[*The Same.*]

Mosca, Volpone

[*Mos.*] Where shall I run, most wretched shame of men,

To beat out my unlucky brains?

Volp.

Here, here.

What! dost thou bleed?

Mos. O, that his well-driv'n sword

Had been so courteous to have cleft me down

Unto the navel, ere I liv'd to see 5

My life, my hopes, my spirits, my patron, all

Thus desperately engaged by my error!

Volp. Woe on thy fortune!

Mos. And my follies, sir.

Volp. Th' hast made me miserable.

Mos. And myself, sir.

Who would have thought he would have heark-

en'd so? 10

Volp. What shall we do?

Mos. I know not; if my heart

Could expiate the mischance, I'd pluck it out.

Will you be pleas'd to hang me, or cut my

throat?

²¹¹ antic: grotesque pageant ²²² Erycine: Venus ²²⁸ sophy: Shah ²²⁹ grand signior: Sultan
²⁴⁰ may: that may

And I'll requite you, sir. Let's die like
Romans,
Since we have liv'd like Grecians.

They knock without.

Volp. Hark! who's there? 15
I hear some footing; officers, the saff,
Come to apprehend us! I do feel the brand
Hissing already at my forehead; now
Mine ears are boring.

Mos. To your couch, sir, you.
Make that place good, however. [*Volpone lies
down as before*] Guilty men 20
Suspect what they deserve still. Signior Cor-
baccio!

Act III. Scene IX

[*The Same*]

*Corbaccio, Mosca, [later] Voltore, Volpone
[on his couch]*

[*Corb.*] Why, how now, Mosca?

Mos. O, undone, amaz'd, sir.
Your son, I know not by what accident,
Acquainted with your purpose to my patron,
Touching your will, and making him your heir,
Ent'red our house with violence, his sword
drawn, 5
Sought for you, call'd you wretch, unnatural,
Vow'd he would kill you.

Corb. Me!

Mos. Yes, and my patron.

Corb. This act shall disinher't him indeed:
Here is the will.

Mos. 'T is well, sir

Corb. Right and well:
Be you as careful now for me.

[*Enter Voltore behind*]

Mos. My life, sir, 10
Is not more tender'd; I am only yours.

Corb. How does he? Will he die shortly,
think'st thou?

Mos. I fear
He'll outlast May.

Corb. To-day?

Mos. No, last out May, sir.

Corb. Couldst thou not gi' him a dram?

Mos. O, by no means, sir.

Corb. Nay, I'll not bid you.

Vol. [*Coming forward.*] This is a knave, I
see. 15

Mos. [*Aside, seeing Volt.*] How! Signior Vol-
tore! did he hear me?

Vol. Parasite!

Mos. Who's that? — O, sir, most timely
welcome —

Vol. Scarce,

To the discovery of your tricks, I fear.

You are his, *only*? And mine also, are you not?

Mos. Who? I, sir!

Vol. You, sir. What device is this 20
About a will?

Mos. A plot for you, sir.

Vol. Come,

Put not your foists upon me; I shall scent 'em.

Mos. Did you not hear it?

Vol. Yes, I hear Corbaccio

Hath made your patron there his heir.

Mos. 'T is true,

By my device, drawn to it by my plot. 25
With hope —

Vol. Your patron should reciprocate?
And you have promis'd?

Mos. For your good I did, sir.

Nay, more, I told his son, brought, hid him
here,

Where he might hear his father pass the deed;
Being persuaded to it by this thought, sir, 30
That the unnaturalness, first, of the act,
And then his father's oft disclaiming in him,
(Which I did mean t' help on), would sure en-
rage him

To do some violence upon his parent, 34

On which the law should take sufficient hold,
And you be stated in a double hope.

Truth be my comfort, and my conscience,
My only aim was to dig you a fortune
Out of these two old rotten sepulchres —

Vol. I cry thee mercy, Mosca

Mos. — Worth your patience, 40
And your great merit, sir And see the change!

Vol. Why, what success?

Mos. Most hapless! you must help, sir.
Whilst we expected th' old raven, in comes
Corvino's wife, sent hither by her husband —

Vol. What, with a present?

Mos. No, sir, on visitation; 45
(I'll tell you how anon;) and staying long,
The youth he grows impatient, rushes forth,
Seizeth the lady, wounds me, makes her swear
(Or he would murder her, that was his vow)
T' affirm my patron to have done her rape: 50
Which how unlike it is, you see! and hence,
With that pretext he's gone, t' accuse his
father,

Defame my patron, defeat you —

Vol. Where's her husband?

Let him be sent for straight.

Mos. Sir, I'll go fetch him.

Vol. Bring him to the Scrutineo.

Mos. Sir, I will. 55

Vol. This must be stopp'd.

Mos. O you do nobly, sir.

¹⁴ like Romans: *s.e.*, by suicide ¹⁵ like Grecians: luxuriously ¹⁶ saff: bailiffs ¹⁷ tender'd: cared for ¹⁸ foists: decents ¹⁹ cry . . . mercy: beg your pardon ²⁰ Scrutineo: Senate House

Alas, 't was labour'd all, sir, for your good;
 Nor was there want of counsel in the plot:
 But Fortune can, at any time, o'erthrow
 The projects of a hundred learned clerks, sir. 60
Corb. [Listening.] What 's that?
Voll. Wilt please you, sir, to go along?
[Exit Corbaccio, followed by Vollere.]
Mos. Patron, go in, and pray for our success.
Volp. [Rising from his couch.] Need makes
 devotion: heaven your labour bless!
[Exeunt.]

Act IIII. Scene I

[A Street.]

Politic, Peregrine

[*Sir P.*] I told you, sir, it was a plot; you see
 What observation is! You mention'd me
 For some instructions: I will tell you, sir,
 (Since we are met here in this height of Venice,) 5
 Some few particulars I have set down,
 Only for this meridian, fit to be known
 Of your crude traveller; and they are these.
 I will not touch, sir, at your phrase, or clothes,
 For they are old.
Per. Sir, I have better.
Sir P. Pardon,
 I meant, as they are themes.
Per. O, sir, proceed: 10
 I'll slander you no more of wit, good sir.
Sir P. First, for your garb, it must be grave
 and serious,
 Very reserv'd and lock'd, not tell a secret
 On any terms, not to your father; scarce
 A fable, but with caution: make sure choice 15
 Both of your company and discourse; beware
 You never speak a truth —
Per. How!
Sir P. Not to strangers,
 For those be they you must converse with
 most;
 Others I would not know, sir, but at distance
 So as I still might be a saver in 'em. 20
 You shall have tricks else pass'd upon you hourly.
 And then, for your religion, profess none,
 But wonder at the diversity of all;
 And, for your part, protest, were there no other
 But simply the laws o' th' land, you could con-
 tent you 25
 Nick Machiavel and Monsieur Bodin, both
 Were of this mind. Then must you learn the use
 And handling of your silver fork at meals,
 The metal of your glass; (these are main mat-
 ters

With your Italian;) and to know the hour 30
 When you must eat your melons and your figs.
Per. Is that a point of state too?

Sir P. Here it is:

For your Venetian, if he see a man
 Preposterous in the least, he has him straight;
 He has; he strips him. I'll acquaint you, sir. 35
 I now have liv'd here 't is some fourteen
 months:

Within the first week of my landing here,
 All took me for a citizen of Venice,
 I knew the forms so well —

Per. [Aside.] And nothing else.

Sir P. I had read Contarene, took me a
 house, 40
 Dealt with my Jews to furnish it with mov-
 ables —

Well, if I could but find one man, one man
 To mine own heart, whom I durst trust, I
 would —

Per. What, what, sir?

Sir P. Make him rich; make him a fortune:
 He should not thunk again. I would command
 it. 45

Per. As how?

Sir P. With certain projects that I have;
 Which I may not discover.

Per. [Aside.] If I had
 But one to wager with, I would lay odds now,
 He tells me instantly.

Sir P. One is, and that
 I care not greatly who knows, to serve the state
 Of Venice with red herrings for three years, 51
 And at a certain rate, from Rotterdam,
 Where I have correspondence There's a letter,
 Sent me from one o' th' states, and to that pur-
 pose:

He cannot write his name, but that's his
 mark 55

Per. He is a chandler?

Sir P. No, a cheesemonger.
 There are some other too with whom I treat
 About the same negotiation;
 And I will undertake it for 't is thus
 I'll do 't with ease, I have cast it all. Your
 hoy 60

Carries but three men in her, and a boy;
 And she shall make me three returns a year:
 So if there come but one of three, I save;
 If two, I can defalk: — but this is now,
 If my main project fail.

Per. Then you have others? 65

Sir P. I should be loath to draw the subtle
 air
 Of such a place, without my thousand aims.
 I'll not dissemble, sir: where'er I come,

¹⁰ themes: subjects to discuss ¹¹ lock'd: reticent ¹² Bodin: a French writer on politics (1530–1596) ¹³ Contarene: Gasparo Contarini (1483–1542), cardinal, diplomatist, and writer on Venice
¹⁴ think: i.e., about money ¹⁵ cast: calculated ¹⁶ hoy: small sloop ¹⁷ defalk: make a reduction

I love to be considerative; and 't is true,
I have at my free hours thought upon 70
Some certain goods unto the state of Venice,
Which I do call my Cautions; and, sir, which
I mean, in hope of pension, to propound
To the Great Council, then unto the Forty, 74
So to the Ten. My means are made already —

Per. By whom? [be obscure,

Sir P. Sir, one that though his place
Yet he can sway, and they will hear him. He 's
A *commandadore*.

Per. What! a common sergeant?

Sir P. Sir, such as they are, put it in their
mouths,
What they should say, sometimes; as well as
greater: 80

I think I have my notes to show you —

[*Searching his pockets.*]

Per. Good sir.

Sir P. But you shall swear unto me, on your
gentry,
Not to anticipate —

Per. I, sir!

Sir P. Nor reveal
A circumstance — My paper is not with me.

Per. O, but you can remember, sir

Sir P. My first is 85
Concerning tinder-boxes. You must know,
No family is here without its box.
Now, sir, it being so portable a thing,
Put case, that you or I were ill affected
Unto the state, sir; with it in our pockets, 90
Might not I go into the Arsenal,
Or you? come out again, and none the wiser?

Per. Except yourself, sir.

Sir P. Go to, then. I therefore
Advise to the state, how fit it were
That none but such as were known patriots, 95
Sound lovers of their country, should be suf-
fer'd

T' enjoy them in their houses; and even those
Seal'd at some office, and at such a bigness
As might not lurk in pockets.

Per. Admirable!

Sir P. My next is, how t' inquire, and be
resolv'd 100

By present demonstration, whether a ship,
Newly arriv'd from Soria, or from
Any suspected part of all the Levant,
Be guilty of the plague: and where they use
To lie out forty, fifty days, sometimes, 105
About the Lazaretto, for their trial;
I'll save that charge and loss unto the merchant,
And in an hour clear the doubt.

Per. Indeed, sir!

Sir P. Or — I will lose my labour.

Per. My faith, that 's much.

Sir P. Nay, sir, conceive me. 'T will cost
me, in onions, 110
Some thirty livres —

Per. Which is one pound sterling.

Sir P. Beside my waterworks: for this I do,
sir
First, I bring in your ship 'twixt two brick
walls;

But those the state shall venter. On the one
I strain me a fair tarpaulin, and in that 115
I stick my onions, cut in halves; the other
Is full of loopholes, out at which I thrust
The noses of my bellows; and those bellows
I keep, with waterworks, in perpetual motion,
Which is the easiest matter of a hundred. 120
Now, sir, your onion, which doth naturally
Attract th' infection, and your bellows blowing
The air upon him, will show instantly,
By his chang'd colour, if there be contagion;
Or else remain as fair as at the first. 125
Now 't is known, 't is nothing.

Per. You are right, sir.

Sir P. I would I had my note.

Per. Faith, so would I:
But you ha' done well for once, sir.

Sir P. Were I false,
Or would be made so, I could show you reasons
How I could sell this state now to the Turk, 130
Spite of their galleys, or their —

[*Examining his papers.*]

Per. Pray you, Sir Pol.

Sir P. I have 'em not about me.

Per. That I fear'd.
They are there, sir?

Sir P. No, this is my diary,
Wherein I note my actions of the day. 134

Per. Pray you, let 's see, sir. What is here?

"*Nolandum:*" [Reads.]

A rat had gnawn my spur-leathers; notwith-
standing,

I put on new, and did go forth; but first
I threw three beans over the threshold. *Item,*
I went and bought two toothpicks, whereof
one

I burst immediately, in a discourse 140
With a Dutch merchant, 'bout *ragion' del stato*.
From him I went and paid a *moccinigo*
For piecing my silk stockings; by the way
I cheapen'd sprats; and at St. Mark's I
urin'd."

'Faith these are politic notes!

Sir P. Sir, I do slip 145
No action of my life, thus, but I quote it.

Per. Believe me, it is wise!

Sir P. Nay, sir, read forth.

⁸⁸ considerative: thoughtful ⁷⁴ be obscure: ('b' obscure' F) ⁸⁹ Put case: suppose ¹⁰² Soria:
Syria ¹⁰⁸ Lazaretto: building or ship used for quarantine ¹¹¹ livres: French coins ¹¹⁴ venter:
invest in ¹¹⁵ strain: stretch ¹⁴¹ ragion' del stato: politics ¹⁴⁴ cheapen'd: bargained for

Act IIII. Scene II

[The Same.]

Lady [Politie Would-be], Nano, Women,

[Sir] Politie, Peregrine

[Lady P.] Where should this loose knight
be, trow? Sure he 's hous'd.

Nan. Why, then he 's fast.

Lady P. Ay, he plays both with me.
I pray you stay. This heat will do more harm
To my complexion than his heart is worth.
(I do not care to hinder, but to take him.)
How it comes off! [Rubbing her cheeks.]

1 Wom. My master 's yonder.

Lady P. Where?

2 Wom. With a young gentleman.

Lady P. That same 's the party:
In man's apparel! Pray you, sir, jog my
knight:

I will be tender to his reputation,
However he demerit.

Sir P. [Seeing her.] My lady!

Per. Where? 10

Sir P. 'T is she indeed, sir; you shall know
her. She is,

Were she not mine, a lady of that merit,
For fashion and behaviour; and for beauty
I durst compare —

Per. It seems you are not jealous,
That dare commend her.

Sir P. Nay, and for discourse — 15

Per. Being your wife, she cannot miss that.

Sir P. [Introducing Per.] Madam,
Here is a gentleman, pray you, use him fairly;
He seems a youth, but he is —

Lady P. None?

Sir P. Yes, one
Has put his face as soon into the world —

Lady P. You mean, as early? But to-day?

Sir P. How 's this? 20

Lady P. Why, in this habit, sir; you appre-
hend me.

Well, Master Would-be, this doth not become
you;

I had thought the odour, sir, of your good
name

Had been more precious to you; that you would
not

Have done this dire massacre on your honour;
One of your gravity, and rank besides! 26

But knights, I see, care little for the oath
They make to ladies; chiefly their own ladies.

Sir P. Now, by my spurs, the symbol of my
knighthood —

Per. [Aside.] Lord, how his brain is humbled
for an oath! 30

Sir P. I reach you not.

Lady P. Right, sir, your polity
May bear it through thus. Sir, a word with you.

[To Per.]

I would be loath to contest publicly
With any gentlewoman, or to seem
Froward, or violent, as the courtier says; 35
It comes too near rusticity in a lady,
Which I would shun by all means: and how-
ever

I may deserve from Master Would-be, yet
T' have one fair gentlewoman thus be made
The unkind instrument to wrong another, 40
And one she knows not, ay, and to perséver;
In my poor judgment, is not warranted
From being a solecism in our sex,
If not in manners.

Per. How is this!

Sir P. Sweet madam,
Come nearer to your aim.

Lady P. Marry, and will, sir. 45
Since you provoke me with your impudence,
And laughter of your light land-siren here,
Your Sporus, your hermaphrodite —

Per. What 's here?
Poetic fury and historic storms! 49

Sir P. The gentleman, believe it, is of worth
And of our nation.

Lady P. Ay, your Whitefriars nation.
Come, I blush for you, Master Would-be, I;
And am asham'd you should ha' no more fore-
head

Than thus to be the patron, or St. George, 55
To a lewd harlot, a base fricatrice,
A female devil, in a male outside.

Sir P. Nay,

As you be such a one, I must bid adieu
To your delights. The case appears too liquid.

[Exit.]

Lady P. Ay, you may carry 't clear, with
your state-face!

But for your carnival concupiscence, 60
Who here is fled for liberty of conscience,
From furious persecution of the marshal,
Her will I disc'ple.

Per. This is fine, i' faith!

And do you use this often? Is this part 64
Of your wit's exercise, 'gainst you have occasion?

Madam —

Lady P. Go to, sir.

Per. Do you hear me, lady?
Why, if your knight have set you to beg shirts,
Or to invite me home, you might have done it
A nearer way by far.

¹ both: i.e., fast and loose ² chiefly: particularly ³ reach: understand ⁴ Whitefriars: a part of London where malefactors were immune from arrest ⁵ forehead: sense of shame ⁶ fricatrice: prostitute ⁷ liquid: clear ⁸ disc'ple: discipline, punish

Lady P. This cannot work you
Out of my snare.

Per. Why, am I in it, then? 70
Indeed your husband told me you were fair,
And so you are; only your nose inclines,
That side that's next the sun, to the queen-
apple.

Lady P. This cannot be endur'd by any pa-
tience.

Act III. Scene III

[*The Same*]

Mosca, Lady [Politick Would-be], Peregrine

[*Mos.*] What's the matter, madam?

Lady P. If the senate
Right not my quest in this, I will protest 'em
To all the world no aristocracy.

Mos. What is the injury, lady?

Lady P. Why, the callet
You told me of, here I have ta'en disguis'd 5

Mos. Who? this! what means your lady-
ship? The creature
I mention'd to you is apprehended now,
Before the senate; you shall see her —

Lady P. Where?
Mos. I'll bring you to her. This young
gentleman,

I saw him land this morning at the port. 10

Lady P. Is't possible! how has my judg-
ment wander'd?
Sir, I must, blushing, say to you, I have err'd;
And plead your pardon.

Per. What, more changes yet!
Lady P. I hope you ha' not the malice to
remember

A gentlewoman's passion. If you stay 15
In Venice here, please you to use me, sir —

Mos. Will you go, madam?
Lady P. Pray you, sir, use me; in faith,
The more you see me the more I shall conceive
You have forgot our quarrel.

[*Exeunt Lady Would-be, Mosca, Nano, and
Waiting-women*]

Per. This is rare!
Sir Politick Would-be? No, Sir Politick Bawd, 20
To bring me thus acquainted with his wife!

Well, wise Sir Pol, since you have practis'd
thus
Upon my freshman-ship, I'll try your salt-head,
What proof it is against a counter-plot.

[*Exit.*]

Act III. Scene III

[*The Scrutineo.*]

Vollere, Corbaccio, Corvino, Mosca

[*Voll.*] Well, now you know the carriage of
the business,
Your constancy is all that is requir'd
Unto the safety of it.

Mos. Is the lie
Safely convey'd amongst us? Is that sure?
Knows every man his burden?

Corv. Yes.

Mos. Then shrink not. 5

Corv. But knows the advocate the truth?

Mos. O, sir,

By no means; I devis'd a formal tale,
That salv'd your reputation. But be valiant, sir.

Corv. I fear no one but him, that this his
pleading
Should make him stand for a co-heir —

Mos. Co-halter! 10
Hang him; we will but use his tongue, his noise,
As we do croaker's here.

Corv. Ay, what shall he do?

Mos. When we ha' done, you mean?

Corv. Yes.

Mos. Why, we'll think;
Sell him upon mummia: he's half dust al-
ready. —

Do not you smile, to see this buffalo, 15
To Vollere.

How he doth sport it with his head? [*Aside.*]
I should,

If all were well and past. — Sir, only you
To Corbaccio.

Are he that shall enjoy the crop of all,
And these not know for whom they toil.

Corb. Ay, peace.

Mos. But you shall eat it. [*Aside.*] Much!
— Worshipping sir, 20

To Corvino, then to Vollere again.
Mercury sit upon your thund'ring tongue,
Or the French Hercules. and make your lan-
guage

As conquering as his club, to beat along,
As with a tempest, flat, our adversaries:
But much more yours, sir.

Voll. Here they come, ha' done. 25
Mos. I have another witness, if you need, sir,
I can produce.

Voll. Who is it?
Mos. Sir, I have her.

⁷⁰ queen-apple: This apple is red on the side toward the sun. ⁴ callet: wanton ²⁰ salt-head: (the opposite of "freshman") ¹ carriage: purpose, conduct ⁴ convey'd: communicated ¹ burden: the refrain he has to sing ¹⁵ croaker's: Corbaccio's ¹⁴ mummia: a drug supposed to be derived from mummies ¹⁵ buffalo: horned beast ²⁰ Much: i.e., Much chance you have of doing so! ²⁵ French Hercules: Ogmios, a symbol of eloquence

Act III. Scene V[*The Same.*]

4 *Avocatori, Bonario, Celia, Voltore, Corbaccio, Corvino, Mosca, Nolario, Commandadori*

[1 *Avoc.*] The like of this the senate never heard of.

2 *Avoc.* 'T will come most strange to them when we report it.

4 *Avoc.* The gentlewoman has been ever held Of unproved name.

3 *Avoc.* So the young man.

4 *Avoc.* The more unnatural part that of his father. 5

2 *Avoc.* More of the husband.

1 *Avoc.* I not know to give

His act a name, it is so monstrous!

4 *Avoc.* But the impostor, he is a thing created

T' exceed example!

1 *Avoc.* And all after-times!

2 *Avoc.* I never heard a true voluptuary 10 Describ'd but him.

3 *Avoc.* Appear yet those were cited?

Not. All but the old magnifico, Volpone.

1 *Avoc.* Why is not he here?

Mos. Please your fatherhoods,

Here is his advocate: himself 's so weak, So feeble —

4 *Avoc.* Who are you?

Bon. His parasite, 15

His knave, his pandar. I beseech the court He may be forc'd to come, that your grave eyes May bear strong witness of his strange impostures.

Volt. Upon my faith and credit with your virtues,

He is not able to endure the air. 20

2 *Avoc.* Bring him, however.

3 *Avoc.* We will see him.

4 *Avoc.* Fetch him.

Volt. Your fatherhoods' fit pleasures be obey'd; [*Exeunt Officers.*]

But sure, the sight will rather move your pities Than indignation. May it please the court, In the mean time, he may be heard in me. 25 I know this place most void of prejudice, And therefore crave it, since we have no reason To fear our truth should hurt our cause.

3 *Avoc.* Speak free.

Volt. Then know, most honour'd fathers, I must now

Discover to your strangely abused ears, 30 The most prodigious and most frontless piece Of solid impudence, and treachery,

That ever vicious nature yet brought forth To shame the state of Venice. This lewd woman,

That wants no artificial looks or tears 35

To help the vizard she has now put on,

Hath long been known a close adulteress

To that lascivious youth there; not suspected,

I say, but known, and taken in the act 39

With him; and by this man, the easy husband,

Pardon'd; whose timeless bounty makes him now

Stand here, the most unhappy, innocent person,

That ever man's own goodness made accus'd.

For these, not knowing how to owe a gift

Of that dear grace, but with their shame; being plac'd 45

So above all powers of their gratitude,

Began to hate the benefit; and in place

Of thanks, devise t' exturb the memory

Of such an act: wherein I pray your fatherhoods

To observe the malice, yea, the rage of creatures 50

Discover'd in their evils: and what heart

Such take, ev'n from their crimes: — but that anon

Will more appear. — This gentleman, the father,

Hearing of this foul fact, with many others,

Which daily struck at his too tender ears, 55

And griev'd in nothing more than that he could not

Preserve himself a parent (his son's ills

Growing to that strange flood), at last decreed

To disinherit him.

1 *Avoc.* These be strange turns!

2 *Avoc.* The young man's fame was ever fair and honest. 60

Volt. So much more full of danger is his vice,

That can beguile so, under shade of virtue.

But, as I said, my honour'd sires, his father

Having this settled purpose, by what means

To him betray'd, we know not, and this day 65

Appointed for the deed; that parricide,

I cannot style him better, by confederacy

Preparing this his paramour to be there,

Ent'red Volpone's house (who was the man,

Your fatherhoods must understand, design'd 70

For the inheritance), there sought his father: —

But with what purpose sought he him, my lords?

I tremble to pronounce it, that a son

Unto a father, and to such a father,

Should have so foul, felonious intent! 75

It was to murder him: when being prevented

By his more happy absence, what then did he?

Not check his wicked thoughts; no, now new deeds;

¹ So . . . man: ('So has the youth' Q) ²¹ frontless: shameless ⁴¹ timeless: untimely ⁴² goodness: ('virtue' Q) ⁴³ owe: own ⁴⁴ fact: deed

(Mischief doth ever end where it begins)
 An act of horror, fathers! He dragg'd forth so
 The aged gentleman that had there lien bed-rid
 Three years and more, out of his innocent couch,
 Naked upon the floor; there left him; wounded
 His servant in the face; and with this strumpet,
 The stale to his forg'd practice, who was glad
 To be so active, — (I shall here desire 86
 Your fatherhoods to note but my collections,
 As most remarkable, —) thought at once to stop
 His father's ends, discredit his free choice
 In the old gentleman, redeem themselves, 90
 By laying infamy upon this man,
 To whom, with blushing, they should owe
 their lives.

1 *Avoc.* What proofs have you of this?

Bon. Most honour'd fathers,
 I humbly crave there be no credit given
 To this man's mercenary tongue.

2 *Avoc.* Forbear. 95

Bon. His soul moves in his fee.

3 *Avoc.* O, sir,

Bon. This fellow,
 For six sols more would plead against his
 Maker.

1 *Avoc.* You do forget yourself.

Voll. Nay, nay, grave fathers,
 Let him have scope: can any man imagine 99
 That he will spare his accuser, that would not
 Have spar'd his parent?

1 *Avoc.* Well, produce your proofs.

Cel. I would I could forget I were a creature.

Voll. Signior Corbaccio!

[*Corbaccio comes forward*]

4 *Avoc.* What is he?

Voll. The father.

2 *Avoc.* Has he had an oath?

Not. Yes.

Corb. What must I do now? 104

Not. Your testimony's crav'd.

Corb. Speak to the knave?

I'll ha' my mouth first stopp'd with earth; my
 heart

Abhors his knowledge: I disclaim in him.

1 *Avoc.* But for what cause?

Corb. The mere portent of nature!

He is an utter stranger to my loins. 109

Bon. Have they made you to this?

Corb. I will not hear thee,
 Monster of men, swine, goat, wolf, parricide!
 Speak not, thou viper.

Bon. Sir, I will sit down,

And rather wish my innocence should suffer
 Than I resist the authority of a father. 114

Voll. Signior Corvino!

[*Corvino comes forward.*]

2 *Avoc.*

This is strange.

1 *Avoc.*

Who's this?

Not. The husband.

4 *Avoc.*

Is he sworn?

Not.

He is.

3 *Avoc.*

Speak then.

Corv. This woman, please your fatherhoods,
 is a whore,

Of most hot exercise, more than a partridge,
 Upon record —

1 *Avoc.* No more

Corv. Neighs like a jennet. 119

Not. Preserve the honour of the court.

Corv.

I shall,

And modesty of your most reverend ears.

And yet I hope that I may say, these eyes
 Have seen her glu'd unto that piece of cedar,
 That fine well timber'd gallant: and that
 here

The letters may be read, thorough the horn, 125
 That make the story perfect.

Mos.

Excellent! sir.

Corv. [*Aside to Mosca.*] There is no shame
 in this now, is there?

Mos.

None.

Corv. Or if I said, I hop'd that she were on-
 ward

To her damnation, if there be a hell
 Greater than whore and woman, a good Catho-
 lic 130

May make the doubt.

3 *Avoc.* His grief hath made him frantic.

1 *Avoc.* Remove him hence.

2 *Avoc.*

Look to the woman.

She swoons.

Corv.

Rare

Prettily feign'd again!

4 *Avoc.*

Stand from about her.

1 *Avoc.* Give her the air.

3 *Avoc.* What can you say? [*To Mosca.*]

Mos.

My wound,

May 't please your wisdoms, speaks for me, re-
 ceiv'd 135

In aid of my good patron, when he miss'd

His sought-for father, when that well-taught
 dame

Had her cue giv'n her to cry out, "A rape!"

Bon. O most laid impudence! Fathers —

3 *Avoc.*

Sir, be silent; 139

You had your hearing free, so must they theirs.

2 *Avoc.* I do begin to doubt th' imposture
 here.

4 *Avoc.* This woman has too many moods.

Voll.

Grave fathers,

She is a creature of a most profess'd

And prostituted lewdness.

⁷⁹ Mischief, once begun, always fulfills itself (Modern editors change "ever" to "never") ⁸⁵ stale: stalking horse ⁸⁷ collections: evidences ⁸⁹ sols: small coins, sous ¹⁰⁷ disclaim in: disown ¹¹⁰ made: prepared ¹³⁵ horn: of a hornbook and of a cuckold ¹³⁹ laid: carefully contrived

Corr. Most impetuous, 144
Unsatisfi'd, grave fathers!

Voll. May her feignings
Not take your wisdoms: but this day she baited
A stranger, a grave knight, with her loose eyes,
And more lascivious kisses. This man saw 'em
Together on the water, in a gondola.

Mos. Here is the lady herself, that saw 'em
too, 150

Without; who then had in the open streets
Pursu'd them, but for saving her knight's hon-
our.

1 *Avoc.* Produce that lady.

2 *Avoc.* Let her come. [*Exit Mosca.*]

4 *Avoc.* These things,
They strike with wonder.

3 *Avoc.* I am turn'd a stone.

Act IIII. Scene VI

[*The Same.*]

*Mosca, Lady [Politic Would-be],
Avocalori, &c.*

Mos. Be resolute, madam.

Lady P. Ay, this same is she.
[*Pointing to Celia.*]

Out, thou chameleon harlot! now thine eyes
Vie tears with the hyena. Dar'st thou look
Upon my wronged face? I cry your pardons,
I fear I have forgett'g thy transgress'd 5
Against the dignity of the court —

2 *Avoc.* No, madam.

Lady P. And been exorbitant —

1 *Avoc.* You have not, lady.

4 *Avoc.* These proofs are strong.

Lady P. Surely, I had no purpose
To scandalize your honours, or my sex's.

3 *Avoc.* We do believe it.

Lady P. Surely you may believe it. 10

2 *Avoc.* Madam, we do.

Lady P. Indeed you may; my breeding
Is not so coarse —

4 *Avoc.* We know it.

Lady P. To offend

With pertinacy —

3 *Avoc.* Lady —

Lady P. Such a presence!
No surely.

1 *Avoc.* We well think it.

Lady P. You may think it.

1 *Avoc.* Let her o'ercome. What witnesses
have you, 15

To make good your report?

Bon. Our consciences.

Cel. And heaven, that never fails the inno-
cent.

4 *Avoc.* These are no testimonies.

Bon. Not in your courts,
Where multitude and clamour overcome.

1 *Avoc.* Nay, then you do wax insolent.

Volpone is brought in, as impotent

Voll. Here, here, 20
The testimony comes that will convince,
And put to utter dumbness their bold tongues!
See here, grave fathers, here 's the ravisher,
The rider on men's wives, the great impostor,
The grand voluptuary! Do you not think 25
These limbs should affect vener'y? or these
eyes

Covet a concubine? Pray you, mark these
hands;

Are they not fit to stroke a lady's breasts?

Perhaps he doth dissemble!

Bon. So he does.

Voll. Would you ha' him tortur'd?

Bon. I would have him prov'd. 30

Voll. Best try him then with goads, or burn-
ing irons;

Put him to the strappado: I have heard
The rack hath cur'd the gout; faith, give it
him,

And help him of a malady; be courteous. 34

I 'll undertake, before these honour'd fathers,
He shall have yet as many left diseases,
As she has known adulterers, or thou strumpets.

O, my most equal hearers, if these deeds,
Acts of this bold and most exorbitant strain,

May pass with suff'rance, what one citizen 40
But owes the forfeit of his life, yea, fame,
To him that dares traduce him? Which of you

Are safe, my honour'd fathers? I would ask,
With leave of your grave fatherhoods, if their

plot

Have any face or colour like to truth? 45
Or if, unto the dullest nostril here,

It smell not rank, and most abhorred slander?
I crave your care of this good gentleman,

Whose life is much endanger'd by their fable;
And as for them, I will conclude with this, 50

That vicious persons, when they 're hot, and
flesh'd

In impious acts, their constancy abounds:
Damn'd deeds are done with greatest confi-

dence.

1 *Avoc.* Take 'em to custody, and sever
them.

2 *Avoc.* 'T is pity two such prodigies should
live. 55

1 *Avoc.* Let the old gentleman be return'd
with care.

[*Exeunt Officers with Volpone.*]

I 'm sorry our credulity wrong'd him.

4 *Avoc.* These are two creatures!

3 *Avoc.* I have an earthquake in me.

²² strappado: a cruel form of torture ²³ equal: impartial

- 2 *Avoc.* Their shame, ev'n in their cradles,
fled their faces.
- 4 *Avoc.* You 've done a worthy service to
the state, sir, 60
In their discovery. [To *Vol.*]
- 1 *Avoc.* You shall hear, ere night,
What punishment the court decrees upon 'em.
Vol. We thank your fatherhoods.
[*Exeunt Avocat., Not., and Officers*
with *Bonario and Celia*]
How like you it?
- Mos.* Rare.
I'd ha' your tongue, sir, tipp'd with gold for
this;
- I'd ha' you be the heir to the whole city; 65
The earth I'd have want men ere you want
living:
They're bound to erect your statue in St.
Mark's.
Signior Corvino, I would have you go
And show yourself that you have conquer'd.
Corv. Yes.
Mos. It was much better that you should
profess 70
Yourself a cuckold thus, than that the other
Should have been prov'd
Corv. Nay, I consider'd that.
Now it is her fault.
Mos. Then it had been yours.
Corv. True; I do doubt this advocate still.
Mos. I' faith,
You need not, I dare ease you of that care 75
Corv. I trust thee, Mosca. [Exit]
Mos. As your own soul, sir.
Corb. Mosca!
Mos. Now for your business, sir.
Corb. How! ha' you business?
Mos. Yes, yours, sir.
Corb. O, none else?
Mos. None else, not I.
Corb. Be careful, then.
Mos. Rest you with both your eyes, sir.
Corb. Dispatch it.
Mos. Instantly.
Corb. And look that all, 80
Whatever, be put in, jewels, plate, moneys,
Household stuff, bedding, curtains.
Mos. Curtain-rings, sir:
Only the advocate's fee must be deducted.
Corb. I'll pay him now; you 'll be too prod-
igal.
Mos. Sir, I must tender it.
Corb. Two cecchines is well. 85
Mos. No, six, sir.
Corb. 'T is too much.
Mos. He talk'd a great while;
You must consider that, sir.
Corb. Well, there 's three —
- Mos.* I 'll give it him.
Corb. Do so, and there 's for thee. [Exit.]
Mos. [Aside.] Bountiful bones! What hor-
rid strange offence
Did he commit 'gainst nature, in his youth, 90
Worthy this age? — You see, sir, [to *Vol.*] how
I work
Unto your ends; take you no notice.
Vol. No,
I 'll leave you.
Mos. All is yours, the devil and all,
Good advocate! — Madam, I 'll bring you home.
Lady P. No, I 'll go see your patron.
Mos. That you shall not: 95
I 'll tell you why. My purpose is to urge
My patron to reform his will, and for
The zeal you 've shown to-day, whereas before
You were but third or fourth, you shall be now 99
Put in the first, which would appear as begg'd
If you were present. Therefore —
Lady P. You shall sway me. [Exeunt.]
- Act V. Scene I
[Volpone's House.]
Volpone
Well, I am here, and all this brunt is past.
I ne'er was in dislike with my disguise
Till this fled moment: here 't was good, in pri-
vate;
But in your public, — *cave* whilst I breathe. 4
'Fore God, my left leg 'gan to have the cramp,
And I apprehended straight some power had
struck me
With a dead palsy. Well! I must be merry,
And shake it off. A many of these fears
Would put me into some villainous disease,
Should they come thick upon me: I 'll prevent
'em. 10
Give me a bowl of lusty wine, to fright
This humour from my heart. *He drinks.*
Hum, hum, hum!
'T is almost gone already; I shall conquer.
Any device now of rare ingenious knavery, 14
That would possess me with a violent laughter,
Would make me up again.
So, so, so, so! *Drinks again.*
This heat is life; 't is blood by this time: —
Mosca!
- Act V. Scene II
[The Same.]
Mosca, Volpone, [and later] Nano, Castrone
[*Mos.*] How now, sir? Does the day look
clear again?
Are we recover'd, and wrought out of error,

70 Rest . . . eyes: Leave the matter to me. 1 brunt: crisis 4 cave: beware

Into our way, to see our path before us?
Is our trade free once more?

Volp. Exquisite Mosca!

Mos. Was it not carri'd learnedly?

Volp. And stoutly: 5

Good wits are greatest in extremities.

Mos. It were a folly beyond thought to trust
Any grand act unto a cowardly spirit.

You are not taken with it enough, methinks.

Volp. O, more than if I had enjoy'd the
wench: 10

The pleasure of all woman-kind 's not like it.

Mos. Why, now you speak, sir. We must
here be fix'd;

Here we must rest; this is our masterpiece;
We cannot think to go beyond this.

Volp. True,

Thou hast play'd thy prize, my precious Mosca.

Mos. Nay, sir, 15

To gull the court —

Volp. And quite divert the torrent
Upon the innocent.

Mos. Yes, and to make

So rare a music out of discords —

Volp. Right.

That yet to me 's the strangest, how th' hast
borne it!

That these, being so divided 'mongst them-
selves, 20

Should not scent somewhat, or in me or thee,
Or doubt their own side.

Mos. True, they will not see 't.

Too much light blinds 'em, I think. Each of 'em
Is so possess'd and stuff'd with his own hopes

That anything unto the contrary, 25

Never so true, or never so apparent,
Never so palpable, they will resist it —

Volp. Like a temptation of the devil.

Mos. Right, sir.

Merchants may talk of trade, and your great
signiors

Of land that yields well; but if Italy 30

Have any glebe more fruitful than these fellows,
I am deceiv'd. Did not your advocate rare?

Volp. O — "My most honour'd fathers, my
grave fathers,

Under correction of your fatherhoods,

What face of truth is here? If these strange
deeds 35

May pass, most honour'd fathers" — I had
much ado

To forbear laughing.

Mos. 'T seem'd to me, you sweat, sir.

Volp. In troth, I did a little.

Mos. But confess, sir,

Were you not daunted?

Volp. In good faith, I was

A little in a mist, but not dejected; 40
Never but still myself.

Mos. I think it, sir.

Now, so truth help me, I must needs say this, sir,
And out of conscience for your advocate,
He has taken pains, in faith, sir, and deserv'd,
(In my poor judgment, I speak it under favour,
Not to contrary you, sir,) very richly — 46
Well — to be cozen'd.

Volp. Troth, and I think so too,
By that I heard him in the latter end.

Mos. O, but before, sir: had you heard him
first

Draw it to certain heads, then aggravate, 50
Then use his vehement figures — I look'd still
When he would shift a shirt; and doing this
Out of pure love, no hope of gain —

Volp. 'T is right.

I cannot answer him, Mosca, as I would,
Not yet; but for thy sake, at thy entreaty, 55
I will begin, e'en now — to vex 'em all,
This very instant.

Mos. Good sir.

Volp. Call the dwarf

And eunuch forth.

Mos. Castrone, Nano!

[Enter Castrone and Nano]

Nano. Here.

Volp. Shall we have a jig now?

Mos. What you please, sir.

Volp. Go,

Straight give out about the streets, you two, 60

That I am dead; do it with constancy,

Sadly, do you hear? Impute it to the grief

Of this late slander.

[Exeunt Cast. and Nano.]

Mos. What do you mean, sir?

Volp. O,

I shall have instantly my Vulture, Crow,
Raven, come flying hither, on the news, 65

To peck for carrion, my she-wolf, and all,

Greedy, and full of expectation —

Mos. And then to have it ravish'd from
their mouths!

Volp. 'T is true. I will ha' thee put on a
gown, 69

And take upon thee, as thou wert mine heir;

Show 'em a will. Open that chest, and reach

Forth one of those that has the blanks; I'll
straight

Put in thy name.

Mos. It will be rare, sir.

[Gives him a paper.]

Volp. Ay,

When they e'en gape, and find themselves de-
luded — 74

¹¹ glebe: soil ²² rare: finely ⁴⁸ latter end: conclusion of his speech ⁵⁰ aggravate: emphasize
⁵² shift a shirt: because of the violence of his gestures ⁵³ Sadly: seriously

Mos. Yes. [patch,
Volp. And thou use them scurvily! Dis-
Get on thy gown.

Mos. [*Putting on a gown.*] But what, sir, if
they ask

After the body?

Volp. Say, it was corrupted.

Mos. I 'll say it stunk, sir; and was fain to
have it

Coffin'd up instantly, and sent away.

Volp. Anything; what thou wilt. Hold,
here 's my will. ⁸⁰

Get thee a cap, a count-book, pen and ink,
Papers afore thee; sit as thou wert taking
An inventory of parcels I 'll get up
Behind the curtain, on a stool, and hearken:
Sometime peep over, see how they do look, ⁸⁵
With what degrees their blood doth leave their
faces.

O, 't will afford me a rare meal of laughter!

Mos. Your advocate will turn stark dull upon
it.

Volp. It will take off his oratory's edge. ⁸⁹

Mos. But your clarissimo, old roundback, he
Will crump you like a hog-louse, with the touch

Volp. And what Corvino?

Mos. O, sir, look for him,

To-morrow morning, with a rope and a dagger,
To visit all the streets; he must run mad.

My lady too, that came into the court, ⁹⁵
To bear false witness for your worship —

Volp. Yes,
And kiss'd me 'fore the fathers, when my face
Flow'd all with oils —

Mos. And sweat, sir. Why, your gold
Is such another med'cine, it dries up
All those offensive savours: it transforms ¹⁰⁰
The most deformed, and restores 'em lovely,
As 't were the strange poetical girdle Jove
Could not invent t' himself a shroud more subtle
To pass Acrisius' guards. It is the thing
Makes all the world her grace, her youth, her
beauty. ¹⁰⁵

Volp. I think she loves me.

Mos. Who? The lady, sir?

She 's jealous of you.

Volp. Dost thou say so?

[*Knocking within.*]

Mos.

There 's some already.

Volp. Look.

Mos. It is the Vulture;

He has the quickest scent.

Volp. I 'll to my place,

Thou to thy posture. [*Goes to upper stage.*]

Mos. I am set.

Volp. But, Mosca, ¹¹⁰
Play the artificer now, torture 'em rarely.

Act V. Scene III

[*The Same*]

Vollore, Mosca, Corbaccio, Corvino, Lady

[*Politic Would-be, Volpone*]

[*Vol.*] How now, my Mosca?

Mos. [*Writing.*] "Turkey carpets, nine —"

Vol. Taking an inventory! that is well.

Mos. "Two suits of bedding, tissue —"

Vol. Where 's the will?

Let me read that the while.

[*Enter Servants with Corbaccio in a chair*]

Corb. So, set me down, ⁵
And get you home [*Exeunt Servants.*]

Vol. Is he come now, to trouble us?

Mos. "Of cloth of gold, two more —"

Corb. Is it done, Mosca?

Mos. "Of several vellets, eight —"

Vol. I like his care.

Corb. Dost thou not hear?

[*Enter Corvino*]

Corv. Ha! is the hour come, Mosca?

Volp. Ay, now they muster

Volpone peeps from behind a traverse.

Corv. What does the advocate here, ¹⁰

Or this Corbaccio?

Corb. What do these here?

[*Enter Lady Pol Would-be*]

Lady P. Mosca!

Is his thread spun?

Mos. "Eight chests of linen —"

Volp. O,

My fine Dame Would-be, too!

Corv. Mosca, the will,

That I may show it these, and rid 'em hence.

Mos. "Six chests of diaper, four of dam-
ask." — There. ¹⁵

[*Gives them the will carelessly, over
his shoulder*]

Corb. Is that the will?

Mos. "Down-beds, and bolsters —"

Volp. Rare!

Be busy still. Now they begin to flutter:

They never think of me. Look, see, see, see!

How their swift eyes run over the long deed,

Unto the name, and to the legacies, ²⁰

What is bequeath'd them there —

⁸⁰ clarissimo: Corbaccio ⁹¹ crump you: curl up ^{93, 94} (This alludes to *The Spanish Tragedy*, III. xii; see page 121 above) ¹⁰² girdle: "cestus" (Jonson's note), the girdle of Venus ¹⁰⁴ Acrisius: father of Danae ¹¹¹ artificer: artist ⁸ tissue: of rich fabric ⁹ vellets: velvets ¹⁰ S. D. traverse: curtain ¹⁴ diaper: a fabric with a woven pattern

But I protest, sir, it was cast upon me,
 And I could almost wish to be without it,
 But that the will o' th' dead must be observ'd.
 Marry, my joy is that you need it not;
 You have a gift, sir, (thank your education), 90
 Will never let you want, while there are men,
 And malice, to breed causes. Would I had
 But half the like, for all my fortune, sir!
 If I have any suits, as I do hope,
 Things being so easy and direct, I shall not, 95
 I will make bold with your obstreperous aid, —
 Conceive me, for your fee, sir. In mean time,
 You that have so much law, I know ha' the
 conscience

Not to be covetous of what is mine.
 Good sir, I thank you for my plate; 't will
 help 100
 To set up a young man. Good faith, you look
 As you were costive; best go home and purge,
 sir. [Exit Volpone.]

Volp. [Comes down] Bid him eat lettuce
 well. My witty mischief,

Let me embrace thee. O that I could now
 Transform thee to a Venus! — Mosca, go, 105
 Straight take my habit of clarissimo,
 And walk the streets; be seen, torment 'em
 more:

We must pursue, as well as plot. Who would
 Have lost this feast?

Mos. I doubt it will lose them.

Volp. O, my recovery shall recover all. 110
 That I could now but think on some disguise
 To meet 'em in, and ask 'em questions:
 How I would vex 'em still at every turn!

Mos. Sir, I can fit you.

Volp. Canst thou?

Mos. Yes, I know
 One o' the *commandadori*, sir, so like you; 115
 Him will I straight make drunk, and bring
 you his habit.

Volp. A rare disguise, and answering thy
 brain!

O, I will be a sharp disease unto 'em.

Mos. Sir, you must look for curses —

Volp. Till they burst;
 The Fox fares ever best when he is curs'd 120
 [Exeunt.]

Act V. Scene IIII

[A Hall in Sir Politic's House.]

Peregrine, 3 Mercatori, [later] Woman, Politic

[Per.] Am I enough disguis'd?

1 Mer. I warrant you.

Per. All my ambition is to fright him only.

* causes: law-suits 100 costive: constipated 105 eat lettuce: to cure his complexion 4 Zant:
 Zacynthus, a Greek island 1 Book of Voyages: Hakluyt's *Principal Navigations, Voyages, etc.* (2nd.
 ed. 1598-1600) 11 exact: bring to an end, finish utterly (Latinism) 14 return: answer

2 Mer. If you could ship him away, 't were
 excellent.

3 Mer. To Zant, or to Aleppo!

Per. Yes, and ha' his
 Adventures put i' th' Book of Voyages, 5
 And his gull'd story regist'ed for truth.
 Well, gentlemen, when I am in a while,
 And that you think us warm in our discourse,
 Know your approaches.

1 Mer. Trust it to our care. 9
 [Exeunt Merchants.]

[Enter Waiting-woman]

Per. Save you, fair lady! Is Sir Pol within?

Wom. I do not know, sir.

Per. Pray you, say unto him,
 Here is a merchant, upon earnest business,
 Desires to speak with him.

Wom. I will see, sir [Exit.]

Per. Pray you.
 I see the family is all female here.

[Re-enter Waiting-woman]

Wom. He says, sir, he has weighty affairs of
 state, 15
 That now require him whole; some other time
 You may possess him.

Per. Pray you, say again,
 If those require him whole, these will exact him,
 Whereof I bring him tidings [Exit Woman.]

What might be
 His grave affair of state now! How to make 20
 Bolognian sausages here in Venice, sparing
 One o' th' ingredients?

[Re-enter Waiting-woman]

Wom. Sir, he says, he knows
 By your word "tidings," that you are no
 statesman,

And therefore wills you stay.

Per. Sweet, pray you, return him,
 I have not read so many proclamations, 25
 And studied them for words, as he has done —
 But — here he deigns to come. [Exit Woman.]

[Enter Sir Politic]

Sir P. Sir, I must crave
 Your courteous pardon. There hath chanc'd
 to-day

Unkind disaster 'twixt my lady and me;
 And I was penning my apology, 30
 To give her satisfaction, as you came now.

Per. Sir, I am griev'd I bring you worse dis-
 aster:

The gentleman you met at th' port to-day,
 That told you he was newly arriv'd —

Sir P. Ay, was
A fugitive punk?

Per. No, sir, a spy set on you: 35
And he has made relation to the senate,
That you profess'd to him to have a plot
To sell the State of Venice to the Turk.

Sir P. O me! [this time,

Per. For which warrants are sign'd by
To apprehend you, and to search your study 40
For papers —

Sir P. Alas, sir, I have none, but notes
Drawn out of play-books —

Per. All the better, sir.

Sir P. And some essays. What shall I do?

Per. Sir, best
Convey yourself into a sugar-chest;
Or, if you could lie round, a frail were rare; 45
And I could send you aboard.

Sir P. Sir, I but talk'd so,
For discourse sake merely. *They knock without.*

Per. Hark! they are there.

Sir P. I am a wretch, a wretch!

Per. What will you do, sir?
Ha' you ne'er a currant-butt to leap into?
They 'll put you to the rack; you must be
sudden. 50

Sir P. Sir, I have an engine —

3 *Mer.* [Within] Sir Politic Would-be!

2 *Mer.* [Within] Where is he?

Sir P. That I have thought upon before time.

Per. What is it?

Sir P. I shall ne'er endure the torture.
Marry, it is, sir, of a tortoise-shell,
Fitted for these extremities: pray you, sir, help
me. 55

Here I 've a place, sir, to put back my legs,
Please you to lay it on, sir, [*Lies down while*

Per. places the shell upon him] — with
this cap,

And my black gloves. I 'll lie, sir, like a
tortoise,

Till they are gone.

Per. And call you this an engine?

Sir P. Mine own device. — Good sir, bid
my wife's women 60
To burn my papers.

They rush in.

1 *Mer.* Where 's he hid?

3 *Mer.* We must,

And will sure find him.

2 *Mer.* Which is his study?

1 *Mer.* What

Are you, sir?

Per. I 'm a merchant, that came here
To look upon this tortoise.

3 *Mer.* How!

³⁵ punk: prostitute ⁴⁵ frail: rush basket
⁷⁵ further ('further' F) ⁷⁷ motion: exhibition

1 *Mer.* What beast is this?

Per. It is a fish.

2 *Mer.* Come out here! 65

Per. Nay, you may strike him, sir, and tread
upon him;

He 'll bear a cart

1 *Mer.* What, to run over him?

Per. Yes.

3 *Mer.* Let 's jump upon him.

2 *Mer.* Can he not go?

Per. He creeps.

1 *Mer.* Let 's see him creep.

Per. No, good sir, you will hurt him. 69

2 *Mer.* Heart, I 'll see him creep, or prick
his guts.

3 *Mer.* Come out here!

Per. Pray you, sir, creep a little.

1 *Mer.* Forth.

2 *Mer.* Yet further.

Per. Good sir! — Creep.

2 *Mer.* We 'll see his legs.

They pull off the shell and discover him.

3 *Mer.* Gods so, he has garters!

1 *Mer.* Ay, and gloves!

2 *Mer.* Is this

Your fearful tortoise?

Per. [*Discovering himself*] Now, Sir Pol,
we are even;

For your next project I shall be prepar'd: 75
I am sorry for the funeral of your notes, sir.

1 *Mer.* 'T were a rare motion to be seen in
Fleet-street.

2 *Mer.* Ay, i' the Term.

1 *Mer.* Or Smithfield, in the fair.

3 *Mer.* Methinks 't is but a melancholic
sight.

Per. Farewell, most politic tortoise!

[*Exeunt Per. and Merchants.*

Re-enter Waiting-woman]

Sir P. Where 's my lady? 80

Knows she of this?

Wom. I know not, sir.

Sir P. Enquire. —

O, I shall be the fable of all feasts,
The freight of the gazetti, ship-boys' tale;
And, which is worst, even talk for ordinaries.

Wom. My lady 's come most melancholic
home, 85

And says, sir, she will straight to sea, for
physic

Sir P. And I, to shun this place and clime
for ever,

Creeping with house on back, and think it well
To shrink my poor head in my politic shell.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁴⁰ currant-butt: wine-cask ⁵¹ ingine: contrivance
⁷⁰ fair: Bartholomew Fair ⁸⁵ gazetti: newspapers

Act V. Scene V

[A Room in Volpone's House.]

Volpone, Mosca. The first in the habit of a Commandadore: the other, of a Clarissimo[*Volp.*] Am I then like him?*Mos.* O, sir, you are he;

No man can sever you.

Volp. Good.*Mos.* But what am I?*Volp.* 'Fore heaven, a brave clarissimo; thou becom'st it!

Pity thou wert not born one.

Mos. [Aside] If I hold

My made one, 't will be well.

Volp. I 'll go and see 5

What news first at the court [Exit]

Mos. Do so. My Fox

Is out on his hole, and ere he shall re-enter,

I 'll make him languish in his borrow'd case,

Except he come to composition with me. —

Androgyno, Castrone, Nano!

[Enter Androgyno, Castrone, and Nano]

All. Here. 10*Mos.* Go, recreate yourselves abroad, go, sport. — [Exeunt]

So, now I have the keys, and am possess'd

Since he will needs be dead afore his time,

I 'll bury him, or gain by him: I 'm his heir,

And so will keep me, till he share at least. 15

To cozen him of all, were but a cheat

Well plac'd; no man would construe it a sin:

Let his sport pay for 't. This is call'd the Fox-trap. [Exit]

Act V. Scene VI

[A Street.]

Corbaccio, Corvino, [later] Volpone[*Corb.*] They say the court is set*Corv.* We must maintain

Our first tale good, for both our reputations.

Corb. Why, mine 's no tale: my son would there have kill'd me.*Corv.* That 's true, I had forgot: — mine is, I 'm sure.

But for your will, sir.

Corb. Ay, I 'll come upon him 5

For that hereafter, now his patron 's dead.

[Enter Volpone]

Volp. Signior Corvino! and Corbaccio! sir, Much joy unto you.

Sc. v. ¹ sever: distinguish ² case: skin ³ composition: terms, agreement ⁴ wine-vat ⁵ autumn: harvest ⁶ a'known: acknown (will not confess it) ⁷ your:

Corv. Of what?*Volp.* The sudden good

Dropp'd down upon you —

Corb. Where?*Volp.* And none knows how,

From old Volpone, sir.

Corb. Out, arrant knave! 10*Volp.* Let not your too much wealth, sir, make you furious.*Corb.* Away, thou varlet.*Volp.* Why, sir?*Corb.* Dost thou mock me?*Volp.* You mock the world, sir; did you not change wills?*Corb.* Out, harlot!*Volp.* O! belike you are the man,

Signior Corvino? Faith, you carry it well; 15

You grow not mad withal, I love your spirit:

You are not over-heaven'd with your fortune.

You should ha' some would swell now, like a wine-fat,

With such an autumn. — Did he gi' you all, sir?

Corb. Avoid, you rascal!*Volp.* Troth, your wife has shown 20

Herself a very woman; but you are well,

You need not care, you have a good estate,

To bear it out, sir, better by this chance:

Except Corbaccio have a share

Corb. Hence, varlet.*Volp.* You will not be a'known, sir; why, 't is wise. 25

Thus do all gamesters, at all games, dissembles

No man will seem to win. [Exeunt Corvino and

Corbaccio] Here comes my Vulture, Heaving his beak i' the air, and snuffing.

Act V. Scene VII

[The Same]

Vollere, Volpone[*Volp.*] Outstripp'd thus, by a parasite! a slave,

Would run on errands, and make legs for crumbs!

Well, what I 'll do —

Volp. The court stays for your worship.

I e'en rejoice, sir, at your worship's happiness,

And that it fell into so learned hands, 5

That understand the fing'ring —

Volp. What do you mean?*Volp.* I mean to be a suitor to your worship,

For the small tenement, out of reparations,

That, at the end of your long row of houses,
By the Piscaria: it was, in Volpone's time, 10
Your predecessor, ere he grew diseas'd,
A handsome, pretty, custom'd bawdy-house
As any was in Venice, none disprais'd;
But fell with him: his body and that house
Decay'd together.

Volp. Come, sir, leave your prating. 15

Volp. Why, if your worship give me but
your hand

That I may ha' the refusal, I have done.

'T is a mere toy to you, sir; candle-rents;

As your learn'd worship knows —

Volp. What do I know?

Volp. Marry, no end of your wealth, sir;
God decrease it! 20

Volp. Mistaking knave! what, mock'st thou
my misfortune? *[Exit.]*

Volp. His blessing on your heart, sir; would
't were more! —

Now to my first again, at the next corner.

[Exit.]

Act V. Scene VIII

[Another Street.]

*Corbaccio, Corvino (Mosca passant), [later]
Volpone*

[Corb.] See, in our habit! see the impudent
varlet!

Corv. That I could shoot mine eyes at him,
like gun-stones!

[Enter Volpone]

Volp. But is this true, sir, of the parasite?

Corb. Again, t' afflict us! monster!

Volp. In good faith, sir,
I'm heartily griev'd, a beard of your grave
length 5

Should be so over-reach'd. I never brook'd
That parasite's hair; methought his nose should
cozen:

There still was somewhat in his look, did promise

The bane of a clarissimo.

Corb. Knaves —

Volp. Methinks

Yet you, that are so trad'd i' the world, 10

A witty merchant, the fine bird, Corvino,

That have such moral emblems on your name,
Should not have sung your shame, and dropp'd
your cheese,

To let the Fox laugh at your emptiness.

Corv. Sirrah, you think the privilege of the
place, 15

And your red saucy cap, that seems to me
Nail'd to your jolt-head with those two cecchines,
Can warrant your abuses; come you hither:
You shall perceive, sir, I dare beat you; approach.

Volp. No haste, sir, I do know your valour
well, 20

Since you durst publish what you are, sir.

Corv. Tarry,

I'd speak with you.

Volp. Sir, sir, another time —

Corv. Nay, now.

Volp. O God, sir! I were a wise man,
Would stand the fury of a distracted cuckold.

Mosca walks by 'em.

Corb. What, come again!

Volp. Upon 'em, Mosca; save me. 25

Corb. The air 's infected where he breathes.

Corv. Let 's fly him.

[Exeunt Corv. and Corb.]

Volp. Excellent basilisk! turn upon the Vul-
ture.

Act V. Scene IX

[The Same.]

Vollere, Mosca, Volpone

[Volp.] Well, flesh-fly, it is summer with you
now;

Your winter will come on.

Mos. Good advocate,

'Pray thee not rail, nor threaten out of place,
thus;

Thou 'lt make a solecism, as madam says.

Get you a biggin more; your brain breaks
loose. *[Exit.]* 5

Volp. Well sir.

Volp. Would you ha' me beat the insolent
Throw dirt upon his first good clothes?

Volp. This same

Is doubtless some familiar.

Volp. Sir, the court,
In troth, stays for you. I am mad, a mule,

That never read Justinian, should get up. 10

And ride an advocate. Had you no quirk

To avoid gullage, sir, by such a creature?

I hope you do but jest; he has not done 't:

This 's but confederacy to blind the rest.

You are the heir?

Volp. A strange, officious, 15
Troublesome knave! thou dost torment me.

Volp. I know —

It cannot be, sir, that you should be cozen'd;

'T is not within the wit of man to do it;

¹⁰ Piscaria: fish-market ¹³ custom'd: well-frequented Sc viii s. d passant: walking across the stage ¹ habit: that of clarissimo ² gun-stones: cannon-balls ¹⁴ sung your: ('sung you' F) ¹⁷ jolt-head: blockhead ¹⁸ basilisk: a mythical beast who killed by a look Sc. ix. ⁵ biggin: lawyer's cap ⁶ familiar: demon

You are so wise, so prudent; and 't is fit 19
That wealth and wisdom still should go to-
gether. [Exeunt.]

Act V. Scene X

[The Scrutineer.]

4 *Avocatori*, *Notario*, *Commandadori*, *Bonario*,
Celia, *Corbaccio*, *Corvino*, [later] *Vollore*, *Vol-
pone*

[1 *Avoc.*] Are all the parties here?

Not. All but the advocate.

2 *Avoc.* And here he comes.

[Enter *Vollore* and *Volpone*]

1 *Avoc.* Then bring 'em forth to sentence.

Volt. O, my most honour'd fathers, let your
mercy

Once win upon your justice, to forgive —

I am distracted —

Volp. (*Aside.*) What will he do now?

Volt. O, s

I know not which t' address myself to first,

Whether your fatherhoods, or these innocents —

Corv. (*Aside.*) Will he betray himself?

Volt. Whom equally

I have abus'd, out of most covetous ends —

Corv. (*Aside.*) The man is mad!

Corb. (*Aside.*) What 's that?

Corv. (*Aside.*) He is possess'd 10

Volt. For which, now struck in conscience,
here I prostrate

Myself at your offended feet, for pardon.

1, 2 *Avoc.* Arise.

Cel. O heaven, how just thou art!

Volp. I 'm caught

I' mine own noose —

Corv. [*To Corbaccio*] Be constant, sir;

nought now 14

Can help but impudence.

1 *Avoc.* Speak forward.

Corv. Silence!

Volt. It is not passion in me, reverend
fathers,

But only conscience, conscience, my good sires,

That makes me now tell truth That parasite,

That knave, hath been the instrument of all 19

1 *Avoc.* Where is that knave? Fetch him

Volp. I go. [*Exit.*]

Corv. Grave fathers,

This man 's distracted; he confess'd it now:

For, hoping to be old Volpone's heir,

Who now is dead —

3 *Avoc.* How!

2 *Avoc.* Is Volpone dead?

Corv. Dead since, grave fathers —

Bon. O sure vengeance!

“modesty: moderation

1 *Avoc.*

Then he was no deceiver?

Volt.

O no, none: 25

The parasite, grave fathers.

Corv.

He does speak

Out of mere envy, 'cause the servant 's made

The thing he gap'd for. Please your father-

hoods,

This is the truth, though I 'll not justify

The other, but he may be some-deal faulty. 30

Volt. Ay, to your hopes, as well as mine,

Corvino:

But I 'll use modesty. Pleaseth your wisdoms,

To view these certain notes, and but confer

them;

As I hope favour, they shall speak clear truth.

Corv. The devil has ent'red him!

Bon.

Or bides in you. 35

4 *Avoc.* We have done ill, by a public officer

To send for him, if he be heir.

2 *Avoc.*

For whom?

4 *Avoc.* Him that they call the parasite.

3 *Avoc.*

'T is true,

He is a man of great estate, now left.

4 *Avoc.* Go you, and learn his name, and say

the court 40

Entreats his presence here, but to the clearing

Of some few doubts. [*Exit Notary.*]

2 *Avoc.* This same 's a labyrinth!

1 *Avoc.* Stand you unto your first report?

Corv.

My state,

My life, my fame —

Bon. (*Aside.*)

Where is 't?

Corv.

Are at the stake.

1 *Avoc.* Is yours so too?

Corb. The advocate 's a knave, 45

And has a forked tongue —

2 *Avoc.*

Speak to the point.

Corb. So is the parasite too.

1 *Avoc.*

This is confusion.

Volt. I do beseech your fatherhoods, read

but those — [*Giving them papers.*]

Corv. And credit nothing the false spirit

hath writ: 49

It cannot be but he is possess'd, grave fathers.

[*Exeunt.*]

Act V. Scene XI

[A Street.]

Volpone, [later] *Nano*, *Androgyno*, *Castrone*

[*Volp.*] To make a snare for mine own neck

and run

My head into it, wilfully! with laughter!

When I had newly scap'd, was free and clear,

Out of mere wantonness! O, the dull devil

Was in this brain of mine when I devis'd it, s

“confer: compare

And Mosca gave it second; he must now
Help to sear up this vein, or we bleed dead.

[*Enter Nano, Androgyno, and Castrone*]

How now! Who let you loose? Whither go
you now?

What, to buy gingerbread, or to drown kitlings?

Nan. Sir, Master Mosca call'd us out of doors,
And bid us all go play, and took the keys. 11

And. Yes. [Why, so!

Volp. Did Master Mosca take the keys?

I 'm farther in. These are my fine conceits!

I must be merry, with a mischief to me! 14

What a vile wretch was I, that could not bear

My fortune soberly? I must ha' my crochets,

And my conundrums! Well, go you, and seek
him:

His meaning may be truer than my fear.

Bid him, he straight come to me to the court;

Thither will I, and, if 't be possible, 20

Unscrew my advocate, upon new hopes:

When I provok'd him, then I lost myself.

Act V. Scene XIII

[*The Scrutineer.*]

Avocalori, &c.

[1 *Avoc.*] These things can ne'er be recon-
cil'd. He here [Showing the papers.]

Professeth that the gentleman was wrong'd,
And that the gentlewoman was brought thither,
Forc'd by her husband, and there left.

Vol. Most true.

Cel. How ready is heaven to those that
pray!

1 *Avoc.* But that 5

Volpone would have ravish'd her, he holds
Utterly false, knowing his impotence.

Corv. Grave fathers, he 's possess'd; again,
I say,

Possess'd: nay, if there be possession, and
Obsession, he has both.

3 *Avoc.* Here comes our officer. 10

[*Enter Volpone*]

Volp. The parasite will straight be here,
grave fathers.

4 *Avoc.* You might invent some other name,
sir varlet.

3 *Avoc.* Did not the notary meet him?

Volp. Not that I know.

4 *Avoc.* His coming will clear all.

2 *Avoc.* Yet it is misty.

Vol. May 't please your fatherhoods —

Volpone whispers the Advocate.

Volp. Sir, the parasite 15

Will'd me to tell you that his master lives;

That you are still the man; your hopes the
same;

And this was only a jest — How?

Volp. Sir, to try
If you were firm, and how you stood affected.

Vol. Art sure he lives?

Volp. Do I live, sir?

Vol. O me!

I was too violent.

Volp. Sir, you may redeem it. 21

They said you were possess'd; fall down, and
seem so:

I 'll help to make it good. *Vollore falls.*

God bless the man! —

Stop your wind hard, and swell — See, see, see,
see!

He vomits crooked pins! His eyes are set, 25

Like a dead hare's hung in a poulter's shop!

His mouth 's running away! Do you see,
signior?

Now 't is in his belly.

Corv. (Aside) Ay, the devil!

Volp. Now in his throat.

Corv. (Aside) Ay, I perceive it plain.

Volp. 'T will out, 't will out! stand clear.

See where it flies, 30

In shape of a blue toad, with a bat's wings!

Do not you see it, sir?

Corb. What? I think I do.

Corv. 'T is too manifest.

Volp. Look! he comes t' himself!

Vol. Where am I?

Volp. Take good heart, the worst is past, sir.

You 're disposposs'd.

1 *Avoc.* What accident is this! 35

2 *Avoc.* Sudden and full of wonder!

3 *Avoc.* If he were

Possess'd, as it appears, all this is nothing.

Corv. He has been often subject to these fits.

1 *Avoc.* Show him that writing: — do you
know it, sir?

Volp. [Whispers Volt] Deny it, sir, for-
swear it; know it not 40

Vol. Yes, I do know it well, it is my hand;
But all that it contains is false.

Bon. O practice!

2 *Avoc.* What maze is this!

1 *Avoc.* Is he not guilty then,
Whom you there name the parasite?

Vol. Grave fathers,

No more than his good patron, old Volpone. 45

4 *Avoc.* Why, he is dead.

Vol. O no, my honour'd fathers,

He lives —

1 *Avoc.* How! lives?

Vol. Lives.

2 *Avoc.* This is subtilty yet!

3 *Avoc.* You said he was dead.

Vol. Never.

3 *Avoc.* You said so.

Corr I heard so.

4 *Avoc.* Here comes the gentleman; make him way.

[*Enter Mosca*]

3 *Avoc.* A stool.

4 *Avoc.* [*Aside*] A proper man; and were Volpone dead, 50

A fit match for my daughter.

3 *Avoc.* Give him way.

Volp [*Aside to Mos*] Mosca, I was a'most lost, the advocate

Had betray'd all; but now it is recover'd,

All's o' the hinge again — Say I am living.

Mos. What busy knave is this! — Most reverend fathers, 55

I sooner had attended your grave pleasures,

But that my order for the funeral

Of my dear patron did require me —

Volp. [*Aside*] Mosca!

Mos. Whom I intend to bury like a gentleman

Volp [*Aside*] Ay, quick, and cozen me of all.

2 *Avoc.* Still stranger! 60

More intricate!

1 *Avoc.* And come about again!

4 *Avoc* [*Aside*] It is a match, my daughter is bestow'd

Mos. [*Aside to Volp.*] Will you gi' me half?

Volp First I'll be hang'd.

Mos. I know

Your voice is good, cry not so loud

1 *Avoc.* Demand

The advocate — Sir, did not you affirm 65

Volpone was alive?

Volp. Yes, and he is;

This gent'man told me so — [*Aside to Mos*] 70

Thou shalt have half.

Mos. Whose drunkard is this same? Speak, some that know him:

I never saw his face — [*Aside to Volp.*] I cannot now

Afford it you so cheap.

Volp. No!

1 *Avoc.* What say you? 70

Vol. The officer told me.

Volp I did, grave fathers, And will maintain he lives, with mine own life.

And that this creature [*Points to Mos*] told me [*Aside*] — I was born

With all good stars my enemies

Mos. Most grave fathers, 75

If such an insolence as this must pass

Upon me, I am silent: 't was not this

For which you sent, I hope.

2 *Avoc.* Take him away.

Volp Mosca!

3 *Avoc.* Let him be whipp'd.

Volp [*Aside.*] Wilt thou betray me? Cozen me?

3 *Avoc.* And taught to bear himself

Toward a person of his rank.

4 *Avoc.* Away. 80

[*The Officers seize Volpone.*]

Mos. I humbly thank your fatherhoods.

Volp. Soft, soft: [*Aside*] Whipp'd!

And lose all that I have! If I confess,

It cannot be much more.

4 *Avoc.* Sir, are you married?

Volp [*Aside*] They'll be alli'd anon; I must be resolute; 84

The Fox shall here uncase

He puts off his disguise.

Mos [*Aside.*] Patron!

Volp. Nay, now

My rums shall not come alone; your match

I'll hinder sure my substance shall not glue you,

Nor screw you into a family

Mos [*Aside*] Why, patron!

Volp I am Volpone, and this is my knave; [*Pointing to Mosca.*]

This [*To Volt*], his own knave; this [*to Corb.*], avarice's fool, 90

This [*To Corr*], a chimera of wittol, fool, and knave

And, reverend fathers, since we all can hope

Nought but a sentence, let's not now despair it. You hear me brief

Corr. May it please your fatherhoods —

Com. Silence 94

1 *Avoc.* The knot is now undone by miracle.

2 *Avoc.* Nothing can be more clear.

3 *Avoc.* Or can more prove

These innocent.

1 *Avoc.* Give 'em their liberty.

Bon Heaven could not long let such gross crimes be hid

2 *Avoc.* If this be held the highway to get riches, 99

May I be poor!

3 *Avoc.* This's not the gain, but torment.

1 *Avoc.* These possess wealth, as sick men possess fevers,

Which trulier may be said to possess them.

2 *Avoc.* Disrobe that parasite.

Corr. [*and*] *Mos.* Most honour'd fathers —

1 *Avoc.* Can you plead aught to stay the course of justice? 104

If you can, speak.

"chimera: a monster composed of the parts of

"quick: alive "uncase: remove his skin various animals

Corv. [*and*] *Volp.* We beg favour.

Cel. And mercy.

1 *Avoc.* You hurt your innocence, suing for the guilty.

Stand forth; and first the parasite. You appear
T' have been the chiefest minister, if not plot-
ter,

In all these lewd impostures, and now, lastly,
Have with your impudence abus'd the court,
And habit of a gentleman of Venice, 111
Being a fellow of no birth or blood:
For which our sentence is, first, thou be
whipp'd;

Then live perpetual prisoner in our galleys. 114
Volp. I thank you for him.

Mos. Bane to thy wolfish nature!

1 *Avoc.* Deliver him to the saffi. [*Mosca is
carried out.*] Thou, *Volpone*,

By blood and rank a gentleman, canst not fall
Under like censure; but our judgment on thee
Is, that thy substance all be straight confiscate
To the hospital of the *Incurabils*: 120

And since the most was gotten by imposture,
By feigning lame, gout, palsy, and such dis-
eases,

Thou art to lie in prison, cramp'd with irons,
Till thou be'st sick and lame indeed. Remove
him. [*He is taken from the Bar.*]

Volp. This is called mortifying of a Fox. 125

1 *Avoc.* Thou, *Voltore*, to take away the
scandal

Thou hast giv'n all worthy men of thy profes-
sion,

Art banish'd from their fellowship, and our
state.

*Corbaccio*¹ — bring him near. We here possess
Thy son of all thy state, and confine thee 130

To the monastery of San Spirito;

Where, since thou knew'st not how to live well
here,

Thou shalt be learn'd to die well.

Corb. Ha! what said he?

¹¹⁰ abus'd: imposed upon ¹²⁰ state: estate ¹³⁰ berlina: pillory ('berlino' F)

Com. You shall know anon, sir.

1 *Avoc.* Thou, *Corvino*, shalt
Be straight embark'd from thine own house,
and row'd 135

Round about Venice, through the Grand Canal,
Wearing a cap, with fair long ass's ears,
Instead of horns! and so to mount, a paper
Pinn'd on thy breast, to the *berlina*.

Corv. Yes. 139

And have mine eyes beat out with stinking fish,
Bruis'd fruit, and rotten eggs — 't is well. I 'm
glad

I shall not see my shame yet.

1 *Avoc.* And to expiate

Thy wrongs done to thy wife, thou art to send
her

Home to her father, with her dowry trebled:
And these are all your judgments.

All. Honour'd fathers — 145

1 *Avoc.* Which may not be revok'd. Now
you begin,

When crimes are done and past, and to be
punish'd,

To think what your crimes are. Away with
them!

Let all that see these vices thus rewarded,
Take heart, and love to study 'em. Mischiefs
feed 150

Like beasts, till they be fat, and then they
bleed. [*Exeunt.*]

Volpone [*comes forward*]

"The seasoning of a play is the applause.

Now, though the Fox be punish'd by the
laws,

He yet doth hope, there is no suff'ring due, 154
For any fact which he hath done 'gainst you;

If there be, censure him; here he doubtful
stands.

If not, fare jovially, and clap your hands."

[*Exit.*]

THE END

E P I C O E N E,
O R

The silent VVoman.

A Comædie.

Acted in the yeere 1609. By
the Children of her Maiesties

R E V E L L S.

The Author B. I.

H O R A T.

Vt sis tu similis Cali, Byrrhigæ latronum,
Non ego sim Capri, neqꝫ Sulci. Cur metuas me?

L O N D O N,
Printed by VVILLIAM STANSBY.

M. D C. XVI.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL RECORD. The earliest record of the text of *Epicæne* is to be found in two entries on the Register of the Stationers' Company. On September 20, 1610, the following entry was made on behalf of John Browne and John Busby, Junior: *Entred for their Cōpye vnder th[e] h[and]es of Sir George Bucke and master Waterson for master warden Leake, a booke called, Epicæne or the silent woman by Ben. Johnson . . . vj d.* The second entry, transferring the copyright to Walter Burre, was made on September 28, 1612: *Entred for his cōpye by assignement from John Browne and consent of the Wardens in full Court holden this Day. A booke called the Commodye of the silent Woman . . . vj d.* The first surviving text of the play is that in the First Folio of Jonson's works, published in 1616, and the first extant separate edition is a Quarto dated 1620. Baker, in his *Biographia Dramatica* (1812), records an edition of the play in 1609, and Gifford (1816) refers to one of 1612. No trace of either has since been found. An edition in 1609 is unlikely in view of the entry in the Stationers' Register, and if Gifford actually saw an edition dated 1612, the volume is no longer known to exist.

DATE AND STAGE PERFORMANCE. The title-page of the folio text states that *Epicæne* had been "acted in the yeere 1609. By the Children of her Maiesties Revells," and this information is repeated at the end of the play. The Whitefriars Theatre, where the original performance seems to have been given (cf. Prol., line 24), became the home of the Children of the Queen's Revels on or after January 4, 1610, so that the play may be assumed to have been first produced between that date and March 25, when the new year began according to the reckoning of the time. It was doubtless written toward the end of 1609. After the folio text is a page containing a list of the principal comedians. They were Nathan Field, Giles Carie, Hugh Attwell, John Smith, William Barksed, William Penn, Richard Alleyn (or Allen), and John Blaney. *Epicæne* seems to have become popular at once, in spite of Jonson's somewhat facetious remark to Drummond that "when his play of a Silent Woman was first acted, ther was found verses after on the stage against him, concluding that the play was well named the Silent Woman, ther never was one man to say *Plaudite* to it." Against this statement may be set the anonymous contemporary jingle:

The Fox, the Alchemist, and Silent Woman,
Done by Ben Jonson, and outdone by no man

The play was revived at court twice in 1636 (Feb. 18, Apr. 4), and was frequently acted after the Restoration. Dryden selected it for special analysis and praise in his *Essay of Dramatic Poesy* (1668). It held the stage during the eighteenth century, and has had occasional performances ever since.

STRUCTURE Jonson created this plot with his usual meticulous care. The classical unities, as interpreted by the stagecraft of his time, are accurately observed, and there is a continuity of scenes that is unusual even in Jonson. New scenes are indicated whenever a new character appears, and the names of the characters appearing in each scene are grouped at its head. Some stage directions are here added in square brackets for the sake of clarity.

SOURCES The main plot is derived from two chief sources. The conception of Morose suffering from the talkativeness of his bride is taken from the *Sixth Declamation* of Libanius, a Greek sophist of the fourth century, A.D., a folio edition of whose works had been published in Paris in 1606 with both Greek and Latin texts. For the *dénouement* in which the sex of Epicæne is revealed, Jonson is indebted to the *Casina* of Plautus. The gulling of Daw and La-Foole by Truewit (IV v) resembles very closely the fourth scene of Act III of *Twelfth Night*. The dialogue, as is usual with Jonson, reflects his familiarity with the classical writers and his extraordinary power of assimilation. There are reminiscences, translations, or adaptations of passages from Vergil, Terence, Cicero, and Horace, but the two works to which Jonson is particularly indebted for his dialogue are the *Ars Amatoria* of Ovid and the *Sixth Satire* of Juvenal, the greater part of which is put to use in Act II, Sc. ii. See also O. J. Campbell, "The Relation of *Epicæne* to Aretino's *Il Marescalco*," PMLA, 1931, pp. 752-762.

PERSONAL ALLUSIONS The exact significance of Jonson's protests against the interpretation of the play as personal satire is no longer certain, but is probably to be found in a dispatch from the Venetian ambassador dated February 8, 1610. He reported that Lady Arabella Stuart "complains that in a certain comedy the playwright introduced an allusion to her person and the part played by the Prince of Moldavia. The play was suppressed" (Cf. V i. 17). The Prince of Moldavia visited London in 1607 and was said to have been a suitor for this lady's hand (See T. S. Graves, "Jonson's *Epicæne* and Lady Arabella Stuart," *Mod. Phil.*, Jan., 1917). Fleay also suggested that Sir John Daw was intended as a caricature of Sir John Harington.

BEN JONSON

EPICENE; OR, THE SILENT WOMAN

TO THE TRULY NOBLE BY ALL TITLES

SIR FRANCIS STUART

SIR, — My hope is not so nourish'd by example, as it will conclude, this dumb piece should please you, by cause it hath pleas'd others before, but by trust, that when you have read it, you will find it worthy to have displeas'd none This makes that I now number you, not only in the names of favour, but the names of justice to what I write, and do presently call you to the exercise of that noblest, and manliest virtue; as coveting rather to be freed in my fame, by the authority of a judge, than the [s credit of an undertaker Read, therefore, I pray you, and censure There is not a line, or syllable in it, changed from the simplicity of the first copy And, when you shall consider, through the certain hatred of some, how much a man's innocency may be endanger'd by an uncertain accusation, you will, I doubt not, so begin to hate the iniquity of such natures, as I shall love the contumely done me, whose end was so honourable as to be wip'd off by your sentence Your unprofitable, but true Lover, 10
BEN JONSON.

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

MOROSE, a Gentleman that loves no noise
[SIR] DAUPHINE EUGENIE, a Knight, his nephew
[NED] CLERIMONT, a Gentleman, his friend
TRUEWIT, another friend
EPICENE, a young gentleman, suppos'd the Silent Woman
[SIR] JOHN DAW, a Knight, her servant
[SIR] AMOROUS LA-FOOLE, a Knight also
THOMAS OTTER, a land and sea Captain
CUTBEARD, a Barber

MUTE, one of MOROSE his servants	
MADAME HAUGHTY,	} Ladies Colle- giates
MADAME CENTAURE,	
MISTRESS [DOL]	
MAVIS,	
MISTRESS TRUSTY,	} Pretenders
the LADY HAUGHTY'S	
woman,	
MISTRESS OTTER, the	
Captain's wife,	

Parson, Pages, Servants

THE SCENE LONDON

PROLOGUE

TRUTH says, of old the art of making plays
Was to content the people, and their praise
Was to the poet money, wine, and bays.
But in this age, a sect of writers are,
That, only, for particular likings care, 5
And will taste nothing that is popular.
With such we mingle neither brains nor breasts;
Our wishes, like to those make public feasts,
Are not to please the cook's taste but the
guests'.
Yet, if those cunning palates hither come, 10
They shall find guests' entreaty, and good
room;
And though all relish not, sure there will be
some,

That, when they leave their seats, shall make
em say,
Who wrote that piece, could so have wrote a
play,
But that he knew this was the better way. 15
For, to present all custard, or all tart,
And have no other meats to bear a part,
Or to want bread, and salt, were but coarse
art
The poet prays you then, with better thought
To sit, and, when his cates are all in brought,
Though there be none far-fet, there will dear-
bought, 21
Be fit for ladies some for lords, knights, squires;
Some for your waiting-wench, and city-wires;
Some for your men, and daughters of White-
friars

Ded. 3-4 This . . . write: For this reason I now include you not only as a patron but as a vindicator of my work 'fame: reputation' 'undertaker: one who attempts to affect judgment by personal influence' 'censure: judge' 'accusation: (Jonson was accused of bitter personal satire in his earlier plays) Persons, *EPICENE*: "of either gender" or "promiscuous" (Greek) Prol. 1 of old: (in Terence's *Andria*) 8 those: those who 11 entreaty: entertainment 18 'em: (spelled 'hem' regularly in F) 20 cates: dainties 21 far-fet: brought from distant lands 22 city-wires: women of fashion

Nor is it, only, while you keep your seat 25
Here, that his feast will last; but you shall
eat

A week at ord'naries, on his broken meat:
If his muse be true,
Who commends her to you.

Another

*Occasion'd by some person's impertinent
exception*

The ends of all, who for the scene do write,
Are, or should be, to profit and delight.
And still 't hath been the praise of all best times,
So persons were not touch'd, to tax the
crimes.

Then, in this play, which we present tonight, 5
And make the object of your ear and sight,
On forfeit of yourselves, think nothing true:
Lest so you make the maker to judge you.

For he knows, poet never credit gain'd
By writing truths, but things, like truths,
well feign'd. 10

If any yet will, with particular sleight
Of application, wrest what he doth write;
And that he meant, or him, or her, will say:
They make a libel, which he made a play.

Act I. Scene I

[A Room in Clerimont's House]

Clermont, Boy, [later] Truewit

[Cler.] Ha' you got the song yet perfect, I
ga' you, boy?

Boy. Yes, sir.

He comes out making himself ready.

Cler. Let me hear it.

Boy. You shall, sir; but i' faith let no- 5
body else.

Cler. Why, I pray?

Boy. It will get you the dangerous name
of a poet in town, sir; besides me a perfect
deal of ill-will at the mansion you wot of, 10
whose lady is the argument of it; where now
I am the welcom'st thing under a man that
comes there.

Cler. I think; and above a man too, if the
truth were rack'd out of you. 15

Boy. No, faith, I 'll confess before, sir. The
gentlewomen play with me, and throw me o'
the bed, and carry me in to my lady: and she
kisses me with her oil'd face, and puts a peruke
o' my head; and asks me an I will wear her 20

gown? and I say no: and then she hits me
a blow o' the ear, and calls me innocent, and
lets me go.

Cler. No marvel if the door be kept shut
against your master, when the entrance is 25
so easy to you — well, sir, you shall go there
no more, lest I be fain to seek your voice in my
lady's rushes, a fortnight hence. Sing, sir.

Boy sings.

[Enter Truewit]

True. Why, here 's the man that can melt
away his time and never feels it! What 30
between his mistress abroad and his ingel at
home, high fare, soft lodging, fine clothes, and
his fiddle; he thinks the hours ha' no wings,
or the day no post-horse. Well, sir gallant,
were you struck with the plague this minute, 35
or condemn'd to any capital punishment to-
morrow, you would begin then to think, and
value every article o' your time, esteem it at the
true rate, and give all for 't.

Cler. Why, what should a man do? 40

True. Why, nothing; or that which, when
'tis done, is as idle. Hearken after the next
horse-race, or hunting-match, lay wagers, praise
Puppy, or Peppercorn, White-foot, Franklin;
swear upon Whitemane's party; speak aloud, 45
that my lords may hear you; visit my ladies
at night, and be able to give 'em the character
of every bowler or better o' the green. These
be the things wherein your fashionable men
exercise themselves, and I for company. 50

Cler. Nay, if I have thy authority, I 'll not
leave yet. Come, the other are considerations,
when we come to have gray heads and weak
hams, moist eyes and shrunk members We 'll
think on 'em then; then we 'll pray and fast. 55

True. Ay, and destine only that time of
age to goodness, which our want of ability
will not let us employ in evil!

Cler. Why, then 't is time enough.

True. Yes; as if a man should sleep all 60
the term, and think to effect his business the
last day. O, Clermont, this time, because it
is an incorporeal thing, and not subject to
sense, we mock ourselves the finest out of it,
with vanity and misery indeed! not seeking 65
an end of wretchedness, but only changing the
matter still

Cler. Nay, thou 'lt not leave now —

True. See but our common disease! with
what justice can we complain, that great 70
men will not look upon us, nor be at leisure to
give our affairs such dispatch as we expect,

²⁵ ord'naries: taverns ⁴ tax the crimes: censure abuses, not the persons who commit them
¹ maker: poet ¹¹ sleight: trick ¹² application: i.e., to particular persons ¹¹ argument: theme
²⁸ rushes: floor covering ³¹ ingel: boy-favorite ⁴⁴⁻⁴⁵ Puppy . . . Whitemane: ('Horses o' the
time', marginal note, F 1) ⁴⁶ speak: ('spend' F 1, Q) ⁶¹ term: term of court ⁶⁶ disease:

fault

when we will never do it to ourselves? nor hear, nor regard ourselves?

Cler. Foh! thou hast read Plutarch's [75 *Morals*, now, or some such tedious fellow; and it shows so vilely with thee! 'fore God, 't will spoil thy wit utterly. Talk me of puns, and feathers, and ladies, and rushes, and such things: and leave this Stoicity alone, till [80 thou mak'st sermons.

True. Well, sir; if it will not take, I have learn'd to lose as little of my kindness as I can; I'll do good to no man against his will, certainly. When were you at the college? 85

Cler. What college?

True. As if you knew not!

Cler. No, faith, I came but from court yesterday.

True. Why, is it not arriv'd there yet, [90 the news? A new foundation, sir, here i' the town, of ladies, that call themselves the Collegiates, an order between courtiers and country-madams, that live from their husbands; and give entertainment to all the wits, and brav- [95 eries o' the time, as they call 'em: cry down, or up, what they like or dislike in a braim or a fashion, with most masculine, or rather hermaphroditical authority, and every day gain to their college some new probationer. 100

Cler. Who is the president?

True. The grave and youthful matron, the lady Haughty.

Cler. A pox of her autumnal face, her piec'd beauty! there's no man can be admitted [105 till she be ready, now-a-days, till she has painted, and perfum'd, and wash'd, and scour'd, but the boy, here; and him she wipes her oil'd lips upon, like a sponge. I have made a song (I pray thee hear it) o' the subject 110

[*Boy sings.*]

SONG

Still to be neat, still to be dress'd,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd;
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found, 115
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me, 120
Than all th' adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

True. And I am clearly o' the other side: I love a good dressing before any beauty o' the world. O, a woman is then like a deli- [125

cate garden; nor is there one kind of it; she may vary every hour; take often counsel of her glass, and choose the best. If she have good ears, show 'em; good hair, lay it out; good legs, wear short clothes; a good hand, [130 discover it often: practise any art to mend breath, cleanse teeth, repair eye-brows; paint, and profess it.

Cler. How! publicly?

True. The doing of it, not the manner: [135 that must be private. Many things that seem foul i' the doing, do please done. A lady should, indeed, study her face, when we think she sleeps; nor, when the doors are shut, should men be enquiring; all is sacred within, [140 then. Is it for us to see their perukes put on, their false teeth, their complexion, their eye-brows, their nails? You see gilders will not work, but inclos'd. They must not discover how little serves, with the help of art, to [145 adorn a great deal. How long did the canvas hang afore Aldgate? Were the people suffer'd to see the city's Love and Charity, while they were rude stone, before they were painted and burnish'd? No. No more should servants [150 approach their mistresses, but when they are complete and finish'd.

Cler. Well said, my Truewit.

True. And a wise lady will keep a guard always upon the place, that she may do [155 things securely. I once followed a rude fellow into a chamber, where the poor madam, for haste, and troubled, snatch'd at her peruke to cover her baldness; and put it on the wrong way 160

Cler. O prodigy!

True. And the unconscionable knave held her in compliment an hour with that revers'd face, when I still look'd when she should talk from the t'other side. 165

Cler. Why, thou shouldst ha' reliev'd her.

True. No, faith, I let her alone, as we'll let this argument, if you please, and pass to another. When saw you Dauphine Eugene?

Cler. Not these three days. Shall we go [170 to him this morning? he is very melancholic, I hear.

True. Sick o' the uncle, is he? I met that stiff piece of formality, his uncle, yesterday, with a huge turban of night-caps on his [175 head, buckled over his ears.

Cler. O, that's his custom when he walks abroad. He can endure no noise, man.

True. So I have heard. But is the disease so ridiculous in him as it is made? They [180

⁷⁵ rushes: i.e., trifles ⁸⁰ Stoicity: stoical indifference ⁸⁵⁻⁸⁶ braveries: gallants ¹²¹ adulteries: adulterations ¹²² it: dressing ¹²³ discover: reveal ¹²⁷ Aldgate: a gate in the old London wall, rebuilt, with gilded figures, in 1609 ¹³⁰ servants: lovers ¹³³ compliment: fashionable small-talk ¹³⁴ still: always, continually ¹³⁷ melancholic: afflicted with the fashionable disease of melancholy

say he has been upon divers treaties with the fish-wives and orange-women; and articles propounded between them: marry, the chimney-sweepers will not be drawn in.

Cler. No, nor the broom-men: they stand out stiffly. He cannot endure a costard-monger, he swoons if he hear one.

True. Methinks a smith should be ominous.

Cler. Or any hammer-man. A brasier is not suffer'd to dwell in the parish, nor an armourer. He would have hang'd a pewterer's apprentice once upon a Shrove-Tuesday's riot, for being o' that trade, when the rest were quit

True. A trumpet should fright him terribly, or the hautboys.

Cler. Out of his senses The waights of the city have a pension of him not to come near that ward. This youth practis'd on him one night like the bell-man, and never left till he had brought him down to the door with a long sword; and there left him flourishing with the air.

Boy. Why, sir, he hath chosen a street to lie in so narrow at both ends, that it will receive no coaches, nor carts, nor any of these common noises: and therefore we that love him devise to bring him in such as we may, now and then, for his exercise, to breathe him. He would grow resty else in his ease: his virtue would rust without action. I entreated a bearward, one day, to come down with the dogs of some four parishes that way, and I thank him he did; and cried his games under master Morose's windore: till he was sent crying away, with his head made a most bleeding spectacle to the multitude. And, another time, a fencer, marching to his prize, had his drum most tragically run through, for taking that street in his way at my request.

True. A good wag! How does he for the bells?

Cler. O, i' the Queen's time, he was wont to go out of town every Saturday at ten o'clock, or on holy day eves. But now, by reason of the sickness, the perpetuity of ringing has made him devise a room, with double walls and treble ceilings; the windores close shut and caulk'd and there he lives by candle-light. He turn'd away a man, last week, for having a pair of new shoes that creak'd. And this fellow waits on him now in tennis-court

socks, or slippers sol'd with wool: and they talk each to other in a trunk. See, who comes here!

Act I. Scene II

Dauphine, Truewit, Clermont

[*Daup.*] How now! what ail you, sirs? dumb?

True. Struck into stone, almost, I am here, with tales o' thine uncle. There was never such a prodigy heard of.

Daup. I would you would once lose this subject, my masters, for my sake. They are such as you are, that have brought me into that predicament I am with him.

True. How is that?

Daup. Marry, that he will disinherit me; no more. He thinks, I and my company are authors of all the ridiculous Acts and Monuments are told of him

True. 'Slid, I would be the author of more to vex him; that purpose deserves it: it gives thee law of plaguing him. I'll tell thee what I would do. I would make a false almanack, get it printed; and then ha' him drawn out on a coronation day to the Tower-wharf, and kill him with the noise of the ordnance. Disinherit thee! he cannot, man. Art not thou next of blood, and his sister's son?

Daup. Ay, but he will thrust me out of it, he vows, and marry.

True. How! that's a more portent. Can he endure no noise, and will venter on a wife?

Cler. Yes: why thou art a stranger, it seems, to his best trick, yet. He has employ'd a fellow this half year all over England to hearken him out a dumb woman; be she of any form, or any quality, so she be able to bear children: her silence is dowry enough, he says.

True. But I trust to God he has found none.

Cler. No; but he has heard of one that's lodg'd i' the next street to him, who is exceedingly soft-spoken; thriftiness of her speech; that spends but six words a day. And her he's about now, and shall have her.

True. Is't possible! who is his agent i' the business?

Cler. Marry, a barber, one Cutbeard; an honest fellow, one that tells Dauphine all here

True. Why you oppress me with wonder: a woman, and a barber, and love no noise! as

¹⁸² fish-wives, etc.: (London peddlers of all sorts cried their wares in the streets) ¹⁸⁶⁻¹⁸⁷ costard-monger: itinerant vender of fruit (from "costard," a kind of apple) ¹⁸² Shrove-Tuesday's riot: The festival of the apprentices on Shrove-Tuesday often led to disorders (cf. *Shoemakers' Holiday* V, i). ¹⁸³ quit: acquitted ¹⁸⁵ hautboys: oboes (or players of them) ¹⁸⁶ waights: bands of musicians (usually, "waits") ¹⁸⁹ bell-man: night watchman (who rang a bell as he walked) ²⁰⁹ resty: sluggish ^{virtue} strength ²¹¹ bearward: keeper of a ranged bear ²¹⁴ windore: window ²¹⁷ prize: contest ²¹⁸ sickness: plague ²²³ trunk: speaking-tube ¹⁸⁻¹⁴ Acts and Monuments: (a reference to Fox's "Book of Martyrs") ²⁰⁻²¹ Tower-wharf: where the cannon were kept ²⁰ more: greater ²² quality: rank in society

Cler. Yes, faith. The fellow trims him silently, and has not the knack with his shears or his fingers. and that continence in a barber he thinks so eminent a virtue, as it has made him chief of his counsel. 50

True. Is the barber to be seen, or the wench?

Cler. Yes, that they are.

True. I prithee, Dauphine, let 's go thither.

Daup. I have some business now. I cannot, i' faith. 55

True. You shall have no business shall make you neglect this, sir: we 'll make her talk, believe it, or, if she will not, we can give out at least so much as shall interrupt the treaty, we will break it Thou art bound in con- 60 science, when he suspects thee without cause, to torment him.

Daup. Not I, by any means I 'll give no suffrage to 't. He shall never ha' that plea against me, that I oppos'd the least phant'sy 65 of his. Let it lie upon my stars to be guilty, I 'll be innocent

True. Yes, and be poor, and beg; do, innocent: when some groom of his has got him an heir, or this barber, if he himself 70 cannot. Innocent! — I pray thee, Ned, where lies she? let him be innocent still

Cler. Why, right over against the barber's; in the house where Sir John Daw lies

True. You do not mean to confound me! 75

Cler. Why?

True. Does he that would marry her know so much?

Cler. I cannot tell.

True. T' were enough of imputation to 80 her with him

Cler. Why?

True. The only talking sir i' th' town! Jack Daw! and he teach her not to speak! — God be wi' you. I have some business too. 85

Cler. Will you not go thither, then?

True. Not with the danger to meet Daw, for mine ears

Cler. Why, I thought you two had been upon very good terms 90

True. Yes, of keeping distance.

Cler. They say, he is a very good scholar.

True. Ay, and he says it first. A pox on him, a fellow that pretends only to learning, buys titles, and nothing else of books in 95 him!

Cler. The world reports him to be very learned.

True. I am sorry the world should so conspire to belie him. 100

Cler. Good faith, I have heard very good things come from him.

True. You may, there's none so desperately ignorant to deny that: would they were his own! God be wi' you, gentlemen. 105

Cler. This is very abrupt! [Exit hastily.]

Act I. Scene III

Dauphine, Clermont, Boy

[Daup] Come, you are a strange open man, to tell everything thus.

Cler. Why, believe it, Dauphine, Truewit's a very honest fellow.

Daup. I think no other: but this frank 5 nature of his is not for secrets.

Cler. Nay, then, you are mistaken, Dauphine I know where he has been well trusted, and discharg'd the trust very truly, and heartily.

Daup. I contend not, Ned; but with the 10 fewer a business is carried, it is ever the safer. Now we are alone, if you 'll go thither, I am for you.

Cler. When were you there?

Daup. Last night and such a Decam- 15 eron of sport fallen out! Boccace never thought of the like Daw does nothing but court her; and the wrong way He would lie with her, and praises her modesty; desires that she would talk and be free, and commends her 20 silence in verses, which he reads, and swears are the best that ever man made Then rails at his fortunes, stamps, and mutines, why he is not made a counsellor, and call'd to affairs of state 25

Cler. I pray thee, let's go I would fain partake this — Some water, boy. [Exit Boy.]

Daup. We are invited to dinner together, he and I, by one that came thither to him, Sir La-Foole. 30

Cler. O, that's a precious mannikin!

Daup. Do you know him?

Cler. Ay, and he will know you too, if e'er he saw you but once, though you should meet him at church in the midst of prayers. He 35 is one of the braveries, though he be none o' the wits He will salute a judge upon the bench, and a bishop in the pulpit, a lawyer when he is pleading at the bar, and a lady when she is dancing in a masque, and put her out. He 40 does give plays, and suppers, and invites his guests to 'em, aloud, out of his windore, as they ride by in coaches. He has a lodging in the Strand for the purpose. Or to watch when

⁴⁸ fingers: (Barbers were supposed to be proficient in snapping their fingers) ⁴⁹ Let . . . stars: even though I am destined ⁵⁰ innocent: fool ⁷⁵ confound: defeat my plan ⁸⁰ imputation: imputing a fault ⁸⁵ God . . . you: ('God b' w' you' F) ¹ open: frank ¹¹ carried: managed ²² muti- nes: rebels ^{why}: that, because ⁴⁴ Strand: a fashionable place of lodging

ladies are gone to the china-houses, or the [45 Exchange, that he may meet 'em by chance, and give 'em presents, some two or three hundred pounds' worth of toys, to be laugh'd at. He is never without a spare banquet, or sweet-meats in his chamber, for their [50 women to alight at, and come up to for a bait.

Daup. Excellent! he was a fine youth last night; but now he is much finer! what is his christen-name? I ha' forgot.

[*Enter Boy*]

Cler. Sir Amorous La-Foole. 55

Boy. The gentleman is here below that owns that name.

Cler. 'Heart, he's come to invite me to dinner, I hold my life.

Daup. Like enough. pray thee, let's ha' him up. 61

Cler. Boy, marshal him.

Boy. With a truncheon, sir?

Cler. Away, I beseech you. [*Exit Boy.*] — I'll make him tell us his pedigree now; and what meat he has to dinner; and who are [66 his guests; and the whole course of his fortunes; with a breath.

Act I. Scene IIII

La-Foole, Clerimont, Dauphine

[*La-F.*] 'Save, dear Sir Dauphine! honored master Clerimont!

Cler. Sir Amorous! you have very much honored my lodging with your presence.

La-F. Good faith, it is a fine lodging; [5 almost as delicate a lodging as mine

Cler. Not so, sir.

La-F. Excuse me, sir, if it were I' the Strand, I assure you. I am come, master Clerimont, to entreat you wait upon two or three ladies, [10 to dinner, to-day.

Cler. How, sir! wait upon 'em? did you ever see me carry dishes?

La-F. No, sir, dispense with me; I meant, to bear 'em company. 15

Cler. O, that I will, sir: the doubtfulness o' your phrase, believe it, sir, would breed you a quarrel once an hour, with the terrible boys, if you should but keep 'em fellowship a day.

La-F. It should be extremely against [20 my will, sir, if I contested with any man.

Cler. I believe it, sir. Where hold you your feast?

La-F. At Tom Otter's, sir.

Daup. Tom Otter! what's he? 25

La-F. Captain Otter, sir; he is a kind of gamester, but he has had command both by sea and by land.

Daup. O, then he is *animal amphibium*?

La-F. Ay, sir: his wife was the rich [30 china-woman, that the courtiers visited so often, that gave the rare entertainment. She commands all at home.

Cler. Then she is Captain Otter.

La-F. You say very well, sir; she is my [35 kinswoman, a La-Foole by the mother-side, and will invite any great ladies for my sake.

Daup. Not of the La-Fooles of Essex?

La-F. No, sir, the La-Fooles of London.

Cler [*Aside*] Now, h' is in 40

La-F. They all come out of our house, the La-Fooles o' the north, the La-Fooles of the west, the La-Fooles of the east and south — we are as ancient a family as any is in Europe — but I myself am descended lineally of the [45 French La-Fooles — and, we do bear for our coat yellow, or *or*, checker'd *azure*, and *gules*, and some three or four colours more, which is a very noted coat, and has, sometimes, been solemnly worn by divers nobility of our [50 house — but let that go, antiquity is not respected now. — I had a brace of fat does sent me, gentlemen, and half a dozen of pheasants, a dozen or two of godwits, and some other fowl, which I would have eaten, while they [55 are good, and in good company: — there will be a great lady or two, my lady Haughty, my lady Centaure, mistress Dol Mavis — and they come o' purpose to see the silent gentlewoman, mistress Epicoene, that honest Sir John [60 Daw has promis'd to bring thither — and then, mistress Trusty, my lady's woman, will be there too, and this honourable knight, Sir Dauphine, with yourself, master Clerimont — and we'll be very merry, and have fiddlers, and [65 dance — I have been a mad wag in my time, and have spent some crowns since I was a page in court, to my lord Lofty, and after, my lady's gentleman-usher, who got me knighted in Ireland, since it pleas'd my elder brother to [70 die. — I had as fair a gold jerkin on that day, as any was worn in the Island Voyage, or at Caliz, none disprais'd; and I came over in it

⁴⁵ china-houses: places for the display of oriental merchandise ⁴⁶ Exchange: a new shopping centre in the Strand ⁴⁷ bait: light repast ⁴⁸ truncheon: staff of authority ¹ 'Save: God save you ² honored: honored ³ dispense with: pardon ⁴ terrible boys: rosters ⁵ what's: what kind of man is ⁶ china-woman: proprietress of a china-house ⁷ coat: coat of arms (with suggestion of the garb of the court fool) ⁸ azure: blue ⁹ gules: red ¹⁰ godwits: marsh birds ¹¹ crowns: coins worth five shillings ¹² Island Voyage: expedition of Raleigh and Essex to the Azores, 1597 ¹³ Caliz: Cadiz, captured by the English under the leadership of Howard, Essex, and Raleigh in 1596 ¹⁴ disprais'd: depreciated

hither, show'd myself to my friends in court, and after went down to my tenants in the [75 country, and survey'd my lands, let new leases, took their money, spent it in the eye o' the land here, upon ladies. — and now I can take up at my pleasure.

Daup. Can you take up ladies, sir? 80

Cler. O, let him breathe, he has not recovered.

Daup. Would I were your half in that commodity!

La-F. No, sir, excuse me: I meant [85 money, which can take up anything. I have another guest or two, to invite, and say as much to, gentlemen. I'll take my leave abruptly, in hope you will not fail — Your servant *[Exit]* 90

Daup. We will not fail you, sir precious La-Foole; but she shall, that your ladies come to see, if I have credit afore Sir Daw

Cler. Did you ever hear such a wind-sucker, as this? 95

Daup. Or such a rook as the other, that will betray his mistress to be seen! Come, 't is time we prevented it.

Cler. Go. *[Exeunt.]*

Act II. Scene I

[A Room in Morose's House]

Morose, Mute

[Mor.] Cannot I, yet, find out a more compendious method, than by this trunk, to save my servants the labour of speech, and mine ears the discord of sounds? Let me see: all discourses but mine own afflict me; they seem [5 harsh, impertinent, and irksome. Is it not possible, that thou should'st answer me by signs, and I apprehend thee, fellow? Speak not, though I question you. You have taken the ring off from the street door, as I bade [10 you? Answer me not by speech, but by silence; unless it be otherwise *[Mute makes a leg]* — Very good. And you have fastened on a thick quilt, or flock-bed, on the outside of the door; that if they knock with their daggers, or [15 with brick-bats, they can make no noise? — But with your leg, your answer, unless it be otherwise *[makes a leg]* — Very good. This is not only fit modesty in a servant, but good state and discretion in a master. And you [20 have been with Cutbeard the barber, to have

him come to me? *[makes a leg.]* — Good. And, he will come presently? Answer me not but with your leg, unless it be otherwise; if it be otherwise, shake your head, or shrug *[makes [25 a leg.]* — So! Your Italian and Spaniard are wise in these: and it is a frugal and comely gravity. How long will it be ere Cutbeard come? Stay; if an hour, hold up your whole hand, if half an hour, two fingers; if a quarter, one; *[holds up a finger bent.]* — Good: half a quarter? 'tis well. And have you given him a key, to come in without knocking? *[makes a leg]* — Good. And is the lock oil'd, and the hinges, to-day? *[makes a leg.]* — Good. And [35 the quilting of the stairs no where worn out and bare? *[makes a leg]* — Very good. I see, by much doctrine, and impulsion, it may be effected, stand by. The Turk, in this divine discipline, is admirable, exceeding all the [40 potentates of the earth; still waited on by mutes; and all his commands so executed; yea, even in the war, as I have heard, and in his marches, most of his charges and directions given by signs, and with silence: an exquisite [45 art! and I am heartily asham'd, and angry oftentimes, that the princes of Christendom should suffer a barbarian to transcend 'em in so high a point of felicity. I will practise it hereafter *(One winds a horn without.)* — [50 How now? oh! oh! what villain, what prodigy of mankind is that? look. *[Exit Mute.]* *(Again.)* — Oh! cut his throat, cut his throat! what murderer, hell-hound, devil can this be?

[Enter Mute]

Mute. It is a post from the court — 55

Mor. Out, rogue! and must thou blow thy horn too?

Mute. Alas, it is a post from the court, sir, that says, he must speak with you, pain of death — 60

Mor. Pain of thy life, be silent!

Act II. Scene II

Truewit, Morose, [later] Cutbeard

[True.] By your leave, sir, — I am a stranger here: — Is your name master Morose? is your name master Morose? Fishes! Pythagoreans all! This is strange. What say you, sir? nothing! Has Harpocrates [5 been here with his club, among you? Well,

77-78 eye . . . land: London 78-79 take up: borrow 81-84 commodity: merchandise obtained from the usurer in lieu of cash 84 wind-sucker: an unserviceable kind of hawk 86 rook: fool 10 ring: knocker 12 s d leg: bow (In place of stage directions in this speech F has dashes and a marginal note: 'At the breaches still the fellow makes legs or signs') 14 flock-bed: mattress 20 state: mode of living 22 doctrine: discipline impulsion: force 20 s. d. winds: blows 4 Pythagoreans: (who observed strict silence with regard to their beliefs and practices) 5 Harpocrates: the Egyptian Horus, god of silence

sir, I will believe you to be the man at this time. I will venter upon you, sir. Your friends at court commend 'em to you, sir —

Mor. [*Aside.*] O men! O manners! was [10 there ever such an impudence?

True. And are extremely solicitous for you, sir.

Mor. Whose knave are you?

True. Mine own knave, and your com- [15 peer, sir.

Mor. Fetch me my sword —

True. You shall taste the one half of my dagger, if you do, groom; and you the other, if you stir, sir: Be patient, I charge you, in [20 the king's name, and hear me without insurrection. They say, you are to marry; to marry! do you mark, sir?

Mor. How then, rude companion!

True. Marry, your friends do wonder, [25 sir, the Thames being so near, wherein you may drown so handsomely; or London-bridge, at a low fall, with a fine leap, to hurry you down the stream; or, such a delicate steeple i' the town, as Bow, to vault from; or a [30 braver height, as Paul's. Or, if you affected to do it nearer home, and a shorter way, an excellent garret-windore into the street; or, a beam in the said garret, with this halter (*He shows him a halter.*) — which they have [35 sent, and desire, that you would sooner commit your grave head to this knot, than to the wedlock noose; or, take a little sublimate, and go out of the world like a rat; or a fly, as one said, with a straw i' your arse: any way, [40 rather than to follow this goblin Matrimony. Alas, sir, do you ever think to find a chaste wife in these times? now? when there are so many masques, plays, Puritan preachings, mad folks, and other strange sights to be seen [45 daily, private and public? If you had liv'd in King Etheldred's time, sir, or Edward the Confessor's, you might, perhaps, have found in some cold country hamlet, then, a dull frosty wench, would have been contented [50 with one man: now, they will as soon be pleas'd with one leg, or one eye. I'll tell you, sir, the monstrous hazards you shall run with a wife.

Mor. Good sir, have I ever cozen'd any [55 friends of yours of their land? bought their possessions? taken forfeit of their mortgage? begg'd a reversion from 'em? bastarded their

issue? What have I done, that may deserve this? 60

True. Nothing, sir, that I know, but your itch of marriage.

Mor. Why, if I had made an assassinate upon your father, vitiated your mother, rav- [65 ished your sisters —

True. I would kill you, sir, I would kill you, if you had.

Mor. Why, you do more in this, sir: it were a vengeance centuple, for all facinorous acts that could be nam'd, to do that you do. [70

True. Alas, sir, I am but a messenger: I but tell you, what you must hear. It seems your friends are careful after your soul's health, sir, and would have you know the danger: (but you may do your pleasure for all them, [75 I persuade not, sir.) If, after you are married, your wife do run away with a vaulter, or the Frenchman that walks upon ropes, or him that dances the jig, or a fencer for his skill at his weapon; why it is not their fault, they have [80 discharged their consciences, when you know what may happen. Nay, suffer valiantly, sir, for I must tell you all the perils that you are obnoxious to. If she be fair, young and vegetous, no sweetmeats ever drew more [85 flies; all the yellow doublets and great roses i' the town will be there. If foul and crooked, she'll be with them, and buy those doublets and roses, sir. If rich, and that you marry her dowry, not her, she'll reign in your [90 house as imperious as a widow. If noble, all her kindred will be your tyrants. If fruitful, as proud as May, and humorous as April; she must have her doctors, her midwives, her nurses, her longings every hour; though [95 it be for the dearest morsel of man. If learned, there was never such a parrot, all your patrimony will be too little for the guests that must be invited to hear her speak Latin and Greek; and you must lie with her in those languages [100 too, if you will please her. If precise, you must feast all the silenc'd brethren, once in three days; salute the sisters; entertain the whole family, or wood of 'em, and hear long-winded exercises, singings and catechizings, which [105 you are not given to, and yet must give for; to please the zealous matron your wife, who for the holy cause, will cozen you over and above. You begin to sweat, sir! but this is not half, i' faith: you may do your pleas- [110

¹⁴ knave: servant ²¹⁻²² insurrection: resistance ²⁴ companion: fellow ²⁸ low fall: rapid ebb-tide through the arches of the bridge ³⁰ Bow: the church of St. Mary-le-Bow ⁴¹ Paul's: St. Paul's ⁵⁰ would: who would ⁵¹ cozen'd: cheated ⁵⁴ reversion: the promise of an office or estate after the death of the holder of it ⁵⁵ away from, to the disappointment of ⁶³ assassinate: murderous assault ⁶⁴ facinorous: infamous ⁶⁶ obnoxious: liable ⁶⁸ vegetous: vigorous ⁷⁸ roses: (on the shoes) ⁷⁹ humorous: capricious ¹⁰¹ precise: a Puritan ¹⁰² silenc'd: (Puritans were forbidden to worship independently.)

ure, notwithstanding, as I said before: I come not to persuade you (*The Mule is stealing away.*) — Upon my faith, master serving-man, if you do stir, I will beat you.

Mor. O, what is my sin! what is my sin! [115

True. Then, if you love your wife, or rather dote on her, sir; O, how she 'll torture you, and take pleasure i' your torments! you shall lie with her but when she lists; she will not hurt her beauty, her complexion, or it must be [120 for that jewel, or that pearl, when she does: every half hour's pleasure must be bought anew, and with the same pain and charge you woo'd her at first. Then you must keep what servants she please, what company she will; that [125 friend must not visit you without her license; and him she loves most, she will seem to hate eagerliest, to decline your jealousy; or feign to be jealous of you first; and for that cause go live with her she-friend, or cousin at the [130 college, that can instruct her in all the mysteries of writing letters, corrupting servants, taming spies, where she must have that rich gown for such a great day; a new one for the next; a richer for the third; be serv'd in silver; [135 have the chamber fill'd with a succession of grooms, footmen, ushers, and other messengers, besides embroiderers, jewellers, tire-women, sempsters, feathermen, perfumers, while she feels not how the land drops away, nor the [140 acres melt; nor foresees the change when the mercer has your woods for her velvets; never weighs what her pride costs, sir, so she may kiss a page, or a smooth chin, that has the [144 despair of a beard be a stateswoman, know all the news, what was done at Salisbury, what at the Bath, what at court, what in progress; or, so she may censure poets, and authors, and styles, and compare 'em, Daniel with Spen- [149 ser, Jonson with the t' other youth, and so forth, or be thought cunning in controversies, or the very knots of divinity; and have often in her mouth the state of the question; and then skip to the mathematics, and demon- [154 stration: and answer in religion to one, in state to another, in bawdry to a third.

Mor. O, O!

True. All this is very true, sir. And then her going in disguise to that conjurer, and [159 this cunning woman: where the first question is, how soon you shall die? next, if her present servant love her? next that, if she shall have a new servant? and how many? which of her

family would make the best bawd, male or [164 female: what precedence she shall have by her next match? and sets down the answers, and believes 'em above the scriptures. Nay, perhaps she 'll study the art.

Mor. Gentle sir, ha' you done? ha' you [169 had your pleasure o' me? I 'll think of these things

True. Yes, sir: and then comes reeking home of vapour and sweat, with going afoot, and lies in a month of a new face, all oil [174 and birdlime; and rises in asses' milk, and is cleans'd with a new fucus: God be wi' you, sir. One thing more, which I had almost forgot. This too, with whom you are to marry, may have made a conveyance of her virginity [179 aforehand, as your wise widows do of their states, before they marry, in trust to some friend, sir. Who can tell? Or if she have not done it yet, she may do, upon the wedding-day, or the night before, and antedate you cuck- [184 old. The like has been heard of in nature. 'T is no devis'd, impossible thing, sir. God be wi' you. I 'll be bold to leave this rope with you, sir, for a remembrance — Farewell, Mute!

[*Exit.*]

Mor. Come, ha' me to my chamber: [189 but first shut the door (*The horn again*) O, shut the door, shut the door! is he come again?

[*Enter Cutbeard*]

Cut. 'T is I, sir, your barber.

Mor. O, Cutbeard, Cutbeard, Cutbeard! here has been a cutthroat with me. help [194 me in to my bed, and give me physic with thy counsel. [*Exeunt*]

Act II. Scene III

[*A Room in Sir John Daw's House*]

Daw, Clerimont, Dauphine, Epicene

[*Daw.*] Nay, and she will, let her refuse at her own vapour, 't is nothing to me, gentlemen; but she will not be invited to the like feasts or guests every day

Cler. O, by no means, she may not refuse [5 — to stay at home, if you love your reputation. 'Slight, you are invited thither o' purpose to be seen, and laugh'd at by the lady of the college, and her shadows. This trumpeter hath proclaim'd you. (*They dissuade her privately.*) [10

Daup. You shall not go; let him be laugh'd at in your stead, for not bringing you: and

¹¹⁹ lists: pleases ¹²³ charge: expense

¹³⁹ sempsters: tailors ¹⁴² mercer: dealer in cloth ¹⁴⁶ Salisbury: a centre for horse-racing

¹⁴⁷ Bath: already a popular watering-place in progress: on the king's journeys ¹⁵⁰ t' other youth:

possibly Marston ¹⁵⁵ answer: do her lesson ¹⁶⁰ cunning woman: fortune-teller ¹⁷⁰ fucus: rouge

or other cosmetic ¹⁸¹ states: property ¹⁸⁶ devis'd: invented ² charges: risk ³ shadows: un-

invited guests brought to a dinner

put him to his extemporal faculty of fooling and talking loud, to satisfy the company.

[*Aside to Epi.*]

Cler. He will suspect us; talk aloud — [15
Pray, mistress Epicene, let 's see your verses; we have Sir John Daw's leave; do not conceal your servant's merit, and your own glories.

Epi. They 'll prove my servant's glories, if you have his leave so soon. 20

Dawp. His vain-glories, lady!

Daw. Show 'em, show 'em, mistress; I dare own 'em.

Epi. Judge you, what glories.

Daw. Nay, I 'll read 'em myself too: an [25
author must recite his own works. It is a madrigal of Modesty.

Modest and fair, for fair and good are near

Neighbours, howe'er. —

Dawp. Very good 30

Cler. Ay, is 't not?

Daw. *No noble virtue ever was alone,
But two in one.*

Dawp. Excellent!

Cler. That again, I pray, Sir John. 35

Dawp. It has something in 't like rare wit and sense

Cler. Peace

Daw. *No noble virtue ever was alone,
But two in one* 40

*Then, when I praise sweet modesty, I
praise*

Bright beauty's rays

*And having prais'd both beauty and
modestee,*

I have prais'd thee.

Dawp. Admirable! 45

Cler. How it chimes, and cries tink i' the close, divinely!

Dawp. Ay, 't is Seneca

Cler. No, I think 't is Plutarch.

Daw. The dor on Plutarch and Seneca! [50
I hate it: they are mine own imaginations, by that light. I wonder those fellows have such credit with gentlemen

Cler. They are very grave authors

Daw. Grave asses' mere essayists a few [55
loose sentences, and that 's all. A man would talk so his whole age: I do utter as good things every hour, if they were collected and observ'd, as either of 'em.

Dawp. Indeed, Sir John! 60

Cler. He must needs; living among the wits and braveries too.

Dawp. Ay, and being president of 'em, as he is.

Daw. There 's Aristotle, a mere common- [65
place fellow; Plato, a discourser; Thucydides and Livy, tedious and dry; Tacitus, an entire knot; sometimes worth the untying, very seldom.

Cler. What do you think of the poets, Sir [70
John?

Daw. Not worthy to be nam'd for authors. Homer, an old tedious, prolix ass, talks of curriers, and chimes of beef; Vergil of dunging of land, and bees; Horace, of I know not [75
what.

Cler. I think so.

Daw. And so, Pindarus, Lycophron, Anacreon, Catullus, Seneca the tragedian, Lucan, Propertius, Tibullus, Martial, Juvenal, Ausonius, Statius, Politian, Valerius Flaccus, and the rest —

Cler. What a sackfull of their names he has got!

Dawp. And how he pours 'em out! Politian [85
with Valerius Flaccus!

Cler. Was not the character right of him?

Dawp. As could be made, i' faith.

Daw. And Persius, a crabbed coxcomb, not to be endur'd 90

Dawp. Why, whom do you account for authors, Sir John Daw?

Daw. *Syntagma juris civilis; Corpus juris civilis, Corpus juris canonici;* the King of Spain's Bible — 95

Dawp. Is the king of Spain's Bible an author?

Cler. Yes, and Syntagma

Dawp. What was that Syntagma, sir?

Daw. A civil lawyer, a Spaniard.

Dawp. Sure, Corpus was a Dutchman. 100

Cler. Ay, both the Corpuses, I knew 'em: they were very corpulent authors

Daw. And then there 's Vatablus, Pomponatius, Symancha: the other are not to be receiv'd, within the thought of a scholar. [105

Dawp. 'Fore God, you have a simple learn'd servant, lady, — in titles. [*Aside*]

Cler. I wonder that he is not called to the helm, and made a counsellor.

Dawp. He is one extraordinary. 110

Cler. Nay, but in ordinary: to say truth, the state wants such

Dawp. Why, that will follow.

Cler. I muse a mistress can be so silent to the dotes of such a servant. 115

¹⁵ extemporal: extemporaneous ²⁰ own: acknowledge authorship of ³⁰ dor on: deuce with (a mock imprecation) ⁴⁰ curriers: tanners ⁵⁰ Politian: a Florentine humanist (1454–1494), introduced to show the confusion in Daw's mind ⁶⁰ Syntagma: corpus, compilation ⁷⁰ juris canonici: canon, or ecclesiastical, law ^{80–85} King . . . Bible: a polyglot Bible published at Antwerp, 1569–1572, with the sanction of Philip II ^{100–104} Vatablus . . . Symancha: European scholars of the 16th century ¹¹⁰ dotes: natural endowments

Daw. 'Tis her virtue, sir. I have written somewhat of her silence too.

Daup. In verse, Sir John?

Cler. What else?

Daup. Why, how can you justify your own being of a poet, that so slight all the old poets?

Daw. Why, every man that writes in verse is not a poet; you have of the wits that write verses, and yet are no poets: they are poets that live by it, the poor fellows that live by it

Daup. Why, would not you live by your verses, Sir John?

Cler. No, 't were pity he should live by his verses! he did not make 'em to that end, I hope.

Daup. And yet the noble Sidney lives by his, and the noble family not asham'd

Cler. Ay, he profess'd himself; but Sir John Daw has more caution: he'll not hinder his own rising i' the state so much. Do you think he will? Your verses, good Sir John, and no poems.

Daw. *Silence in woman, is like speech in man; Deny 't who can.* 140

Daup. Not I, believe it: your reason, sir

Daw. Nor is 't a tale,

That female vice should be a virtue male, Or masculine vice a female virtue be

You shall it see 145

Prov'd with increase,

I know to speak, and she to hold her peace.

Do you conceive me, gentlemen?

Daup. No, faith, how mean you "with increase," Sir John? 150

Daw. Why, with increase is, when I court her for the common cause of mankind, and she says nothing, but *consentire videtur*, and in time is *gravida*

Daup. Then this is a ballad of procreation?

Cler. A madrigal of procreation, you 156 mistake.

Epi. Pray give me my verses again, servant.

Daw. If you'll ask 'em aloud, you shall

Cler. See, here 's Truewit again! 160

[*Walks aside with the papers*]

Act II. Scene IIII

Clerimont, Truewit, Dauphine, [later] Culbeard,

Daw, Epicæne

[*Cler.*] Where hast thou been, in the name of madness, thus accoutred with thy horn?

True. Where the sound of it might have

pierc'd your senses with gladness, had you been in ear-reach of it. Dauphine, fall down and worship me; I have forbid the bans, lad: I have been with thy virtuous uncle, and have broke the match.

Daup. You ha' not, I hope.

True. Yes, faith; and thou shouldst hope otherwise, I should repent me: this horn got me entrance; kiss it. I had no other way to get in, but by feigning to be a post; but when I got in once, I prov'd none, but rather the contrary, turn'd him into a post, or a stone, or what is stiffer, with thund'ring into him the incommodities of a wife, and the miseries of marriage. If ever Gorgon were seen in the shape of a woman, he hath seen her in my description! I have put him off o' that scent for ever — Why do you not applaud and adore me, sirs? Why stand you mute? Are you stupid? You are not worthy o' the benefit.

Daup. Did not I tell you? Mischief! —

Cler. I would you had plac'd this benefit somewhere else.

True. Why so?

Cler. 'Slight, you have done the most inconsiderate, rash, weak thing, that ever man did to his friend 30

Daup. Friend! if the most malicious enemy I have had studied to inflict an injury upon me, it could not be a greater

True. Wherein, for God's sake? Gentlemen, come to yourselves again 35

Daup. But I presag'd thus much afore to you.

Cler. Would my lips had been solder'd when I spake on 't! 'Slight, what mov'd you to be thus impertinent? 40

True. My masters, do not put on this strange face to pay my courtesy; off with this vizor. Have good turns done you, and thank 'em this way!

Daup. 'Fore heaven, you have undone me That which I have plotted for, and been maturing now these four months, you have blasted in a minute. Now I am lost, I may speak. This gentlewoman was lodg'd here by me o' purpose, and, to be put upon my uncle, hath profess'd this obstinate silence for my sake; being my entire friend, and one that for the requital of such a fortune as to marry him, would have made me very ample conditions; where now, all my hopes are utterly mis- 55 carried by this unlucky accident.

Cler. Thus 't is when a man will be ignorantly officious, do services, and not know his why; I wonder what courteous itch possess'd

¹²⁸ and: ('are' F 2) ¹⁴⁸ conceive: understand

¹¹³ post: messenger ¹⁷ incommodities: inconveniences

¹¹ why: reasons

¹¹³ consentire videtur: seems to consent

²² benefit: kindness ⁴¹ vizor: pretense

you. You never did absurder part i' your 160
life, nor a greater trespass to friendship, to
humanity.

Daup. Faith, you may forgive it best, 't was
your cause principally.

Cler. I know it; would it had not. 65

[*Enter Culbeard*]

Daup. How now, Cutbeard! what news?

Cul. The best, the happiest that ever was,
sir. There has been a mad gentleman with
your uncle this morning, [*seeing Truewit*.] — I
think this be the gentleman — that has al- 170
most talk'd him out of his wits, with threat'ning
him from marriage —

Daup. On, I pray thee.

Cul. And your uncle, sir, he thinks 't was
done by your procurement; therefore he 175
will see the party you wot of presently; and
if he like her, he says, and that she be so in-
clining to dumb as I have told him, he swears
he will marry her to-day, instantly, and not
defer it a minute longer 80

Daup. Excellent! beyond our expectation!

True. Beyond your expectation! By this
light, I knew it would be thus.

Daup. Nay, sweet Truewit, forgive me

True. No, I was "ignorantly officious, im- 185
pertinent;" this was the "absurd, weak part."

Cler. Wilt thou ascribe that to merit now,
was mere fortune!

True. Fortune! mere providence Fortune
had not a finger in 't I saw it must neces- 190
sarily in nature fall out so my genius is never
false to me in these things. Show me how it
could be otherwise.

Daup. Nay, gentlemen, contend not; 't is
well now. 95

True. Alas, I let him go on with "incon-
siderate," and "rash," and what he pleas'd.

Cler. Away, thou strange justifier of thy-
self, to be wiser than thou wert, by the event!

True. Event! by this light, thou shalt 100
never persuade me, but I foresaw it as well as
the stars themselves

Daup. Nay, gentlemen, 't is well now. Do
you two entertain Sir John Daw with discourse,
while I send her away with instructions. 105

True. I'll be acquainted with her first, by
your favour.

Cler. Master Truewit, lady, a friend of ours.

True. I am sorry I have not known you
sooner, lady, to celebrate this rare virtue 110
of your silence.

[*Exeunt Daup. Epi, and Culbeard.*]

Cler. Faith, an you had come sooner, you
should ha' seen and heard her well celebrated
in Sir John Daw's madrigals.

True. [*Advances to Daw.*] Jack Daw, 115
God save you! when saw you La-Foole?

Daw. Not since last night, master Truewit.

True. That 's a miracle! I thought you two
had been inseparable.

Daw. He 's gone to invite his guests. 120

True. Gods so! 't is true! What a false
memory have I towards that man! I am one:
I met him e'en now, upon that he calls his
delicate, fine, black horse, rid into a foam, with
posting from place to place, and person to 125
person, to give 'em the cue —

Cler. Lest they should forget?

True. Yes, there was never poor captain
took more pains at a muster to show men, than
he, at this meal, to show friends. 130

Daw. It is his quarter-feast, sir.

Cler. What! do you say so, Sir John?

True. Nay, black horse, rid will not be out,
at the best friends he has, to the talent of his wit.
Where 's his mistress, to hear and applaud 135
him? Is she gone?

Daw. Is mistress Epiccene gone?

Cler. Gone afore, with Sir Dauphine, I war-
rant, to the place.

True. Gone afore! That were a mani- 140
fest injury, a disgrace and a half; to refuse him
at such a festival-time as this, being a bravery,
and a wit too!

Cler. Tut, he 'll swallow it like cream he 's
better read in *Jure civili*, than to esteem 145
anything a disgrace, is offer'd him from a
mistress

Daw. Nay, let her e'en go, she shall sit
alone, and be dumb in her chamber a week
together, for John Daw, I warrant her. 150
Does she refuse me?

Cler. No, sir, do not take it so to heart;
she does not refuse you, but a little neglect you
Good faith, Truewit, you were to blame, to put
it into his head, that she does refuse him. 155

True. She does refuse him, sir, palpably,
however you mince it. An I were as he, I
would swear to speak ne'er a word to her to-day
for 't.

Daw. By this light, no more I will not. 160

True. Nor to anybody else, sir.

Daw. Nay, I will not say so, gentlemen.

Cler. [*Aside*] It had been an excellent
happy condition for the company, if you could
have drawn him to it. 165

Daw. I'll be very melancholic, i' faith.

⁶⁰ part: action ⁶²⁻⁶⁴ 't was . . . cause: you were the cause of it ⁷⁵ procurement: arrange-
ment ¹¹⁰ a: (not in F 1) ¹²² one: i.e., of his guests ¹³¹ quarter-feast: feast celebrating the be-
ginning of one of the quarters of the business year ¹³³⁻¹³⁴ Nay . . . wit: i.e., will sacrifice a good
friend for a joke

Cler. As a dog, if I were as you, Sir John.

True. Or a snail, or a hog-louse: I would roll myself up for this day, in troth, they should not unwind me. 171

Daw. By this pick-tooth, so I will

Cler. 'Tis well done. He begins already to be angry with his teeth.

Daw. Will you go, gentlemen?

Cler. Nay, you must walk alone, if you 176 be right melancholic, Sir John.

True. Yes, sir, we'll dog you, we'll follow you afar off. [*Exit Daw.*]

Cler. Was there ever such a two yards of knighthood measur'd out by time, to be 181 sold to laughter?

True. A mere talking mole, hang him! no mushroom was ever so fresh. A fellow so utterly nothing, as he knows not what he would be. 186

Cler. Let's follow him: but first let's go to Dauphine, he's hovering about the house to hear what news.

True. Content.

[*Exeunt.*]

Act II. Scene V

[*A Room in Morose's House*]

Morose, Epicæne, Cutbeard, Mule

[*Mor.*] Welcome, Cutbeard! draw near with your fair charge: and in her ear softly entreat her to unmask. [*Epi. takes off her mask*] — So! Is the door shut? [*Mule makes a leg.*] — Enough. Now, Cutbeard, with the same 5 discipline I use to my family, I will question you. As I conceive, Cutbeard, this gentlewoman is she you have provided, and brought, in hope she will fit me in the place and person of a wife? Answer me not but with your 10 leg, unless it be otherwise [*Cut. makes a leg*] — Very well done, Cutbeard. I conceive, besides, Cutbeard, you have been pre-acquainted with her birth, education, and qualities, or else you would not prefer her to my acceptance, 15 in the weighty consequence of marriage. This I conceive, Cutbeard. Answer me not but with your leg, unless it be otherwise [*Cutbeard bows again.*] — Very well done, Cutbeard. Give aside now a little, and leave me to 20 examine her condition, and aptitude to my affection. (*He goes about her and views her.*) — She is exceeding fair, and of a special good

favour; a sweet composition or harmony of limbs; her temper of beauty has the true 25 height of my blood. The knave hath exceedingly well fitted me without: I will now try her within. — Come near, fair gentlewoman; let not my behaviour seem rude, though unto you, being rare, it may haply appear strange. 30 (*She curtsies.*) Nay, lady, you may speak, though Cutbeard and my man might not; for of all sounds, only the sweet voice of a fair lady has the just length of mine ears. I beseech you, say, lady; out of the first fire 35 of meeting eyes, they say, love is stricken: do you feel any such motion suddenly shot into you, from any part you see in me? ha, lady? (*Curtsy.*) — Alas, lady, these answers by silent curtsies from you are too courtless 40 and simple. I have ever had my breeding in court; and she that shall be my wife, must be accomplished with courtly and audacious ornaments. Can you speak, lady?

Epi. Judge you, forsooth. 45

She speaks softly.

Mor. What say you, lady? Speak out, I beseech you.

Epi. Judge you, forsooth.

Mor. O' my judgment, a divine softness! But can you naturally, lady, as I enjoin 50 these by doctrine and industry, refer yourself to the search of my judgment, and, not taking pleasure in your tongue, which is a woman's chiefest pleasure, think it plausible to answer me by silent gestures, so long as my speeches 55 jump right with what you conceive? (*Curtsy*) — Excellent! divine! if it were possible she should hold out thus! — Peace, Cutbeard, thou art made for ever, as thou hast made me, if this felicity have lasting: but I will try her 60 further. Dear lady, I am courtly, I tell you, and I must have mine ears banqueted with pleasant and witty conferences, pretty girds, scoffs, and dalliance in her that I mean to choose for my bed-phere. The ladies in 65 court think it a most desperate impair to their quickness of wit, and good carriage, if they cannot give occasion for a man to court 'em; and when an amorous discourse is set on foot, minister as good matter to continue it, as 70 himself. And do you alone so much differ from all them, that what they, with so much circumstance, affect and toil for, to seem learn'd, to seem judicious, to seem sharp and conceited, you can bury in yourself with 75 silence, and rather trust your graces to the

¹⁷¹ pick-tooth: toothpick (a fashionable implement) ¹⁵ prefer: recommend ²⁴ favour: appearance ²⁵ temper: character, quality ²⁷ motion: influence, impulse ⁴³ audacious: spirited
⁴⁴ search: examination, attempt to understand ⁵⁴ jump right: agree ⁶⁰ lasting: endurance
⁶³ conferences: conversations ^{girds}: gibes ⁶⁶ bed-phere: bedfellow ⁶⁸ impair: impairment
⁶⁷ carriage: manner in society ⁷¹ circumstance: effort, ceremony ⁷⁵ conceited: clever

fair conscience of virtue, than to the world's or your own proclamation?

Epi. [*Softly.*] I should be sorry else.

Mor. What say you, lady? good lady, ¹⁸⁰ speak out.

Epi. I should be sorry else.

Mor. That sorrow doth fill me with gladness. O Morose, thou art happy above mankind! Pray that thou mayest contain thyself. I ¹⁸⁵ as will only put her to it once more, and it shall be with the utmost touch and test of their sex. But hear me, fair lady; I do also love to see her whom I shall choose for my heifer, to be the first and principal in all ¹⁹⁰ fashions, precede all the dames at court by a fortnight, have her council of tailors, lineners, lace-women, embroiderers: and sit with 'em sometimes twice a day upon French intelligences, and then come forth varied like ¹⁹⁵ nature, or oftener than she, and better by the help of art, her emulous servant. This do I affect: and how will you be able, lady, with this frugality of speech, to give the manifold but necessary instructions, for that bodice, ¹⁰⁰ these sleeves, those skirts, this cut, that stitch, this embroidery, that lace, this wire, those knots, that ruff, those roses, this girdle, that fan, the t' other scarf, these gloves? Ha! what say you, lady? ¹⁰⁵

Epi. [*Softly.*] I'll leave it to you, sir.

Mor. How, lady? pray you, rise a note.

Epi. I leave it to wisdom and you, sir.

Mor. Admirable creature! I will trouble you no more: I will not sin against so sweet ¹¹⁰ a simplicity. Let me now be bold to print on those divine lips the seal of being mine. — Cutbeard, I give thee the lease of thy house free, thank me not but with thy leg. [*Cutbeard makes a leg*] — I know what thou ¹¹⁵ wouldst say: she's poor, and her friends deceased. She has brought a wealthy dowry in her silence, Cutbeard; and in respect of her poverty, Cutbeard, I shall have her more loving and obedient, Cutbeard. Go thy ways, and ¹²⁰ get me a minister presently, with a soft low voice, to marry us; and pray him he will not be impertinent, but brief as he can; away: softly, Cutbeard. [*Exit Cut.*] — Surrah, conduct your mistress into the dining-room, ¹²⁵ your now-mistress. [*Exit Mute, followed by Epi.*] — O my felicity! how I shall be reveng'd on mine insolent kinsman, and his plots to

fright me from marrying! This night I will get an heir, and thrust him out of my blood, ¹³⁰ like a stranger. He would be knighted, forsooth, and thought by that means to reign over me, his title must do it: No, kinsman, I will now make you bring me the tenth lord's and the sixteenth lady's letter, kinsman; ¹³⁵ and it shall do you no good, kinsman. Your knighthood itself shall come on its knees, and it shall be rejected; it shall be sued for its fees to execution, and not be redeem'd; it shall cheat at the twelpenny ordinary, it ¹⁴⁰ knighthood, for its diet, all the term-time, and tell tales for it in the vacation to the hostess; or it knighthood shall do worse, take sanctuary in Cole-harbour, and fast. It shall fright all it friends with borrowing letters, and when ¹⁴⁵ one of the fourscore hath brought it knighthood ten shillings, it knighthood shall go to the Cranes, or the Bear at the Bridge-foot, and be drunk in fear; it shall not have money to discharge one tavern-reckoning, to invite ¹⁵⁰ the old creditors to forbear it knighthood, or the new, that should be, to trust it knighthood. It shall be the tenth name in the bond to take up the commodity of pipkins and stone-jugs: and the part thereof shall not furnish it ¹⁵⁵ knighthood forth for the attempting of a baker's widow, a brown baker's widow. It shall give it knighthood's name for a stallion, to all gamesome citizens' wives, and be refus'd, when the master of a dancing-school, or ¹⁶⁰ How-do-you-call-him, the worst reveller in the town, is taken: it shall want clothes, and by reason of that, wit, to fool to lawyers. It shall not have hope to repair itself by Constantinople, Ireland, or Virginia, but the best and ¹⁶⁵ last fortune to it knighthood shall be to make Dol Tear-sheet, or Kate Common a lady, and so it knighthood may eat. [*Exit.*]

Act II. Scene VI

[*A Lane, near Morose's House*]

Truewit, Dauphine, Clerimont, [later] Cutbeard

[*True*] Are you sure he is not gone by?

Daup. No, I stay'd in the shop ever since.

Cler. But he may take the other end of the lane.

Daup. No, I told him I would be here ¹⁵ at this end: I appointed him hither.

⁷⁷ conscience: consciousness ⁸⁷ touch: trial ⁹⁰ heifer: ('heicfar' F 1) ⁹⁴⁻⁹⁵ intelligences: news ⁹⁶ affect: aim at, like ¹⁰⁷ rise: raise your voice ¹²³ impertinent: irrelevant ¹³⁰ him: Dauphine ¹³⁹ to execution: to the limit of the law ¹⁴⁰ it: its ¹⁴³ tell tales: (Taverns sometimes gave free board to a good talker.) ¹⁴⁴ Cole-harbour: Cold-Harbour, a sanctuary for debtors, etc. ¹⁴⁸ Cranes, Bear: well-known taverns ¹⁴⁹ commodity: cf. I. iv. 83-84 and note ¹⁵⁷ brown baker: baker of coarse bread ¹⁶⁴⁻¹⁶⁵ Constantinople, etc.: by emigration, and, possibly, by investment in the Turkey Company ¹⁶⁷ Dol Tear-sheet: (cf. *Henry IV*, Pt. II)

True. What a barbarian it is to stay, then!

Daup. Yonder he comes.

Cler. And his charge left behind him, which is a very good sign, Dauphine. 10

[*Enter Cutbeard*]

Daup. How now, Cutbeard! succeeds it, or no?

Cut. Past imagination, sir, *omnia secunda*; you could not have pray'd to have had it so well. *Sallat senex*, as it is i' the proverb; [15 he does triumph in his felicity, admires the party! He has given me the lease of my house too! and I am now going for a silent minister to marry 'em, and away.

True. 'Slight! get one o' the silenc'd [20 ministers; a zealous brother would torment him purely.

Cut. *Cum privilegio*, sir.

Daup. O, by no means; let's do nothing to hinder it now: when 't is done and [25 finished, I am for you, for any device of vexation.

Cut. And that shall be within this half hour, upon my dexterity, gentlemen. Contrive what you can in the mean time, *bonis avibus* [30
[*Exit*]

Cler. How the slave doth Latin it!

True. It would be made a jest to posterity, sirs, this day's mirth, if ye will

Cler. Beshrew his heart that will not, I pronounce. 35

Daup. And for my part What is 't?

True. To translate all La-Foole's company, and his feast hither, to-day, to celebrate this bride-ale.

Daup. Ay, marry; but how will 't be [40 done?

True. I'll undertake the directing of all the lady-guests thither, and then the meat must follow.

Cler. For God's sake, let's effect it; it [45 will be an excellent comedy of affliction, so many several noises

Daup. But are they not at the other place, already, think you?

True. I'll warrant you for the college- [50 honours. one o' their faces has not the priming colour laid on yet, nor the other her smock sleek'd.

Cler. O, but they'll rise earlier than ordinary to a feast. 55

True. Best go see, and assure ourselves.

Cler. Who knows the house?

True. I'll lead you. Were you never there yet?

Daup. Not I. 60

Cler. Nor I.

True. Where ha' you liv'd then? not know Tom Otter!

Cler. No: for God's sake, what is he?

True. An excellent animal, equal with [65 your Daw or La-Foole, if not transcendent; and does Latin it as much as your barber. He is his wife's subject; he calls her princess, and at such times as these follows her up and down the house like a page, with his hat off, partly [70 for heat, partly for reverence. At this instant he is marshalling of his bull, bear, and horse.

Daup. What be those, in the name of Sphinx?

True. Why, sir, he has been a great man [75 at the Bear-garden in his time; and from that subtle sport has ta'en the witty denomination of his chief carousing cups. One he calls his bull, another his bear, another his horse. And then he has his lesser glasses, that [80 he calls his deer and his ape, and several degrees of 'em too; and never is well, nor thinks any entertainment perfect, till these be brought out, and set o' the cupboard

Cler. For God's love! — we should miss [85 this, if we should not go.

True. Nay, he has a thousand things as good, that will speak him all day. He will rail on his wife, with certain commonplaces, behind her back; and to her face — 90

Daup. No more of hum Let's go see him, I petition you. [*Exeunt.*]

Act III. Scene I

[*A Room in Otter's House*]

Otter, Mrs. Otter, [later] Truewit, Clerimont, Dauphine

[*Ott.*] Nay, good princess, hear me *pauca verba*.

Mrs. Ott. By that light, I'll ha' you chain'd up, with your bull-dogs and bear-dogs, if you be not civil the sooner I'll send you to [5 kennel, i' faith You were best bait me with your bull, bear, and horse. Never a time that the courtiers or collegiates come to the house, but you make it a Shrove-Tuesday! I would have you get your Whitsuntide velvet cap, [10 and your staff i' your hand, to entertain 'em: yes, in troth, do.

⁷ it: he stay: delay ¹¹ omnia secunda: everything favorable ¹⁶ Saltat senex: The old man dances. ²⁰ Cum privilegio: with authority ³⁰ bonis avibus: with good omens ³¹ pronounce: declare ³⁹ bride-ale: bridal feast ⁴¹ sleek'd: ironed ⁴² Bear-garden: an amphitheatre used for baiting bulls and bears ⁴³ well: happy ⁴⁴ speak him: show his character or humor ¹⁻² pauca verba: a few words ⁸⁻¹⁰ Shrove-Tuesday, Whitsuntide: occasions of celebration; cf. I. 1. 192

Otl. Not so, princess, neither; but under correction, sweet princess, gi' me leave. — These things I am known to the courtiers 15 by. It is reported to them for my humour, and they receive it so, and do expect it. Tom Otter's bull, bear, and horse is known all over England, in *rerum natura*.

Mrs. Otl. 'Fore me, I will *na-ture* 'em 20 over to Paris-garden, and *na-ture* you thither too, if you pronounce 'em again Is a bear a fit beast, or a bull, to mix in society with great ladies? think, i' your discretion, in any good polity? 25

Otl. The horse then, good princess

Mrs. Otl. Well, I am contented for the horse; they love to be well hors'd, I know. I love it myself.

Otl. And it is a delicate fine horse this 30 *Poelarus Pegasus*. Under correction, princess, Jupiter did turn himself into a — *taurus*, or bull, under correction, good princess.

[Enter Truewit, Clerimont, and Dauphine, behind]

Mrs. Otl. By my integrity, I'll send you over to the Bank-side; I'll commit you 35 to the master of the Garden, if I hear but a syllable more Must my house or my roof be polluted with the scent of bears and bulls, when it is perfum'd for great ladies? Is this according to the instrument, when I married 40 you? that I would be princess, and reign in mine own house; and you would be my subject, and obey me? What did you bring me, should make you thus peremptory? Do I allow you your half-crown a day, to spend where 45 you will, among your gamesters, to vex and torment me at such times as these? Who gives you your maintenance, I pray you? who allows you your horse-meat and man's meat? your three suits of apparel a year? your four 50 pair of stockings, one silk, three worsted? your clean linen, your bands and cuffs, when I can get you to wear 'em? — 't is marle you ha' 'em on now. — Who graces you with courtiers or great personages, to speak to you out of 55 their coaches, and come home to your house? Were you ever so much as look'd upon by a lord or a lady, before I married you, but on the Easter or Whitsun-holidays? and then out at the banqueting-house windore, when 60

Ned Whiting or George Stone were at the stake?

True. [Aside.] For God's sake, let's go stave her off him.

Mrs. Otl. Answer me to that. And did 65 not I take you up from thence, in an old greasy buff-doublet, with points, and green velvet sleeves, out at the elbows? You forget this.

True. [Aside.] She'll worry him, if we help not in time. [They come forward.]

Mrs. Otl. O, here are some o' the gallants! 71 Go to, behave yourself distinctly, and with good morality; or, I protest, I'll take away your exhibition.

Act III. Scene II

Truewit, Mrs. Otter, Cap. Otter, Clerimont, Dauphine, [later] Cutbeard

[True] By your leave, fair mistress Otter, I'll be bold to enter these gentlemen in your acquaintance.

Mrs. Otl. It shall not be obnoxious, or difficult, sir. 5

True. How does my noble captain? Is the bull, bear, and horse in *rerum natura* still?

Otl. Sir, *sic visum supers*

Mrs. Otl. I would you would but intimate 'em, do. Go your ways in, and get toasts 10 and butter made for the woodcocks. that's a fit province for you. [Drives him off]

Cler. Alas, what a tyranny is this poor fellow married to!

True. O, but the sport will be anon, 15 when we get him loose.

Daup. Dares he ever speak?

True. No Anabaptist ever rail'd with the like license: but mark her language in the mean time, I beseech you. 20

Mrs. Otl. Gentlemen, you are very aptly come My cousin, Sir Amorous, will be here briefly.

True. In good time, lady. Was not Sir John Daw here, to ask for him, and the company? 25

Mrs. Otl. I cannot assure you, master Truewit Here was a very melancholy knight in a ruff, that demanded my subject for somebody, a gentleman, I think.

Cler. Ay, that was he, lady. 30

Mrs. Otl. But he departed straight, I can resolve you.

¹⁶ *humour*: eccentricity, distinguishing mark ¹⁹ in . . . *natura*: in the nature of things ²¹ *Paris-garden*: a bear-garden on the Bankside in Southwark ²³ *polity*: government ⁴⁰ *instrument*: legal agreement ⁴⁹ *horse-meat*: food for horses ⁵³ *marle*: a marvel ⁶⁰ *out . . . windore*: (Bears were sometimes baited in the courtyard of Whitehall on holidays.) ⁶¹ *Ned . . . Stone*: famous bears, who bore their masters' names ⁶⁷ *points*: laces which held clothing together ⁶⁸ *worry*: as the bear did the dog ⁷⁰ *exhibition*: allowance ⁷⁵ *difficult*: difficult ⁷⁸ *sic . . . supers*: So it has pleased the gods. ⁸ *intimate*: refer to ¹¹ *woodcocks*: simpletons ¹⁸ *Anabaptist*: dissenter ²² *resolve*: inform

Daup. What an excellent choice phrase this lady expresses in.

True. O, sir, she is the only authentical ³⁵ courtier, that is not naturally bred one, in the city.

Mrs. Ott. You have taken that report upon trust, gentlemen.

True. No, I assure you, the court governs ⁴⁰ it so, lady, in your behalf.

Mrs. Ott. I am the servant of the court and courtiers, sir.

True. They are rather your idolaters.

Mrs. Ott. Not so, sir. 45

[*Enter Cutbeard*]

Daup. How now, Cutbeard! any cross?

Cut. O no, sir, *omnia bene*. "I was never better o' the hinges; all's sure I have so pleas'd him with a curate, that he's gone to 't almost with the delight he hopes for soon ⁵⁰

Daup. What is he for a vicar?

Cut. One that has catch'd a cold, sir, and can scarce be heard six inches off; as if he spoke out of a bulrush that were not pick'd, or his throat were full of pith a fine quick ⁵⁵ fellow, and an excellent barber of prayers I came to tell you, sir, that you might *omnem movere lapidem*, as they say, be ready with your vexation

Daup. Gramercy, honest Cutbeard! be ⁶⁰ thereabouts with thy key, to let us in.

Cut. I will not fail you, sir; *ad manum* [*Exit.*]

True. Well, I'll go watch my coaches.

Cler. Do; and we'll send Daw to you, if you meet him not. [*Exit Truewit*] ⁶⁵

Mrs. Ott. Is master Truewit gone?

Daup. Yes, lady, there is some unfortunate business fallen out.

Mrs. Ott. So I judged by the physiognomy of the fellow that came in; and I had a ⁷⁰ dream last night too of the new pageant, and my lady mayoress, which is always very ominous to me. I told it my lady Haughty t' other day, when her honour came hither to see some China stuffs, and she expounded it out of ⁷⁵ Artemidorus, and I have found it since very true. It has done me many affronts

Cler. Your dream, lady?

Mrs. Ott. Yes, sir, anything I do but dream o' the city. It stain'd me a damask table- ⁸⁰ cloth, cost me eighteen pound, at one time; and burnt me a black satin gown, as I stood by the fire, at my lady Centaure's chamber in the college, another time. A third time,

at the lords' masque, it dropp'd all my wire ⁸⁵ and my ruff with wax candle, that I could not go up to the banquet. A fourth time, as I was taking coach to go to Ware, to meet a friend, it dash'd me a new suit all over (a crimson satin doublet, and black velvet ⁹⁰ skirts) with a brewer's horse, that I was fain to go in and shift me, and kept my chamber a leash of days for the anguish of it.

Daup. These were dire mischances, lady.

Cler. I would not dwell in the city, an ⁹⁵ 't were so fatal to me

Mrs. Ott. Yes, sir; but I do take advice of my doctor to dream of it as little as I can.

Daup. You do well, mistress Otter.

[*Enter Sir John Daw, and is taken aside by Clerimont*]

Mrs. Ott. Will it please you to enter ¹⁰⁰ the house farther, gentlemen?

Daup. And your favour, lady: but we stay to speak with a knight, Sir John Daw, who is here come. We shall follow you, lady.

Mrs. Ott. At your own time, sir It is ¹⁰⁵ my cousin Sir Amorous his feast —

Daup. I know it, lady.

Mrs. Ott. And mine together. But it is for his honour, and therefore I take no name of it, more than of the place. 110

Daup. You are a bounteous kinswoman.

Mrs. Ott. Your servant, sir. [*Exit.*]

Act III. Scene III

Clerimont, Daw, La-Foole, Dauphine, Otter

[*Cler coming forward with Daw.*] Why, do not you know it, Sir John Daw?

Daw. No, I am a rook if I do.

Cler. I'll tell you, then; she's married by this time. And, whereas you were put i' ¹⁵ the head, that she was gone with Sir Dauphine, I assure you, Sir Dauphine has been the noblest, honestest friend to you, that ever gentleman of your quality could boast of. He has discover'd the whole plot, and made your mis- ²⁰ tress so acknowledging, and indeed so ashamed of her injury to you, that she desires you to forgive her, and but grace her wedding with your presence to-day. — She is to be married to a very good fortune, she says, his uncle, ²⁵ old Morose; and she will'd me in private to tell you, that she shall be able to do you more favours, and with more security now than before.

⁶⁶ cross: difficulty ⁶⁷ omnia bene: All (goes) well. ⁶⁷⁻⁶⁸ omnem . . . lapidem: move every stone ⁶⁹ Gramercy: thanks ⁷⁰ ad manum: at hand ⁷¹ fallen out: that has happened ⁷² Artemidorus: Greek writer on the interpretation of dreams ⁷³ wire: fabric supporting the coiffure ⁷⁴ shift me: change my clothes ⁷⁵ leash: three ⁷⁶ acknowledging: grateful

Daw. Did she say so, i' faith?

Cler. Why, what do you think of me, [20 Sir John? ask Sir Dauphine.

Daw. Nay, I believe you. — Good Sir Dauphine, did she desire me to forgive her?

Daup. I assure you, Sir John, she did.

Daw. Nay, then, I do with all my heart, [25 and I'll be jovial.

Cler. Yes, for look you, sir, this was the injury to you. La-Foole intended this feast to honour her bridal day, and made you the property to invite the college ladies, and [30 promise to bring her; and then at the time she should have appear'd, as his friend, to have given you the dor. Whereas now, Sir Dauphine has brought her to a feeling of it, with this kind of satisfaction, that you shall [35 bring all the ladies to the place where she is, and be very jovial; and there, she will have a dinner, which shall be in your name. and so disappoint La-Foole, to make you good again, and, as it were, a savor i' the main. 40

Daw. As I am a knight, I honour her; and forgive her heartily.

Cler. About it then presently. Truewit is gone before to confront the coaches, and to acquaint you with so much, if he meet you. [45 Join with him, and 't is well. —

[Enter Sir Amorous La-Foole]

See; here comes your antagonist; but take you no notice, but be very jovial.

La-F. Are the ladies come, Sir John Daw, and your mistress? [Exit Daw] — Sir Dau- [50 phine! you are exceeding welcome, and honest master Clerimont Where's my cousin? did you see no collegiate, gentlemen?

Daup. Collegiates! do you not hear, Sir Amorous, how you are abus'd? 55

La-F. How, sir!

Cler. Will you speak so kindly to Sir John Daw, that has done you such an affront?

La-F. Wherein, gentlemen? Let me be a suitor to you to know, I beseech you. 60

Cler. Why, sir, his mistress is married to-day to Sir Dauphine's uncle, your cousin's neighbour, and he has diverted all the ladies, and all your company thither, to frustrate your provision, and stick a disgrace upon you [65 He was here now to have entic'd us away from you too: but we told him his own, I think.

La-F. Has Sir John Daw wrong'd me so inhumanely?

Daup. He has done it, Sir Amorous, [70

most maliciously and treacherously: but, if you'll be rul'd by us, you shall quit him, i' faith.

La-F. Good gentlemen, I'll make one, believe it. How, I pray? 75

Daup. Marry, sir, get me your pheasants, and your godwits, and your best meat, and dish it in silver dishes of your cousin's presently; and say nothing, but clap me a clean towel about you, like a sewer; and, bare-headed, [80 march afore it with a good confidence, ('t is but over the way, hard by,) and we'll second you, where you shall set it o' the board, and bid 'em welcome to 't, which shall show 't is yours, and disgrace his preparation utterly. [85 and for your cousin, whereas she should be troubled here at home with care of making and giving welcome, she shall transfer all that labour thither, and be a principal guest herself; sit rank'd with the college-honours, and [90 be honour'd, and have her health drunk as often, as bare and as loud as the best of 'em.

La-F. I'll go tell her presently. It shall be done, that's resolv'd. [Exit]

Cler. I thought he would not hear it [95 out, but 't would take him.

Daup. Well, there be guests and meat now; how shall we do for music?

Cler. The smell of the venison, going through the street, will invite one noise of fiddlers [100 or other.

Daup. I would it would call the trumpeters thither!

Cler. Faith, there is hope: they have intelligence of all feasts. There's good cor- [105 respondence betwixt them and the London cooks 't is twenty to one but we have 'em.

Daup. 'T will be a most solemn day for my uncle, and an excellent fit of mirth for us.

Cler. Ay, if we can hold up the emulation betwixt Foole and Daw, and never bring them to expostulate.

Daup. Tut, flatter 'em both, as Truewit says, and you may take their understandings in a purse-net. They'll believe themselves [115 to be just such men as we make 'em, neither more nor less. They have nothing, not the use of their senses, but by tradition.

Cler. See! Sir Amorous has his towel on already. *He enters like a sewer.* 120 Have you persuaded your cousin?

La-F. Yes, 't is very feasible: she'll do any thing, she says, rather than the La-Fooles shall be disgrac'd.

²⁰ property: tool ²¹ given . . . dor: made game of ⁴⁰ savor: one who escapes loss (in gaming), though without gain
^{main:} ('man' F, Q) ⁴⁴ confront: meet ⁴⁶ frustrate: make useless ⁶⁶ provision: preparations
⁶⁷ told . . . owa: put him in his place ⁷² quit: requite ⁷⁴ make one: join in your plan
⁸⁰ sewer: waiter ⁸² second: support ⁸⁴ bare: bareheaded ¹⁰⁰ noise: company
¹⁰⁴⁻¹⁰⁶ correspondence: friendly relation ¹¹² expostulate: explain

Daup. She is a noble kinswoman. It [125] will be such a pestling device, Sir Amorous; it will pound all your enemy's practices to powder, and blow him up with his own mine, his own train.

La-F. Nay, we'll give fire, I warrant [130] you.

Cler. But you must carry it privately, without any noise, and take no notice by any means —

[Enter Captain Otter]

Ott. Gentlemen, my princess says you [135] shall have all her silver dishes, *festinale*: and she's gone to alter her tire a little, and go with you —

Cler. And yourself too, Captain Otter?

Daup. By any means, sir [140]

Ott. Yes, sir, I do mean it: but I would entreat my cousin Sir Amorous, and you, gentlemen, to be suitors to my princess, that I may carry my bull and my bear, as well as my horse. [145]

Cler. That you shall do, Captain Otter.

La-F. My cousin will never consent, gentlemen.

Daup. She must consent, Sir Amorous, to reason [150]

La-F. Why, she says they are no decorum among ladies

Ott. But they are *decora*, and that's better, sir.

Cler. Ay, she must hear argument. Did [155] not Pasiphaë, who was a queen, love a bull? and was not Calisto, the mother of Arcas, turn'd into a bear, and made a star, mistress Ursula, i' the heavens?

Ott. O God! that I could ha' said as [160] much! I will have these stories painted i' the Bear-garden, *ex Ovidii Metamorphosi*.

Daup. Where is your princess, captain? pray, be our leader.

Ott. That I shall, sir. [165]

Cler. Make haste, good Sir Amorous.

[Exeunt.]

Act III. Scene IIII

[A Room in Morose's House]

Morose, Epicæne, Parson, Cutbeard

[*Mor.*] Sir, there's an angel for yourself, and a brace of angels for your cold. Muse not at this manage of my bounty. It is fit

we should thank fortune, double to nature, for any benefit she confers upon us; besides, [5] it is your imperfection, but my solace.

Par. I thank your worship; so is it mine, now. *The Parson speaks as having a cold.*

Mor. What says he, Cutbeard?

Cut. He says, *præsto*, sir, whensoever [10] your worship needs him, he can be ready with the like. He got this cold with sitting up late, and singing catches with cloth-workers.

Mor. No more. I thank him.

Par. God keep your worship, and give [15] you much joy with your fair spouse! — umh, umh. *He coughs.*

Mor. O, O! stay, Cutbeard! let him give me five shillings of my money back. As it is bounty to reward benefits, so is it equity to [20] mulct injuries I will have it. What says he?

Cler. He cannot change it, sir.

Mor. It must be changed.

Cut. [Aside to Parson.] Cough again.

Mor. What says he? [25]

Cut. He will cough out the rest, sir.

Par. Umh, umh, umh. *Again.*

Mor. Away, away with him! stop his mouth! away! I forgive it. —

[Exit Cut thrusting out the Par.]

Epi. Fie, master Morose, that you will [30] use this violence to a man of the church.

Mor. How!

Epi. It does not become your gravity, or breeding, as you pretend, in court, to have offer'd this outrage on a waterman, or any [35] more boisterous creature, much less on a man of his civil coat

Mor. You can speak then!

Epi. Yes, sir.

Mor. Speak out, I mean. [40]

Epi. Ay, sir. Why, did you think you had married a statue, or a motion only? one of the French puppets, with the eyes turn'd with a wire? or some innocent out of the hospital, that would stand with her hands thus, and [45] a plaise mouth, and look upon you?

Mor. O immodesty! a manifest woman! What, Cutbeard!

Epi. Nay, never quarrel with Cutbeard, sir; it is too late now. I confess it doth bate [50] somewhat of the modesty I had, when I writ simply maid. but I hope I shall make it a stock still competent to the estate and dignity of your wife.

Mor. She can talk! [55]

Epi. Yes, indeed, sir.

¹²⁵ pestling: pulverizing ¹³⁰ festinate: immediately ¹³⁷ tire: headdress ¹³⁸ decora: beautiful
¹ manage: handling ⁴ double to: i.e., twice as much as we thank ¹⁰ præsto: here ¹¹ cloth-workers: (who sang psalms and hymns as they worked) ²¹ mulct: punish ²⁵ waterman: boatman on the Thames ⁴² motion: puppet ⁴⁴ innocent: idiot ⁴⁶ plaise: pursed, like a fish ⁵⁵ competent: suited

[Enter Mule]

Mor. What sirrah! None of my knaves there? Where is this impostor Cutbeard?

[*Mule makes signs.*]

Epi. Speak to him, fellow, speak to him! I'll have none of this coated, unnatural ⁶⁰ dumbness in my house, in a family where I govern. [*Exit Mule*]

Mor. She is my regent already! I have married a Penthesilea, a Semiramis; sold my liberty to a distaff. ⁶⁵

Act III. Scene V

Truewit, Morose, Epicæne

[*True.*] Where 's master Morose?

Mor. Is he come again! Lord have mercy upon me!

True. I wish you all joy, mistress Epicæne, with your grave and honourable match ⁵

Epi. I return you the thanks, master Truewit, so friendly a wish deserves

Mor. She has acquaintance, too!

True. God save you, sir, and give you all contentment in your fair choice, here! Be ¹⁰ fore, I was the bird of night to you, the owl; but now I am the messenger of peace, a dove, and bring you the glad wishes of many friends to the celebration of this good hour.

Mor. What hour, sir? ¹⁵

True. Your marriage hour, sir. I commend your resolution, that, notwithstanding all the dangers I laid afore you, in the voice of a night-crow, would yet go on, and be yourself. It shows you are a man constant to your ²⁰ own ends, and upright to your purposes, that would not be put off with left-handed cries.

Mor. How should you arrive at the knowledge of so much?

True. Why, did you ever hope, sir, com- ²⁵ mitting the secrecy of it to a barber, that less than the whole town should know it? You might as well ha' told it the conduit, or the bake-house, or the infantry that follow the court, and with more security. Could your ³⁰ gravity forget so old and noted a remnant, as, *lippis et tonsoribus notum*? Well, sir, forgive it yourself now, the fault, and be communicable with your friends. Here will be three or four fashionable ladies from the college to visit ³⁵ you presently, and their train of minions and followers.

Mor. Bar my doors! bar my doors! Where are all my eaters? my mouths, now? —

[Enter Servants]

Bar up my doors, you varlets! ⁴⁰

Epi. He is a varlet that stirs to such an office. Let 'em stand open. I would see him that dares move his eyes toward it. Shall I have a barricado made against my friends, to be barr'd of any pleasure they can bring in ⁴⁵ to me with honourable visitation? [*Exeunt Ser.*]

Mor. O Amazonian impudence!

True. Nay, faith, in this, sir, she speaks but reason, and, methinks, is more continent than you. Would you go to bed so presently, ⁵⁰ sir, afore noon? A man of your head and hair should owe more to that reverend ceremony, and not mount the marriage-bed like a town-bull, or a mountain-goat, but stay the due season; and ascend it then with religion ⁵⁵ and fear. Those delights are to be steep'd in the humour and silence of the night; and give the day to other open pleasures, and jollities of feast, of music, of revels, of discourse. We'll have all, sir, that may make your Hymen ⁶⁰ high and happy.

Mor. O my torment, my torment!

True. Nay, if you endure the first half hour, sir, so tediously, and with this irksomeness; what comfort or hope can this fair gentle- ⁶⁵ woman make to herself hereafter, in the consideration of so many years as are to come —

Mor. Of my affliction Good sir, depart, and let her do it alone

True. I have done, sir ⁷⁰

Mor. That cursed barber!

True. Yes, faith, a cursed wretch indeed, sir.

Mor. I have married his cittern, that's common to all men. Some plague above the plague — ⁷⁵

True. All Egypt's ten plagues.

Mor. Revenge me on him!

True. 'T is very well, sir. If you laid on a curse or two more, I'll assure you he'll bear 'em. As, that he may get the pox with ⁸⁰ seeking to cure it, sir, or, that while he is curling another man's hair, his own may drop off; or, for burning some male-bawd's lock, he may have his brain beat out with the curling iron

Mor. No, let the wretch live wretched. ⁸⁵ May he get the itch, and his shop so lousy, as no man dare come at him, nor he come at no man!

True. Ay, and if he would swallow all his balls for pills, let not them purge him. ⁹⁰

Mor. Let his warming-pan be ever cold.

True. A perpetual frost underneath it, sir.

⁶⁰ coated: compulsory ¹⁵ night-crow: a bird of ill omen ²⁵ left-handed: ill-omened ³⁵ conduit, bake-house: places where crowds gathered ⁴⁵ infantry . . . court: lower order of servants ⁵⁵ remnant: tag, quotation ⁶⁵ lippis . . . notum: known even to blear-eyed barbers, i.e., the whole world (Horace, *Satires*, I. 7. 3) ⁷⁵ minions: favorites ⁸⁵ stay: await ⁹⁵ Hymen: wedding ¹⁰⁵ cittern: (Barber shops provided cithers for patrons to play while waiting their turn.) ¹¹⁵ balls: of soap

Mor. Let him never hope to see fire again.

True. But in hell, sir. 94

Mor. His chairs be always empty, his scissors rust, and his combs mould in their cases.

True. Very dreadful that! And may he lose the invention, sir, of carving lanterns in paper.

Mor. Let there be no bawd carted that year, to employ a basin of his: but let him [100 be glad to eat his sponge for bread.

True. And drink lotium to it, and much good do him.

Mor. Or, for want of bread —

True. Eat ear-wax, sir. I'll help you. [105 Or, draw his own teeth, and add them to the lute-string.

Mor. No, beat the old ones to powder, and make bread of them.

True. Yes, make meal o' the mill-stones. [110

Mor. May all the botches and burns that he has cur'd on others break out upon him.

True. And he now forget the cure of 'em in himself, sir; or, if he do remember it, let him ha' scrap'd all his linen into lint for 't, [115 and have not a rag left him to set up with.

Mor. Let him never set up again, but have the gout in his hands for ever! — Now, no more, sir

True. O, that last was too high set; you [120 might go less with him, I' faith, and be reveng'd enough: as, that he be never able to new-paint his pole —

Mor. Good sir, no more, I forgot myself.

True. Or, want credit to take up with a [125 comb-maker —

Mor. No more, sir.

True. Or, having broken his glass in a former despair, fall now into a much greater, of ever getting another — 130

Mor. I beseech you, no more

True. Or, that he never be trusted with trimming of any but chimney-sweepers —

Mor. Sir —

True. Or, may he cut a collier's throat [135 with his razor, by chance-medley, and yet hang for 't.

Mor. I will forgive him, rather than hear any more. I beseech you, sir.

Act III. Scene VI

Daw, Morose, Truewit, Haughty, Centaure, Mavis, Trusty

[*Daw.*] This way, madam.

Mor. O, the sea breaks in upon me! an-

other flood! an inundation! I shall be o'erwhelmed with noise. It beats already at my shores I feel an earthquake in myself [5 for 't.

Daw. 'Give you joy, mistress.

Mor. Has she servants too!

Daw. I have brought some ladies here to see and know you. My lady Haughty — [10 (*She kisses them severally as he presents them.*) this my lady Centaure — mistress Dol Mavis — mistress Trusty, my lady Haughty's woman. Where's your husband? Let's see him: can he endure no noise? Let me come to him.

Mor. What nomenclator is this! 15

True. Sir John Daw, sir, your wife's servant, this.

Mor. A Daw, and her servant! O, 't is decreed, 't is decreed of me, and she have such servants [10 *[Going.]* 20

True. Nay, sir, you must kiss the ladies; you must not go away, now: they come toward you to seek you out.

Hau. I' faith, master Morose, would you steal a marriage thus, in the midst of so [25 many friends, and not acquaint us? Well, I'll kiss you, notwithstanding the justice of my quarrel. You shall give me leave, mistress, to use a becoming familiarity with your husband. 30

Epi. Your ladyship does me an honour in it, to let me know he is so worthy your favour: as you have done both him and me grace to visit so unprepar'd a pair to entertain you.

Mor. Compliment! compliment! 35

Epi. But I must lay the burden of that upon my servant here.

Hau. It shall not need, mistress Morose; we will all bear, rather than one shall be oppress'd. 40

Mor. I know it. and you will teach her the faculty, if she be to learn it.

[*Walks aside while the rest talk apart.*]

Hau. Is this the Silent Woman?

Cen. Nay, she has found her tongue since she was married, master Truewit says. 45

Hau. O, master Truewit! 'save you. What kind of creature is your bride here? She speaks, methinks!

True. Yes, madam, believe it, she is a gentlewoman of very absolute behaviour, and [50 of a good race.

Hau. And Jack Daw told us she could not speak!

True. So it was carried in plot, madam, to

¹⁰⁰ basin: (Barbers rented metal basins to spectators who wished to increase the din as a bawd was carted through the streets) ¹⁰² lotium: lotion ¹⁰⁶ draw . . . teeth: (The barber was also the dentist and letter of blood) ¹⁰⁶⁻¹⁰⁷ add . . . -string: (Barber-surgeons' rooms were decorated with strings of extracted teeth) ¹³⁶ chance-medley: accident ¹⁵ nomenclator: a servant who announces the names of guests ¹⁹ decreed: fated and: if ⁴⁰ absolute: perfect ⁴⁴ carried: arranged, managed

put her upon this old fellow, by Sir Dau- 155
phine, his nephew, and one or two more of
us: but she is a woman of an excellent assur-
ance, and an extraordinary happy wit and
tongue. You shall see her make rare sport
with Daw ere night. 60

Hau. And he brought us to laugh at her!

True. That falls out often, madam, that
he that thinks himself the master-wit, is the
master-fool. I assure your ladyship, ye cannot
laugh at her. 65

Hau. No, we'll have her to the college.
And she have wit, she shall be one of us, shall
she not, Centaure? We'll make her a collegiate.

Cen. Yes, faith, madam, and Mavis and
she will set up a side 70

True. Believe it, madam, and mistress Mavis,
she will sustain her part

Mav. I'll tell you that, when I have talk'd
with her, and tried her.

Hau. Use her very civilly, Mavis. 75

Mav. So I will, madam [*Whispers her*]

Mor. [*Aside*] Blessed minute! that they
would whisper thus ever!

True. In the mean time, madam, would but
your ladyship help to vex him a little. you 80
know his disease, talk to him about the wedding
ceremonies, or call for your gloves, or —

Hau. Let me alone. Centaure, help me. —
Master bridegroom, where are you?

Mor. [*Aside*] O, it was too miracu- 85
lously good to last!

Hau. We see no ensigns of a wedding here;
no character of a bride-ale: where be our
scarves and our gloves? I pray you, give 'em
us. Let 's know your bride's colours, and 90
yours at least.

Cen. Alas, madam, he has provided none.

Mor. Had I known your ladyship's painter,
I would.

Hau. He has given it you, Centaure, 95
i' faith. But do you hear, master Morose? a
jest will not absolve you in this manner. You
that have suck'd the milk of the court, and
from thence have been brought up to the very
strong meats and wine of it; been a courtier 100
from the biggen to the night-cap, as we may say,
and you to offend in such a high point of cere-
mony as this, and let your nuptials want all
marks of solemnity! How much plate have you
lost to-day, (if you had but regarded your 105
profit,) what gifts, what friends, through your
mere rusticity!

Mor. Madam—

Hau. Pardon me, sir, I must insinuate your
errors to you; no gloves? no garters? no 110
scarves? no epithalamium? no masque?

Daw. Yes, madam, I'll make an epithala-
mium, I promis'd my mistress; I have begun
it already. will your ladyship hear it?

Hau. Ay, good Jack Daw. 115

Mor. Will it please your ladyship command
a chamber, and be private with your friend?
You shall have your choice of rooms to retire
to after: my whole house is yours. I know it
hath been your ladyship's errand into the 120
city at other times, however now you have
been unhappily diverted upon me; but I shall
be loath to break any honourable custom of
your ladyship's. And therefore, good madam —

Epi. Come, you are a rude bridegroom, 125
to entertain ladies of honour in this fashion.

Cen. He is a rude groom indeed.

True. By that light, you deserve to be
grafted, and have your horns reach from one side
of the island to the other. — Do not mis- 130
take me, sir; I but speak this to give the ladies
some heart again, not for any malice to you.

Mor. Is this your bravo, ladies?

True. As God help me, if you utter such 134
another word, I'll take mistress bride in, and
begin to you in a very sad cup; do you see?
Go to, know your friends, and such as love
you.

Act III. Scene VII

*Clermont, Morose, Truewit, Dauphine,
La-foole, Otter, Mrs Otter, &c.*

[*Cler.*] By your leave, ladies Do you want
any music? I have brought you variety of
noises. Play, sirs, all of you. *Music of all sorts.*

Mor. O, a plot, a plot, a plot, a plot, upon
me! This day I shall be their anvil to work 15
on, they will grate me asunder. 'T is worse
than the noise of a saw.

Cler. No, they are hair, rosin, and guts:
I can give you the receipt.

True. Peace, boys! 10

Cler. Play! I say.

True. Peace, rascals! You see who's your
friend now, sir: take courage, put on a martyr's
resolution. Mock down all their attemptings
with patience. 'T is but a day, and I would 15
suffer heroically. Should an ass exceed me
in fortitude? No. You betray your infirmity

⁷⁰ set . . . side: be partners ⁸² gloves: (It was customary to give gloves and scarves to wedding-
guests) ⁸⁷ ensigns: signs ⁹⁰ colours: (The bride and groom had different colors which were worn
by their respective friends) ¹⁰¹ biggen: infant's cap ¹¹⁰ garters: (It was the custom for the at-
tendants to try to get the bride's garters) ¹¹¹ masque: (A wedding masque was often performed in
the evening) ¹¹² horns: (of a cuckold) ¹¹³ bravo: swaggering fellow ¹¹⁴ As: so ¹¹⁷ Go to:
Come, come! ¹¹⁸ variety of noises: groups of different sorts of musicians

with your hanging dull ears, and make them insult: bear up bravely, and constantly. 20

La-Foole passes over sewing the meal.

Look you here, sir, what honour is done you unexpected, by your nephew; a wedding-dinner come, and a knight-sewer before it, for the more reputation: and fine mistress Otter, your neighbour, in the rump or tail of it. 25

Mor. Is that Gorgon, that Medusa come! hide me, hide me.

True. I warrant you, sir, she will not transform you. Look upon her with a good courage. Pray you, entertain her, and conduct your 30 guests in. No? — Mistress bride, will you entertain in the ladies? your bridegroom is so shame-fac'd, here.

Epi. Will it please your ladyship, madam?

Hau. With the benefit of your company, 35 mistress.

Epi. Servant, pray you perform your duties.

Daw. And glad to be commanded, mistress.

Cen. How like you her wit, Mavis?

Mav. Very prettily, absolutely well. 40

Mrs. Ot. 'T is my place.

[*Trying to take precedence*]

Mav. You shall pardon me, mistress Otter.

Mrs. Ot. Why, I am a collegiate.

Mav. But not in ordinary.

Mrs. Ot. But I am 45

Mav. We 'll dispute that within.

[*Exeunt Ladies*]

Cler. Would this had lasted a little longer.

True. And that they had sent for the heralds.

[*Enter Captain Otter*]

— Captain Otter! what news? 50

Ott. I have brought my bull, bear, and horse, in private, and yonder are the trumpeters without, and the drum, gentlemen.

The drum and trumpets sound.

Mor. O, O, O!

Ott. And we will have a rouse in each of 55 'em, anon, for bold Britons, i' faith.

[*They sound again.*]

Mor. O, O, O! [*Exit hastily*]

All. Follow, follow, follow! [*Exeunt.*]

Act IIII. Scene I

[*A Room in Morose's House*]

Truewit, Clermont, Dauphine

[*True.*] Was there ever poor bridegroom so tormented? or man, indeed?

Cler. I have not read of the like in the chronicles of the land.

True. Sure, he cannot but go to a place 5 of rest, after all this purgatory.

Cler. He may presume it, I think.

True. The spitting, the coughing, the laughter, the neezing, the farting, dancing, noise of the music, and her masculine and loud 10 commanding, and urging the whole family, makes him think he has married a fury.

Cler. And she carries it up bravely.

True. Ay, she takes any occasion to speak: that 's the height on 't. 15

Cler. And how soberly Dauphine labours to satisfy him, that it was none of his plot!

True. And has almost brought him to the faith, i' the article. Here he comes. —

[*Enter Sir Dauphine*]

Where is he now? what 's become of him, 20 Dauphine?

Daup. O, hold me up a little, I shall go away i' the jest else. He has got on his whole nest of night-caps, and lock'd himself up i' the top o' the house, as high as ever he can 25 climb from the noise. I peep'd in at a cranny, and saw him sitting over a cross-beam o' the roof, like him o' the saddler's horse in Fleet-street, upright. and he will sleep there.

Cler. But where are your collegiates? 30

Daup. Withdrawn with the bride in private.

True. O, they are instructing her i' the college-grammar. If she have grace with them, she knows all their secrets instantly.

Cler. Methinks the lady Haughty looks 35 well to-day, for all my dispraise of her i' the morning. I think, I shall come about to thee again, Truewit.

True. Believe it, I told you right. Women ought to repair the losses time and years 40 have made i' their features, with dressings. And an intelligent woman, if she know by herself the least defect, will be most curious to hide it: and it becomes her. If she be short, let her sit much, lest, when she stands, she 45 be thought to sit. If she have an ill foot, let her wear her gown the longer, and her shoe the thinner. If a fat hand, and scald nails, let her carve the less, and act in gloves. If a sour breath, let her never discourse fasting, and 50 always talk at her distance. If she have black and rugged teeth, let her offer the less at laughter, especially if she laugh wide and open.

Cler. O, you shall have some women, when

²⁰ insult: triumph s. d. sewing: serving, carrying ²⁸⁻²⁹ transform: (as did the Gorgon's looks) ³³ shame-fac'd: modest ⁴⁰ heralds: (who settle questions of precedence) ⁵⁵ rouse: bumper ¹ presume it: assume that he will ⁹ neezing: sneezing ²²⁻²³ go . . . jest: die laughing ²⁷ come . . . to: side with; cf. I. i. 123-152. ⁴³ curious: careful ⁴⁴ scald: scabby, poor
⁴⁶ act: gesticulate ⁵² rugged: rough, uneven

they laugh, you would think they bray'd, [55
it is so rude and —

True. Ay, and others, that will stalk i' their
gait like an estrich, and take huge strides.
I cannot endure such a sight. I love measure
i' the feet, and number i' the voice: they [60
are gentlenesses, that oft-times draw no less
than the face.

Daup. How cam'st thou to study these
creatures so exactly? I would thou wouldst
make me a proficient. 65

True. Yes, but you must leave to live i'
your chamber, then, a month together upon
Amadis de Gaul, or *Don Quixote*, as you are
wont; and come abroad where the matter is
frequent, to court, to tiltings, public shows [70
and feasts, to plays, and church sometimes:
thither they come to show their new tyes too,
to see, and to be seen. In these places a man
shall find whom to love, whom to play with, [75
whom to touch once, whom to hold ever. The
variety arrests his judgment. A wench to
please a man comes not down dropping from
the ceiling, as he lies on his back droning a
tobacco-pipe. He must go where she is. 80

Daup. Yes, and be never the near.

True. Out, heretic! That diffidence makes
thee worthy it should be so.

Cler. He says true to you, Dauphine.

Daup. Why? 85

True. A man should not doubt to overcome
any woman. Think he can vanquish 'em, and
he shall: for though they deny, their desire is
to be tempted. Penelope herself cannot hold
out long. Ostend, you saw, was taken at [90
last. You must perséver, and hold to your
purpose. They would solicit us, but that they
are afraid. Howsoever, they wish in their
hearts we should solicit them. Praise 'em,
flatter 'em, you shall never want eloquence [95
or trust: even the chastest delight to feel them-
selves that way rubb'd. With praises you must
mix kisses too. If they take them, they 'll take
more — though they strive, they would be over-
come. 100

Cler. O, but a man must beware of force.

True. It is to them an acceptable violence,
and has oft-times the place of the greatest
courtesy. She that might have been forc'd,
and you let her go free without touching, [105
though she then seem to thank you, will ever
hate you after; and glad i' the face, is assuredly
sad at the heart.

Cler. But all women are not to be taken all
ways. 110

True. 'T is true; no more than all birds,
or all fishes. If you appear learned to an
ignorant wench, or jocund to a sad, or witty
to a foolish, why she presently begins to mis-
trust herself. You must approach them i' [115
their own height, their own line; for the con-
trary makes many, that fear to commit them-
selves to noble and worthy fellows, run into
the embraces of a rascal. If she love wit, give
verses, though you borrow 'em of a friend, [120
or buy 'em to have good. If valour, talk of
your sword, and be frequent in the mention
of quarrels, though you be staunch in fighting.
If activity, be seen o' your barbary often, or
leaping over stools, for the credit of your [125
back. If she love good clothes or dressing,
have your learned council about you every
morning, your French tailor, barber, linener,
&c. Let your powder, your glass, and your
comb be your dearest acquaintance. Take [130
more care for the ornament of your head, than
the safety; and wish the commonwealth rather
troubled, than a hair about you. That will
take her. Then, if she be covetous and craving,
do you promise anything, and perform [135
sparingly, so shall you keep her in appetite
still. Seem as you would give, but be like a
barren field, that yields little; or unlucky dice
to foolish and hoping gamesters. Let your
gifts be slight and dainty, rather than pre- [140
cious. Let cunning be above cost. Give
cherries at time of year, or apricots, and say,
they were sent you out o' the country, though
you bought 'em in Cheapside. Admire her
tires: like her in all fashions, compare her [145
in every habit to some deity; invent excellent
dreams to flatter her, and riddles; or, if she be
a great one, perform always the second parts
to her. like what she likes, praise whom she
praises, and fail not to make the household [150
and servants yours, yea the whole family, and
salute 'em by their names, ('t is but light cost,
if you can purchase 'em so,) and make her
physician your pensioner, and her chief woman.
Nor will it be out of your gain to make love [155
to her too, so she follow, not usher her lady's
pleasure. All blabbing is taken away, when
she comes to be a part of the crime.

Daup. On what courtly lap hast thou late
slept, to come forth so sudden and absolute [160
a courting?

⁵⁵ estrich: ostrich

⁵⁹ measure: moderation

⁶⁰ number: rhythm

⁶¹ draw: attract

⁶² *Amadis de Gaul*: a popular romance which originated in Spain

⁶³ matter: material for study

⁶⁴ droning: smoking

⁶⁵ near: nearer (comparative of 'nigh')

⁶⁶⁻⁶⁷ Ostend . . . last: (by

Spinola in 1604, after a siege of more than three years)

¹⁰⁰⁻¹¹⁰ all ways: ('always' F)

¹²³ staunch: reserved, niggardly

¹²⁴ barbary: Barbary horse

¹⁴⁶ habit: dress

¹⁵¹ courting:

courtier

True. Good faith, I should rather question you, that are so heark'ning after these mysteries. I begin to suspect your diligence, Dauphine. Speak, art thou in love in earnest? 165

Daup. Yes, by my troth, am I; 't were ill dissembling before thee.

True. With which of 'em, I pray thee?

Daup. With all the collegiates.

Cler. Out on thee! We 'll keep you at [170] home, believe it, i' the stable, and you be such a stallion.

True. No; I like him well. Men should love wisely, and all women; some one for the face, and let her please the eye; another [175] for the skin, and let her please the touch; a third for the voice, and let her please the ear; and where the objects mix, let the senses so too. Thow would'st think it strange, if I should make 'em all in love with thee afore night! [180]

Daup. I would say, thou hadst the best philtre i' the world, and couldst do more than madam Medea, or doctor Foreman

True. If I do not, let me play the mountebank for my meat, while I live, and the [185] bawd for my drink.

Daup. So be it, I say.

Act IIII. Scene II

Otter, Clerimont, Daw, Dauphine, Morose, Truewit, La-Foole, Mrs. Otter

[*Ott.*] O lord, gentlemen, how my knights and I have miss'd you here!

Cler. Why, captain, what service, what service?

Ott. To see me bring up my bull, bear, [5] and horse to fight.

Daw. Yes, faith, the captain says we shall be his dogs to bait 'em.

Daup. A good employment.

True. Come on, let's see a course, then. [10]

La-F. I am afraid my cousin will be offended, if she come.

Ott. Be afraid of nothing — Gentlemen, I have plac'd the drum and the trumpets, and one to give 'em the sign when you are ready [15] Here's my bull for myself, and my bear for Sir John Daw, and my horse for Sir Amorous. Now set your foot to mine, and yours to his, and —

La-F. Pray God my cousin come not. 20

Ott. St. George, and St. Andrew, fear no cousins. Come, sound, sound! [*Drum and*

trumpets sound.] *Et rauco strepuerunt cornua cantu.* [*They drink.*]

True. Well said, captain, i' faith; well [25] fought at the bull

Cler. Well held at the bear.

True. Low, low! captain.

Daup. O, the horse has kick'd off his dog already. 30

La-F. I cannot drink it, as I am a knight.

True. Gods so! off with his spurs, somebody.

La-F. It goes again my conscience. My cousin will be angry with it. 35

Daw. I ha' done mine.

True. You fought high and fair, Sir John.

Cler. At the head.

Daup. Like an excellent bear-dog.

Cler. You take no notice of the business, [40] I hope?

Daw. Not a word, sir; you see we are jovial.

Ott. Sir Amorous, you must not equivocate. It must be pull'd down for all my cousin.

Cler. 'Shoot, if you take not your drink, [45] they 'll think you are discontented with something, you 'll betray all, if you take the least notice.

La-F. Not I; I 'll both drink and talk then.

Ott. You must pull the horse on his knees, [50] Sir Amorous; fear no cousins. *Jacta est alea.*

True. O, now he's in his vein, and bold. The least hint given him of his wife now, will make him rail desperately.

Cler. Speak to him of her. 55

True. Do you, and I 'll fetch her to the hearing of it. [*Exit*]

Daup. Captain He-Otter, your She-Otter is coming, your wife.

Ott. Wife! buz? *titivilitium!* There's no [60] such thing in nature. I confess, gentlemen, I have a cook, a laundress, a house-drudge, that serves my necessary turns, and goes under that title; but he's an ass that will be so uxorious to tie his affections to one circle. [65] Come, the name dulls appetite. Here, replenish again; another bout [*Fills the cups again.*] Wives are nasty, sluttish animals.

Daup. O, captain.

Ott. As ever the earth bare, *tribus verbis.* [70] — Where's my master Truewit?

Daw. He's slipp'd aside, sir.

Cler. But you must drink and be jovial.

Daw. Yes, give it me.

La-F. And me too. 75

Daw. Let's be jovial

¹⁶⁵ heark'ning: eager ¹⁸² philtre: love-potion ¹⁸³ Foreman: Dr Simon Forman (1552–1611), a famous London quack, medium, and conjurer ¹⁰ course: encounter at bear-baiting ^{22–24} Et . . . cantu: And the trumpets resounded with a hoarse noise ²⁵ spurs: symbols of knighthood ³¹ Jacta est alea: The die is cast. ³⁰ titivilitium: "good for nothing" (Titivillus was a common name for the Devil in morality plays) ⁷⁰ tribus verbis: in three words

La-F. As jovial as you will.

Ott. Agreed. Now you shall ha' the bear, cousin, and Sir John Daw the horse, and I 'll ha' the bull still. Sound, Tritons o' the [80] Thames! [*Drum and trumpets sound again.*]

Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero —

Mor. Villains, murderers, sons of the earth, and traitors, what do you there?

Morose speaks from above: the trumpets sounding.

Cler. O, now the trumpets have wak'd [85] him, we shall have his company.

Ott. A wife is a scurvy clogdogdo, an unlucky thing, a very foresaid bear-whelp, without any good fashion or breeding, *mala bestia*.

His wife is brought out to hear him.

Daup. Why did you marry one then, [90] captain?

Ott. A pox! — I married with six thousand pound, I. I was in love with that. I ha' not kissed my Fury these forty weeks.

Cler. The more to blame you, captain 95

True. Nay, mistress Otter, hear him a little first.

Ott. She has a breath worse than my grandmother's, *profecto*

Mrs. Ott. O treacherous liar! Kiss me, [100] sweet master Truewit, and prove him a slander-ing knave.

True. I 'll rather believe you, lady.

Ott. And she has a peruke that's like a pound of hemp, made up in shoe-threads. 105

Mrs. Ott. O viper, mandrake!

Ott. O most vile face! and yet she spends me forty pound a year in mercury and hogs-bones. All her teeth were made i' the Blackfriars, both her eyebrows i' the Strand, and her hair in [110] Silverstreet. Every part o' the town owns a piece of her.

Mrs. Ott. [*Comes forward.*] I cannot hold.

Ott. She takes herself asunder still when she goes to bed, into some twenty boxes; and [115] about next day noon is put together again, like a great German clock: and so comes forth, and rings a tedious larum to the whole house, and then is quiet again for an hour, but for her quarters — Ha' you done me right, gentle- [120] men?

Mrs. Ott. No, sir, I 'll do you right with my quarters, with my quarters.

She falls upon him and beats him.

Ott. O, hold, good princess.

True. Sound, sound! 125

[*Drum and trumpets sound.*]

Cler. A battle, a battle!

Mrs. Ott. You notorious stinkardly bearward, does my breath smell?

Ott. Under correction, dear princess. — Look to my bear and my horse, gentlemen. [130]

Mrs. Ott. Do I want teeth, and eyebrows, thou bull-dog?

True. Sound, sound still

[*They sound again.*]

Ott. No, I protest, under correction —

Mrs. Ott. Ay, now you are under cor- [135] rection, you protest: but you did not protest before correction, sir. Thou Judas, to offer to betray thy princess! I 'll make thee an example — [*Beats him.*]

Morose descends with a long sword.

Mor. I will have no such examples in my [140] house, lady Otter.

Mrs. Ott. Ah! —

[*Mrs. Otter, Daw, and La-Foole, run off.*]

Mor. Mistress Mary Ambree, your examples are dangerous — Rogues, hell-hounds, Stentors! out of my doors, you sons of noise [145] and tumult, begot on an ill May-day, or when the galley-foist is afloat to Westminster! [*Drives out the musicians*] A trumpeter could not be conceiv'd but then

Daup. What ails you, sir? 150

Mor. They have rent my roof, walls, and all my windowes asunder, with their brazen throats. [*Exit.*]

True. Best follow him, Dauphine.

Daup. So I will [*Exit*] 155

Cler. Where 's Daw and La-Foole?

Ott. They are both run away, sir. Good gentlemen, help to pacify my princess, and speak to the great ladies for me. Now must I go lie with the bears this fortnight, and [160] keep out o' the way, till my peace be made, for this scandal she has taken. Did you not see my bull-head, gentlemen?

Cler. Is 't not on, captain?

True. No; but he may make a new one, [165] by that is on

Ott. O, here 'tis. And you come over, gentlemen, and ask for Tom Otter, we 'll go down to Ratcliff, and have a course i' faith, for all these disasters. There 's *bona spes* left. [170]

⁸⁸ Nunc . . . libero: Now one must drink, now with free foot — (Horace, Ode I 37) ⁸⁷ clog-dogdo: clog suitable for a dog ⁸⁹ mala bestia: evil beast ⁹⁰ profecto: truly ¹⁰⁸ mercury, hogs-bones: ingredients used in cosmetics ¹¹⁰ larum: alarm ¹²⁰ done me right: drunk with me ¹²⁵ Mary Ambree: a female soldier at the siege of Ghent in 1584; subject of a ballad ¹⁴⁰ ill May-day: day of the great riot in 1517 (hence proverbial) ¹⁴⁵ galley-foist: state barge used when a new Lord Mayor took office ¹⁵⁵ scandal: offence ¹⁶⁵ And: an, if ¹⁶⁹ Ratcliff: a suburb east of London, on the Thames ¹⁷⁰ bona spes: good hope

True. Away, captain, get off while you are well. [*Exit Otter.*]

Cler. I am glad we are rid of him.

True. You had never been, unless we had put his wife upon him. His humour is as [175] tedious at last, as it was ridiculous at first.

[*Exeunt.*]

Act III. Scene III

[*A Gallery in the same*]

Haughty, Mrs. Otter, Mavis, Daw, La-Foole, Centaure, Epicæne, Truewit, Clerimont

[*Hau.*] We wonder'd why you shriek'd so, mistress Otter.

Mrs. Ot. O God, madam, he came down with a huge long naked weapon in both his hands, and look'd so dreadfully! Sure he 's [5] beside himself.

Mav. Why, what made you there, mistress Otter?

Mrs. Ot. Alas, mistress Mavis, I was chastising my subject, and thought nothing of [10] him.

Daw. Faith, mistress, you must do so too: learn to chastise Mistress Otter corrects her husband so, he dares not speak but under correction [15]

La-F. And with his hat off to her: 't would do you good to see

Hau. In sadness, 't is good and mature counsel, practise it, Morose I 'll call you Morose still now, as I call Centaure and [20] Mavis; we four will be all one

Cen. And you 'll come to the college, and live with us?

Hau. Make him give milk and honey.

Mav. Look how you manage him at first, [25] you shall have him ever after.

Cen. Let him allow you your coach, and four horses, your woman, your chamber-maid, your page, your gentleman-usher, your French cook, and four grooms. [30]

Hau. And go with us to Bedlam, to the china-houses, and to the Exchange.

Cen. It will open the gate to your fame

Hau. Here 's Centaure has immortaliz'd herself, with taming of her wild male [35]

Mav. Ay, she has done the miracle of the kingdom.

Epi. But, ladies, do you count it lawful to have such plurality of servants, and do 'em all graces? [40]

Hau. Why not? why should women deny

⁷ made: did ¹⁸ sadness: seriousness

¹¹ Bedlam: Bethlehem Hospital, for the insane
¹² Cockpit: the small court theatre at Whitehall
unaware ¹³ hobby-horse: fool

their favours to men? are they the poorer or the worse?

Daw. Is the Thames the less for the dyers' water, mistress? [45]

La-F. Or a torch for lighting many torches?

True. Well said, La-Foole; what a new one he has got!

Cen. They are empty losses women fear in this kind. [50]

Hau. Besides, ladies should be mindful of the approach of age, and let no time want his due use. The best of our days pass first.

Mav. We are rivers, that cannot be call'd back, madam she that now excludes her [55] lovers, may live to lie a forsaken beldame, in a frozen bed.

Cen. 'T is true, Mavis. and who will wait on us to coach then? or write, or tell us the news then? make anagrams of our names, and [60] invite us to the Cockpit, and kiss our hands all the play-time, and draw their weapons for our honours?

Hau. Not one

Daw. Nay, my mistress is not altogether [65] unintelligent of these things; here be in presence have tasted of her favours

Cler. What a neighing hobby-horse is this!

Epi. But not with intent to boast 'em again, servant. — And have you those ex- [70] cellent receipts, madam, to keep yourselves from bearing of children?

Hau. O yes, Morose how should we maintain our youth and beauty else? Many births of a woman make her old, as many crops [75] make the earth barren.

Act III. Scene IIII

Morose, Dauphine, Truewit, Epicæne, Clerimont, Daw, Haughty, La-Foole, Centaure, Mavis, Mrs Otter, [later] Trusty

[*Mor.*] O my cursed angel, that instructed me to this fate!

Daup. Why, sir?

Mor. That I should be seduc'd by so foolish a devil as a barber will make! [5]

Daup. I would I had been worthy, sir, to have partaken your counsel; you should never have trusted it to such a minister.

Mor. Would I could redeem it with the loss of an eye, nephew, a hand, or any other member. [11]

Daup. Marry, God forbid, sir, that you should geld yourself, to anger your wife.

Mor. So it would rid me of her! — and, that

¹¹ Bedlam: Bethlehem Hospital, for the insane
known as the Cockpit-in-Court ¹² unintelligent:

I did supererogatory penance in a belfry, at Westminster-hall, ¹ the Cockpit, at the fall ¹⁵ of a stag, the Tower-wharf — what place is there else? — London-bridge, Paris-garden, Billingsgate, when the noises are at their height and loudest. Nay, I would sit out a play, that were nothing but fights at sea, drum, trum- ²⁰ pet, and target.

Daup. I hope there shall be no such need, sir. Take patience, good uncle. This is but a day, and 't is well worn too now.

Mor. O, 't will be so for ever, nephew, I ²⁵ foresee it, for ever. Strife and tumult are the dowry that comes with a wife.

True. I told you so, sir, and you would not believe me.

Mor. Alas, do not rub those wounds, ³⁰ master Truewit, to blood again: 't was my negligence. Add not affliction to affliction. I have perceiv'd the effect of it, too late, in madam Otter.

Epi. How do you, sir? 35

Mor. Did you ever hear a more unnecessary question? as if she did not see! Why, I do as you see, empress, empress.

Epi. You are not well, sir; you look very ill: something has distemper'd you. 40

Mor. O horrible, monstrous impertinencies! Would not one of these have serv'd, do you think, sir? would not one of these have serv'd?

True. Yes, sir, but these are but notes of female kindness, sir; certain tokens that ⁴⁵ she has a voice, sir.

Mor. O, is 't so! Come, and 't be no other-wise — What say you?

Epi. How do you feel yourself, sir?

Mor. Again that! 50

True. Nay, look you, sir, you would be friends with your wife upon unconscionable terms; her silence.

Epi. They say you are run mad, sir.

Mor. Not for love, I assure you, of you; ⁵⁵ do you see?

Epi. O lord, gentlemen! lay hold on him, for God's sake. What shall I do? Who's his physician, can you tell, that knows the state of his body best, that I might send for him? ⁶⁰ Good sir, speak; I 'll send for one of my doctors else.

Mor. What, to poison me, that I might die intestate, and leave you possess'd of all?

Epi. Lord, how idly he talks, and how ⁶⁵ his eyes sparkle! He looks green about the temples! do you see what blue spots he has!

Cler. Ay, it's melancholy.

Epi. Gentlemen, for Heaven's sake, counsel me. Ladies! — Servant, you have read Pliny ⁷⁰ (70 and Paracelsus; ne'er a word now to comfort a poor gentlewoman? Ay me, what fortune had I, to marry a distracted man!

Daw. I 'll tell you, mistress —

True. How rarely she holds it up! 75
[*Aside to Cler.*]

Mor. What mean you, gentlemen?

Epi. What will you tell me, servant?

Daw. The disease in Greek is called *μωλια*, in Latin *insania*, *furor*, *vel ecstasis melancholica*, that is, *egressio*, when a man *ex melancholico* ⁸⁰ *evadit fanaticus*

Mor. Shall I have a lecture read upon me alive?

Daw. But he may be but *phreneticus* yet, mistress; and *phrenetis* is only *delirium*, ⁸⁵ or so.

Epi. Ay, that is for the disease, servant; but what is this to the cure? We are sure enough of the disease

Mor. Let me go. 90

True. Why, we 'll entreat her to hold her peace, sir

Mor. O no, labour not to stop her. She is like a conduit-pipe, that will gush out with more force when she opens again. 95

Hau. I 'll tell you, Morose, you must talk divinity to him altogether, or moral philosophy

La-F. Ay, and there's an excellent book of moral philosophy, madam, of Reynard the Fox, and all the beasts, call'd *Doni's Phi-* ¹⁰⁰ *losophy*.

Ken. There is indeed, Sir Amorous La-Foole.

Mor. O misery!

La-F. I have read it, my lady Centaure, all over, to my cousin here. 105

Mrs. Ott. Ay, and 't is a very good book as any is, of the moderns

Daw. Tut, he must have Seneca read to him, and Plutarch, and the ancients; the moderns are not for this disease. 110

Cler. Why, you discommended them too, to-day, Sir John.

Daw. Ay, in some cases: but in these they are best, and Aristotle's *Ethics*

Mas. Say you so, Sir John? I think ¹¹⁵ you are deceiv'd; you took it upon trust.

Hau. Where's the Trusty, my woman? I 'll end this difference. I prithee, Otter, call her. Her father and mother were both mad, when they put her to me 120

¹ target: shield ⁴⁰ distemper'd: upset ⁷⁰ Pliny: (mentioned here because of his studies in natural history) ⁷¹ Paracelsus: physician and lecturer on medicine (1493-1541) ⁸⁰⁻⁸¹ ex . . . fanaticus: A melancholy man ends as a madman ⁸² lecture: s e, an anatomical lecture ⁸⁴ phreneticus: insane ¹⁰⁰⁻¹⁰¹ Doni's Philosophy: Doni's Italian version of the Fables of Bidpai, translated by Sir Thomas North in 1570 (here confused with the ancient story of Reynard the Fox) ¹²⁰ to me: in my service

Mor. I think so. — Nay, gentlemen, I am tame. This is but an exercise, I know, a marriage ceremony, which I must endure.

Hau. And one of 'em, I know not which, was cur'd with the Sick Man's Salve, and [125 the other with Greene's Groat's-worth of Wit.

True. A very cheap cure, madam.

[Enter Trusty]

Hau. Ay, it 's very feasible.

Mrs. Ott. My lady call'd for you, mistress Trusty: you must decide a controversy. 130

Hau. O, Trusty, which was it you said, your father, or your mother, that was cur'd with the Sick Man's Salve?

Trus. My mother, madam, with the Salve.

True. Then it was the sick woman's [135 salve?

Trus. And my father with the Groat's-worth of Wit. But there was other means us'd: we had a preacher that would preach folk asleep still; and so they were prescrib'd [140 to go to church, by an old woman that was their physician, thrice a week —

Epi. To sleep?

Trus. Yes, forsooth: and every night they read themselves asleep on those books. 145

Epi. Good faith, it stands with great reason. I would I knew where to procure those books

Mor. Oh!

La-F. I can help you with one of 'em, [150 mistress Morose, the Groat's-worth of Wit.

Epi. But I shall disfigure you, Sir Amorous: can you spare it?

La-F. O yes, for a week, or so; I'll read it myself to him. 155

Epi. No, I must do that, sir; that must be my office

Mor. Oh, oh!

Epi. Sure he would do well enough, if he could sleep 160

Mor. No, I should do well enough, if you could sleep. Have I no friend that will make her drunk, or give her a little laudanum, or opium?

True. Why, sir, she talks ten times worse [165 in her sleep.

Mor. How!

Cler. Do you not know that, sir? never ceases all night.

True. And snores like a porcpisce. 170

Mor. O redeem me, fate; redeem me, fate! For how many causes may a man be divorc'd, nephew?

Daup. I know not, truly, sir.

True. Some divine must resolve you in [175 that, sir, or canon-lawyer.

Mor. I will not rest, I will not think of any other hope or comfort, till I know.

[Exit with Dauphine.]

Cler. Alas, poor man!

True. You'll make him mad indeed, [180 ladies, if you pursue thus.

Hau. No, we'll let him breathe now, a quarter of an hour or so.

Cler. By my faith, a large truce!

Hau. Is that his keeper, that is gone [185 with him?

Daw. It is his nephew, madam.

La-F. Sir Dauphine Eugenie.

Cen. He looks like a very pitiful knight —

Daw. As can be. This marriage has put [190 him out of all.

La-F. He has not a penny in his purse, madam.

Daw. He is ready to cry all this day.

La-F. A very shark; he set me i' the [195 nick t' other night at primero.

True. How these swabbers talk!

Cler. Ay, Otter's wime has swell'd their humours above a springtide.

Hau. Good Morose, let 's go in again. [200 I like your couches exceeding well; we'll go he and talk there

[Exeunt Hau., Cen., Maw, Trus., La-Foole, and Daw.]

Epi. [Following them.] I wait on you, madam.

True. [Stopping her.] 'Slight, I will have 'em as silent as signs, and their posts too, ere I [205 ha' done. Do you hear, lady-bride? I pray thee now, as thou art a noble wench, continue this discourse of Dauphine within; but praise him exceedingly: magnify him with all the height of affection thou canst; — I have [210 some purpose in 't: and but beat off these two rooks, Jack Daw and his fellow, with any discontentment hither, and I'll honour thee for ever

Epi. I was about it here. It angered [215 me to the soul, to hear 'em begin to talk so malapert

True. Pray thee perform it, and thou winn'st me an idolater to thee everlasting.

Epi. Will you go in and hear me do it? 220

True. No, I'll stay here. Drive 'em out of your company, 'tis all I ask; which cannot be any way better done, than by extolling Dauphine, whom they have so slighted. 224

Epi. I warrant you; you shall expect one of 'em presently. [Exit.]

125 Sick Man's Salve: a tract by the Rev. Thomas Becon, published in 1561 126 Groat's-worth of Wit: by Robert Greene, published in 1592 127 disfigure: deprive 170 porcpisce: porpoise 195 shark: card-sharper 196-198 set . . . nick: defeated me 198 primero: a card game 197 swabbers: base fellows 199 humours: eccentricities 212 discontentment: vexation 217 malapert: rudely

Cler. What a cast of kastrls are these, to hawk after ladies, thus!

True. Ay, and strike at such an eagle as [229] Dauphine.

Cler. He will be mad when we tell him. Here he comes.

Act IIII. Scene V

*Clerimoni, Truewit, Dauphine,
[later] Daw, La-Foole*

[*Cler to Daup.*] O sir, you are welcome.

True. Where 's thine uncle?

Daup. Run out o' doors in his night-caps, to talk with a casuist about his divorce. 'It works admirably.

True. Thou wouldst ha' said so, and thou hadst been here! The ladies have laugh'd at thee most comically, since thou went'st, Dauphine.

Cler. And ask'd, if thou wert thine uncle's [10] keeper.

True. And the brace of baboons answer'd, "Yes;" and said thou wert a pitiful poor fellow, and didst live upon posts, and hadst nothing but three suits of apparel, and some [15] few benevolences that the lords ga' thee to fool to 'em, and swagger.

Daup. Let me not live, I 'll beat 'em: I 'll bind 'em both to grand-madam's bed-posts, and have 'em baited with monkeys.

True. Thou shalt not need, they shall be beaten to thy hand, Dauphine. I have an execution to serve upon 'em, I warrant thee, shall serve; trust my plot

Daup. Ay, you have many plots! so you [25] had one to make all the wenches in love with me.

True. Why, if I do not yet afore night, as near as 't is, and that they do not every one invite thee, and be ready to scratch for [30] thee, take the mortgage of my wit.

Cler. 'Fore God, I 'll be his witness thou shalt have it, Dauphine: thou [*to True.*] shalt be his fool for ever, if thou dost not

True. Agreed. Perhaps 't will be the [35] better estate. Do you observe this gallery, or rather lobby, indeed? Here are a couple of studies, at each end one: here will I act such a tragi-comedy between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, Daw and La-Foole — which [40]

of 'em comes out first, will I seize on; — you two shall be the chorus behind the arras, and whip out between the acts and speak. — If I do not make 'em keep the peace for this remnant of the day, if not of the year, I have [45] fail'd once. — I hear Daw coming: hide, [*they withdraw*] and do not laugh, for God's sake.

[*Enter Daw*]

Daw. Which is the way into the garden, trow?

True. O, Jack Daw! I am glad I have met with you. In good faith, I must have this matter go no furdur between you: I must ha' it taken up.

Daw. What matter, sir? between whom? [55]

True. Come, you disguise it. Sir Amorous and you. If you love me, Jack, you shall make use of your philosophy now, for this once, and deliver me your sword. This is not the wedding the Centaurs were at, though there be a she [60] one here [*Takes his sword*] The bride has entreated me I will see no blood shed at her bridal: you saw her whisper me erewhile

Daw. As I hope to finish Tacitus, I intend no murder.

True. Do you not wait for Sir Amorous?

Daw. Not I, by my knighthood.

True. And your scholarship too?

Daw. And my scholarship too

True. Go to, then I return you your [70] sword, and ask you mercy, but put it not up, for you will be assaulted. I understood that you had apprehended it, and walk'd here to brave him; and that you had held your life contemptible, in regard of your honour.

Daw. No, no; no such thing, I assure you. He and I parted now, as good friends as could be

True. Trust not you to that vizor. I saw him since dinner with another face. I have [80] known many men in my time vex'd with losses, with deaths, and with abuses; but so offended a wight as Sir Amorous did I never see or read of. For taking away his guests, sir, to-day, that 's the cause; and he declares it behind [85] your back with such threatenings and contempt. He said to Dauphine, you were the arrant'st ass —

Daw. Ay, he may say his pleasure.

True. And swears you are so protested [90]

²²⁷ cast: couple ²²⁸ kastrls: degenerate hawks ²²⁹ casuist: theologian ²³⁰ posts: sheriff's posts, upon which public notices were displayed (Pun on the term 'knight of the post,' professional false witness) ²³¹ execution: legal writ or warrant ²³²⁻⁴⁰ Guelphs, Ghibellines: the rival parties in Italy during the Middle Ages ²⁴¹ arras: tapestry wall-hanging ²⁴² taken up: stopped ²⁴³ disguise: i.e., pretend not to know ²⁴⁴⁻⁵⁰ wedding . . . at: that of Hippodamia and Pirithous ²⁵¹ ask you mercy: beg your pardon ²⁵² brave: defy ²⁵³ in . . . of: in comparison with ²⁵⁴ vizor: pretense, mask ²⁵⁵⁻⁵⁷ contempts: expressions of contempt ²⁵⁸ arrant'st: ('errandst' F) ²⁵⁹ protested: notorious

a coward, that he knows you will never do him any manly or single right; and therefore he will take his course.

Daw. I'll give him any satisfaction, sir — but fighting. 95

True. Ay, sir. but who knows what satisfaction he'll take? Blood he thirsts for, and blood he will have; and whereabouts on you he will have it, who knows but himself?

Daw. I pray you, master Truewit, be 100
you a mediator.

True. Well, sir, conceal yourself then in this study till I return. (*He puts him up*) Nay, you must be content to be lock'd in; for, for mine own reputation, I would not have you 105
seen to receive a public disgrace, while I have the matter in managing. Gods so, here he comes; keep your breath close, that he do not hear you sigh. — In good faith, Sir Amorous, he is not this way; I pray you be merciful, 110
do not murder him; he is a Christian, as good as you: you are arm'd as if you sought a revenge on all his race. Good Dauphine, get him away from this place. I never knew a man's choler so high, but he would speak to his friends, 115
he would hear reason — Jack Daw, Jack Daw! asleep?

Daw. [*Within*] Is he gone, master Truewit?

True. Ay; did you hear him?

Daw. O God! yes. 120

True. What a quick ear fear has!

Daw. [*Comes out of the closet.*] But is he so arm'd, as you say?

True. Arm'd! did you ever see a fellow set out to take possession? 125

Daw. Ay, sir.

True. That may give you some light to conceive of him; but 't is nothing to the principal. Some false brother i' the house has furnish'd him strangely; or, if it were out 130
o' the house, it was Tom Otter.

Daw. Indeed he's a captain, and his wife is his kinswoman.

True. He has got some body's old two-hand sword, to mow you off at the knees; and 135
that sword hath spawn'd such a dagger! — But then he is so hung with pikes, halberds, petronels, calivers and muskets, that he looks like a justice of peace's hall; a man of two thousand a year is not cess'd at so many 140
weapons as he has on. There was never fencer challeng'd at so many several foils. You would think he meant to murder all St. Pulchre's parish. If he could but victual himself

for half a-year in his breeches, he is sufficiently arm'd to over-run a country. 145

Daw. Good lord! what means he, sir? I pray you, master Truewit, be you a mediator.

True. Well, I'll try if he will be pleas'd with a leg or an arm; if not, you must die 150
once.

Daw. I would be loath to lose my right arm, for writing madrigals.

True. Why, if he will be satisfied with a thumb or a little finger, all 's one to me. 155
You must think, I'll do my best.

Daw. Good sir, do.

He puts him up again and then comes forth.

Cler. What hast thou done?

True. He will let me do nothing, man; he does all afore me, he offers his left arm. 160

Cler. His left wing for a Jack Daw.

Daup. Take it by all means.

True. How! maim a man for ever, for a jest? What a conscience hast thou!

Daup. 'T is no loss to him; he has no 165
employment for his arms, but to eat spoon-meat. Beside, as good maim his body as his reputation.

True. He is a scholar and a wit, and yet he does not think so. But he loses no reputation with us, for we all resolv'd him an ass before. To your places again.

Cler. I pray thee, let me be in at the other a little.

True. Look, you'll spoil all; these be 175
ever your tricks.

Cler. No, but I could hit of some things that thou wilt miss, and thou wilt say are good ones.

True. I warrant you. I pray forbear, 180
I'll leave it off, else.

Daup. Come away, Clerimont.

[*Daup. and Cler. withdraw as before. Enter La-Foole.*]

True. Sir Amorous!

La-F. Master Truewit

True. Whither were you going? 185

La-F. Down into the court to make water.

True. By no means, sir; you shall rather tempt your breeches.

La-F. Why, sir?

True. Enter here, if you love your life. 190
[*Opening the door of the other study.*]

La-F. Why? why?

True. Question till your throat be cut, do: dally till the enraged soul find you.

¹¹⁴ choler: anger ¹¹⁵ possession: (of an estate which must be taken by force) ¹²⁰ principal: original, i. e., Sir Amorous ¹²⁵ petronels: horse-pistols ¹³⁰ calivers: light muskets ¹⁴⁰ cess'd: assessed ¹⁴⁵ foils: weapons ¹⁴⁸⁻¹⁵⁴ St. Pulchre's: St. Sepulchre's, in the outskirts of London ¹⁴⁵ breeches: (which were very large and stuffed) ¹⁵¹ once: one time or another ¹⁷¹ resolv'd him: determined him to be ¹⁷⁷ of: on

La-F. Who 's that?

True. Daw it is: will you in? 195

La-F. Ay, ay, I 'll in: what 's the matter?

True. Nay, if he had been cool enough to tell us that, there had been some hope to atone you; but he seems so implacably enrag'd!

La-F. 'Shght, let him rage! I 'll hide [200 myself.

True. Do, good sir. But what have you done to him within, that should provoke him thus? You have broke some jest upon him afore the ladies. 205

La-F. Not I, never in my life, broke jest upon any man. The bride was praising Sir Dauphine, and he went away in snuff, and I followed him; unless he took offence at me in his drink erewhile, that I would not [210 pledge all the horse full.

True. By my faith, and that may be; you remember well: but he walks the round up and down, through every room o' the house, with a towel in his hand, crying "Where 's [215 La-Foole? Who saw La-Foole?" And when Dauphine and I demanded the cause, we can force no answer from him, but — "O revenge, how sweet art thou! I will strangle him in this towel" — which leads us to conjecture that [220 the main cause of his fury is, for bringing your meat to-day, with a towel about you, to his discredit.

La-F. Like enough. Why, and he be angry for that, I 'll stay here till his anger be [225 blown over.

True. A good becoming resolution, sir; if you can put it on o' the sudden.

La-F. Yes, I can put it on: or, I 'll away into the country presently. 230

True. How will you get out o' the house, sir? He knows you are i' the house, and he 'll watch you this se'ennight, but he 'll have you. he 'll outwait a sergeant for you.

La-F. Why, then I 'll stay here. 235

True. You must think how to vidual yourself in time then.

La-F. Why, sweet master Truewit, will you entreat my cousin Otter to send me a cold venison pasty, a bottle or two of wine, and [240 a chamber-pot?

True. A stool were better, sir, of Sir Ajax his invention.

La-F. Ay, that will be better, indeed; and a pallat to lie on 245

True. O, I would not advise you to sleep by any means.

La-F. Would you not, sir? Why, then I will not.

True. Yet there 's another fear — 250

La-F. Is there, sir! What is 't?

True. No, he cannot break open this door with his foot, sure

La-F. I 'll set my back against it, sir. I have a good back. 255

True. But then if he should batter.

La-F. Batter 'l if he dare, I 'll have an action of batt'ry against him

True. Cast you the worst. He has sent for powder already, and what he will do with [260 it, no man knows: perhaps blow up the corner o' the house where he suspects you are. Here he comes; in quickly. *He feigns as if one were* I protest, Sir *present, to fright the other, who* John Daw, he is *is run in to hide himself.* [265

not thus way. what will you do? Before God, you shall hang no petard here I 'll die rather. Will you not take my word? I never knew one but would be satisfied — Sir Amorous, [*speaks through the key-hole,*] there 's no standing [270 out: he has made a petard of an old brass pot, to force your door. Think upon some satisfaction, or terms to offer him.

La-F. [*Within*] Sir, I 'll give him any satisfaction. I dare give any terms. 275

True. You 'll leave it to me then?

La-F. Ay, sir I 'll stand to any conditions

True. How now, what think *He calls forth* you, sirs? Were 't *Clermont and Dauphine.* not a difficult thing to determine which of these two fear'd most?

Cler. Yes, but this fears the bravest. the other a whinling dastard, Jack Daw! But La-Foole, a brave heroic coward! and is afraid [285 in a great look and a stout accent; I like him rarely.

True. Had it not been pity these two should ha' been conceal'd?

Cler. Shall I make a motion? 290

True. Briefly: for I must strike while 't is hot

Cler. Shall I go fetch the ladies to the catastrophe?

True. Umph! ay, by my troth. 295

Daup. By no mortal means. Let them continue in the state of ignorance, and err still; think 'em wits and fine fellows, as they have done 'T were sin to reform them.

True. Well, I will have 'em fetch'd, now [300 I think on 't, for a private purpose of mine:

¹⁹⁵ atone: set at one ²⁰⁰ went . . . snuff: became angry ²¹⁵ walks the round: (like a sentinel)
²³⁴ sergeant: sheriff's officer ²⁴⁵ Sir Ajax: (Sir John Harington published, in 1596, the *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, a facetious work on the sanitary conditions of the time, punning on the word "jakes," meaning "privy") ²⁴⁶ pallat: cot ²⁵⁰ Cast: anticipate ²⁶⁷ petard: an early form of bomb
²⁸⁴ whinling: whining ²⁹⁰ motion: proposal

do, Clerimont, fetch 'em, and discourse to 'em all that's past, and bring 'em into the gallery here.

Daw. This is thy extreme vanity, now: [305 thou think'st thou wert undone, if every jest thou mak'st were not publish'd.

True. Thou shalt see how unjust thou art presently. Clerimont, say it was Dauphine's plot [*Exit Clerimont*] Trust me not, if [310 the whole drift be not for thy good. There's a carpet i' the next room, put it on, with this scarf over thy face, and a cushion o' thy head, and be ready when I call Amorous. Away! [*Exit Daw*] John Daw! 315

[*Goes to Daw's closet and brings him out*]

Daw. What good news, sir?

True. Faith, I have followed and argued with him hard for you. I told him you were a knight, and a scholar, and that you knew fortitudo did consist *magis patiendo quam* [320 *faciendo, magis ferendo quam ferendo.*

Daw. It doth so indeed, sir

True. And that you would suffer, I told him so at first he demanded by my troth, in my conceit, too much 325

Daw. What was it, sir?

True. Your upper lip, and six o' your fore-teeth.

Daw. 'T was unreasonable.

True. Nay, I told him plainly, you could [330 not spare 'em all. So after long argument *pro et con* as you know, I brought him down to your two butter-teeth, and then he would have

Daw. O, did you so? Why, he shall have 'em 335

True. But he shall not, sir, by your leave. The conclusion is this, sir, because you shall be very good friends hereafter, and thus never to be remembered or upbraided; besides, that he may not boast he has done any [340 such thing to you in his own person; he is to come here in disguise, give you five kicks in private, sir, take your sword from you, and lock you up in that study during pleasure which will be but a little while, we'll get it re- [345 leas'd presently

Daw. Five kicks! he shall have six, sir, to be friends.

True. Believe me, you shall not over-shoot yourself, to send him that word by me. 350

Daw. Deliver it, sir; he shall have it with all my heart, to be friends.

True. Friends! Nay, and he should not be

so, and heartily too, upon these terms, he shall have me to enemy while I live. Come, [355 sir, bear it bravely.

Daw. O God, sir, 't is nothing.

True. True: what's six kicks to a man that reads Seneca?

Daw. I have had a hundred, sir. 360

True. Sir Amorous!—

No speaking one to another, or rehearsing old matters.

Dauphine comes forth and kicks him

Daw. One, two, three, four, five. I protest, Sir Amorous, you shall have six. 365

True. Nay, I told you, you should not talk. Come give him six, and he will needs. [*Dauphine kicks him again*]—Your sword. [*Takes his sword*] Now return to your safe custody; you shall presently meet afore the ladies, [370 and be the dearest friends one to another.

[*Puts Daw into the study*]—Give me the scarf now, thou shalt beat the other bare-fac'd. Stand by. [*Dauphine retires, and Truewit releases La-Foole*]—Sir Amorous! 375

La-F. What's here! A sword?

True. I cannot help it, without I should take the quarrel upon myself. Here he has sent you his sword—

La-F. I'll receive none on 't. 380

True. And he wills you to fasten it against a wall, and break your head in some few several places against the hilts

La-F. I will not: tell him roundly. I cannot endure to shed my own blood. 385

True. Will you not?

La-F. No. I'll beat it against a fair flat wall, if that will satisfy him. if not, he shall beat it himself, for Amorous.

True. Why, this is strange starting off, [390 when a man undertakes for you! I offer'd him another condition, will you stand to that?

La-F. Ay, what is 't?

True. That you will be beaten in private.

La-F. Yes, I am content, at the blunt 395

[*Enter, above, Haughty, Centaure, Mavis, Mistress Otter, Epicene, and Trusty*]

True. Then you must submit yourself to be hoodwink'd in this scarf, and be led to him, where he will take your sword from you, and make you bear a blow over the mouth, gules, and tweaks by the nose *sans nombre*. 400

La-F. I am content. But why must I be blinded?

³⁰⁵ discourse: narrate ³¹¹ drift: scheme ³¹² carpet: table-cover ³²⁰⁻³²¹ magis . . . feriendo: more in enduring than in doing, more in bearing than in striking ³²³ suffer: endure punishment ³²⁵ butter-teeth: incisors ³²⁷ because: in order that ³³⁰ upbraided: brought up as a subject for argument ³³⁶ you, you: ('you' FF, Q) ³³⁸ for Amorous: as far as Amorous is concerned ³⁴¹ undertakes: assumes responsibility ³⁴⁶ at the blunt: with the flat of the sword ³⁴⁷ hoodwink'd: blind-folded ⁴⁰⁰ sans nombre: without number

True. That 's for your good, sir; because, if he should grow insolent upon this, and publish it hereafter to your disgrace, (which I ⁴⁰⁵ hope he will not do,) you might swear safely, and protest, he never beat you, to your knowledge.

La-F. O, I conceive.

True. I do not doubt but you 'll be perfect good friends upon 't, and not dare to utter an ill thought one of another in future.

La-F. Not I, as God help me, of him.

True. Nor he of you, sir. If he should,—
[binds his eyes.]—Come, sir [leads him ⁴¹⁵ forward]—All hid, Sir John!

Dauphine enters to tweak him

La-F. O, Sir John, Sir John! Oh, o-o-o-o-Oh—

True. Good Sir John, leave tweaking, you 'll blow his nose off. — 'T is Sir John's pleasure, you should retire into the study. [Puts him up again.]—Why, now you are friends. All bitterness between you, I hope, is buried; you shall come forth by and by, Damon and Pythias upon 't, and embrace with all the ⁴²⁵ rankness of friendship that can be. — I trust, we shall have 'em tamer 't their language hereafter. Dauphine, I worship thee. — God's will, the ladies have surpris'd us!

Act IIII. Scene VI

Haughty, Centaure, Mavis, Mrs. Otter, Epicæne, Truly (having discover'd part of the past scene above); Dauphine, Truewit, &c.

[*Hau.*] Centaure, how our judgments were impos'd on by these adulterate knights!

Cen. Nay, madam, Mavis was more deceiv'd than we; 'twas her commendation utter'd 'em in the college ⁵

Mav. I commended but their wits, madam, and their braveries. I never look'd toward their valours

Hau. Sir Dauphine is valiant, and a wit too, it seems. ¹⁰

Mav. And a bravery too.

Hau. Was this his project?

Mrs. Ot. So master Clerimont intimates, madam.

Hau. Good Morose, when you come to ¹⁵ the college, will you bring him with you? He seems a very perfect gentleman.

Epi. He is so, madam, believe it.

Cen. But when will you come, Morose?

Epi. Three or four days hence, madam, ²⁰ when I have got me a coach and horses.

Hau. No, to-morrow, good Morose; Centaure shall send you her coach.

Mav. Yes faith, do, and bring Sir Dauphine with you. ²⁵

Hau. She has promis'd that, Mavis.

Mav. He is a very worthy gentleman in his exteriours, madam.

Hau. Ay, he shows he is judicial in his clothes. ³⁰

Cen. And yet not so superlatively neat as some, madam, that have their faces set in a brake.

Hau. Ay, and have every hair in form.

Mav. That wear purer linen than our ³⁵ selves, and profess more neatness than the French hermaphrodite!

Epi. Ay, ladies, they, what they tell one of us, have told a thousand; and are the only thieves of our fame, that think to take us ⁴⁰ with that perfume, or with that lace, and laugh at us unconscionably when they have done.

Hau. But Sir Dauphine's carelessness becomes him. ⁴⁵

Cen. I could love a man for such a nose.

Mav. Or such a leg.

Cen. He has an exceeding good eye, madam.

Mav. And a very good lock.

Cen. Good Morose, bring him to my ⁵⁰ chamber first.

Mrs. Ot. Please your honours to meet at my house, madam

True See how they eye thee, man! they are taken, I warrant thee. ⁵⁵

[*Haughty comes forward.*]

Hau. You have unbrac'd our brace of knights here, master Truewit.

True. Not I, madam; it was Sir Dauphine's ingine: who, if he have disfurnish'd your ladyship of any guard or service by it, is able ⁶⁰ to make the place good again in himself.

Hau. There 's no suspicion of that, sir.

Cen. God so, Mavis, Haughty is kissing.

Mav. Let us go too, and take part.

[*They come forward.*]

Hau. But I am glad of the fortune (be ⁶⁵ side the discovery of two such empty caskets) to gain the knowledge of so rich a mine of virtue as Sir Dauphine.

Cen. We would be all glad to style him of our friendship, and see him at the college. ⁷⁰

Mav. He cannot mix with a sweeter society, I 'll prophesy; and I hope he himself will think so.

⁴⁰⁵ All hid: a signal in a child's game ⁴²⁵ rankness: extravagance S D. Having . . . above: (marginal note in F) ⁴⁴ utter'd: made (them) acceptable ⁷ braveries: finery ³⁵⁻³⁸ set . . . brake: fixed, as a horse held for shoeing ⁴⁶ lock: love-lock ⁴⁸ unbrac'd: disarmed ⁴⁹ ingine: plot

Daup. I should be rude to imagine otherwise, lady. 75

True. Did not I tell thee, Dauphine! Why, all their actions are governed by crude opinion, without reason or cause; they know not why they do anything; but, as they are inform'd, believe, judge, praise, condemn, love, hate, 80 and in emulation one of another, do all these things alike. Only they have a natural inclination sways 'em generally to the worst, when they are left to themselves. But pursue it, now thou hast 'em. 85

Hau. Shall we go in again, Morose?

Epi. Yes, madam.

Cen. We'll entreat Sir Dauphine's company.

True. Stay, good madam, the inter- 90 view of the two friends, Pylades and Orestes: I'll fetch 'em out to you straight

Hau. Will you, master Truewit?

Daup. Ay, but, noble ladies, do not confess in your countenance, or outward bearing to 95 'em, any discovery of their follies, that we may see how they will bear up again, with what assurance and erection.

Hau. We will not, Sir Dauphine

Cen. Mar. Upon our honours, Sir Dau- 100 phine.

True [*Goes to the first closet*] Sir Amorous, Sir Amorous! The ladies are here.

La-F. [*Within*] Are they?

True. Yes, but slip out by and by, as 105 their backs are turn'd, and meet Sir John here, as by chance, when I call you. [*Goes to the other*] — Jack Daw.

Daw. [*Within*] What say you, sir?

True. Whip out behind me suddenly, 110 and no anger i' your looks to your adversary. Now, now!

[*La-Foole and Daw slip out of their respective closets, and salute each other.*]

La-F. Noble Sir John Daw, where have you been?

Daw. To seek you, Sir Amorous 115

La-F. Me! I honour you

Daw. I prevent you, sir

Cler. They have forgot their rapiers.

True. O, they meet in peace, man

Daup. Where's your sword, Sir John? 120

Cler. And yours, Sir Amorous?

Daw. Mine! my boy had it forth to mend the handle, e'en now.

La-F. And my gold handle was broke too, and my boy had it forth. 125

Daup. Indeed, sir! — How their excuses meet!

Cler. What a consent there is i' the handles!

True. Nay, there is so i' the points too, I warrant you. 130

Mrs. Ott. O me! madam, he comes again, the madman! Away!

[*Ladies, Daw, and La-Foole, run off.*]

Act III. Scene VII

Morose, Truewit, Clerimont, Dauphine

[*Mor*] What make these *He had found*
naked weapons here, *the two swords*
gentlemen? *drawn within.*

True. O sir! here hath like to be murder since you went; a couple of knights fallen 15 out about the bride's favours! We were fain to take away their weapons; your house had been begg'd by this time else.

Mor. For what?

Cler. For manslaughter, sir, as being 10 accessory.

Mor. And for her favours?

True. Ay, sir, heretofore, not present — Clerimont, carry 'em their swords now. They have done all the hurt they will do. 15

[*Exit Cler. with the two swords.*]

Daup. Ha! you spoke with a lawyer, sir?

Mor. O no! there is such a noise i' the court, that they have frighted me home with more violence than I went! such speaking and counter-speaking, with their several voices 20 of citations, appellations, allegations, certificates, attachments, intergatories, references, convictions, and afflictions indeed, among the doctors and proctors, that the noise here is silence to 't, a kind of calm midnight! 25

True. Why, sir, if you would be resolv'd indeed, I can bring you hither a very sufficient lawyer, and a learned divine, that shall inquire into every least scruple for you.

Mor. Can you, master Truewit? 30

True. Yes, and are very sober, grave persons, that will dispatch it in a chamber, with a whisper or two.

Mor. Good sir, shall I hope this benefit from you, and trust myself into your hands? 35

True. Alas, sir! your nephew and I have been asham'd and oft-times mad, since you went, to think how you are abus'd. Go in, good sir, and lock yourself up till we call you; we'll tell you more anon, sir. 40

Mor. Do your pleasure with me, gentlemen; I believe in you, and that deserves no delusion. [*Exit.*]

True. You shall find none, sir, — but heap'd, heap'd plenty of vexation. 45

⁷⁵ erection: exaltation ¹³⁰ consent: agreement ¹ begg'd: confiscated and given to some suitor at court ²² intergatories: interrogatories, questions to be answered under oath ²⁴ proctors: court officers ²⁷ sufficient: competent

Daup. What wilt thou do now, Wit?

True. Recover me hither Otter and the barber, if you can, by any means, presently.

Daup. Why? to what purpose?

True. O, I'll make the deepest divine, [50 and gravest lawyer, out o' them two for him —

Daup. Thou canst not, man; these are waking dreams.

True. Do not fear me. Clap but a civil gown with a welt o' the one, and a canonical [55 cloak with sleeves o' the other, and give 'em a few terms i' their mouths, if there come not forth as able a doctor and complete a parson, for this turn, as may be wish'd, trust not my election: and I hope, without wronging the [60 dignity of either profession, since they are but persons put on, and for mirth's sake, to torment him. The barber smatters Latin, I remember.

Daup. Yes, and Otter too.

True. Well then, if I make 'em not [65 wrangle out this case to his no comfort, let me be thought a Jack Daw or La-Foole or anything worse. Go you to your ladies, but first send for them.

Daup. I will. [Exeunt.] 70

Act V. Scene I

[A Room in Morose's House]

La-Foole, Clerimont, Daw, [later] Mavis

[*La-F.*] Where had you our swords, master Clerimont?

Cler. Why, Dauphine took 'em from the madman

La-F. And he took 'em from our boys, [5 I warrant you.

Cler. Very like, sir.

La-F. Thank you, good master Clerimont. Sir John Daw and I are both beholden to you.

Cler. Would I knew how to make you [10 so, gentlemen!

Daw. Sir Amorous and I are your servants, sir.

[Enter Mavis]

Mav. Gentlemen, have any of you a pen and ink? I would fain write out a riddle [15 in Italian, for Sir Dauphine to translate.

Cler. Not I, in troth, lady; I am no scrivener.

Daw. I can furnish you, I think, lady.

[Exeunt Daw and Mavis.]

Cler. He has it in the haft of a knife, I [20 believe.

La-F. No, he has his box of instruments.

Cler. Like a surgeon!

La-F. For the mathematics: his squire, his compasses, his brass pens, and black-lead, [25 to draw maps of every place and person where he comes.

Cler. How, maps of persons!

La-F. Yes, sir, of Nomentack when he was here, and of the Prince of Moldavia, and [30 of his mistress, mistress Epicœne.

[Enter Daw]

Cler. Away! he has not found out her latitude, I hope.

La-F. You are a pleasant gentleman, sir.

Cler. Faith, now we are in private, let 's [35 wanton it a little, and talk waggishly. — Sir John, I am telling Sir Amorous here, that you two govern the ladies where'er you come; you carry the feminine gender afore you.

Daw. They shall rather carry us afore [40 them, if they will, sir.

Cler. Nay, I believe that they do, withal — but that you are the prime men in their affections, and direct all their actions —

Daw. Not I; Sir Amorous is. 45

La-F. I protest, Sir John is.

Daw. As I hope to rise i' the state, Sir Amorous, you ha' the person

La-F. Sir John, you ha' the person, and the discourse too. 50

Daw. Not I, sir. I have no discourse — and then you have activity beside.

La-F. I protest, Sir John, you come as high from Tripoly as I do, every whit: and lift as many join'd stools, and leap over 'em, if [55 you would use it.

Cler. Well, agree on 't together, knights; for between you, you divide the kingdom or commonwealth of ladies' affections: I see it, and can perceive a little how they observe [60 you, and fear you, indeed. You could tell strange stories, my masters, if you would, I know.

Daw. Faith, we have seen somewhat, sir.

La-F. That we have — vellet petticoats, [65 and wrought smocks, or so

Daw. Ay, and —

Cler. Nay, out with it, Sir John; do not envy your friend the pleasure of hearing, when you have had the delight of tasting. 70

Daw. Why — a — Do you speak, Sir Amorous.

⁴⁴ fear: doubt civil: of a civil lawyer ⁴⁵ welt: border of fur or velvet ⁴⁶ turn: occasion
⁴⁷ election: discrimination ⁴⁸ put on: assumed, pretended ⁴⁹ had you: did you get ⁵⁰ scrivener:
 professional scribe ⁵¹ squire: square ⁵² Nomentack: an Indian who had been brought to London
 from Virginia ⁵³ Moldavia: now part of Roumania ⁵⁴ wanton it: be frivolous ⁵⁵⁻⁵⁶ come . . .
 Tripoly: a common phrase apparently referring to some feat of jumping ⁵⁷ use: practise ⁵⁸ ob-
 serve: show respectful attention to

La-F. No, do you, Sir John Daw.

Daw. I' faith, you shall.

La-F. I' faith, you shall. 75

Daw. Why, we have been —

La-F. In the great bed at Ware together in our time. On, Sir John.

Daw. Nay, do you, Sir Amorous.

Cler. And these ladies with you, knights? 80

La-F. No, excuse us, sir.

Daw. We must not wound reputation.

La-F. No matter — they were these, or others. Our bath cost us fifteen pound when we came home. 85

Cler. Do you hear, Sir John? You shall tell me but one thing truly, as you love me.

Daw. If I can, I will, sir.

Cler. You lay in the same house with the bride here? 90

Daw. Yes, and convers'd with her hourly, sir.

Cler. And what humour is she of? Is she coming and open, free?

Daw. O, exceeding open, sir I was her 95 servant, and Sir Amorous was to be.

Cler. Come, you have both had favours from her: I know, and have heard so much

Daw. O no, sir.

La-F. You shall excuse us, sir; we must 100 not wound reputation.

Cler. Tut, she is married now, and you cannot hurt her with any report; and therefore speak plainly: how many times, i' faith? which of you led first? ha! 105

La-F. Sir John had her maidenhead, indeed.

Daw. O, it pleases him to say so, sir; but Sir Amorous knows what 's what, as well.

Cler. Dost thou, i' faith, Amorous? 110

La-F. In a manner, sir.

Cler. Why, I commend you, lads. Little knows Don Bridegroom of this; nor shall he, for me.

Daw. Hang him, mad ox! 115

Cler. Speak softly; here comes his nephew, with the lady Haughty: he 'll get the ladies from you, sirs, if you look not to him in time.

La-F. Why, if he do, we 'll fetch 'em home again, I warrant you. 120

[*Exit with Daw. Cler. walks aside.*]

Act V. Scene II

Haughty, Dauphine, Centaure, Mavis, Clerimont

[*Hau.*] I assure you, Sir Dauphine, it is the price and estimation of your virtue only,

⁷⁷ great . . . Ware: a famous bed twelve feet square; cf. *Twelfth Night*, III. ii ⁷⁸ humour: disposition ⁷⁹ coming: complaisant open: frank ⁸⁰ ox: i. e., cuckold ⁸¹ apprehensive of: quick to perceive ⁸² make . . . her: believe what she says ⁸³ targets: paints

that hath embark'd me to this adventure; and I could not but make out to tell you so: nor can I repent me of the act, since it is [5 always an argument of some virtue in our selves, that we love and affect it so in others.

Daup. Your ladyship sets too high a price on my weakness

Hau. Sir, I can distinguish gems from 10 pebbles —

Daup. [*Aside.*] Are you so skilful in stones?

Hau. And howsoever I may suffer in such a judgment as yours, by admitting equality of rank or society with Centaure or Mavis — 115

Daup. You do not, madam; I perceive they are your mere foils.

Hau. Then are you a friend to truth, sir; it makes me love you the more. It is not the outward, but the inward man that I affect. 120 They are not apprehensive of an eminent perfection, but love flat and dully.

Cen. [*Within.*] Where are you, my lady Haughty?

Hau. I come presently, Centaure. — My 125 chamber, sir, my page shall show you; and Trusty, my woman, shall be ever awake for you: you need not fear to communicate any thing with her, for she is a Fidelia. I pray you, wear this jewel for my sake, Sir Dau- 130 phine —

[*Enter Centaure*]

Where 's Mavis, Centaure?

Cen. Within, madam, a-writing I 'll follow you presently. [*Exit Hau.*] I 'll but speak a word with Sir Dauphine 135

Daup. With me, madam?

Cen. Good Sir Dauphine, do not trust Haughty, nor make any credit to her whatever you do besides. Sir Dauphine, I give you this caution, she is a perfect courtier, and 140 loves nobody but for her uses; and for her uses she loves all. Besides, her physicians give her out to be none o' the clearest; whether she pay 'em or no, heaven knows; and she 's above fifty too, and targets! See her in 145 a forenoon. Here comes Mavis, a worse fate than she! you would not like this by candle-light.

[*Enter Mavis*]

If you 'll come to my chamber one o' these mornings early, or late in an evening, I 'll 150 tell you more. Where 's Haughty, Mavis?

Mav. Within, Centaure.

Cen. What ha' you there?

Mav. An Italian riddle for Sir Dauphine, — you shall not see it, i' faith, Centaure. — 155 [*Exit Cen.*] Good Sir Dauphine, solve it for me: I 'll call for it anon. [*Exit.*]

Cler. [*Coming forward.*] How now, Dauphine! how dost thou quit thyself of these females? 60

Daup. 'Slight, they haunt me like faeries, and give me jewels here; I cannot be rid of 'em.

Cler. O, you must not tell though.

Daup. Mass, I forgot that: I was never 65 so assaulted. One loves for virtue, and bribes me with this; [*shows the jewel*]—another loves me with caution, and so would possess me; a third brings me a riddle here: and all are jealous, and rail each at other. 70

Cler. A riddle! pray le' me see 't.

He reads the paper.

Sir Dauphine, I chose this way of intimation for privacy. The ladies here, I know, have both hope and purpose to make a collegiate and servant of you. If I might be so honour'd, as to appear 75 at any end of so noble a work, I would enter into a fame of taking physic to-morrow, and continue it four or five days, or longer, for your visitation.

MAVIS

By my faith, a subtle one! Call you 80 this a riddle? what's their plain-dealing, trow?

Daup. We lack Truewit to tell us that.

Cler. We lack him for somewhat else too: his knights reformados are wound up as high and insolent as ever they were. 85

Daup. You jest.

Cler. No drunkards, either with wine or vanity, ever confess'd such stories of themselves. I would not give a fly's leg in balance against all the women's reputations here, if 90 they could be but thought to speak truth: and for the bride, they have made their affidavit against her directly—

Daup. What, that they have lien with her?

Cler. Yes; and tell times and circum- 95 stances, with the cause why, and the place where. I had almost brought 'em to affirm that they had done it to-day.

Daup. Not both of 'em?

Cler. Yes, faith; with a sooth or two 100 more I had effected it. They would ha' set it under their hands.

Daup. Why, they will be our sport, I see, still, whether we will or no.

Act V. Scene III

*Truewit, Morose, Otter, Culbeard, Clerimont,
Dauphine*

[*True.*] O, are you here? Come, Dauphine; go call your uncle presently: I have fitted my divine and my canonist, dyed their beards

and all. The knaves do not know themselves, they are so exalted and alter'd. Perferment 15 changes any man. Thou shalt keep one door and I another, and then Clerimont in the midst, that he may have no means of escape from their cavilling, when they grow hot once. And then the women, as I have given the bride 10 her instructions, to break in upon him: 't the l'envoy. O, 't will be full and twanging! Away! fetch him. [*Exit Dauphine.*]

[*Enter Otter disguised as a divine, and Culbeard as a canon lawyer*]

Come, master doctor, and master parson, look to your parts now, and discharge 'em 15 bravely; you are well set forth, perform it as well. If you chance to be out, do not confess it with standing still, or humming, or gaping one at another; but go on, and talk aloud and eagerly; use vehement action, and only 20 remember your terms, and you are safe. Let the matter go where it will. you have many will do so. But at first be very solemn and grave, like your garments, though you loose your selves after, and skip out like a brace 25 of jugglers on a table. Here he comes: set your faces, and look superciliously, while I present you

[*Enter Dauphine with Morose*]

Mor. Are these the two learned men?

True. Yes, sir; please you salute 'em. 30

Mor. Salute 'em! I had rather do any thing, than wear out time so unfruitfully, sir. I wonder how these common forms, as "God save you," and "You are welcome," are come to be a habit in our lives: or, "I am glad 35 to see you!" when I cannot see what the profit can be of these words, so long as it is no whit better with him whose affairs are sad and grievous, that he hears this salutation.

True. 'T is true, sir; we'll go to the 40 matter then.—Gentlemen, master doctor, and master parson, I have acquainted you sufficiently with the business for which you are come hither; and you are not now to inform yourselves in the state of the question, I 45 know. This is the gentleman who expects your resolution, and therefore, when you please, begin.

Ott. Please you, master doctor

Cul. Please you, good master parson.

Ott. I would hear the canon-law speak 50 first.

Cul. It must give place to positive divinity, sir.

Mor. Nay, good gentlemen, do not throw

⁶⁰ quit: free ⁶⁴ you . . . tell: (since this would anger the faeries) ⁷⁷ fame: public report
⁸⁴ reformados: ostensibly reformed ¹⁰⁰ sooth: flattery ¹¹² l'envoy: conclusion ¹¹⁸ twanging: fine
⁸⁷ resolution: decision, judgment

me into circumstances. Let your comforts [55 arrive quickly at me, those that are. Be swift in affording me my peace, if so I shall hope any. I love not your disputations, or your court-tumults. And that it be not strange to you, I will tell you. My father, in my [60 education, was wont to advise me, that I should always collect and contain my mind, not suffering it to flow loosely; that I should look to what things were necessary to the carriage of my life, and what not; embracing the [65 one and eschewing the other: in short, that I should endear myself to rest, and avoid turmoil; which now is grown to be another nature to me. So that I come not to your public pleadings, or your places of noise; not that [70 I neglect those things that make for the dignity of the commonwealth; but for the mere avoiding of clamours and impertinencies of orators, that know not how to be silent. And for the cause of noise, am I now a suitor to you. [75 You do not know in what a misery I have been exercis'd this day, what a torrent of evil! my very house turns round with the tumult! I dwell in a windmill: the perpetual motion is here, and not at Eltham 80

True Well, good master doctor, will you break the ice? master parson will wade after.

Cul. Sir, though unworthy, and the weaker, I will presume.

Oil. 'T is no presumption, *domine* doctor. 85
Mor. Yet again!

Cul. Your question is, For how many causes a man may have *divortium legitimum*, a lawful divorce? First, you must understand the nature of the word, divorce, a *divertendo* — 90

Mor. No excursions upon words, good doctor; to the question briefly.

Cul. I answer then, the canon law affords divorce but in few cases, and the principal is in the common case, the adulterous case. [95 But there are *duodecim impedimenta*, twelve impediments, as we call 'em, all which do not *dirimere contractum*, but *irritum reddere matrimonium*, as we say in the canon law, *not take away the bond, but cause a nullity therein.* 100

Mor. I understood you before: good sir, avoid your impertinency of translation.

Oil. He cannot open this too much, sir, by your favour.

Mor. Yet more! 105

True. O, you must give the learned men leave, sir. — To your impediments, master doctor.

Cul. The first is *impedimentum erroris*.

Oil. Of which there are several species. 110

Cul. Ay, as *error personæ*.

Oil. If you contract yourself to one person, thinking her another.

Cul. Then, *error fortunæ*.

Oil. If she be a beggar, and you thought [115 her rich.

Cul. Then, *error qualitatis*.

Oil. If she prove stubborn or headstrong, that you thought obedient.

Mor. How! is that, sir, a lawful im- [120 pediment? One at once, I pray you, gentlemen.

Oil. Ay, *ante copulam*, but not *post copulam*, sir.

Cul. Master parson says right. *Nec post nuptiarum benedictionem*. It doth indeed [125 but *irrita reddere sponsalia*, annul the contract; after marriage it is no obstancy.

True. Alas, sir, what a hope are we fall'n from by this time!

Cul. The next is *conditio*. if you thought [130 her free born, and she prove a bond-woman, there is impediment of estate and condition.

Oil. Ay, but, master doctor, those servitudes are *sublatæ* now, among us Christians.

Cul. By your favour, master parson — 135

Oil. You shall give me leave, master doctor.

Mor. Nay, gentlemen, quarrel not in that question; it concerns not my case: pass to the third.

Cul. Well then, the third is *votum*: if [140 either party have made a vow of chastity. But that practice, as master parson said of the other, is taken away among us, thanks be to discipline. The fourth is *cognatio*, if the persons be of kin within the degrees. 145

Oil. Ay: do you know what the degrees are, sir?

Mor. No, nor I care not, sir, they offer me no comfort in the question, I am sure.

Cul. But there is a branch of this im- [150 pediment may, which is *cognatio spiritualis*: if you were her godfather, sir, then the marriage is incestuous.

Oil. That comment is absurd and superstitious, master doctor: I cannot endure it. [155 Are we not all brothers and sisters, and as much akin in that, as godfathers and god-daughters?

Mor. O me! to end the controversy, I never was a godfather, I never was a godfather [160 in my life, sir. Pass to the next.

Cul. The fifth is *crimen adulterii*, the known

⁸⁰ *circumstances: details* ⁸⁰ *Eltham*: (where there was a famous puppet-show or 'motion')
⁸⁰ a *divertendo*: etymologically from "divertere," to separate ¹⁰³ *open*: expound ¹²⁴⁻¹²⁵ *Nec, etc.*:
nor after the marriage benediction ¹³⁰ *contract*: of betrothal, not marriage ¹³⁷ *obstancy*: legal im-
pediment ¹³⁴ *sublatæ*: abolished ¹⁴⁴ *discipline*: (of the church) ¹⁴⁵ *degrees*: prescribed degrees of
relationship within which marriage is forbidden ¹⁶²⁻¹⁶³ *fift, sixt*: (correct older forms; so 'eight' in 178)

case. The sixth, *cultus disparitas*, difference of religion: Have you ever examin'd her, what religion she is of? 165

Mor. No, I would rather she were of none, than be put to the trouble of it.

Oil. You may have it done for you, sir.

Mor. By no means, good sir; on to the rest! Shall you ever come to an end, think [170 you?

True. Yes, he has done half, sir. — On to the rest. — Be patient, and expect, sir.

Cul. The seventh is, *vis*: if it were upon compulsion or force. 175

Mor. O no, it was too voluntary, mine; too voluntary.

Cul. The eight is, *ordo*; if ever she have taken holy orders.

Oil. That's superstitious too. 180

Mor. No matter, master parson. Would she would go into a nunnery yet.

Cul. The ninth is, *ligamen*; if you were bound, sir, to any other before.

Mor. I thrust myself too soon into these [185 fetters.

Cul. The tenth is, *publica honestas*; which is *inchoata quædam affinitas*.

Oil. Ay, or *affinitas orta ex sponsalibus*; and is but *leve impedimentum*. 190

Mor. I feel no air of comfort blowing to me, in all this.

Cul. The eleventh is, *affinitas ex fornicatione*.

Oil. Which is no less *vera affinitas*, than the other, master doctor. 195

Cul. True, *quæ oritur ex legitimo matrimonio*.

Oil. You say right, venerable doctor: and, *nascitur ex eo, quod per conjugium duæ personæ efficiuntur una caro* —

Mor. Hey-day, now they begin! 200

Cul. I conceive you, master parson: *ita per fornicationem æque est verus pater, qui sic general* —

Oil. *Et vere filius qui sic generatur* —

Mor. What's all this to me? 205

Cler. Now it grows warm.

Cul. The twelfth and last is, *si forte coire nequibus*.

Oil. Ay, that is *impedimentum gravissimum*: it doth utterly annul, and annihilate, that. [210 If you have *manifestam frigiditatem*, you are well, sir.

True. Why, there is comfort come at length, sir. Confess yourself but a man unable, and she will sue to be divorc'd first. 215

Oil. Ay, or if there be *morbus perpetuus, et insanabilis*: as *paralysis, elephantiasis*, or so —

Daup. O, but *frigiditas* is the fairer way, gentlemen.

Oil. You say troth, sir, and as it is in [220 the canon, master doctor —

Cul. I conceive you, sir.

Cler. Before he speaks!

Oil. That a boy, or child, under years, is not fit for marriage, because he cannot [225 *reddere debitum*. So your *omnipotentes* —

True. Your *impotentes*, you whoreson lobster! [Aside to *Oil.*]

Oil. Your *impotentes*, I should say, are *minime apti ad contrahenda matrimonium*. 230

True *Matrimonium*! we shall have most unmatrimonial Latin with you: *matrimonia*, and be hang'd!

Daup. You put 'em out, man.

Cul. But then there will arise a doubt, [235 master parson, in our case, *post matrimonium*: that *frigiditate præditus* — do you conceive me, sir?

Oil. Very well, sir.

Cul. Who cannot *ut uxore pro uxore*, [240 may *habere eam pro sorore*.

Oil. Absurd, absurd, absurd, and merely apostatical!

Cul. You shall pardon me, master parson, I can prove it. 245

Oil. You can prove a will, master doctor; you can prove nothing else Does not the verse of your own canon say,

Hæc socianda velant connubia, facta retractant?

Cul. I grant you; but how do they [250 *retractare*, master parson?

Mor. O, this was it I feared.

Oil. In æternum, sir.

¹⁷⁴ expect: wait ¹⁸⁷ publica ('publice' F) honestas: public reputation (s.e., previous marriage or engagement) ¹⁸⁸ inchoata . . . affinitas: some incomplete relationship by marriage ¹⁸⁹ orta ex sponsalibus: arising from betrothal ¹⁹⁰ leve impedimentum: slight impediment ¹⁹¹ affinitas ex fornicatione: (An illegitimate relation made man or woman subject to the laws governing the degrees of consanguinity) ¹⁹² quæ . . . matrimonio: which arises from legitimate marriage ¹⁹³⁻¹⁹⁴ nascitur . . . caro: arises from this, that through marriage two persons are made one flesh ²⁰¹⁻²⁰³ ita . . . generatur: so by fornication he in like manner is the true father who thus begets — ²⁰⁴ Et . . . generatur: and truly the son who is thus begotten ²⁰⁷⁻²⁰⁸ si . . . nequibus: if you shall be unable to beget children ²¹⁰⁻²¹⁷ morbus . . . insanabilis: permanent and incurable disease ²¹⁸ reddere debitum: pay his (connubial) debt ²¹⁹ minime . . . matrimonium: least fitted for contracting marriage ²²³ unmatrimonial: (because discordant grammatically) ²²⁷ præditus: a man possessed of ²⁴⁰ uti . . . uxore: use his wife as a wife ²⁴¹ habere . . . sorore: have her as a sister ²⁴³ apostatical: heretical ²⁴⁵ Hæc . . . retractant: These things forbid marriages to be made; if they have been made, revoke them. (From St. Thomas Aquinas, *Summa Theologiae*)

Cut. That's false in divinity, by your favour. 255

Out. 'Tis false in humanity to say so. Is he not *prorsus inutilis ad thorum*? Can he *præstare fidem datam*? I would fain know.

Cut. Yes; how if he do *convalesce*?

Out. He cannot *convalesce*, it is impossible. 260

True. Nay, good sir, attend the learned men; they'll think you neglect 'em else.

Cut. Or, if he do *simulare* himself *frigidum*, *odio uxoris*, or so?

Out. I say, he is *adulter manifestus* then. 265

Daup. They dispute it very learnedly, i' faith.

Out. And *prostitutor uxoris*; and this is positive

Mor. Good sir, let me escape 270

True. You will not do me that wrong, sir?

Out. And, therefore, if he be *manifeste frigidus*, sir —

Cut. Ay, if he be *manifeste frigidus*, I grant you — 275

Out. Why, that was my conclusion.

Cut. And mine too.

True. Nay, hear the conclusion, sir.

Out. Then, *frigiditatis causa* —

Cut. Yes, *causa frigiditatis* — 280

Mor. O, mine ears!

Out. She may have *libellum divortii* against you.

Cut. Ay, *divortii libellum* she will sure have.

Mor. Good echoes, forbear. 285

Out. If you confess it —

Cut. Which I would do, sir —

Mor. I will do anything.

Out. And clear myself in *foro conscientie* —

Cut. Because you want indeed — 290

Mor. Yet more!

Out. *Exercendi potestate*.

Act V. Scene IIII

Epicæne, Morose, Haughty, Centaure, Mavis,

Mrs. Otter, Daw, Truewit, Dauphine, Clermont, La-Foole, Otter, Culbeard

[*Epi.*] I will not endure it any longer Ladies, I beseech you, help me. This is such a wrong as never was offer'd to poor bride before: upon her marriage-day to have her husband conspire against her, and a couple of mercenary companions to be brought in for form's sake, to persuade a separation! If you had blood or virtue in you, gentlemen, you

would not suffer such earwigs about a husband, or scorpions to creep between man and wife. 10

Mor. O the variety and changes of my torment!

Hau. Let 'em be cudgell'd out of doors by our grooms.

Cen. I'll lend you my footman. 15

Mav. We'll have our men blanket 'em i' the hall.

Mrs. Ot. As there was one at our house, madam, for peeping in at the door.

Daw. Content, i' faith. 20

True. Stay, ladies and gentlemen; you'll hear before you proceed?

Mav. I'd ha' the bridegroom blanketed too.

Cen. Begin with him first.

Hau. Yes, by my troth. 25

Mor. O mankind generation!

Daup. Ladies, for my sake forbear.

Hau. Yes, for Sir Dauphine's sake.

Cen. He shall command us.

La-F. He is as fine a gentleman of his 30 inches, madam, as any is about the town, and wears as good colours when he list.

True. Be brief, sir, and confess your infirmity, she'll be a-fire to be quit of you, if she but hear that nam'd once; you shall 35 not entreat her to stay. She'll fly you like one that had the marks upon him.

Mor. Ladies, I must crave all your pardons —

True. Silence, ladies. 40

Mor. For a wrong I have done to your whole sex, in marrying this fair and virtuous gentlewoman —

Cler. Hear him, good ladies.

Mor. Being guilty of an infirmity, which, 45 before I conferr'd with these learned men, I thought I might have conceal'd —

True. But now being better inform'd in his conscience by them, he is to declare it, and give satisfaction, by asking your public 50 forgiveness

Mor. I am no man, ladies.

All. How!

Mor. Utterly unable in nature, by reason of frigidity, to perform the duties, or any 55 the least office of a husband.

Mav. Now out upon him, prodigious creature!

Cen. Bridegroom uncarnate!

Hau. And would you offer it to a young 60 gentlewoman?

Mrs. Ot. A lady of her longings?

²⁵⁷ *prorsus* . . . *thorum*: utterly useless in his bed ²⁵⁸ *præstare* . . . *datam*: perform the pledge which he has given ²⁵⁹ *convalesce*: regain strength or health ²⁶⁰ *odio*: from hatred ²⁶¹ *libellum*: writ ²⁶² in . . . *conscientie*: in the court of my own conscience ²⁶³ *Exercendi potestate*: the power of achieving ²⁶⁴ *blanket*: toss in a blanket ²⁶⁵ *mankind*: masculine, violent ²⁶⁶ *list*: pleases
²⁶⁷ *marks*: of the plague ²⁶⁸ *uncarnate*: without flesh and blood

Epi. Tut, a device, a device, this! It smells rankly, ladies. A mere comment of his own.

True. Why, if you suspect that, ladies, 165 you may have him search'd —

Daw. As the custom is, by a jury of physicians.

La-F. Yes, faith, 't will be brave

Mor. O me, must I undergo that? 70

Mrs. Oli. No, let women search him, madam; we can do it ourselves.

Mor. Out on me! worse.

Epi. No, ladies, you shall not need, I 'll take him with all his faults. 75

Mor. Worst of all!

Cler. Why then, 't is no divorce, doctor, if she consent not?

Cul. No, if the man be *frigidus*, it is *de parte uxoris*, that we grant *libellum divoris*, 80 in the law.

Oli. Ay, it is the same in theology.

Mor. Worse, worse than worst!

True. Nay, sir, be not utterly dishearten'd; we have yet a small relic of hope left, as 85 near as our comfort is blown out. Clerimont, produce your brace of knights. What was that, master parson, you told me *in errore qualitat*, e'en now? — Dauphine, whisper the bride, that she carry it as if she were guilty, and 90 asham'd. [Aside]

Oli. Marry, sir, *in errore qualitat*, (which master doctor did forbear to urge,) if she be found *corrupta*, that is, vitiated or broken up, that was *pro virgine desponsa*, espous'd for a 95 maid —

Mor. What then, sir?

Oli. It doth *divinere contractum*, and *irritum reddere* too.

True. If this be true, we are happy again, 100 sir, once more. Here are an honourable brace of knights, that shall affirm so much

Daw. Pardon us, good master Clerimont.

La-F. You shall excuse us, master Clerimont. 105

Cler. Nay, you must make it good now, knights, there is no remedy; I 'll eat no words for you, nor no men: you know you spoke it to me.

Daw. Is this gentleman-like, sir? 110

True. Jack Daw, he 's worse than Sir Amorous; fiercer a great deal. [Aside to Daw.] — Sir Amorous, beware, there be ten Daws in this Clerimont. [Aside to La-Foole.]

La-F. I 'll confess it, sir. 115

Daw. Will you, Sir Amorous, will you wound reputation?

La-F. I am resolv'd.

True. So should you be too, Jack Daw: what should keep you off? She is but a 120 woman, and in disgrace: he 'll be glad on 't.

Daw. Will he? I thought he would ha' been angry.

Cler. You will dispatch, knights; it must be done, i' faith. 125

True. Why, an it must, it shall, sir, they say: they 'll ne'er go back. — Do not tempt his patience. [Aside to them.]

Daw. It is true indeed, sir.

La-F. Yes, I assure you, sir. 130

Mor. What is true, gentlemen? what do you assure me?

Daw. That we have known your bride, sir —

La-F. In good fashion. She was our mistress, or so — 135

Cler. Nay, you must be plain, knights, as you were to me.

Oli. Ay, the question is, if you have *car-naliter*, or no?

La-F. *Carnaliter*! what else, sir? 140

Oli. It is enough; a plain nullity.

Epi. I am undone, I am undone!

Mor. O let me worship and adore you, gentlemen!

Epi. I am undone. [Weeps] 145

Mor. Yes, to my hand, I thank these knights Master parson, let me thank you otherwise. [Gives him money.]

Sen. And ha' they confess'd?

Mav. Now out upon 'em, informers! 150

True. You see what creatures you may bestow your favours on, madams.

Hau. I would except against 'em as beaten knights, wench, and not good witnesses in law.

Mrs. Oli. Poor gentlewoman, how she 155 takes it!

Hau. Be comforted, Morose, I love you the better for 't.

Sen. So do I, I protest

Cul. But, gentlemen, you have not 160 known her since *matrimonium*?

Daw. Not to-day, master doctor.

La-F. No, sir, not to-day.

Cul. Why, then I say, for any act before, the *matrimonium* is good and perfect, un- 165 less the worshipful bridegroom did precisely, before witness, demand, if she were *virgo ante nuptias*.

Epi. No, that he did not, I assure you, master doctor. 170

Cul. If he cannot prove that, it is *ratum conjugium*, notwithstanding the premises; and they do no way *impedire*. And this is my sentence, this I pronounce.

⁶⁶ comment: quibble ⁶⁸ search'd: examined ⁷⁰⁻⁸⁰ de parte: on behalf of ⁸⁸ in . . . qualitat: (cf. sc iii 177) ¹²⁸ except against: take exception to beaten: (Recreant knights were debarred as witnesses) ¹⁷¹ ratum: valid

Ott. I am of master doctor's resolution [175 too, sir; if you made not that demand *ante nuptias*.

Mor. O my heart! wilt thou break? wilt thou break? this is worst of all worst worsts that hell could have devis'd! Marry a [180 whore, and so much noise!

Daup. Come, I see now plain confederacy in this doctor and this parson, to abuse a gentleman. You study his affliction. I pray be gone, companions. — And, gentlemen, I [185 begin to suspect you for having parts with 'em. — Sir, will it please you hear me?

Mor. O do not talk to me, take not from me the pleasure of dying in silence, nephew.

Daup. Sir, I must speak to you. I have [190 been long your poor despis'd kinsman, and many a hard thought has strengthen'd you against me: but now it shall appear if either I love you or your peace, and prefer them to all the world beside. I will not be long or [195 grievous to you, sir. If I free you of this unhappy match absolutely, and instantly, after all this trouble, and almost in your despair, now —

Mor. It cannot be. 200

Daup. Sir, that you be never troubled with a murmur of it more, what shall I hope for, or deserve of you?

Mor. O, what thou wilt, nephew! thou shalt deserve me, and have me 205

Daup. Shall I have your favour perfect to me, and love hereafter?

Mor. That, and anything beside. Make thine own conditions. My whole estate is thine; manage it, I will become thy ward 210

Daup. Nay, sir, I will not be so unreasonable.

Epi. Will Sir Dauphine be mine enemy too?

Daup. You know I have been long a suitor to you, uncle, that out of your estate, which [215 is fifteen hundred a-year, you would allow me but five hundred during life, and assure the rest upon me after, to which I have often, by myself and friends, tendered you a writ- [220 ing to sign, which you would never consent or incline to. If you please but to effect it now —

Mor. Thou shalt have it, nephew: I will do it, and more.

Daup. If I quit you not presently, and [225 for ever, of this cumber, you shall have power instantly, afore all these, to revoke your act, and I will become whose slave you will give me to, for ever.

Mor. Where is the writing? I will seal [230

to it, that, or to a blank, and write thine own conditions.

Epi. O me, most unfortunate, wretched gentlewoman!

Hau. Will Sir Dauphine do this? 235

Epi. Good sir, have some compassion on me.

Mor. O, my nephew knows you, belike; away, crocodile!

Gen. He does it not, sure, without good ground. 240

Daup. Here, sir.

[*Gives him the parchments.*]

Mor. Come, nephew, give me the pen; I will subscribe to anything, and seal to what thou wilt, for my deliverance. Thou art my restorer. Here, I deliver it thee as my [245 deed. If there be a word in it lacking, or writ with false orthography, I protest before heaven I will not take the advantage

[*Returns the writings.*]

Daup. Then here is your *He takes off Epi-* release, sir. — You have mar- *cane's peruke.* ried a boy, a gentleman's son, that I have brought up this half year at my great charges, and for this composition, which I have now made with you — What say you, master doctor? This is *justum impedimentum*, I hope, [255 *error personæ?*

Ott. Yes, sir, *in primo gradu.*

Cut. *In primo gradu.*

Daup. I thank you, good doctor Cutbeard, and parson Otter — You are *He pulls off their* beholden to 'em, sir, *beards and disguises.* that have taken this pains for you; and my friend, master Truewit, who enabled 'em for the business. Now you may go in and rest; be as private as you will, sir. [*Exit Morose.*] [265 I 'll not trouble you, till you trouble me with your funeral, which I care not how soon it come — Cutbeard, I 'll make your lease good. "Thank me not, but with your leg, Cutbeard." And Tom Otter, your princess shall be [270 reconcil'd to you. — How now, gentlemen, do you look at me?

Cler. A boy!

Daup. Yes, mistress Epicæne.

True. Well, Dauphine, you have lurch'd [275 your friends of the better half of the garland, by concealing this part of the plot. But much good do it thee, thou deserv'st it, lad. And, Clerimont, for thy unexpected bringing in these two to confession, wear my part of it freely. [280 Nay, Sir Daw and Sir La-Foole, you see the gentlewoman that has done you the favours! we are all thankful to you, and so should the woman-kind here, specially for lying on her,

¹⁸⁴ study: (with the idea of augmenting)

¹⁸⁵ hypocrite ²⁴⁷ heaven: (dash in F)

²⁷⁵ lurch'd: swindled ²⁷⁶ garland: symbol of victory

²¹⁵ assure: settle

²²⁰ cumber: trouble

²²⁵ croco-

²³⁵ composition: agreement

²⁴⁵ enabled: qualified

²⁵⁵ on: about

though not with her! you meant so, I am [285
 sure. But that we have stuck it upon you to-
 day, in your own imagin'd persons, and so
 lately, this Amazon, the champion of the sex,
 should beat you now thriftily, for the common
 slanders which ladies receive from such [290
 cuckoos as you are. You are they that, when
 no merit or fortune can make you hope to
 enjoy their bodies, will yet lie with their repu-
 tations, and make their fame suffer. Away,
 you common moths of these, and all ladies' [295
 honours. Go, travel to make legs and faces,
 and come home with some new matter to be
 laugh'd at; you deserve to live in an air as
 corrupted as that wherewith you feed rumour.
[Exeunt Daw and La-Foole.] — Madams, [300

you are mute, upon this new metamorphosis!
 But here stands she that has vindicated your
 fames. Take heed of such *insectæ* hereafter.
 And let it not trouble you, that you have dis-
 cover'd any mysteries to this young gentle- [305
 man. He is almost of years, and will make a
 good visitant within this twelvemonth. In the
 mean time, we 'll all undertake for his secrecy,
 that can speak so well of his silence. *[Coming
 forward.]* — Spectators, if you like this [310
 comedy, rise cheerfully, and now Morose is
 gone in, clap your hands. It may be, that noise
 will cure him, at least please him. *[Exeunt.]*

THE END

288 thriftily: punctiliously

THE ALCHEMIST.

Written
by
BEN. IONSON.

———*Neque, me ut miretur turba, laboro:
Contentus paucis lectoribus.*

LONDON,
Printed by *Thomas Snodham*, for *Walter Burre*,
and are to be sold by *John Stepneth*, at the
West-end of Paules.

1612.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL RECORD. *The Alchemist* was first printed in a Quarto which appeared in 1612, and four years later was included in the Folio of 1616. It was entered on the Registers of the Stationers' Co. on Oct. 3, 1610: — *Walter Burre Entred for his Copy vnder the h[is] handes of Sir George Bucke and Th'wardens a Comady called, The Alchymist made by Ben: Johnson . . . vjd.* The texts of both Quarto and Folio are preceded by a dedication to Lady Mary Wroth, the niece of Sir Philip Sidney, and the Quarto also contains a commendatory poem by George Lucy. The Folio text is followed by a list of the principal comedians (of the King's Company) who took part in the original performance. They were Richard Burbage, John Lowin, Henry Condell, Alexander Cooke, Robert Armin, John Heminges, William Ostler, John Underwood, Nicholas Tooley, and William Ecclestone.

DATE AND STAGE PERFORMANCE. The title-page and final page of the Folio state that *The Alchemist* was first acted by the King's Majesty's Servants in the year 1610. The date is confirmed by internal evidence (e.g., Dame Pliant, who is nineteen years old, II. vi. 32, was born three years after 1588, IV. iv. 29 ff.), and the first performance undoubtedly took place in that year, either before the theatres were closed by plague in July, or, more probably, after they reopened in November. The plague references are so vivid as to convey the impression that Jonson was writing during the visitation, and the notes of time are clearly to the autumn season. The play was given at court before James I in 1612, and again at Whitehall on New Year's night, 1623. It was many times adapted for the later theatres, Garrick's version (which made Abel Drucker the star part) being long famous. The most recent production was that at the Malvern Festival in August, 1932.

SOURCES. The play draws upon the profundity of Jonson's reading and observation of contemporary life. Contemporary alchemists like Dee and Kelly and theologians, such as Hugh Broughton, are brought in to vivify the author's enormous learning in these subjects. For the conception of the "deserted" house Jonson took some hints from the *Mostellaria* of Plautus, and he got other suggestions from the same poet's *Panulus*. There is little reason for supposing that he was acquainted with Giordano Bruno's farce, *Il Candelaio* (1582), which has some similarities of theme.

STRUCTURE. The division into acts and scenes is rigidly classical, and all the unities are observed with particular care. Coleridge's praise of the plot as one of the three most perfect ever planned, is well known. The place of action throughout is a house in the Blackfriars, in the immediate neighborhood of the Blackfriars Theatre, and the time a single day in the autumn of 1610.

BEN JONSON

THE ALCHEMIST

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

SUBTLE, the ALCHEMIST
FACE, the House-keeper
DOL COMMON, their colleague
DAPPER, a [Lawyer's] clerk
DRUGGER, a Tobacco-man
LOVEWIT, Master of the House
[Sir] EPICURE MAMMON, a Knight

[PERTINAX] SURLY, a Gamester
TRIBULATION [WHOLESOME], a Pastor of Amsterdam
ANANIAS, a Deacon there
KASTRIL, the angry boy
DAME FLIANT, his sister, a Widow
Neighbours
Officers, Mutes

THE SCENE: LONDON

[TO THE READER

If thou beest more, thou art an understander, and then I trust thee. If thou art one that tak'st up, and but a pretender, beware at what hands thou receiv'st thy commodity; for thou wert never more fair in the way to be coz'ned than in this age in poetry, especially in plays: wherein now the concupiscence of jigs and dances so reigneth, as to run away from nature and be afraid of her is the only point of art that tickles the spectators. But how out of purpose and place do I [5] name art, when the professors are grown so obstinate contemners of it, and presumers on their own naturals, as they are deriders of all diligence that way, and, by simple mocking at the terms when they understand not the things, think to get off wittily with their ignorance! Nay, they are esteem'd the more learned and sufficient for this by the multitude, through their excellent vice of judgment. For they commend writers as they do fencers or wrestlers; who, if they come [10] in robustiously and put for it with a great deal of violence, are receiv'd for the braver fellows; when many times their own rudeness is the cause of their disgrace, and a little touch of their adversary gives all that boisterous force the foil. I deny not but that these men who always seek to do more than enough may some time happen on some thing that is good and great; but very seldom: and when it comes, it doth not recompense the rest of their ill. It sticks out, per- [15] haps, and is more eminent, because all is sordid and vile about it; as lights are more discern'd in a thick darkness than a faint shadow. I speak not this out of a hope to do good on any man against his will; for I know, if it were put to the question of theirs and mine, the worse would find more suffrages, because the most favour common errors. But I give thee this warning, that there is a great difference between those that (to gain the opinion of copy) utter all they [20] can, however unfitly, and those that use election and a mean. For it is only the disease of the unskillful to think rude things greater than polish'd, or scatter'd more numerous than compos'd.]

THE ARGUMENT

T HE sickness hot, a master quit, for fear,
H is house in town, and left one servant there.
E ase him corrupted, and gave means to know
A Cheater and his punk; who now brought low,
L eaving their narrow practice, were become
C oz'ners at large; and only wanting some
H ouse to set up, with him they here contract,
E ach for a share, and all begin to act.

To the Reader: (This epistle is found in the Quarto only.) 4 jigs and dances: (Some copies of Q read 'daunces and antikea.') 6 professors: practitioners 7 naturals: natural gifts 8 multitude: (Some copies read 'many.') excellent: surpassing 10 vice: defect 11 foil: defeat 12 opinion: reputation copy: copiousness utter: publish 13 election: judicious selection 14 hot: raging
6 punk: mistress, harlot 6 Coz'ners: swindlers

M uch company they draw, and much abuse,
 I n casting figures, telling fortunes, news, 10
 S elling of flies, flat bawdry, with the stone,
 T ill it, and they, and all in fume are gone.

PROLOGUE

FORTUNE, that favours fools, these two short hours
 We wish away, both for your sakes and ours,
 Judging spectators; and desire in place,
 To th' author justice, to ourselves but grace.
 Our scene is London, 'cause we would make known, 5
 No country's mirth is better than our own.
 No clime breeds better matter for your whore,
 Bawd, squire, imposter, many persons more,
 Whose manners, now call'd humours, feed the stage;
 And which have still been subject for the rage 10
 Or spleen of comic writers: though this pen
 Did never aim to grieve, but better men;
 Howe'er the age he lives in doth endure
 The vices that she breeds, above their cure.
 But when the wholesome remedies are sweet, 15
 And, in their working gain and profit meet,
 He hopes to find no spirit so much diseas'd,
 But will with such fair correctives be pleas'd.
 For here he doth not fear who can apply.
 If there be any that will sit so nigh 20
 Unto the stream, to look what it doth run,
 They shall find things, they'd think, or wish, were done;
 They are so natural follies, but so shown,
 As even the doers may see, and yet not own.

Act I. Scene I

[A Room in Lovewit's House]

Face, Subtle, Dol Common

Face. Believe 't, I will.

Sub. Thy worst. I fart at thee.

Dol. Ha' you your wits? Why, gentlemen!
 for love —

Face. Sirrah, I 'll strip you —

Sub. What to do? Lick figs
 Out at my — [sleights.]

Face. Rogue, rogue! — out of all your

Dol. Nay, look ye, sovereign, general, are
 you madmen? 5Sub. O, let the wild sheep loose. I 'll gum
 your silks

With good strong water, an you come.

Dol. Will you have
 The neighbours hear you? Will you betray
 all?

Hark! I hear somebody.

Face.

Sirrah —

Sub.

I shall mar

All that the tailor has made, if you approach. 10

Face. You most notorious whelp, you inso-
 lent slave,

Dare you do this?

Sub.

Yes, faith; yes, faith.

Face.

Why, who

Am I, my mongrel, who am I?

Sub.

I 'll tell you,

Since you know not yourself.

Face.

Speak lower, rogue.

Sub.

Yes. You were once (time 's not long
 past) the good, 15Honest, plain, livery-three-pound-thrum, that
 keptYour master's worship's house here in the
 Friars,

For the vacations —

Face.

Will you be so loud?

Sub.

Since, by my means, translated suburb-
 captain.

Face.

By your means, doctor dog!

⁰ abuse: cheat ¹⁰ casting figures: calculating horoscopes ¹¹ flies: familiar spirits stone: philosopher's stone
¹² fume: smoke ¹³ Lick figs: (see Rabelais, Bk. IV, Ch 45) ¹⁴ sleights: tricks ¹⁵ strong water: (Subtle has a vial of chemical in his hand.) ¹⁶ livery . . . thrum: poorly paid servant
¹⁷ Friars: Blackfriars, fashionable section of London ¹⁸ captain: Face wears a captain's uniform.

Sub. Within man's memory, 20
All this I speak of.

Face. Why, I pray you, have I
Been countenanc'd by you, or you by me?
Do but collect, sir, where I met you first.

Sub. I do not hear well.

Face. Not of this, I think it.
But I shall put you in mind, sir; — at Pie-corner, 25

Taking your meal of steam in, from cooks' stalls,
Where, like the father of hunger, you did walk
Piteously costive, with your pinch'd-horn-nose,
And your complexion of the Roman wash,
Stuck full of black and melancholic worms, 30
Like powder-corns shot at th' artillery-yard.

Sub. I wish you could advance your voice a
little.

Face. When you went pinn'd up in the
several rags
Y' had rak'd and pick'd from dunghills, before day;

Your feet in mouldy slippers, for your kibes;
A felt of rug, and a thin threaden cloak, 36
That scarce would cover your no-buttocks —

Sub. So, sir!

Face. When all your alchemy, and your alge-
bra,

Your minerals, vegetals, and animals,
Your conjuring, coz'ning; and your dozen of
trades, 40

Could not relieve your corpse with so much
linen

Would make you tinder, but to see a fire;
I ga' you count'nance, credit for your coals,
Your stulls, your glasses, your materials;
Built you a furnace, drew you customers, 45
Advanc'd all your black arts, lent you, beside,
A house to practise in —

Sub. Your master's house!

Face. Where you have studied the more
thriving skill
Of bawdry, since.

Sub. Yes, in your master's house.
You and the rats here kept possession. 50
Make it not strange. I know you were one
could keep

The buttery-hatch still lock'd, and save the
chippings,

Sell the dole beer to aqua-vitæ men,
The which, together with your Christmas vails
At post-and-pair, your letting out of counters,

Made you a pretty stock, some twenty marks, 56
And gave you credit to converse with cobwebs,
Here, since your mistress' death hath broke up
house.

Face. You might talk softer, rascal.

Sub. No, you scarab,
I'll thunder you in pieces. I will teach you 60
How to beware to tempt a Fury again
That carries tempest in his hand and voice.

Face. The place has made you valiant.

Sub. No, your clothes.
Thou vermin, have I ta'en thee out of dung,
So poor, so wretched, when no living thing 65
Would keep thee company, but a spider or
worse?

Rais'd thee from brooms, and dust, and wat'r-
ing-pots,

Sublim'd thee, and exalted thee, and fix'd thee
I' the third region, call'd our state of grace?
Wrought thee to spirit, to quintessence, with
pains 70

Would twice have won me the philosopher's
work?

Put thee in words and fashion? made thee fit
For more than ordinary fellowships?

Giv'n thee thy oaths, thy quarrelling dimen-
sions?

Thy rules to cheat at horse-race, cock-pit, cards,
Dice, or whatever gallant tincture else? 76
Made thee a second in mine own great art?

And have I this for thank! Do you rebel?

Do you fly out i' the projection?

Would you be gone now?

Dol. Gentlemen, what mean you? 80
Will you mar all?

Sub. Slave, thou hadst had no name —
Dol. Will you undo yourselves with civil
war?

Sub. Never been known, past *equi clibanum*,
The heat of horse-dung, under ground, in cel-
lars,
Or an ale-house darker than deaf John's; been
lost 85

To all mankind, but laundresses and tapsters,
Had not I been.

Dol. D' you know who hears you, sovereign?

Face. Sirrah — [were civil.

Dol. Nay, general, I thought you

Face. I shall turn desperate, if you grow
thus loud.

Sub. And hang thyself, I care not.

²⁰ collect: recollect ²⁵ Pie-corner: in West Smithfield, noted for cookery shops ⁵⁶ Roman wash: a wash of alum water(?) ³⁰ powder-corns: grains of powder ³⁶ kibes: chilblains ⁴⁰ felt of rug: hat of coarse material ⁴⁵ but . . . fire: i.e., for enough fire to be visible ⁴⁵ skill: art, trade ⁵⁰ Make . . . strange: Do not assume ignorance. ⁵⁶⁻⁷⁰ chippings . . . men: (Doles of broken bread, or "chippings," and beer were distributed to the poor from great houses. *Face* is accused of selling such beer to the liquor-dealers) ⁶⁰ vails: tips ⁶⁵ post-and-pair: a card game letting . . . counters: supplying chips ⁶⁵ scarab: beetle (a term of abuse) ⁶⁵⁻⁷⁰ technical terms in alchemy ⁷⁰ tincture: quality, accomplishment ⁷⁶ i' the projection: when success is near ⁸⁵ equi clibanum: (translated in next line)

Face. Hang thee, collier,
And all thy pots and pans, in picture I will, 91
Since thou hast mov'd me —

Dol. [*Aside.*] O, this 'll o'erthrow all.

Face. Write thee up bawd in Paul's; have
all thy tricks
Of coz'ning with a hollow coal, dust, scrapings.
Searching for things lost, with a sieve and
shears, 95
Erecting figures in your rows of houses,
And taking in of shadows with a glass,
Told in red letters; and a face cut for thee,
Worse than Gamaliel Ratsey's.

Dol. Are you sound?
Ha' you your senses, masters?

Face. I will have 100
A book, but rarely reckoning thy impostures,
Shall prove a true philosopher's stone to
printers.

Sub. Away, you trencher-rascal!

Face. Out, you dog-leech!
The vomit of all prisons —

Dol. Will you be
Your own destructions, gentlemen?

Face. Still spew'd out 105
For lying too heavy o' the basket.

Sub. Cheater!

Face. Bawd!

Sub. Cow-herd!

Face. Conjurer!

Sub. Cutpurse!

Face. Witch!

Dol. O me!
We are ruin'd, lost! Ha' you no more regard
To your reputations? Where 's your judgment?
'Slight, 109
Have yet some care of me, o' your republic —

Face. Away, this brach! I 'll bring thee,
rogue, within
The statute of sorcery, tricesimo tertio
Of Harry the Eight: ay, and perhaps thy neck
Within a noose, for laund'ring gold and barbing
it.

Dol. You 'll bring your head within a cox-
comb, will you? 115
*She catcheth out Face his sword,
and breaks Subtle's glass.*

And you, sir, with your menstree! — Gather
it up.
'Sdeath, you abominable pair of stinkards,
Leave off your barking, and grow one again,

Or, by the light that shines, I 'll cut your
throats.
I 'll not be made a prey unto the marshal 120
For ne'er a snarling dog-bolt o' you both.
Ha' you together cozen'd all this while,
And all the world, and shall it now be said,
You've made most courteous shift to cozen
yourselves?
[*To Face.*] You will accuse him! You will
"bring him in 125
Within the statute!" Who shall take your word?
A whoreson, upstart, apocryphal captain,
Whom not a Puritan in Blackfriars will trust
So much as for a feather: and you, too,
[*To Subtle*]
Will give the cause, forsooth! You will insult,
And claim a primacy in the divisions! 131
You must be chief! As if you, only, had
The powder to project with, and the work
Were not begun out of equality! 134
The venter tripartite! All things in common!
Without priority! 'Sdeath! you perpetual curs,
Fall to your couples again, and cozen kindly,
And heartily, and lovingly, as you should,
And lose not the beginning of a term,
Or, by this hand, I shall grow factious too, 140
And take my part, and quit you.

Face. 'Tis his fault;
He ever murmurs, and objects his pains,
And says, the weight of all lies upon him.

Sub. Why, so it does.

Dol. How does it? Do not we
Sustain our parts?

Sub. Yes, but they are not equal. 145

Dol. Why, if your part exceed to-day, I hope
Ours may to-morrow match it.

Sub. Ay, they may.

Dol. May, murmuring mastiff! Ay, and do.
Death on me!
Help me to throttle him.

[*Seizes Sub. by the throat.*]

Sub. Dorothy! Mistress Dorothy!
'Ods precious, I 'll do anything. What do you
mean? 150

Dol. Because o' your fermentation and ciba-
tion?

Sub. Not I, by heaven —

Dol. Your Sol and Luna — help me.
[*To Face.*]

Sub. Would I were hang'd then! I 'll con-
form myself.

⁹¹ Paul's: St. Paul's Church, a place of resort for business and pleasure ⁹⁴⁻⁹⁸ Tricks of alchemy or astrology ⁹⁹ Ratsey: a notorious highwayman who wore a hideous mask ¹⁰⁶ lying . . . basket: eating more than his share of prison rations ¹¹¹ brach: bitch ^{118, 119} tricesimo . . . Eight: 33 Henry VIII (1541), the first law against witchcraft ¹¹⁴ laund'ring: washing in acid ¹¹⁵ barbing: chipping coins ¹¹⁶ coxcomb: fool's cap ¹¹⁸ menstree: a liquid which dissolves solids ¹²¹ dog-bolt: scoundrel ¹²⁰ insult: boast ¹²¹ primacy: first choice ¹²² powder: (spelled 'poulder' here and elsewhere) project: transmute metals ¹²³ venter tripartite: threefold agreement ¹²⁹ term: s. e., a term of the law courts ¹³¹ fermentation and cibation: processes in alchemy ¹³² Sol: gold ¹³³ Luna: silver

Dol. Will you, sir? Do so then, and quickly: swear.

Sub. What should I swear?

Dol. To leave your faction, sir, And labour kindly in the common work. 156

Sub. Let me not breathe if I meant aught beside.

I only us'd those speeches as a spur To him.

Dol. I hope we need no spurs, sir. Do we?

Face. 'Slid, prove to-day who shall shark best.

Sub. Agreed. 160

Dol. Yes, and work close and friendly.

Sub. 'Slight, the knot Shall grow the stronger for this breach, with me. [They shake hands.]

Dol. Why, so, my good baboons! Shall we go make

A sort of sober, scurvy, precise neighbours, That scarce have smil'd twice sin' the king came in, 165

A feast of laughter at our follies? Rascals, Would run themselves from breath, to see me ride,

Or you t' have but a hole to thrust your heads in,

For which you should pay ear-rent? No, agree. And may Don Provost ride a-feasting long, 170

In his old velvet jerkin and stain'd scarfs, My noble sovereign, and worthy general, Ere we contribute a new crewel garter To his most worsted worship.

Sub. Royal Dol!

Spoken like Claridiana, and thyself. 175

Face. For which at supper, thou shalt sit in triumph,

And not be styl'd Dol Common, but Dol Proper,

Dol Singular: the longest cut at night Shall draw thee for his Dol Particular.

[Bell rings without.]

Sub. Who 's that? One rings. To the windo', Dol! [Exit Dol.] — Pray heav'n, 180

The master do not trouble us this quarter.

Face. O, fear not him. While there dies one a week

O' the plague, he 's safe from thinking toward London.

Beside, he 's busy at his hop-yards now;

I had a letter from him. If he do, 185

He 'll send such word, for airing o' the house, As you shall have sufficient time to quit it:

Though we break up a fortnight, 't is no matter.

[Re-enter Dol]

Sub. Who is it, Dol?

Dol. A fine young quodling.

Face. O,

My lawyer's clerk, I lighted on last night, 190 In Holborn, at the Dagger. He would have (I told you of him) a familiar, To rifle with at horses, and win cups.

Dol. O, let him in.

Sub. Stay. Who shall do 't?

Face. Get you 194

Your robes on; I will meet him, as going out.

Dol. And what shall I do?

Face. Not be seen; away! [Exit Dol.]
Seem you very reserv'd.

Sub. Enough. [Exit.]

Face. [Aloud and retiring.] God be wi' you, sir,

I pray you, let him know that I was here: His name is Dapper. I would gladly have stay'd, but —

Act I. Scene II

[The Same]

Dapper, Face, Subtle

[Dap within.] Captain, I am here.

Face. Who 's that? — He 's come, I think, doctor.

[Enter Dapper]

Good faith, sir, I was going away.

Dap. In truth,

I 'm very sorry, captain.

Face. But I thought

Sure I should meet you.

Dap. Ay, I 'm very glad.

I had a scurvy writ or two to make, 5
And I had lent my watch last night to one That dines to-day at the shrieve's, and so was robb'd
Of my pass-time.

[Re-enter Subtle in his velvet cap and gown]

Is this the cunning-man?

Face. This is his worship.

Dap. Is he a doctor?

Face. Yes.

Dap. And ha' you broke with him, captain?

Face. Ay.

Dap. And how? 10

156 faction: quarreling 164 sort: group 166 sin' . . . in: 1603, seven years before the play
167 ride: i.e., on a cart as a bawd 168 hole . . . in: the pillory 169 pay ear-rent: have your ears
cut off 170 Don Provost: the hangman 176 Claridiana: the heroine of a popular romance, *The
Mirror of Knighthood* 181 quodling: green apple, youth 181 Dagger: a tavern 182 familiar:
familiar spirit, "fey" 186 rifle: gamble 187 God . . . you: ('God b' w' you' F) 187 shrieve's:
sheriff's 188 pass-time: watch 190 broke: introduced the subject

Face. Faith, he does make the matter, sir
so dainty,
I know not what to say.

Dap. Not so, good captain.

Face. Would I were fairly rid on 't, believe
me.

Dap. Nay, now you grieve me, sir. Why
should you wish so?

I dare assure you, I 'll not be ungrateful. 15

Face. I cannot think you will, sir. But the
law

Is such a thing — and then he says, Read's
matter

Falling so lately —

Dap. Read! he was an ass,
And dealt, sir, with a fool.

Face. It was a clerk, sir. 19

Dap. A clerk!

Face. Nay, hear me, sir. You know the law
Better, I think —

Dap. I should, sir, and the danger:
You know, I show'd the statute to you.

Face. You did so.

Dap. And will I tell then! By this hand of
flesh,

Would it might never write good courthand
more,

If I discover. What do you think of me, 25
That I am a chiaus?

Face. What 's that?

Dap. The Turk was here.
As one would say, do you think I am a Turk?

Face. I 'll tell the doctor so.

Dap. Do, good sweet captain.

Face. Come, noble doctor, pray thee, let 's
prevail;

This is the gentleman, and he is no chiaus. 30

Sub. Captain, I have return'd you all my
answer.

I would do much, sir, for your love — But this
I neither may, nor can.

Face. Tut, do not say so.

You deal now with a noble fellow, doctor,
One that will thank you richly; and he 's no
chiaus: 35

Let that, sir, move you.

Sub. Pray you, forbear —

Face. He has

Four angels here.

Sub. You do me wrong, good sir.

Face. Doctor, wherein? To tempt you with
these spirits?

Sub. To tempt my art and love, sir, to my
peril.

'Fore heav'n, I scarce can think you are my
friend, 40

That so would draw me to apparent danger.

Face. I draw you! A horse draw you, and a
halter,

You, and your flies together —

Dap. Nay, good captain.

Face. That know no difference of men.

Sub. Good words, sir.

Face. Good deeds, sir, doctor dogs'-meat.
'Slight, I bring you 45

No cheating Clim o' the Cloughs or Claribels,
That look as big as five-and-fifty, and flush;
And spit out secrets like hot custard —

Dap. Captain!

Face. Nor any melancholic underscribe,
Shall tell the vicar; but a special gentle, 50

That is the heir to forty marks a year,
Consorts with the small poets of the time,

Is the sole hope of his old grandmother;
That knows the law, and writes you six fair

hands,
Is a fine clerk, and has his ciph'ring perfect; 55

Will take his oath o' the Greek Xenophon,
If need be, in his pocket; and can court

His mistress out of Ovid.

Dap. Nay, dear captain —

Face. Did you, not tell me so?

Dap. Yes; but I 'd ha' you
Use master doctor with some more respect. 60

Face. Hang him, proud stag, with his broad
velvet head! —

But for your sake, I 'd choke ere I would change
An article of breath with such a puck-flit!

Come, let 's be gone. [Going.]

Sub. Pray you, le' me speak with you.

Dap. His worship calls you, captain.

Face. I am sorry
I e'er embark'd myself in such a business. 66

Dap. Nay, good sir; he did call you.

Face. Will he take then?

Sub. First, hear me —

Face. Not a syllable, 'less you take.

Sub. Pray ye, sir —

Face. Upon no terms but an *assumpsit*.

Sub. Your humour must be law.

He takes the money.

Face. Why now, sir, talk. 70

Now I dare hear you with mine honour. Speak.
So may this gentleman too.

¹¹ make . . . dainty: has such scruples ¹⁷ Read: a magician indicted in 1608 ²⁴ courthand: law-court script ²⁵ discover: reveal ²⁶ chiaus: (literally a Turkish envoy or agent Gifford reports that one had swindled London merchants in 1609, and the word came to mean 'a cheat') ²⁷ angels: gold coins worth about 10s. ⁴⁴ Clim . . . Claribels: heroes of ballad and romance ⁴⁵ five . . . flush: winning hands in the game of primero ⁴⁶ gentle: gentleman ⁴⁷ Xenophon: ('Testament' Q) ⁴⁸ puck-flit: niggardly person (literally, puff-ball) ⁴⁹ assumpsit: He has taken the money and undertaken the affair (legal term).

- Sub.* Why, sir —
[Offering to whisper Face.]
Face. No whuspring.
Sub. 'Fore heav'n, you do not apprehend the loss
 You do yourself in this.
Face. Wherein? for what?
Sub. Marry, to be so importunate for one 75
 That, when he has it, will undo you all:
 He 'll win up all the money i' the town.
Face. How!
Sub. Yes, and blow up gamester after gamester,
 As they do crackers in a puppet-play.
 If I do give him a familiar, 80
 Give you him all you play for; never set him:
 For he will have it.
Face. You 're mistaken, doctor.
 Why, he does ask one but for cups and horses,
 A rifling fly; none o' your great familiars.
Dap. Yes, captain, I would have it for all games. 85
Sub. I told you so.
Face *[Taking Dap. aside.]* 'Slight, that 's a new business!
 I understood you, a tame bird, to fly
 Twice in a term, or so, on Friday nights,
 When you had left the office; for a nag
 Of forty or fifty shillings.
Dap. Ay, 't is true, sir; 90
 But I do think, now, I shall leave the law,
 And therefore —
Face. Why, this changes quite the case.
 D' you think that I dare move him?
Dap. If you please, sir;
 All 's one to him, I see.
Face. What! for that money? 94
 I cannot with my conscience; nor should you
 Make the request, methinks.
Dap. No, sir, I mean
 To add consideration.
Face. Why, then, sir,
 I 'll try. *[Goes to Subtle.]* Say that it were for
 all games, doctor?
Sub. I say then, not a mouth shall eat for him
 At any ordinary, but o' the score, 100
 That is a gaming mouth, conceive me.
Face. Indeed!
Sub. He 'll draw you all the treasure of the realm,
 If it be set him.
Face. Speak you this from art?
Sub. Ay, sir, and reason too, the ground of art.
- He 's o' the only best complexion, 105
 The queen of Faery loves.
Face. What! Is he?
Sub. Peace.
 He 'll overhear you. Sir, should she but see him —
Face. What?
Sub. Do not you tell him.
Face. Will he win at cards too?
Sub. The spirits of dead Holland, living Isaac, 109
 You 'd swear, were in him; such a vigorous luck
 As cannot be resisted. 'Slight, he 'll put
 Six o' your gallants to a cloak, indeed.
Face. A strange success, that some man shall be born to!
Sub. He hears you, man —
Dap. Sir, I 'll not be ingrateful.
Face. Faith, I have a confidence in his good nature' 115
 You hear, he says he will not be ingrateful.
Sub. Why, as you please; my venture follows yours.
Face. Troth, do it, doctor: think him trusty, and make him
 He may make us both happy in an hour;
 Win some five thousand pound, and send us two on 't. 120
Dap. Believe it, and I will, sir.
Face. And you shall, sir.
 You have heard all? *Face takes him aside.*
Dap. No, what was 't? Nothing, I, sir.
Face. Nothing?
Dap. A little, sir.
Face. Well, a rare star
 Reign'd at your birth.
Dap. At mine, sir! No.
Face. The doctor
 Swears that you are —
Sub. Nay, captain, you 'll tell all now. 125
Face. Allied to the queen of Faery.
Dap. Who! That I am?
 Believe it, no such matter —
Face. Yes, and that
 You were born with a caul o' your head.
Dap. Who says so?
Face. Come,
 You know it well enough, though you dissemble it. 129
Dap. I' fac, I do not; you are mistaken.
Face. How!
 Swear by your fac, and in a thing so known
 Unto the doctor? How shall we, sir, trust you
 I' the other matter? Can we ever think,
 When you have won five or six thousand pound,
 You 'll send us shares in 't, by this rate?

⁷⁵ crackers: fire-crackers ⁸¹ set: bet against ⁸⁷ bird: spirt, "fly" ¹⁰⁰ ordinary: tavern
 o' the score: on credit ¹⁰⁰ Holland . . . Isaac: two alchemists(?) ¹¹¹⁻¹¹⁵ put . . . cloak: reduce
 them to one cloak among them all ¹²¹ fac: faith

Dap. By Jove, sir, 135
I 'll win ten thousand pound, and send you half.

I' fac 's no oath.

Sub. No, no, he did but jest.

Face. Go to. Go thank the doctor. He 's your friend,

To take it so.

Dap. I thank his worship.

Face. So!

Another angel.

Dap. Must I?

Face. Must you! 'Slight, 140

What else is thanks? Will you be trivial? —

Doctor, [*Dapper gives him the money.*]

When must he come for his familiar?

Dap. Shall I not ha' it with me?

Sub. O, good sir!

There must a world of ceremonies pass;

You must be bath'd and fumigated first: 145

Besides, the queen of Faery does not rise

Till it be noon.

Face. Not if she danc'd to-night.

Sub. And she must bless it.

Face. Did you never see

Her royal grace yet?

Dap. Whom?

Face. Your aunt of Faery?

Sub. Not since she kiss'd him in the cradle, captain; 150

I can resolve you that.

Face. Well, see her grace,

Whate'er it cost you, for a thing that I know.

It will be somewhat hard to compass; but

However, see her. You are made, believe it, 154

If you can see her. Her grace is a lone woman,

And very rich; and if she take a fancy,

She will do strange things. See her, at any hand.

'Slid, she may hap to leave you all she has!

It is the doctor's fear.

Dap. How will 't be done, then?

Face. Let me alone, take you no thought.

Do you 160

But say to me, "Captain, I 'll see her grace."

Dap. "Captain, I 'll see her grace."

Face. Enough. *One knocks without.*

Sub. Who 's there?

Anon — [*Aside to Face*] Conduct him forth by the back way. —

Sir, against one o'clock prepare yourself;

Till when you must be fasting; only take 165

Three drops of vinegar in at your nose,

Two at your mouth, and one at either ear;

Then bathe your fingers' ends and wash your eyes,

To sharpen your five senses, and cry "hum" 169
Thrice, and then "buz" as often; and then come. [*Exit.*]

Face. Can you remember this?

Dap. I warrant you.

Face. Well then, away. 'Tis but your bestowing

Some twenty nobles 'mong her grace's servants,

And put on a clean shirt. You do not know 174

What grace her grace may do you in clean linen.

[*Exeunt Face and Dapper.*]

Act I. Scene III

[*The Same*]

Subtle, Druggier, Face

[*Sub. within.*] Come in! Good wives, I pray you, forbear me now;

Troth, I can do you no good till afternoon. —

[*Enter Subtle, followed by Druggier*]

What is your name, say you? Abel Druggier?

Drug. Yes, sir.

Sub. A seller of tobacco?

Drug. Yes, sir.

Sub. Umph!

Free of the grocers?

Drug. Ay, an 't please you.

Sub. Well — 5

Your business, Abel?

Drug. This, an 't please your worship;

I am a young beginner, and am building

Of a new shop, an 't like your worship, just

At corner of a street — Here 's the plot on 't — 9

And I would know by art, sir, of your worship,

Which way I should make my door, by necromancy,

And where my shelves; and which should be

for boxes,

And which for pots. I would be glad to thrive, sir:

And I was wish'd to your worship by a gentleman,

One Captain Face, that says you know men's planets, 15

And their good angels, and their bad.

Sub. I do,

If I do see 'em —

[*Enter Face*]

Face. What! my honest Abel?

Thou art well met here.

¹⁴⁷ to-night: last night ¹⁵¹ resolve: tell ^{169, 170} hum, buz: cabalistic words used in witchcraft
¹⁷³ nobles: coins worth 6s. 8d ¹ forbear: spare ⁵ Free . . . grocers: a member of the Grocers' Company ⁹ plot: plan ¹⁴ wish'd: recommended

Drug. Troth, sir, I was speaking,
Just as your worship came here, of your wor-
ship.

I pray you, speak for me to master doctor. 20
Face. He shall do anything. Doctor, do
you hear?

This is my friend, Abel, an honest fellow;
He lets me have good tobacco, and he does
not

Sophisticate it with sack-lees or oil,
Nor washes it in muscadel and grains, 25
Nor buries it in gravel, under ground,
Wrapp'd up in greasy leather, or piss'd clouts:
But keeps it in fine lily pots, that, open'd,
Smell like conserve of roses, or French beans.
He has his maple block, his silver tongs, 30
Winchester pipes, and fire of juniper:
A neat, spruce, honest fellow, and no gold-
smith.

Sub. He's a fortunate fellow, that I am
sure on.

Face. Already, sir, ha' you found it? Lo
thee, Abel!

Sub. And in right way toward riches —

Face. Sir!

Sub. This summer, 35
He will be of the clothing of his company,
And next spring call'd to the scarlet, spend
what he can.

Face. What, and so little beard?

Sub. Sir, you must think,
He may have a receipt to make hair come.
But he 'll be wise, preserve his youth, and fine
for 't; 40

His fortune looks for him another way.

Face. 'Slid, doctor, how canst thou know
this so soon?

I am amus'd at that.

Sub. By a rule, captain,
In metoposcopy, which I do work by; 44
A certain star i' the forehead, which you see
not.

Your chestnut or your olive-colour'd face
Does never fail: and your long ear doth prom-
ise.

I knew 't, by certain spots, too, in his teeth,
And on the nail of his mercurial finger.

Face. Which finger's that?

Sub. His little finger. Look. 50
You were born upon a Wednesday?

Drug. Yes, indeed, sir.

Sub. The thumb, in chiromancy, we give
Venus;

The forefinger to Jove; the midst to Saturn;
The ring to Sol; the least to Mercury,
Who was the lord, sir, of his horoscope, 55
His house of life being Libra; which foreshow'd
He should be a merchant, and should trade with
balance.

Face. Why, this is strange! Is 't not, honest
Nab?

Sub. There is a ship now coming from Or-
mus,
That shall yield him such a commodity 60
Of drugs — This is the west, and this the
south? [*Pointing to the plan.*]

Drug. Yes, sir.

Sub. And those are your two sides?

Drug. Ay, sir.

Sub. Make me your door then, south; your
broad side, west:

And on the east side of your shop, aloft,
Write Mathlai, Tarmiel, and Baraborat; 65
Upon the north part, Rael, Velel, Thiel.
They are the names of those Mercurial spirits
That do fright flies from boxes.

Drug. Yes, sir.

Sub. And
Beneath your threshold, bury me a loadstone 69
To draw in gallants that wear spurs: the rest,
They 'll seem to follow.

Face. That 's a secret, Nab!

Sub. And, on your stall, a puppet, with a
vice

And a court-fucus, to call city-dames:

You shall deal much with minerals.

Drug. Sir, I have,
At home, already —

Sub. Ay, I know, you 've arsenic, 75
Vitriol, sal-tartar, argaile, alkali,
Cinoper I know all. — This fellow, captain,
Will come, in time, to be a great distiller,
And give a say — I will not say directly,
But very fair — at the philosopher's stone. 80

Face. Why, how now, Abel! is this true?

Drug [*Aside to Face.*] Good captain,
What must I give?

Face. Nay, I 'll not counsel thee.
Thou hear'st what wealth (he says, spend what
thou canst),

Th' art like to come to.

Drug. I would gi' him a crown.

²⁴ Sophisticate: adulterate

²⁵ grains: a kind of spice

²⁶ lily pots: ornamental jars

²⁸⁻³¹ maple . . . juniper: (Tobacconists provided facilities for smoking in their shops. The tobacco was shredded on a maple block, and pipes were lighted from coals of juniper wood held in silver tongs)

²⁸ goldsmith: usurer ²⁹ clothing: livery ³⁰ call'd . . . scarlet: made sheriff ³¹ fine: pay the fine for refusing to serve

³² amus'd: amazed, made to muse ³³ metoposcopy: a branch of physiognomy

³⁴ commodity: bargain ³⁵⁻³⁶ Mathlai . . . Thiel: names of spirits in Pietro d'Abano's *Elementa Magica* ³⁷ seem: think it seemingly ³⁸ puppet . . . vice: mechanical doll ³⁹ court-fucus: cosmetic

⁴⁰ give a say: make an attempt

Face. A crown! and toward such a fortune?
Heart, ⁸⁵
Thou shalt rather gi' him thy shop. No gold
about thee?

Drug. Yes, I have a portague, I ha' kept
this half-year.

Face. Out on thee, Nab! 'Slight, there was
such an offer —

Shalt keep 't no longer, I 'll gi' it him for thee.

Doctor,
Nab prays your worship to drink this, and
swears ⁹⁰

He will appear more grateful, as your skill
Does raise him in the world.

Drug. I would entreat
Another favour of his worship.

Face. What is 't, Nab?

Drug. But to look over, sir, my almanac,
And cross out my ill-days, that I may neither
Bargain, nor trust upon them.

Face. That he shall, Nab: ⁹⁶
Leave it, it shall be done, 'gainst afternoon.

Sub. And a direction for his shelves.

Face. Now, Nab,
Art thou well pleas'd, Nab?

Drug. 'Thank, sir, both your worships. ⁹⁹

Face. Away. [*Exit Druggier*]

Why, now, you smoky persecutor of nature!
Now do you see, that something 's to be done,
Beside your beech-coal, and your cor'sive
waters,

Your crosslets, crucibles, and cucurbites?
You must have stuff brought home to you, to
work on: ¹⁰⁵

And yet you think, I am at no expense
In searching out these veins, then following 'em,
Then trying 'em out. 'Fore God, my intelli-
gence

Costs me more money than my share oft comes
to,

In these rare works.

Sub. You 're pleasant, sir. — How now! ¹¹⁰

Act I. Scene IIII

[*The Same*]

Face, Dol, Subtle

[*Sub.*] What says my dainty Dolkin?

Dol. Yonder fish-wife
Will not away. And there 's your giantess,
The bawd of Lambeth.

Sub. Heart, I cannot speak with 'em.

Dol. Not afore night, I have told 'em in a
voice,

Thorough the trunk, like one of your familiars.
But I have spied Sir Epicure Mammon —

Sub. Where? ⁶

Dol. Coming along, at far end of the lane,
Slow of his feet, but earnest of his tongue
To one that 's with him.

Sub. Face, go you and shift.
Dol, you must presently make ready too. ¹⁰

[*Exit Face.*]

Dol. Why, what 's the matter?

Sub. O, I did look for him
With the sun's rising: marvel he could sleep!

This is the day I am to perfect for him
The magisterium, our great work, the stone;
And yield it, made, into his hands; of which ¹⁵
He has, this month, talk'd as he were possess'd.
And now he 's dealing pieces on 't away.

Methinks I see him ent'ring ordinaries,
Dispensing for the pox, and plagu'y houses,
Reaching his dose, walking Moorfields for
lepers, ²⁰

And off'ring citizens' wives pomander-bracelets,
As his preservative, made of the elixir;
Searching the 'spital, to make old bawds young;
And the highways, for beggars to make rich.

I see no end of his labours. He will make ²⁵
Nature asham'd of her long sleep; when art,
Who 's but a step-dame, shall do more than she,
In her best love to mankind, ever could
If his dream last, he 'll turn the age to gold.

[*Exeunt.*]

Act II. Scene I

[*A Room in Lovewit's House*]

[*Sir Epicure*] Mammon, Surly

[*Mam.*] Come on, sir. Now you set your
foot on shore

In *Novo Orbe*, here 's the rich Peru:
And there within, sir, are the golden mines,
Great Solomon's Ophir! He was sailing to 't
Three years, but we have reach'd it in ten
months. ⁵

This is the day wherein, to all my friends,
I will pronounce the happy word, *Be rich*;
This day you shall be spectatissimi.

You shall no more deal with the hollow die, ⁹
Or the frail card; no more be at charge of keep-
ing

The livery-punk for the young heir, that must

⁸⁵ portague: a gold coin worth about \$18 ⁹⁶ ill-days: unlucky days ⁹⁷ 'gainst: by, before
¹⁰⁰ cor'sive: corrosive ¹⁰⁴ crosslets, cucurbites: glass vessels used in alchemy ⁹ Heart: a petty
oath ¹ trunk: speaking-tube ²¹ pomander: a perfume ball thought to protect the wearer from in-
fection ² elixir: philosopher's stone ²² 'spital: hospital ³ Novo Orbe: the New World
⁴ spectatissimi: most gazed at ⁵ hollow die: loaded dice ¹¹ livery-punk: female accomplice of a
swindler

Seal, at all hours, in his shirt: no more,
If he deny, ha' him beaten to 't, as he is
That brings him the commodity; no more
Shall thirst of satin, or the covetous hunger 15
Of velvet entrails for a rude-spun cloak,
To be display'd at Madam Augusta's, make
The sons of Sword and Hazard fall before
The golden calf, and on their knees, whole
nights,

Commit idolatry with wine and trumpets: 20
Or go a-feasting after drum and ensign.
No more of this. You shall start up young vice-
roys,

And have your punks and punkettes, my
Surly.

And unto thee I speak it first, *be rich*.
Where is my Subtle there? Within, ho!

[*Face within*] Sir, 25
He 'll come to you by and by.

Mam. That 's his fire-drake,
His Lungs, his Zephyrus, he that puffs his coals,
Till he firke nature up, in her own centre.
You are not faithful, sir. This night I 'll change
All that is metal in my house to gold: 30
And, early in the morning, will I send
To all the plumbers and the pewterers,
And buy their tin and lead up; and to Lothbury
For all the copper.

Sur. What, and turn that, too?

Mam. Yes, and I 'll purchase Devonshire
and Cornwall, 35
And make them perfect Indies! You admire
now?

Sur. No, faith.

Mam. But when you see th' effects of the
Great Med'cine,
Of which one part projected on a hundred
Of Mercury, or Venus, or the Moon, 40
Shall turn it to as many of the Sun;
Nay, to a thousand, so *ad infinitum*:
You will believe me.

Sur. Yes, when I see 't, I will.
But if my eyes do cozen me so, and I
Giving 'em no occasion, sure I 'll have 45
A whore, shall piss 'em out next day.

Mam. Ha! why?
Do you think I fable with you? I assure you,
He that has once the flower of the sun,
The perfect ruby, which we call elixir,
Not only can do that, but by its virtue, 50

Can confer honour, love, respect, long life;
Give safety, valour, yea, and victory,
To whom he will. In eight-and-twenty days,
I 'll make an old man of fourscore a child.

Sur. No doubt: he 's that already.

Mam. Nay, I mean, 55
Restore his years, renew him, like an eagle,
To the fifth age; make him get sons and daugh-
ters,

Young giants; as our philosophers have done,
The ancient patriarchs, afore the flood,
But taking, once a week, on a knife's point, 60
The quantity of a grain of mustard of it;
Become stout Marses, and beget young Cu-
pids.

Sur. The decay'd vestals of Picket-hatch
would thank you,

That keep the fire alive there.

Mam. 'T is the secret
Of nature naturiz'd 'gainst all infections, 65
Cures all diseases coming of all causes;
A month's grief in a day, a year's in twelve;
And, of what age soever, in a month,
Past all the doses of your drugging doctors.
I 'll undertake, withal, to fight the plague 70
Out o' the kingdom in three months.

Sur. And I 'll
Be bound, the players shall sing your praises
then,

Without their poets.

Mam. Sir, I 'll do 't. Meantime,
I 'll give away so much unto my man,
Shall serve th' whole city with preservative 75
Weekly; each house his dose, and at the
rate —

Sur. As he that built the Water-work does
with water?

Mam. You are incredulous.

Sur. Faith, I have a humour,
I would not willingly be gull'd. Your stone
Cannot transmute me.

Mam. Pertinax Surly, 80
Will you believe antiquity? Records?
I 'll show you a book where Moses, and his
sister,

And Solomon have written of the art;

Ay, and a treatise penn'd by Adam —

Sur. How!

Mam. O' the philosopher's stone, and in
High Dutch. 85

¹² Seal: seal a bond, in favor of the swindlers
borrowers merchandise, or "commodity," instead of cash. The borrower was obliged to sell the goods
for what they would bring.) ¹³ entrails: lining
¹⁴ fire-drake: dragon ¹⁵ Lungs: blower of bellows ¹⁶ firke: stir ¹⁷ faithful: a believer ¹⁸ my:
(so Q; 'thy' F) ¹⁹ Lothbury: a street in London inhabited largely by coppersmiths ²⁰ Devon-
shire, Cornwall: counties noted for tin and copper mines ²¹ admire: wonder ²² Venus: copper
Moon: silver ²³ Sun: gold ²⁴ valour: ('valure' Q, F) ²⁵ Picket-hatch: a resort of prostitutes and
pick-pockets ²⁶ players: (The theatres were closed by law during visitations of the plague, so that
the players lost their livelihood during these periods.) ²⁷ Water-work: built in 1594 to supply water
from the Thames

Sur. Did Adam write, sir, in High Dutch?

Mam. He did;

Which proves it was the primitive tongue.

Sur. What paper?

Mam. On cedar board.

Sur. O that, indeed, they say,
Will last 'gainst worms.

Mam. 'T is like your Irish wood
'Gainst cobwebs. I have a piece of Jason's
fleece too, 90

Which was no other than a book of alchemy,
Writ in large sheepskin, a good fat ram-vellum.
Such was Pythagoras' thigh, Pandora's tub,
And all that fable of Medea's charms, 94
The manner of our work; the bulls, our furnace,
Still breathing fire; our *argent-vive*, the dragon:
The dragon's teeth, mercury sublimate,
That keeps the whiteness, hardness, and the
biting;

And they are gather'd into Jason's helm, 99
Th' alembic, and then sow'd in Mars his field,
And thence sublim'd so often, till they're fix'd.
Both this, th' Hesperian garden, Cadmus' story,
Jove's shower, the boon of Midas, Argus' eyes,
Boccace his Demogorgon, thousands more, 104
All abstract riddles of our stone. — How now!

Act II. Scene II

[*The Same*]

[*Sir Epicure*] *Mammon, Face, Surly*

[*Mam.*] Do we succeed? Is our day come?
And holds it?

Face. The evening will set red upon you, sir;
You have colour for it, crimson: the red ferment
Has done his office; three hours hence prepare
you
To see projection.

Mam. Pertinax, my Surly, 5
Again I say to thee, aloud, *be rich*.
This day thou shalt have ingots; and to-morrow
Give lords th' affront. — Is it, my Zephyrus,
right?
Blushes the bolt's-head?

Face. Like a wench with child, sir,
That were but now discover'd to her master. 10

Mam. Excellent witty Lungs! — My only
care is

Where to get stuff enough now, to project on;
This town will not half serve me.

Face. No, sir? Buy
The covering off o' churches.

Mam.

Face.

Let 'em stand bare, as do their auditory; 15
Or cap 'em new with shingles.

Mam.

No, good thatch:
Thatch will lie light upo' the rafters, Lungs.
Lungs, I will manumit thee from the furnace;
I will restore thee thy complexion, Puff,
Lost in the embers; and repair this brain, 20
Hurt wi' the fume o' the metals.

Face.

I have blown, sir,
Hard, for your worship; thrown by many a
coal,
When 't was not beech; weigh'd those I put in,
just,

To keep your heat still even. These blear'd
eyes

Have wak'd to read your several colours, sir, 25
Of the pale citron, the green lion, the crow,
The peacock's tail, the plumed swan.

Mam.

And lastly,
Thou hast descried the flower, the *sanguis agni*?

Face.

Yes, sir.
Mam. Where's master?
Face. At 's prayers, sir, he;
Good man, he's doing his devotions 30
For the success.

Mam.

Lungs, I will set a period
To all thy labours; thou shalt be the master
Of my seraglio.

Face.

Good, sir.
Mam. But do you hear?
I 'll geld you, Lungs.

Face.

Yes, sir.
Mam. For I do mean
To have a list of wives and concubines 35
Equal with Solomon, who had the stone
Alike with me; and I will make me a back
With the elixir, that shall be as tough
As Hercules, to encounter fifty a night. —
Th' art sure thou saw'st it blood?

Face.

Both blood and spirit, sir. 40
Mam. I will have all my beds blown up, not
stuff'd;

Down is too hard: and then, mine oval room
Fill'd with such pictures as Tiberius took
From Elephantis, and dull Aretine
But coldly imitated. Then, my glasses 45
Cut in more subtle angles, to disperse
And multiply the figures, as I walk
Naked between my succubæ. My mists
I 'll have of perfume, vapour'd 'bout the room,
To lose our selves in; and my baths, like
pits 50
To fall into; from whence we will come forth,

⁹⁰ *argent-vive*: quicksilver ¹⁰⁴ *Demogorgon*: the ancestor of all the gods in Boccaccio's *Genealogia Deorum* ⁹ *bolt's-head*: a kind of flask ¹⁵ *auditory*: congregation ³⁵ *just*: precisely
²⁵ *colours*: indications of the progress of the operation ⁴⁵ *Elephantis, Aretine*: both wrote verses to
accompany lewd pictures ⁴⁸ *succubæ*: mistresses

And roll us dry in gossamer and roses. —
Is it arrived at ruby? — Where I spy
A wealthy citizen, or rich lawyer,
Have a sublim'd pure wife, unto that fellow 55
I 'll send a thousand pound to be my cuckold.

Face. And I shall carry it?

Mam. No, I 'll ha' no bawds
But fathers and mothers: they will do it best,
Best of all others. And my flatterers
Shall be the pure, and gravest of divines 60
That I can get for money. My mere fools,
Eloquent burgesses, and then my poets
The same that writ so subtly of the fart,
Whom I will entertain still for that subject.
The few that would give out themselves to be 65
Court- and town-stallions, and, each-where, bely
Ladies who are known most innocent, for
them, —

Those will I beg, to make me eunuchs of:
And they shall fan me with ten estrich tails
Apiece, made in a plume to gather wind. 70
We will be brave, Puff, now we ha' the med'-
cine.

My meat shall all come in, in Indian shells,
Dishes of agate set in gold, and studded
With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths, and ru-
bies.

The tongues of carps, dormice, and camels'
heels, 75

Boil'd i' the spirit of Sol, and dissolv'd pearl
(Apicius' diet, 'gainst the epilepsy):

And I will eat these broths with spoons of am-
ber,

Headed with diamond and carbuncle.
My foot-boy shall eat pheasants, calver'd sal-
mons, 80

Knots, godwits, lampreys: I myself will have
The beards of barbels serv'd, instead of salads;
Oil'd mushrooms; and the swelling unctuous
paps

Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off, 84
Dress'd with an exquisite and poignant sauce;
For which, I 'll say unto my cook, *There's gold;*
Go forth, and be a knight.

Face. Sir, I 'll go look
A little, how it heightens. *[Exit]*

Mam. Do. — My shirts
I 'll have of taffeta-sarsnet, soft and light
As cobwebs; and for all my other raiment, 90
It shall be such as might provoke the Persian,
Were he to teach the world not anew.

My gloves of fishes and birds' skins, perfum'd
With gums of paradise, and Eastern air —

Sur. And do you think to have the stone
with this? 95

Mam. No, I do think t' have all this with
the stone.

Sur. Why, I have heard he must be *homo*
frugi,

A pious, holy, and religious man,
One free from mortal sin, a very virgin.

Mam. That makes it, sir; he is so. But I
buy it; 100

My venter brings it me. He, honest wretch,
A notable, superstitious, good soul,
Has worn his knees bare, and his slippers bald,
With prayer and fasting for it: and, sir, let him
Do it alone, for me, still. Here he comes. 105
Not a profane word afore him; 't is poison. —

Act II. Scene III

[The Same]

Mammon, Subtle, Surly, [later] Face

[Mam] Good morrow, father.

Sub. Gentle son, good morrow.
And to your friend there. What is he is with
you?

Mam. An heretic, that I did bring along.
In hope, sir, to convert him.

Sub. Son, I doubt
You're covetous, that thus you meet your time
I' the just point, prevent your day at morn-
ing. 6

This argues something worthy of a fear
Of importune and carnal appetite.

Take heed you do not cause the blessing leave
you,

With your ungovern'd haste. I should be sorry
To see my labours, now e'en at perfection, 11
Got by long watching and large patience,
Not prosper where my love and zeal hath plac'd
em:

Which (heaven I call to witness, with your self,
To whom I have pour'd my thoughts) in all my
ends, 15

Have look'd no way, but unto public good,
To pious uses, and dear charity,
Now grown a prodigy with men. Wherein
If you, my son, should now prevaricate,
And to your own particular lusts employ 20
So great and catholic a bliss, be sure
A curse will follow, yea, and overtake
Your subtle and most secret ways.

Mam. I know, sir;
You shall not need to fear me; I but come
To ha' you confute this gentleman.

Sur. Who is, 25

⁷⁶ spirit of Sol: gold ^{75, 77} From Lampridius's life of Helogabalus ⁸⁰ calver'd: elaborately dressed ⁸¹ Knots: a kind of snipe ⁸² godwits: marsh birds ⁸³ barbels: fresh-water fish ⁸⁴ taffeta-sarsnet: fine silk ⁸⁵ homo frugi: a temperate man ⁸⁶ venter: investment, speculation ⁸⁷ doubt: fear ⁸⁸ just: exact ⁸⁹ prevent: anticipate ⁹⁰ Which: I who

Indeed, sir, somewhat costive of belief
Toward your stone; would not be gull'd.

Sub. Well, son,
All that I can convince him in, is this,
The work is done, bright Sol is in his robe.
We have a med'cine of the triple soul, 30
The glorified spirit. Thanks be to heaven.
And make us worthy of it! — *Ulen Epiegel!*

Face. [Within.] Anon, sir.

Sub. Look well to the register,
And let your heat still lessen by degrees,
To the aludels. 35

Face. [Within.] Yes, sir.

Sub. Did you look
O' the bolt's-head yet?

Face. [Within.] Which? On D, sir?

Sub. Ay;
What's the complexion?

Face. [Within.] Whittish.

Sub. Infuse vinegar, 40
To draw his volatile substance and his tincture:
And let the water in glass E be filt' red,
And put into the gripe's egg Lute him well;
And leave him clos'd in *balneo*.

Face. [Within.] I will, sir.

Sur. What a brave language here is! next to
canting. 45

Sub. I have another work you never saw,
son,

That three days since past the philosopher's
wheel,

In the lent heat of Athanor; and 's become
Sulphur o' Nature.

Mam. But 't is for me?

Sub. What need you?
You have enough, in that is, perfect.

Mam. O, but — 50

Sub. Why, this is covetise!

Mam. No, I assure you,
I shall employ it all in pious uses,
Founding of colleges and grammar schools,
Marrying young virgins, building hospitals,
And, now and then, a church.

[*Re-enter Face*]

Sub. How now!

Face. Sir, please you, 55
Shall I not change the filter?

Sub. Marry, yes;
And bring me the complexion of glass B.

[*Exit Face.*]

Mam. Ha' you another?

Sub. Yes, son; were I assur'd
Your piety were firm, we would not want
The means to glorify it: but I hope the best. 60
I mean to tinct C in sand-heat to-morrow,
And give him imbibition.

Mam. Of white oil?

Sub. No, sir, of red. F is come over the
helm too,

I thank my maker, in St. Mary's bath,
And shows *lac virginis*. Blessed be heaven! 65
I sent you of his faces there calcin'd:

Out of that calx, I ha' won the salt of mercury.

Mam. By pouring on your rectified water?

Sub. Yes, and reverberating in Athanor.

[*Re-enter Face*]

How now! what colour says it?

Face. The ground black, sir. 70

Mam. That 's your crow's head?

Sur. Your cock's comb's, is it not?

Sub. No, 't is not perfect. Would it were
the crow!

That work wants something

Sur. [Aside.] O, I look'd for this,

The hay is a-pitching

Sub. Are you sure you loos'd 'em
I' their own menstree?

Face. Yes, sir, and then married 'em, 75
And put 'em in a bolt's-head nipp'd to diges-
tion,

According as you bade me, when I set

The liquor of Mars to circulation

In the same heat.

Sub. The process then was right. 79

Face. Yes, by the token, sir, the retort brake,
And what was sav'd was put into the pelican,
And sign'd with Hermes' seal.

Sub. I think 't was so.
We should have a new amalgama.

Sur. [Aside.] O, this ferret
Is rank as any polecat.

Sub. But I care not;
Let him e'en die; we have enough beside, 85
In embrion. H has his white shirt on?

Face. Yes, sir,
He 's ripe for inceration, he stands warm,

In his ash-fire. I would not you should let
Any die now, if I might counsel, sir,

For luck's sake to the rest: it is not good. 90

Mam. He says right.

Sur. (Aside.) Ay, are you bolted?

Face. Nay, I know 't, sir,

³⁰ med'cine . . . soul: the philosopher's stone ³¹ *Ulen Epiegel*: Owl! Glass, the hero of an early German jest-book ³² ff. (Jonson here uses the highly technical jargon of the alchemists to give the effect of authenticity. The original audience probably understood it little better than does the modern reader. Cf. *Volpone*, II. ii 122 ff. "Aludels," "gripe's egg," "Athanor," etc. are vessels or implements used in alchemy; "lute," "imbibition," "calx," etc., are processes or materials employed in the science) ³³ canting: thieves' slang ³⁴ lent: slow, moderate ³⁵ covetise: covetousness ³⁶ cock's comb's: i.e., cockcomb's, fool's ³⁷ hay: net for catching rabbits ³⁸ bolted: driven out by the ferret

I've seen th' ill fortune. What is some three ounces
Of fresh materials?

Mam. Is 't no more?

Face. No more, sir,
Of gold, t' amalgam with some six of mercury.

Mam. Away, here 's money. What will serve?

Face. Ask him, sir. 95

Mam. How much?

Sub. Give him nine pound: you may gi' him ten.

Sur. Yes, twenty, and be cozen'd; do

Mam. There 't is. [*Gives Face the money.*]

Sub. This needs not; but that you will have it so,

To see conclusions of all: for two
Of our inferior works are at fixation, 100
A third is in ascension Go your ways.
Ha' you set the oil of Luna in kemia?

Face. Yes, sir.

Sub. And the philosopher's vinegar?

Face. Ay. [*Exit*]

Sur. We shall have a salad'

Mam. When do you make projection?

Sub. Son, be not hasty, I exalt our med'cine,
By hanging him *in balneo vaporoso*, 106
And giving him solution; then congeal him,
And then dissolve him, then again congeal him;

For look, how oft I iterate the work,
So many times I add unto his virtue. 110

As, if at first one ounce convert a hundred,
After his second loose, he 'll turn a thousand,
His third solution, ten; his fourth, a hundred;

After his fifth, a thousand thousand ounces
Of any imperfect metal, into pure 115

Silver or gold, in all examinations
As good as any of the natural mine.

Get you your stuff here against afternoon,
Your brass, your pewter, and your andirons.

Mam. Not those of iron?

Sub. Yes, you may bring them too, 120
We 'll change all metals.

Sur. I believe you in that.

Mam. Then I may send my spits?

Sub. Yes, and your racks.

Sur. And dripping-pans, and pot-hangers,
and hooks?

Shall he not?

Sub. If he please.

Sur. — To be an ass. 124

Sub. How, sir!

Mam. This gent'man you must bear withal.
I told you he had no faith.

Sur. And little hope, sir;
But much less charity, should I gull myself

¹⁰⁵ *kemia*: vessel for distillation

Sub. Why, what have you observ'd, sir, in
our art,

Seems so impossible?

Sur. But your whole work, no more.
That you should hatch gold in a furnace, sir,
As they do eggs in Egypt!

Sub. Sir, do you 131
Believe that eggs are hatch'd so?

Sur. If I should?

Sub. Why, I think that the greater miracle.
No egg but differs from a chicken more
Than metals in themselves.

Sur. That cannot be. 135

The egg 's ordain'd by nature to that end,
And is a chicken *in potentia*.

Sub. The same we say of lead and other
metals,

Which would be gold if they had time.

Mam. And that
Our art doth further.

Sub. Ay, for 't were absurd 140
To think that nature in the earth bred gold
Perfect i' the instant: something went before.
There must be remote matter.

Sur. Ay, what is that?

Sub. Marry, we say —

Mam. Ay, now it heats: stand, father,
Pound him to dust

Sub. It is, of the one part, 145
A humid exhalation, which we call

Materra liquida, or the unctuous water,
On th' other part, a certain crass and viscous

Portion of earth; both which, concorporate,
Do make the elementary matter of gold; 150

Which is not yet *propria materra*,
But common to all metals and all stones;

For, where it is forsaken of that moisture,
And hath more dryness, it becomes a stone:

Where it retains more of the humid fatness, 155
It turns to sulphur, or to quicksilver,

Who are the parents of all other metals.
Nor can this remote matter suddenly

Progress so from extreme unto extreme, 159
As to grow gold, and leap o'er all the means.

Nature doth first beget th' imperfect, then
Proceeds she to the perfect. Of that airy

And oily water, mercury is engend'red;
Sulphur o' the fat and earthy part; the one, 164

Which is the last, supplying the place of
male,

The other of the female, in all metals.

Some do believe hermaphrodeity,
That both do act and suffer. But these two

Make the rest ductile, malleable, extensive.
And even in gold they are; for we do find 170

Seeds of them by our fire, and gold in them;
And can produce the species of each metal

More perfect thence, than nature doth in earth.

¹⁶⁰ *means*: intermediate stages

Beside, who doth not see in daily practice
 Art can beget bees, hornets, beetles, wasps, 175
 Out of the carcasses and dung of creatures;
 Yea, scorpions of an herb, being rightly plac'd?
 And these are living creatures, far more perfect
 And excellent than metals.

Mam. Well said, father!
 Nay, if he take you in hand, sir, with an argu-
 ment, 180
 He 'll bray you in a mortar.

Sur. Pray you, sir, stay.
 Rather than I 'll be bray'd, sir, I 'll believe
 That Alchemy is a pretty kind of game,
 Somewhat like tricks o' the cards, to cheat a
 man
 With charming.

Sub. Sir?

Sur. What else are all your terms, 185
 Whereon no one o' your writers 'grees with
 other?

Of your elixir, your *lac virginis*,
 Your stone, your med'cine, and your chryso-
 sperm,

Your sal, your sulphur, and your mercury, 189
 Your oil of height, your tree of life, your blood,
 Your marchesite, your tutie, your magnesia,
 Your toad, your crow, your dragon, and your
 panther;

Your sun, your moon, your firmament, your
 adrop,

Your lato, azoch, zernich, chibrit, heautarit, 194
 And then your red man, and your white woman,
 With all your broths, your menstrues, and ma-
 terials

Of piss and egg-shells, women's terms, man's
 blood,

Hair o' the head, burnt clouts, chalk, merds,
 and clay,

Powder of bones, scalings of iron, glass,
 And worlds of other strange ingredients, 200
 Would burst a man to name?

Sub. And all these, nam'd,
 Intending but one thing; which art our writers
 Us'd to obscure their art.

Mam. Sir, so I told him —
 Because the simple idiot should not learn it,
 And make it vulgar.

Sub. Was not all the knowledge 205
 Of the Egyptians writ in mystic symbols?
 Speak not the Scriptures oft in parables?
 Are not the choicest fables of the poets,
 That were the fountains and first springs of
 wisdom,

Wrapp'd in perplexed allegories?

Mam. I urg'd that, 210
 And clear'd to him, that Sisyphus was damn'd
 To roll the ceaseless stone, only because

He would have made ours common. *Dol* is
 Who is this? *seen.*

Sub. God's precious! — What do you mean?
 Go in, good lady,
 Let me entreat you. [*Dol retires.*] — Where 's
 this varlet?

[*Re-enter Face*]

Face. Sir. 215

Sub. You very knave! do you use me thus?

Face. Wherein, sir?

Sub. Go in and see, you traitor. Go!

[*Exit Face.*]

Mam. Who is it, sir?

Sub. Nothing, sir; nothing.

Mam. What 's the matter, good sir?

I have not seen you thus distemp' red: who is 't?

Sub. All arts have still had, sir, their adver-
 saries; 220

But ours the most ignorant. —

Face returns.

What now?

Face. 'T was not my fault, sir; she would
 speak with you

Sub. Would she, sir! Follow me. [*Exit.*]

Mam. [*Stopping him.*] Stay, Lungs

Face. I dare not, sir.

Mam. How! pray thee, stay.

Face. She 's mad, sir, and sent hither — 225

Mam. Stay, man; what is she?

Face. A lord's sister, sir.

He 'll be mad too —

Mam. I warrant thee. — Why sent hither?

Face. Sir, to be cur'd.

Sub. [*With him.*] Why, rascal!

Face. Lo you! — Here, sir!

He goes out.

Mam. 'Fore God, a Bradamante, a brave
 piece.

Sur. Heart, this is a bawdy-house! I 'll be
 burnt else. 230

Mam. O, by this light, no: do not wrong
 him He 's

Too scrupulous that way: it is his vice.
 No, he 's a rare physician, do him right,
 An excellent Paracelsian, and has done
 Strange cures with mineral physick. He deals all
 With spirits, he; he will not hear a word 236
 Of Galen; or his tedious recipes. —

Face again

How now, Lungs!

Face. Softly, sir; speak softly. I meant
 To ha' told your worship all. This must not
 hear.

Mam. No, he will not be gull'd; let him
 alone.

¹⁸⁷ terms: menstrual discharge ¹⁸⁸ merds: excrement ²⁰⁴ Because: so that ²⁰⁵ Brada-
 mante: a heroine in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* ²²⁰ This: Surly

Face. Y' are very right, sir; she is a most rare scholar, 241
And is gone mad with studying Broughton's works.

If you but name a word touching the Hebrew,
She falls into her fit, and will discourse
So learnedly of genealogies, 245
As you would run mad too, to hear her, sir.

Mam. How might one do t' have conference with her, Lungs?

Face. O, divers have run mad upon the conference.

I do not know, sir: I am sent in haste
To fetch a vial.

Sur. Be not gull'd, Sir Mammon. 250

Mam. Wherein? Pray ye, be patient.

Sur. Yes, as you are,
And trust confederate knaves and bawds and whores

Mam. You are too foul, believe it. — Come here, Ulen,

One word.

Face. I dare not, in good faith. [*Going.*]

Mam. Stay, knave.

Face. He's extreme angry that you saw her, sir. 255

Mam. Drink that. [*Gives him money.*]

What is she when she's out of her fit?

Face. O, the most affablest creature, sir! so merry!

So pleasant! She'll mount you up, like quicksilver,

Over the helm; and circulate like oil,

A very vegetal: discourse of state, 260
Of mathematics, bawdry, anything —

Mam. Is she no way accessible? no means,
No trick to give a man a taste of her — wit
Or so, Ulen?

Face. I'll come to you again, sir. [*Exit*]

Mam. Surly, I did not think one o' your breeding 266

Would traduce personages of worth.

Sur. Sir Epicure,
Your friend to use; yet still loath to be gull'd:
I do not like your philosophical bawds.
Their stone is lechery enough to pay for, 270
Without this bait.

Mam. Heart, you abuse yourself.
I know the lady, and her friends, and means,
The original of this disaster. Her brother
Has told me all.

Sur. And yet you ne'er saw her
Till now! 275

Mam. O yes, but I forgot. I have, believe it,

One o' the treacherous st memories, I do think,
Of all mankind.

Sur. What call you her brother?

Mam. My lord —

He wi' not have his name known, now I think
on 't.

Sur. A very treacherous memory!

Mam. O' my faith — 280

Sur. Tut, if you ha' it not about you, pass it
Till we meet next.

Mam. Nay, by this hand, 't is true.
He's one I honour, and my noble friend;
And I respect his house.

Sur. Heart! can it be

That a grave sir, a rich, that has no need, 285
A wise sir, too, at other times, should thus,
With his own oaths, and arguments, make hard
means

To gull himself? An this be your elixir,
Your *lapis mineralis*, and your lunary,
Give me your honest trick yet at primero, 290
Or gleeck, and take your *lutum sapientis*,
Your *menstruum simplex*! I'll have gold before
you,

And with less danger of the quicksilver,
Or the hot sulphur.

[*Re-enter Face*]

Face. Here's one from Captain Face, sir, 295

To Surly.

Desires you meet him i' the Temple-church,
Some half-hour hence, and upon earnest business. —

He whispers Mammon.

Sir, if you please to quit us now, and come
Again within two hours, you shall have
My master busy examining o' the works; 300
And I will steal you in unto the party,
That you may see her converse. — Sir, shall I
say

You'll meet the captain's worship?

Sur. Sir, I will. — [*Walks aside.*]

But, by attorney, and to a second purpose.

Now I am sure it is a bawdy-house; 305

I'll swear it, were the marshal here to thank me:
The naming this commander doth confirm it.

Don Face! why he's the most authentic dealer
I' these commodities, the superintendent

To all the quainter traffickers in town! 310
He is the visitor, and does appoint

Who lies with whom, and at what hour; what
price;

Which gown, and in what smock; what fall,
what tire.

Him will I prove, by a third person, to find
The subtleties of this dark labyrinth: 315

²⁴⁸ Broughton: an eccentric theologian (d 1612) ²⁴⁹ vegetal: animated person ²⁵⁰ lapis mineralis: philosopher's stone ²⁵¹ lunary: a medicinal plant used by alchemists ²⁵² primero, gleeck: card games ²⁵³ lutum sapientis: philosopher's clay ²⁵⁴ menstruum simplex: simple dissolvent ²⁵⁵ fall: veil or band for the neck ²⁵⁶ tire: headdress

Which if I do discover, dear Sir Mammon,
You 'll give your poor friend leave, though no
philosopher,
To laugh; for you that are, 't is thought, shall
weep.

Face. Sir, he does pray you 'll not forget.

Sur. I will not, sir.

Sir Epicure, I shall leave you? [*Exit.*]

Mam. I follow you straight. 320

Face. But do so, good sir, to avoid suspicion.
This gent'man has a parlous head.

Mam. But wilt thou, Ulen,
Be constant to thy promise?

Face. As my life, sir.

Mam. And wilt thou insinuate what I am,
and praise me,

And say I am a noble fellow?

Face. O, what else, sir? 325
And that you 'll make her royal with the stone,
An empress; you yourself king of Bantam.

Mam. Wilt thou do this?

Face. Will I, sir!

Mam. Lungs, my Lungs!
I love thee.

Face. Send your stuff, sir, that my master
May busy himself about projection. 330

Mam. Thou 'st witch'd me, rogue: take, go.

[*Gives him money.*]

Face. Your jack, and all, sir.

Mam. Thou art a villain — I will send my
jack,

And the weights too. Slave, I could bite thine
ear.

Away, thou dost not care for me.

Face. Not I, sir?

Mam. Come, I was born to make thee, my
good weasel, 335

Set thee on a bench, and ha' thee twirl a chain
With the best lord's vermin of 'em all.

Face. Away, sir.

Mam. A count, nay, a count palatine —

Face. Good sir, go.

Mam. Shall not advance thee better: no,
nor faster. [*Exit.*]

Act II. Scene IIII

[*The Same*]

Subtle, Face, Dol

[*Sub.*] Has he bit? has he bit?

Face. And swallow'd, too, my

Subtle.

I ha' given him line, and now he plays, i' faith.

Sub. And shall we twitch him?

Face. Thorough both the gills.

A wench is a rare bait, with which a man
No sooner 's taken, but he straight firks mad. 5

Sub. Dol, my Lord What's-hum's sister,
you must now

Bear yourself stateliſh.

Dol. O, let me alone,

I 'll not forget my race, I warrant you.

I 'll keep my distance, laugh and talk aloud;

Have all the tricks of a proud scurvy lady, 10
And be as rude 's her woman.

Face. Well said, sanguine!

Sub. But will he send his andirons?

Face. His jack too,
And 's iron shoeing-horn; I ha' spoke to him.

Well,

I must not lose my wary gamester yonder.

Sub. O, Monsieur Caution, that will not be
gull'd? 15

Face. Ay,
If I can strike a fine hook into him, now! —
The Temple-church, there I have cast mine an-
gle.

Well, pray for me. I 'll about it. *One knocks.*

Sub. What, more gudgeons! 20

Dol. scout, scout! [*Dol goes to the window.*]

Stay, Face, you must go to the door;

'Pray God it be my Anabaptist — Who is 't,
Dol?

Dol. I know him not: he looks like a gold-
end-man.

Sub. Gods so! 't is he, he said he would send
— what call you him?

The sanctified elder, that should deal 25
For Mammon's jack and andirons. Let him in.

Stay, help me off, first, with my gown. [*Exit*

Face with the gown] Away,
Madam, to your withdrawing chamber. Now,

[*Exit Dol.*]

In a new tune, new gesture, but old language. —

This fellow is sent from one negotiates with me

About the stone too, for the holy brethren 31

Of Amsterdam, the exil'd saints, that hope

To raise their discipline by it. I must use him

In some strange fashion now, to make him ad-
mire me.

Act II. Scene V

[*The Same*]

Subtle, Face, Ananias

Where is my drudge?

[*Enter Face*]

Face. Sir!

Sub. Take away the recipient,
And rectify your menstree from the phlegma.

¹ jack: machine for turning a spit ⁵ firks: becomes rapidly ⁷ stateliſh: with dignity ¹¹ san-
guine: red cheeks ¹⁵ angle: fish-hook ²⁰ gudgeons: dupes ²⁵ gold-end-man: one who buys
odds and ends of gold ³¹ discipline: Puritan form of church government

Then pour it o' the Sol, in the cucurbite,
And let 'em macerate together.

Face. Yes, sir.

And save the ground?

Sub. No: *terra damnata* 5
Must not have entrance in the work. — Who
are you?

Ana. A faithful brother, if it please you.

Sub. What 's that?
A Lullianist? a Ripley? *Filius artis*?

Can you sublime and dulcify? Calcine?

Know you the sapor pontic? Sapor stiptic? 10
Or what is homogene, or heterogene?

Ana. I understand no heathen language,
truly.

Sub. Heathen! You Knipperdoling? Is
Ars sacra,

Or chrysopoeia, or spagyrica,

Or the pamphysic, or panarchic knowledge, 15
A heathen language?

Ana. Heathen Greek, I take it.

Sub. How! Heathen Greek?

Ana. All 's heathen but the Hebrew

Sub. Sirrah my varlet, stand you forth and
speak to him

Like a philosopher: answer i' the language
Name the vexations, and the martyrizations 20
Of metals in the work

Face. Sir, putrefaction,
Solution, ablation, sublimation,
Cohobation, calcination, ceration, and
Fixation

Sub. This is heathen Greek, to you, now! —
And when comes vivification?

Face. After mortification. 25

Sub. What 's cohobation?

Face. 'T is the pouring on
Your *aqua regis*, and then drawing him off,
To the trine circle of the seven spheres.

Sub. What 's the proper passion of metals?

Face. Malleation.

Sub. What 's your *ultimum supplicium auri*?

Face. Antimonium 30

Sub. This 's heathen Greek to you! — And
what 's your mercury?

Face. A very fugitive, he will be gone,
sir.

Sub. How know you him?

Face. By his viscosity,
His oleosity, and his suscibility.

Sub. How do you sublime him?

Face. With the calce of egg-shells, 35
White marble, talc.

Sub. Your magisterium now,

What 's that?

Face. Shifting, sir, your elements,

Dry into cold, cold into moist, moist into hot,
Hot into dry.

Sub. This 's heathen Greek to you still!
Your *lapis philosophicus*?

Face. 'T is a stone, 40
And not a stone; a spirit, a soul, and a body:
Which if you do dissolve, it is dissolv'd;
If you coagulate, it is coagulated;
If you make it to fly, it fieth.

Sub. Enough. [*Exit Face.*]
This 's heathen Greek to you! What are you,
sir? 45

Ana. Please you, a servant of the exil'd
brethren,

That deal with widows' and with orphans'
goods,

And make a just account unto the saints:
A deacon

Sub. O, you are sent from Master Whole-
some,

Your teacher?

Ana. From Tribulation Wholesome, 51
Our very zealous pastor

Sub. Good! I have
Some orphans' goods to come here.

Ana. Of what kind, sir?

Sub. Pewter and brass, andirons and kitchen-
ware,

Metals, that we must use our med'cine on: 55
Wherein the brethren may have a penn'orth
For ready money

Ana. Were the orphans' parents
Sincere professors?

Sub. Why do you ask?

Ana. Because
We then are to deal justly, and give, in truth,
Their utmost value.

Sub. 'Sh'd, you 'd cozen else, 60
An if their parents were not of the faithful! —
I will not trust you, now I think on 't,

Till I ha' talk'd with your pastor. Ha' you
brought money

To buy more coals?

Ana. No, surely.

Sub. No? How so?

Ana. The brethren bid me say unto you,
sir,

Surely, they will not venter any more 66
Till they may see projection.

Sub. How!

Ana. You 've had
For the instruments, as bricks, and loam, and
glasses,

Already thirty pound; and for materials,
They say, some ninety more: and they have
heard since, 70

¹ brother: Puritan ² Lullianist, Ripley: follower of Raymond Lully or George Ripley, both famous alchemists *Filius artis*: son of the art
³ loam: clay

⁴ Knipperdoling: a leader of the Anabaptists

That one, at Heidelberg, made it of an egg,
And a small paper of pin-dust.

Sub. What 's your name?

Ana. My name is Ananias.

Sub. Out, the varlet

That cozen'd the apostles! Hence, away!

Flee, mischief! had your holy consistory 75

No name to send me, of another sound

Than wicked Ananias? Send your elders

Hither, to make atonement for you, quickly,

And gi' me satisfaction; or out goes

The fire; and down th' alembics, and the furnace, 80

Piger Henricus, or what not. Thou wretch!

Both *sericon* and *bufo* shall be lost,

Tell 'em. All hope of rooting out the bishops,

Or th' anti-Christian hierarchy shall perish,

If they stay threescore minutes: the aqueity,

Terreity, and sulphureity 86

Shall run together again, and all be annull'd,

Thou wicked Ananias! [*Exit Ananias.*] This
will fetch 'em,

And make 'em haste towards their gulling
more.

A man must deal like a rough nurse, and fright
Those that are froward to an appetite. 91

Act II. Scene VI

[*The Same*]

Face, Subtle, Drugger

[*Face*] He 's busy with his spirits, but we 'll
upon him.

Sub. How now! What mates, what Bayards
ha' we here?

Face. I told you he would be furious. — Sir,
here 's Nab

Has brought you another piece of gold to look
on;

— We must appease him. Give it me, — and
prays you, 5

You would devise — what is it, Nab?

Drug. A sign, sir.

Face. Ay, a good lucky one, a thriving sign,
doctor.

Sub. I was devising now.

Face [*Aside to Subtle.*] 'Slight, do not say
so, 80

He will repent he ga' you any more. —

What say you to his constellation, doctor, 10
The Balance?

Sub. No, that way is stale and common.

A townsman born in Taurus, gives the bull,

Or the bull's head: in Aries, the ram, —

A poor device! No, I will have his name 14

Form'd in some mystic character; whose *radsi*,

Striking the senses of the passers-by,

Shall, by a virtual influence, breed affections,

That may result upon the party owns it:

As thus — 19

Face. Nab!

Sub. He first shall have a *bell*, that 's *Abel*;

And by it standing one whose name is *Dee*,

In a *rug* gown, there 's *D*, and *Rug*, that 's
drug

And right anenst him a dog snarling *er*;

There 's *Drugger*, *Abel Drugger*. That 's his
sign.

And here 's now mystery and hieroglyphic! 25

Face. *Abel*, thou art made.

Drug. Sir, I do thank his worship.

Face. Six o' thy legs more will not do it,

Nab.

He has brought you a pipe of tobacco, doctor.

Drug. Yes, sir:

I have another thing I would impart — 29

Face. Out with it, Nab.

Drug. Sir, there is lodg'd, hard by me,

A rich young widow —

Face. Good! a bona roba?

Drug. But nineteen at the most.

Face. Very good, *Abel*.

Drug. Marry, she 's not in fashion yet; she
wears

A hood, but 't stands a cop.

Face. No matter, *Abel*.

Drug. And I do now and then give her a fu-
cus — 35

Face. What! dost thou deal, Nab?

Sub. I did tell you, captain.

Drug. And physic too, sometime, sir; for
which she trusts me

With all her mind. She 's come up here of
purpose

To learn the fashion.

Face. Good (his match too!) — On, Nab.

Drug. And she does strangely long to know
her fortune. 40

Face. God's lid, Nab, send her to the doctor,
hither.

Drug. Yes, I have spoke to her of his worship
already;

But she 's afraid it will be blown abroad,

And hurt her marriage.

Face. Hurt it! 't is the way

To heal it, if 't were hurt; to make it more 45

⁷⁵ pin-dust: fine metallic dust ¹⁴ Bayards: blind horses (from the legendary horse given by Charlemagne to the sons of Aymon. His name came to mean both "a blind horse" and "a chivalrous person.") ¹⁷ virtual: from the virtue of the device ¹⁸ affections: inclinations ¹⁹ Dee: Dr. John Dee, a famous astrologer (d. 1608) ²² rug: of coarse frieze ²³ legs: bows ²⁴ bona roba: hand-some wanton ²⁵ a cop: on the peak of her head, unbecomingly

Follow'd and sought. Nab, thou shalt tell her this.

She 'll be more known, more talk'd of; and your widows

Are ne'er of any price till they be famous;
Their honour is their multitude of suitors. 49
Send her! it may be thy good fortune. What!
Thou dost not know?

Drug. No, sir, she 'll never marry
Under a knight: her brother has made a vow.

Face. What! and dost thou despair, my little Nab,

Knowing what the doctor has set down for thee,
And seeing so many o' the city dubb'd? 55
One glass o' thy water, with a madam I know,
Will have it done, Nab. What 's her brother? a knight?

Drug. No, sir, a gentleman newly warm in 's land, sir,

Scarce cold in his one-and-twenty, that does govern

His sister here; and is a man himself 60
Of some three thousand a year, and is come up

To learn to quarrel, and to live by his wits,
And will go down again, and die i' the country.

Face. How! to quarrel?

Drug. Yes, sir, to carry quarrels,
As gallants do; to manage 'em by line. 65

Face. 'Slid, Nab, the doctor is the only man

In Christendom for him. He has made a table,
With mathematical demonstrations,
Touching the art of quarrels. he will give him
An instrument to quarrel by. Go, bring 'em both, 70

Him and his sister. And, for thee, with her
The doctor happ'ly may persuade. Go to.
'Shalt give his worship a new damask suit
Upon the premises.

Sub. O, good captain!

Face. He shall;
He is the honestest fellow, doctor. Stay not, 75
No offers; bring the damask, and the parties.

Drug. I 'll try my power, sir

Face. And thy will too, Nab.

Sub. 'T is good tobacco, this! What is 't an ounce?

Face. He 'll send you a pound, doctor.

Sub. O no.

Face. He will do 't.

It is the goodest soul! — Abel, about it 80
Thou shalt know more anon. Away, be gone.

[*Exit Abel.*]

A miserable rogue, and lives with cheese,
And has the worms. That was the cause, indeed,

Why he came now: he dealt with me in private, 84

To get a med'cine for 'em.

Sub. And shall, sir. This works.

Face. A wife, a wife for one on 's, my dear Subtle!

We 'll e'en draw lots, and he that fails, shall have

The more in goods, the other has in tail.

Sub. Rather the less; for she may be so light

She may want grains.

Face. Ay; or be such a burden, 90

A man would scarce endure her for the whole.

Sub. Faith, best let 's see her first, and then determine.

Face. Content: but Dol must ha' no breath on 't.

Sub. Mum

Away you, to your Surly yonder, catch him.

Face. Pray God I ha' not stay'd too long. 95

Sub. I fear it. [*Exeunt.*]

Act III. Scene I

[*The Lane before Lovewit's House*]

Tribulation [Wholesome], *Ananias*

[*Tri.*] These chastisements are common to the saints,

And such rebukes we of the separation
Must bear with willing shoulders, as the trials
Sent forth to tempt our frailties.

Ana. In pure zeal,

I do not like the man; he is a heathen, 5
And speaks the language of Canaan, truly.

Tri. I think him a profane person indeed.

Ana. He bears

The visible mark of the beast in his forehead.
And for his stone, it is a work of darkness,
And with philosophy blinds the eyes of man. 10

Tri. Good brother, we must bend unto all means

That may give furtherance to the holy cause.

Ana. Which his cannot: the sanctified cause
Should have a sanctified cause.

Tri. Not always necessary:

The children of perdition are oft times 15
Made instruments even of the greatest works.

Besides, we should give somewhat to man's nature,

The place he lives in, still about the fire,

And fume of metals, that intoxicate

The brain of man, and make him prone to passion 20

Where have you greater atheists than your cooks?

⁶⁶ by line: accurately, in good form
sought refuge in Amsterdam

⁹⁰ grains: weight

² separation: the Anabaptists, who

Or more profane, or choleric, than your glass-
men?

More anti-Christian than your bell-founders?
What makes the devil so devilish, I would ask
you,

Sathan, our common enemy, but his being 25
Perpetually about the fire, and boiling
Brimstone and arsenic? We must give, I say,
Unto the motives, and the stirrers up
Of humours in the blood. It may be so,
Whenas the work is done, the stone is made, 30
This heat of his may turn into a zeal,
And stand up for the beauteous discipline
Against the menstuous cloth and rag of Rome.
We must await his calling, and the coming
Of the good spirit. You did fault, t' upbraid
him 35

With the brethren's blessing of Heidelberg,
weighing

What need we have to hasten on the work,
For the restoring of the silenc'd saints,
Which ne'er will be but by the philosopher's
stone.

And so a learned elder, one of Scotland, 40
Assur'd me; *aurum potabile* being
The only med'cine for the civil magistrate,
T' incline him to a feeling of the cause;
And must be daily us'd in the disease.

Ana. I have not edified more, truly, by man:
Not since the beautiful light first shone on
me: 46

And I am sad my zeal hath so offended.

Tri. Let us call on him then

Ana. The motion 's good,
And of the spirit; I will knock first. [*Knocks.*]
Peace be within! [*The door is opened,*
and they enter.]

Act III. Scene II

[*A Room in Lovewit's House*]

Subtle, Tribulation, Ananias

[*Sub.*] O, are you come? 'T was time. Your
threescore minutes

Were at the last thread, you see; and down had
gone

Furnus acediz, turris circulatorius:

Limbec, bolt's-head, retort, and pelican
Had all been cinders. Wicked Ananias! 5
Art thou return'd? Nay, then, it goes down
yet.

Tri. Sir, be appeased; he is come to humble
Himself in spirit, and to ask your patience,

If too much zeal hath carried him aside
From the due path.

Sub. Why, this doth qualify! 10

Tri. The brethren had no purpose, verily,
To give you the least grievance; but are ready
To lend their willing hands to any project
The spirit and you direct.

Sub. This qualifies more!

Tri. And for the orphans' goods, let them
be valu'd, 15

Or what is needful else to the holy work,
It shall be numb'red; here, by me, the saints
Throw down their purse before you.

Sub. This qualifies most!

Why, thus it should be, now you understand.
Have I discours'd so unto you of our stone, 20
And of the good that it shall bring your cause?
Show'd you (beside the main of hiring forces
Abroad, drawing the Hollanders, your friends,
From th' Indies, to serve you, with all their
fleet)

That even the med'cinal use shall make you a
faction 25

And party in the realm? As, put the case,
That some great man in state, he have the
gout,

Why, you but send three drops of your elixir,
You help him straight: there you have made a
friend.

Another has the palsy or the dropsy, 30
He takes of your incombustible stuff,
He's young again: there you have made a
friend.

A lady that is past the feat of body,
Though not of mind, and hath her face decay'd
Beyond all cure of paintings, you restore 35
With the oil of talc: there you have made a
friend;

And all her friends. A lord that is a leper,
A knight that has the bone-ache, or a squire
That hath both these, you make 'em smooth
and sound

With a bare fricace of your med'cine; still 40
You increase your friends.

Tri. Ay, 't is very pregnant.

Sub. And then the turning of this lawyer's
pewter

To plate at Christmas —

Ana. Christ-tide, I pray you.

Sub. Yet, Ananias!

Ana. I have done.

Sub. Or changing
His parcel gilt to massy gold. You cannot 45
But raise you friends withal, to be of power

* *menstuous*: filthy, polluted * *silenc'd*: non-conformist ministers were not allowed to preach
 † *aurum potabile*: a sovereign remedy (here bribery) ‡ *motion*: suggestion § The compound
 furnace and glass still ¶ *qualify*: soothe, appease ¶ *fricace*: rubbing, massage ¶ *Christ-tide*:
 the Puritans avoided *mass* as a Popish word ¶ *parcel gilt*: partly gilded silverware ¶ *withal*:
 ('With all' F)

To pay an army in the field, to buy
The King of France out of his realms, or Spain
Out of his Indies. What can you not do
Against lords spiritual or temporal, 50
That shall oppone you?

Tri. Verily, 't is true.
We may be temporal lords ourselves, I take it.

Sub. You may be anything, and leave off to
make

Long-winded exercises; or suck up
Your *ha!* and *hum!* in a tune. I not deny, 55
But such as are not graced in a state,
May, for their ends, be adverse in religion,
And get a tune to call the flock together:

For, to say sooth, a tune does much with women
And other phlegmatic people; it is your bell. 60

Ana. Bells are profane; a tune may be re-
ligious.

Sub. No warning with you? Then farewell
my patience

'Slight, it shall down; I will not be thus tortur'd.

Tri. I pray you, sir.

Sub. All shall perish. I have spoke it.

Tri. Let me find grace, sir, in your eyes; the
man, 65

He stands corrected: neither did his zeal,
But as yourself, allow a tune somewhere,
Which now, being tow'rd the stone, we shall
not need.

Sub. No, nor your holy vizard, to win widows
To give you legacies, or make zealous wives 70
To rob their husbands for the common cause:
Nor take the start of bonds broke but one day,
And say they were forfeited by providence
Nor shall you need o'er night to eat huge meals,
To celebrate your next day's fast the better, 75
The whilst the brethren and the sisters hum-
bled,

Abate the stiffness of the flesh. Nor cast
Before your hungry hearers scrupulous bones,
As whether a Christian may hawk or hunt,
Or whether matrons of the holy assembly 80
May lay their hair out, or wear doublets,
Or have that idol, starch, about their linen.

Ana. It is indeed an idol.

Tri. Mind him not, sir.
I do command thee, spirit (of zeal, but trouble),
To peace within him! Pray you, sir, go on. 85

Sub. Nor shall you need to libel 'gainst the
prelates,

And shorten so your ears against the hearing
Of the next wire-drawn grace. Nor of necessity
Rail against plays, to please the alderman
Whose daily custard you devour; nor lie 90
With zealous rage till you are hoarse. Not one

Of these so singular arts. Nor call yourselves
By names of Tribulation, Persecution,
Restraint, Long-patience, and such like, af-
fected

By the whole family or wood of you, 95
Only for glory, and to catch the ear
Of the disciple

Tri. Truly, sir, they are
Ways that the godly brethren have invented,
For propagation of the glorious cause,
As very notable means, and whereby also 100
Themselves grow soon, and profitably, famous.

Sub. O, but the stone, all 's idle to 't! No-
thing!

The art of angels, nature's miracle,
The divine secret that doth fly in clouds
From east to west: and whose tradition 105
Is not from men, but spirits.

Ana. I hate traditions;
I do not trust them —

Tri. Peace!

Ana. They are popish all.

I will not peace: I will not —

Tri. Ananias!

Ana. Please the profane, to grieve the godly!
I may not

Sub. Well, Ananias, thou shalt overcome. 110

Tri. It is an ignorant zeal that haunts him,
sir:

But truly else a very faithful brother,
A botcher, and a man by revelation
That hath a competent knowledge of the truth.

Sub. Has he a competent sum there i' the
bag 115

To buy the goods within? I am made guardian,
And must, for charity and conscience' sake,
Now see the most be made for my poor orphan;
Though I desire the brethren, too, good gainers:
There they are within. When you have view'd
and bought 'em, 120

And ta'en the inventory of what they are,
They are ready for projection; there 's no more
To do: cast on the med'cine, so much silver
As there is tin there, so much gold as brass,
I 'll gi' it you in by weight.

Tri. But how long time, 125
Sir, must the saints expect yet?

Sub. Let me see,

How 's the moon now? Eight, nine, ten days
hence,

He will be silver potate; then three days
Before he citronize. Some fifteen days,
The magisterium will be perfected. 130

Ana. About the second day of the third week,
In the ninth month?

¹¹ oppone: oppose ¹² tow'rd: near possession of ¹³ vizard: face, expression ¹⁴ scrupulous bones: i.e., discussion of such scruples as are given in ll. 79-82 ¹⁵ shorten: have cut off in the pillory
¹⁶ wood: assemblage ¹⁷ botcher: mender, petty tailor ¹⁸ expect: wait ¹⁹ citronize: turn yellow ²⁰ magisterium: process of transmutation

Sub. Yes, my good Ananias.

Tri. What will the orphans' goods arise to, think you?

Sub. Some hundred marks, as much as fill'd three cars,

Unladen now: you 'll make six millions of 'em ——— 135

But I must ha' more coals laid in.

Tri. How?

Sub. Another load, And then we ha' finish'd. We must now increase

Our fire to *ignis ardens*, we are past

Fimus equinus, balnei, cineris,

And all those lenter heats. If the holy purse Should with this draught fall low, and that the saints 141

Do need a present sum, I have a trick

To melt the pewter, you shall buy now instantly,

And with a tincture make you as good Dutch dollars

As any are in Holland.

Tri. Can you so? 145

Sub. Ay, and shall bide the third examination.

Ana. It will be joyful tidings to the brethren.

Sub. But you must carry it secret.

Tri. Ay; but stay,

This act of coining, is it lawful?

Ana. Lawful!

We know no magistrate: or, if we did, 150

This 's foreign coin.

Sub. It is no coining, sir.

It is but casting.

Tri. Ha! you distinguish well:

Casting of money may be lawful.

Ana. 'T is, sir.

Tri. Truly, I take it so

Sub. There is no scruple, Sir, to be made of it; believe Ananias; 155

This case of conscience he is studied in.

Tri. I 'll make a question of it to the brethren.

Ana. The brethren shall approve it lawful, doubt not.

Where shall 't be done?

Sub. For that we 'll talk anon.

Knock without.

There 's some to speak with me. Go in, I pray you, 160

And view the parcels. That 's the inventory.

I 'll come to you straight. *[Exeunt Trib. and Ana.]* Who is it? — Face! appear.

Act III. Scene III

[The Same]

Subtle, Face, [later] Dol

[Sub.] How now! good prize?

Face. Good pox! Yond' costive cheater Never came on.

Sub. How then?

Face. I ha' walk'd the round Till now, and no such thing.

Sub. And ha' you quit him?

Face. Quit him! An hell would quit him too, he were happy.

'Slight! would you have me stalk like a mill-jade, 5

All day, for one that will not yield us grains?

I know him of old.

Sub. O, but to ha' gull'd him,

Had been a mastery.

Face. Let him go, black boy!

And turn thee, that some fresh news may possess thee.

A noble count, a don of Spain (my dear 10

Delicious compeer, and my party-bawd),

Who is come hither private for his conscience

And brought munition with him, six great slops,

Bigger than three Dutch hoys, beside round trunks, 14

Furnish'd with pistolets, and pieces of eight,

Will straight be here, my rogue, to have thy bath,

(That is the colour,) and to make his batt'ry

Upon our Dol, our castle, our cinqueport,

Our Dover pier, our what thou wilt. Where is she?

She must prepare perfumes, delicate linen, 20

The bath in chief, a banquet, and her wit,

For she must milk his epididymis.

Where is the doxy?

Sub. I 'll send her to thee:

And but despatch my brace of little John Leydens

And come again myself.

Face. Are they within then?

Sub. Numb'ring the sum.

Face. How much?

Sub. A hundred marks, boy. *[Exit.]* 26

Face. Why, this 's a lucky day. Ten pounds of Mammon!

Three o' my clerk! A portague o' my grocer!

This o' the brethren! Beside reversions

¹³⁵ Three gradations of heat: from horse-dung, hot water, ashes ¹⁴² a trick: ('trick' Q, F)
¹⁴⁰ know: recognize ¹ cheater: Surly ² round: at the Temple-church ¹¹ party-: partner
¹⁴ slops: stuffed breeches ¹⁴ hoys: small sloops ¹⁵ trunks: hose ¹⁶ pistolets: Spanish gold coins
worth about \$4 ¹⁷ pieces of eight: coins worth about \$1 ¹⁸ colour: pretext ¹⁹ cinqueport,
Dover pier: English strongholds on the Channel ²⁰ doxy: wench ²⁴ John Leydens: Puritans

And states to come, i' the widow, and my
count! 30
My share to-day will not be bought for forty —

[*Enter Dol*]

Dol. What?

Face. Pounds, dainty Dorothy! Art thou
so near?

Dol. Yes; say, lord general, how fares our
camp?

Face. As with the few that had entrench'd
themselves

Safe, by their discipline, against a world, Dol, 35
And laugh'd within those trenches, and grew
fat

With thinking on the booties, Dol, brought in
Daily by their small parties This dear hour,
A doughty don is taken with my Dol;
And thou mayst make his ransom what thou
wilt. 40

My Dowsabel; he shall be brought here, fet-
ter'd

With thy fair looks, before he sees thee; and
thrown

In a down-bed, as dark as any dungeon;
Where thou shalt keep him waking with thy
drum;

Thy drum, my Dol, thy drum; till he be
tame 45

As the poor blackbirds were i' the great frost,
Or bees are with a basin, and so hive him
I' the swan-skin coverlid and cambric sheets,
Till he work honey and wax, my little God's-
gift

Dol. What is he, general?

Face. An *adalantado*, 50
A grandee, girl. Was not my Dapper here yet?

Dol. No.

Face. Nor my Druggier?

Dol. Neither.

Face. A pox on 'em,
They are so long a furnishing! such stinkards
Would not be seen upon these festival days. —

[*Re-enter Subtle*]

How now! ha' you done?

Sub. Done. They are gone: the sum 55
Is here in bank, my Face I would we knew
Another chapman now would buy 'em out-
right

Face. 'Slid, Nab shall do 't against he ha' the
widow,
To furnish household.

Sub. Excellent, well thought on:
Pray God he come.

Face. I pray he keep away 60
Till our new business be o'erpast.

Sub. But, Face,
How cam'st thou by this secret don?

Face. A spirit
Brought me th' intelligence in a paper here,
As I was conjuring yonder in my circle
For Surly; I ha' my flies abroad Your bath 65
Is famous, Subtle, by my means. Sweet Dol,
You must go tune your virginal, no losing
O' the least time. And — do you hear? — good
action!

Firk like a flounder; kiss like a scallop, close;
And tickle him with thy mother-tongue. His
great 70

Verdugoship has not a jot of language;
So much the easier to be cozen'd, my Dolly.
He will come here in a hur'd coach, obscure,
And our own coachman, whom I have sent as
guide.

No creature else. — Who 's that?

One knocks [*Exit Dol.*]

Sub. It is not he?
Face. O no, not yet this hour.

[*Re-enter Dol*]

Sub. Who is 't?
Dol. Dapper, 76
Your clerk.

Face. God's will then, Queen of Faery,
On with your tire; [*Exit Dol.*] and, doctor, with
your robes

Let 's despatch him for God's sake.

Sub. 'T will be long.

Face. I warrant you, take but the cues I
give you, 80
It shall be brief enough. [*Goes to the window.*]

'Slight, here are more!
Abel, and, I think, the angry boy, the heir,
That fain would quarrel.

Sub. And the widow?

Face. No,
Not that I see. Away! [*Exit Sub*] 84

Act III. Scene IIII

[*The Same*]

Face, Dapper, [later] Druggier, Kastril

[*Face.*] O, sir, you are welcome.
The doctor is within a-moving for you;
I have had the most ado to win him to it! —
He swears you 'll be the darling o' the dice:
He never heard her highness dote till now, he
says. 5

* *Dowsabel*: English form of name Dulcibella * *great frost*: of 1608 * *God's-gift*: literal mean-
ing of Dorothea * *adalantado*: a Spanish governor (of a province) * *virginal*: spinet * *Firk*:
move briskly * *Verdugoship*: (The Spanish word means "executioner.") language: i.e., English
1 O . . . welcome: (at end of Sc. iii. in F)

Your aunt has giv'n you the most gracious words
That can be thought on.

Dap. Shall I see her grace?

Face. See her, and kiss her too. —

[*Enter Abel, followed by Kastril*]

What, honest Nab!

Hast brought the damask?

Nab. No, sir; here 's tobacco.

Face. 'T is well done, Nab; thou 'lt bring the damask too? ¹⁰

Drug. Yes. Here 's the gentleman, captain, Master Kastril,

I have brought to see the doctor.

Face. Where 's the widow?

Drug. Sir, as he likes, his sister, he says, shall come.

Face. O, is it so? Good time. Is your name Kastril, sir?

Kas. Ay, and the best o' the Kastrils, I 'd be sorry else, ¹⁵

By fifteen hundred a year. Where is this doctor?

My mad tobacco-boy here tells me of one that can do things. Has he any skill?

Face. Wherein, sir?

Kas. To carry a business, manage a quarrel fairly,

Upon fit terms.

Face. It seems, sir, y' are but young ²⁰ About the town, that can make that a question.

Kas. Sir, not so young but I have heard some speech

Of the angry boys, and seen 'em take tobacco; And in his shop; and I can take it too.

And I would fain be one of 'em, and go down And practise i' the country.

Face. Sir, for the duello, ²⁶

The doctor, I assure you, shall inform you, To the least shadow of a hair; and show you

An instrument he has of his own making, Wherewith, no sooner shall you make report ³⁰

Of any quarrel, but he will take the height on 't Most instantly, and tell in what degree

Of safety it lies in, or mortality. And how it may be borne, whether in a right

line,

Or a half circle; or may else be cast ³⁵ Into an angle blunt, if not acute:

All this he will demonstrate. And then, rules To give and take the lie by.

Kas. How! to take it?

Face. Yes, in oblique he 'll show you, or in circle;

But never in diameter. The whole town ⁴⁰ Study his theorems, and dispute them ordinarily At the eating academies.

Kas. But does he teach

Living by the wits too?

Face. Anything whatever. You cannot think that subtlety but he reads it.

He made me a captain I was a stark pump, ⁴⁵ Just o' your standing, 'fore I met with him;

It 's not two months since. I 'll tell you his method:

First, he will enter you at some ordinary.

Kas. No, I 'll not come there: you shall pardon me.

Face. For why, sir?

Kas. There 's gaming there, and tricks.

Face. Why, would you be ⁵⁰ A gallant, and not game?

Kas. Ay, 't will spend a man.

Face. Spend you! It will repair you when you are spent.

How do they live by their wits there, that have vented

Six times your fortunes?

Kas. What, three thousand a year!

Face. Ay, forty thousand

Kas. Are there such?

Face. Ay, sir, ⁵⁵ And gallants yet. Here 's a young gentleman Is born to nothing, — [*points to Dapper.*] forty

marks a year

Which I count nothing: — he 's to be initiated, And have a fly o' the doctor. He will win you

By unresistible luck, within this fortnight, ⁶⁰ Enough to buy a barony. They will set him

Upmost, at the groom porter's, all the Christmas:

And for the whole year through at every place Where there is play, present him with the

chair, ⁶⁴ The best attendance, the best drink, sometimes

Two glasses of Canary, and pay nothing;

The purest linen and the sharpest knife, The partridge next his trencher: and somewhere

The dainty bed, in private, with the dainty. You shall ha' your ordinaries bid for him, ⁷⁰

As playhouses for a poet; and the master Pray him aloud to name what dish he affects,

Which must be butter'd shrimps: and those that drink

To no mouth else, will drink to his, as being The goodly president mouth of all the board. ⁷⁵

Kas. Do you not gull one?

Face. 'Ods my life! Do you think it? You shall have a cast commander, (can but get

¹⁵ best: i.e., richest ¹⁰ business: affair of honor ²⁵ angry boys: riotous youths ³⁰ oblique, circle: the he circumstantial ⁴⁰ diameter: the he direct ⁵⁰ vented: spent ⁶⁰ groom porter: an officer of the royal household in charge of gaming the privilege of keeping a free table at Christmas. ⁷⁰ cast: cashiered

In credit with a glover, or a spurrier,
For some two pair of either's ware aforehand,) 80
Will, by most swift posts, dealing with him,
Arrive at competent means to keep himself,
His punk, and naked boy, in excellent fashion,
And be admir'd for 't.

Kas. Will the doctor teach this?

Face. He will do more, sir: when your land is gone,

(As men of spirit hate to keep earth long), 85
In a vacation, when small money is stirring,
And ordinaries suspended till the term,
He 'll show a perspective, where on one side
You shall behold the faces and the persons
Of all sufficient young heirs in town, 90
Whose bonds are current for commodity;
On th' other side, the merchants' forms, and
others,

That without help of any second broker,
Who would expect a share, will trust such parcels:

In the third square, the very street and sign 95
Where the commodity dwells, and does but wait
To be deliver'd, be it pepper, soap,
Hops, or tobacco, oatmeal, woad, or cheeses.

All which you may so handle, to enjoy
To your own use, and never stand oblig'd. 100

Kas. I' faith! is he such a fellow?

Face. Why, Nab here knows him.

And then for making matches for rich widows,
Young gentlewomen, heirs, the fortunat'st man!
He's sent to, far and near, all over England, 104
To have his counsel, and to know their fortunes.

Kas. God's will, my suster shall see him.

Face. I 'll tell you, sir,
What he did tell me of Nab. It's a strange thing —

(By the way, you must eat no cheese, Nab, it breeds melancholy,

And that same melancholy breeds worms) but pass it: — 109

He told me, honest Nab here was ne'er at tavern
But once in 's life.

Drug. Truth, and no more I was not.

Face. And then he was so sick —

Drug. Could he tell you that too?

Face. How should I know it?

Drug. In troth, we had been a-shooting,
And had a piece of fat ram-mutton to supper,
That lay so heavy o' my stomach —

Face. And he has no head 115
To bear any wine; for what with the noise o'
the fiddlers,

And care of his shop, for he dares keep no servants —

Drug. My head did so ache —

Face. As he was fain to be brought home.
The doctor told me: and then a good old woman —

Drug. Yes, faith, she dwells in Seacoal-lane,
— did cure me, 120

With sudden ale, and pellitory o' the wall;
Cost me but twopence. I had another sickness
Was worse than that.

Face. Ay, that was with the grief
Thou took'st for being 'cess'd at eighteen-pence,

For the waterwork.

Drug. In truth, and it was like 125
T' have cost me almost my life.

Face. Thy hair went off?

Drug. Yes, sir; 't was done for spite.

Face. Nay, so says the doctor.

Kas. Pray thee, tobacco-boy, go fetch my suster;

I 'll see this learned boy before I go;

And so shall she.

Face. Sir, he is busy now: 130

But if you have a sister to fetch hither,
Perhaps your own pains may command her sooner;

And he by that time will be free.

Kas. I go. [*Exit.*]

Face. Druggier, she 's thine: the damask! —

[*Exit Abel.*] Subtle and I

Must wrastle for her. [*Aside*] — Come on,
Master Dapper, 135

You see how I turn clients here away,
To give your cause dispatch, ha' you perform'd
The ceremonies we enjoin'd you?

Dap. Yes, o' the vinegar,
And the clean shirt.

Face. 'T is well. that shirt may do you
More worship than you think. Your aunt 's a-
fire, 140

But that she will not show it, t' have a sight on
you.

Ha' you provided for her grace's servants?

Dap. Yes, here are six score Edward shillings.

Face. Good!

Dap. And an old Harry's sovereign.

Face. Very good!

Dap. And three James shillings, and an
Elizabeth groat, 145
Just twenty nobles.

⁸⁰ vacation: *i e*, when the law courts are not sitting
picture, the appearance of which changes with the spectator's point of view or which looks distorted unless
seen from a certain angle Another form could be properly seen only through a small hole in a piece
of paper ⁹¹ commodity: (cf. note on II i 14) ⁹² woad: a plant from which blue dye was made
¹²¹ pellitory: an herb ¹²⁴ 'cess'd: assessed, taxed ¹²⁶ Edward: coined in the reign of Edward VI
¹⁴⁴ Harry's: Henry VII or Henry VIII ¹⁴⁶ twenty nobles: about \$33

Face. O, you are too just.
 I would you had had the other noble in Maries.
Dap. I have some Philip and Maries.
Face. Ay, those same
 Are best of all: where are they? Hark, the
 doctor.

Act III. Scene V

[*The Same*]

*Subtle, Face, Dapper, [and later] Dol. Subtle
 disguis'd like a Priest of Faery*

[*Sub. in a feigned voice.*] Is yet her grace's
 cousin come?

Face. He is come.

Sub. And is he fasting?

Face. Yes.

Sub. And hath cried "hum"?

Face. Thrice, you must answer.

Dap. Thrice.

Sub. And as oft "buz"?

Face. If you have, say.

Dap. I have.

Sub. Then, to her cuz,

Hoping that he hath vinegar'd his senses, 5

As he was bid, the Faery Queen dispenses,

By me, this robe, the petticoat of Fortune;

Which that he straight put on, she doth impor-
 tune.

And though to Fortune near be her petticoat, 9
 Yet nearer is her smock, the queen doth
 note:

And therefore, even of that a piece she hath
 sent,

Which, being a child, to wrap him in was
 rent;

And prays him for a scarf he now will wear it,
 With as much love as then her grace did tear
 it,

About his eyes, to show he is fortunate; 15

They blind him with a rag.

And, trusting unto her to make his state,

He 'll throw away all worldly pelf about him;

Which that he will perform, she doth not doubt
 him.

Face. She need not doubt him, sir. Alas, he
 has nothing

But what he will part withal as willingly, 20
 Upon her grace's word — throw away your
 purse —

As she would ask it: — handkerchiefs and all —
 She cannot bid that thing but he 'll obey. —

If you have a ring about your, cast it off, 24
 Or a silver seal at your wrist; her grace will
 send

He throws away, as they bid him.

Her fairies here to search you, therefore deal
 Directly with her highness: if they find
 That you conceal a mite, you are undone.

Dap. Truly, there 's all.

Face. All what?

Dap. My money; truly.

Face. Keep nothing that is transitory about
 you. 30

[*Aside to Subtle.*] Bid Dol play music. — Look,
 the elves are come

Dol enters with a cuttern.

To pinch you, if you tell not truth. Advise you.

They pinch him.

Dap. O! I have a paper with a spur-ryal
 in 't.

Face. *Ti, ti.*

They knew 't, they say.

Sub. *Ti, ti, ti, ti.* He has more yet.

Face. *Ti, ti-ti-ti.* I ' the other pocket?

Sub. *Titi, titi, titi, titi.* 35

They must pinch him or he will never confess,
 they say. [*They pinch him again.*]

Dap. O, O!

Face. Nay, pray you, hold: he is her grace's
 nephew.

Ti, ti, ti? What care you? Good faith, you
 shall care. — 39

Deal plainly, sir, and shame the fairies. Show
 You are an innocent.

Dap. By this good light, I ha' nothing.
Sub. *Titi, tititola.* He does equivocate, she
 says:

Ti, ti do ti, ti ti do, ti da; and swears by the
 light when he is blinded.

Dap. By this good dark, I ha' nothing but a
 half-crown 44

Of gold about my wrist, that my love gave me;
 And a leaden heart I wore sin' she forsook
 me.

Face. I thought 't was something. And
 would you incur

Your aunt's displeasure for these trifles? Come,
 I had rather you had thrown away twenty half-
 crowns.

You may wear your leaden heart still. — How
 now! 50

Sub. What news, Dol?

Dol. Yonder 's your knight, Sir Mam-
 mon.

Face. God's lid, we never thought of him till
 now!

Where is he?

Dol. Here hard by. He 's at the door.

Sub. And you are not ready now! Dol, get
 his suit. [*Exit Dol.*]

He must not be sent back.

¹⁴⁷ *Maries*: coins of the reign of Queen Mary. ²⁴ *spur-ryal*: a gold coin worth about \$4 ³⁷ *Di-*
rectly: honestly ³⁹ *his suit*: i.e., *Face's* servant
 livery

Face. O, by no means. 55
What shall we do with this same puffin here,
Now he 's o' the spit?

Sub. Why, lay him back awhile,
With some device.

[*Re-enter Dol with Face's clothes*]

— *Ti, tuti, tuti.* Would her grace
speak with me?
I come. — Help, Dol!

Face. — Who 's there? Sir Epicure,
*He speaks through the keyhole, the
other knocking.*

My master 's i' the way. Please you to walk 60
Three or four turns, but till his back be turn'd,
And I am for you. — Quickly, Dol!

Sub. Her grace
Commends her kindly to you, master Dapper.
Dap. I long to see her grace.

Sub. She now is set
At dinner in her bed, and she has sent you 65
From her own private trencher, a dead mouse,
And a piece of gingerbread, to be merry withal,
And stay your stomach, lest you faint with
fasting:

Yet if you could hold out till she saw you, she
says,
It would be better for you.

Face. Sir, he shall 70
Hold out, an 't were this two hours, for her
highness;
I can assure you that. We will not lose
All we ha' done. —

Sub. He must not see, nor speak
To anybody, till then.

Face. For that we 'll put, sir,
A stay in 's mouth.

Sub. Of what?

Face. Of gingerbread. 75
Make you it fit. He that hath pleas'd her grace
Thus far, shall not now crinkle for a little. —
Gape, sir, and let him fit you

[*They thrust a gag of gingerbread
into his mouth.*]

Sub. — Where shall we now
Bestow him?

Dol. I' the privy —

Sub. Come along, sir, 80
I now must show you Fortune's privy lodgings

Face. Are they perfum'd, and his bath
ready?

Sub. All:
Only the fumigation 's somewhat strong.

Face. [*Speaking through the keyhole.*] Sir Epi-
cure, I am yours, sir, by and by.

[*Exeunt with Dapper.*]

Act III. Scene I

[*A Room in Lovewit's House*]

Face, Mammon, [and later] Dol

[*Face.*] O, sir, y' are come i' the only finest
time. —

Mam. Where 's master?

Face. Now preparing for projection, sir.
Your stuff will be all chang'd shortly.

Mam. Into gold?

Face. To gold and silver, sir.

Mam. Silver I care not for.

Face. Yes, sir, a little to give beggars.

Mam. Where 's the lady? 5

Face. At hand here. I ha' told her such
brave things o' you,
Touching your bounty and your noble spirit —

Mam. Hast thou?

Face. As she is almost in her fit to see you.
But, good sir, no divinity i' your conference,
For fear of putting her in rage.

Mam. I warrant thee. 10

Face. Six men will not hold her down.

And then,

If the old man should hear or see you —

Mam. Fear not.

Face. The very house, sir, would run mad.
You know it,

How scrupulous he is, and violent,
'Gainst the least act of sin. Physic or mathe-
matics, 15

Poetry, state, or bawdry, as I told you,
She will endure, and never startle; but
No word of controversy.

Mam. I am school'd, good Ulen.

Face. And you must praise her house, re-
member that,
And her nobility.

Mam. Let me alone: 20

No herald, no, nor antiquary, Lungs,
Shall do it better. Go.

Face. [*Aside*] Why, this is yet
A kind of modern happiness, to have
Dol Common for a great lady. [*Exit.*]

Mam. Now, Epicure,
Heighten thyself, talk to her all in gold; 25

Rain her as many showers as Jove did drops
Unto his Danaë; show the god a mser,
Compar'd with Mammon. What! the stone will
do 't

She shall feel gold, taste gold, hear gold, sleep
gold;

Nay, we will *concumere* gold: I will be puis-
sant.

And mighty in my talk to her. —

⁵⁵ puffin: a sea-bird (term of derision) ⁷⁷ crinkle: turn aside from his purpose ⁸ be all: ('b' all'
F) ¹⁶ state: politics ¹⁸ Ulen: ('Lungs' Q) ²⁰ modern: common, moderate ¹⁵ happiness: ap-
propriateness ²⁰ concumere: fornicate

[*Re-enter Face with Dol richly dressed*]

Here she comes. 31

Face. To him, Dol, suckle him. — This is the noble knight

I told your ladyship —

Mam. Madam, with your pardon, I kiss your vesture.

Dol. Sir, I were uncivil

If I would suffer that; my lip to you, sir. 35

Mam. I hope my lord your brother be in health, lady.

Dol. My lord my brother is, though I no lady, sir.

Face. [*Aside.*] Well said, my Guinea bird.

Mam. Right noble madam —

Face [*Aside.*] O, we shall have most fierce idolatry.

Mam. 'T is your prerogative.

Dol. Rather your courtesies. 40

Mam. Were there nought else t' enlarge your virtues to me,

These answers speak your breeding and your blood

Dol. Blood we boast none, sir; a poor baron's daughter.

Mam. Poor! and gat you? Profane not. Had your father

Slept all the happy remnant of his life 45
After that act, lien but there still, and panted,
He'd done enough to make himself, his issue,
And his posterity noble.

Dol. Sir, although

We may be said to want the gilt and trappings,
The dress of honour, yet we strive to keep 50
The seeds and the materials.

Mam. I do see

The old ingredient, virtue, was not lost,
Nor the drug money us'd to make your compound.

There is a strange nobility i' your eye,
This lip, that chin! Methinks you do resemble
One o' the Austriac princes.

Face [*Aside.*] Very like! 56

Her father was an Irish costermonger.

Mam. The house of Valois, just, had such a nose,

And such a forehead yet the Medici
Of Florence boast.

Dol. Troth, and I have been lik'ned 60
To all these princes.

Face. [*Aside*] I 'll be sworn, I heard it.

Mam. I know not how! it is not any one,
But e'en the very choice of all their features.

Face. [*Aside.*] I 'll in, and laugh. [*Exit.*]

Mam. A certain touch, or air,

That sparkles a divinity beyond 65
An earthly beauty!

Dol. O, you play the courtier.

Mam. Good lady, gi' me leave —

Dol. In faith, I may not,
To mock me, sir.

Mam. To burn i' this sweet flame;
The phoenix never knew a nobler death.

Dol. Nay, now you court the courtier, and
destroy 70

What you would build. This art, sir, i' your
words,

Calls your whole faith in question.

Mam. By my soul —

Dol. Nay, oaths are made o' the same air, sir.

Mam. Nature

Never bestow'd upon mortality

A more unblam'd, a more harmonious feature;
She play'd the step-dame in all faces else: 76

Sweet madam, le' me be particular —

Dol. Particular, sir! I pray you, know your
distance.

Mam. In no ill sense, sweet lady: but to ask
How your fair graces pass the hours? I see 80

Y' are lodg'd here, i' the house of a rare man,
An excellent artist: but what 's that to you?

Dol. Yes, sir, I study here the mathematics,
And distillation.

Mam. O, I cry your pardon.

He 's a divine instructor! can extract 85
The souls of all things by his art; call all

The virtues, and the miracles of the sun,
Into a temperate furnace; teach dull nature

What her own forces are A man, the emp'r or
Has courted above Kelly; sent his medals 90

And chains, t' invite him

Dol. Ay, and for his physic, sir —

Mam. Above the art of Æsculapius,
That drew the envy of the thunderer!

I know all this, and more.

Dol. Troth, I am taken, sir,

Whole with these studies that contemplate nature 95

Mam. It is a noble humour; but this form
Was not intended to so dark a use.

Had you been crooked, foul, of some coarse
mould,

A cloister had done well; but such a feature,
That might stand up the glory of a kingdom,

To live recluse is a mere solecism, 101
Though in a nunnery. It must not be.

I muse, my lord your brother will permit it:
You should spend half my land first, were I he.

Does not this diamond better on my finger 105
Than i' the quarry?

Dol. Yes.

³¹ Guinea bird: slang for prostitute
astrology ⁵⁶ distillation: chemistry
of Germany, an associate of Dr. Dee

⁴¹ enlarge: set forth ⁴⁴ lien: lain ⁵⁵ mathematics:
⁶⁰ Kelly: an alchemist (d. 1595), patronized by Rudolph II

Mam. Why, you are like it.
You were created, lady, for the light.
Here, you shall wear it; take it, the first pledge
Of what I speak, to bind you to believe me.

Dol. In chains of adamant?

Mam. Yes, the strongest bands. 110
And take a secret too. — Here, by your side,
Doth stand this hour the happiest man in
Europe.

Dol. You are contented, sir?

Mam. Nay, in true being,
The envy of princes and the fear of states.

Dol. Say you so, Sir Epicure?

Mam. Yes, and thou shalt prove it, 115
Daughter of honour. I have cast mine eye
Upon thy form, and I will rear this beauty
Above all styles.

Dol. You mean no treason, sir?

Mam. No, I will take away that jealousy.
I am the lord of the philosopher's stone, 120
And thou the lady.

Dol. How, sir! ha' you that?

Mam. I am the master of the mastery.
This day the good old wretch here o' the house
Has made it for us: now he's at projection.
Think therefore thy first wish now, let me hear
it; 125

And it shall rain into thy lap, no shower,
But floods of gold, whole cataracts, a deluge,
To get a nation on thee.

Dol. You are pleas'd, sir,
To work on the ambition of our sex.

Mam. I 'm pleas'd the glory of her sex
should know, 130

This nook here of the Friars is no climate
For her to live obscurely in, to learn
Physic and surgery, for the constable's wife
Of some odd hundred in Essex, but come forth,
And taste the air of palaces; eat, drink 135
The toils of emp'rics, and their boasted practice;
Tincture of pearl, and coral, gold, and amber;
Be seen at feasts and triumphs; have it ask'd,
What miracle she is; set all the eyes
Of court a-fire, like a burning glass, 140
And work 'em into cinders, when the jewels
Of twenty states adorn thee, and the light
Strikes out the stars; that, when thy name is
mention'd,

Queens may look pale; and, we but showing our
love,

Nero's Poppæa may be lost in story! 145
Thus will we have it.

Dol. I could well consent, sir.
But in a monarchy, how will this be?
The prince will soon take notice, and both seize
You and your stone, it being a wealth unfit
For any private subject.

Mam. If he knew it. 150

Dol. Yourself do boast it, sir.

Mam. To thee, my life.

Dol. O, but beware, sir! You may come to
end

The remnant of your days in a loath'd prison,
By speaking of it.

Mam. 'T is no idle fear. 154

We 'll therefore go with all, my girl, and live
In a free state, where we will eat our mullets,
Sous'd in high-country wines, sup pheasants'
eggs,

And have our cockles boil'd in silver shells;
Our shrimps to swim again, as when they liv'd,
In a rare butter made of dolphins' milk, 160
Whose cream does look like opals; and with
these

Delicate meats set ourselves high for pleasure,
And take us down again, and then renew
Our youth and strength with drinking the
elixir,

And so enjoy a perpetuity 165
Of life and lust! And thou shalt ha' thy ward-
robe

Richer than Nature's, still to change thyself,
And vary oft'ner, for thy pride, than she,
Or Art, her wise and almost-equal servant.

[Re-enter Face]

Face. Sir, you are too loud. I hear you
every word 170

Into the laboratory. Some fitter place;
The garden, or great chamber above. How like
you her?

Mam. Excellent! Lungs. There's for thee.
[Gives him money.]

Face. But do you hear?
Good sir, beware, no mention of the rabbins.

Mam. We think not on 'em.

[Exeunt Mam. and Dol.]

Face. O, it is well, sir. — Subtle! 175

Act IIII. Scene II

[The Same]

Face, Subtle, [and later] Kastil, Dame Pliant
Dost thou not laugh?

Sub. Yes; are they gone?

Face. All's clear.

Sub. The widow is come.

Face. And your quarreling disciple?

Sub. Ay.

Face. I must to my captainship again then.

Sub. Stay, bring 'em in first.

Face. So I meant. What is she?

A bonnibel?

¹¹⁰ jealousy: suspicion ¹²⁰ mastery: art of transmutation, magisterium ¹³⁴ hundred: subdivi-
sion of a county ¹ captainship: s.e., his captain's uniform ² bonnibel: pretty girl

Sub. I know not.
Face. We'll draw lots: 5
 You'll stand to that?
Sub. What else?
Face. O, for a suit,
 To fall now like a curtain, flap!
Sub. To th' door, man.
Face. You'll ha' the first kiss, 'cause I am
 not ready. [*Exit.*]
Sub. Yes, and perhaps hit you through both
 the nostrils. 9
Face. [*Within.*] Who would you speak with?
Kas. [*Within.*] Where's the captain?
Face. [*Within.*] Gone, sir,
 About some business.
Kas. [*Within.*] Gone!
Face. [*Within.*] He'll return straight.
 But, master doctor, his lieutenant, is here.

[*Enter Kastril, followed by Dame Piant!*]

Sub. Come near, my worshipful boy, my
terræ fili,
 That is, my boy of land; make thy approaches:
 Welcome; I know thy lusts and thy desires, 15
 And I will serve and satisfy 'em Begin,
 Charge me from thence, or thence, or in this
 line;
 Here is my centre: ground thy quarrel.
Kas. You lie.
Sub. How, child of wrath and anger! the
 loud lie?
 For what, my sudden boy?
Kas. Nay, that look you to, 20
 I am aforehand.
Sub. O, this 's no true grammar,
 And as ill logic! You must render causes,
 child,
 Your first and second intentions, know your
 canons
 And your divisions, moods, degrees, and differ-
 ences,
 Your predicaments, substance, and accident, 25
 Series extern and intern, with their causes,
 Efficient, material, formal, final,
 And ha' your elements perfect —

Kas. What is this?
 The angry tongue he talks in?
Sub. That false precept,
 Of being aforehand, has deceiv'd a number, 30
 And made 'em enter quarrels oftentimes
 Before they were aware; and afterward,
 Against their wills.

Kas. How must I do then, sir?
Sub. I cry this lady mercy; she should first
 Have been saluted. I do call you lady, 35

Because you are to be one ere 't be long,
 My soft and buxom widow. *He kisses her.*
Kas. Is she, i' faith?
Sub. Yes, or my art is an egregious liar.
Kas. How know you?
Sub. By inspection on her forehead, 39
 And subtlety of her lip, which must be tasted
 Often to make a judgment. *He kisses her*
 'Slight, she melts *again.*
 Like a myrobolane. Here is yet a line,
 In *rivo frontis*, tells me he is no knight.
Dame P. What is he then, sir?
Sub. Let me see your hand.
 O, your *linea fortunæ* makes it plain; 45
 And *stella* here in *monte Veneris*.
 But, most of all, *junctura annularis*.
 He is a soldier, or a man of art, lady,
 But shall have some great honour shortly.
Dame P. Brother,
 He's a rare man, believe me!

[*Re-enter Face, in his uniform*]

Kas. Hold your peace. 50
 Here comes the tother rare man. — 'Save you,
 captain.
Face. Good master Kastril! Is this your
 sister?
Kas. Ay, sir.
 Please you to kuss her, and be proud to know
 her.
Face. I shall be proud to know you, lady.
 [*Kisses her*]
Dame P. Brother,
 He calls me lady, too
Kas. Ay, peace: I heard it. 55
 [*Takes her aside.*]
Face. The count is come.
Sub. Where is he?
Face. At the door.
Sub. Why, you must entertain him.
Face. What'll you do
 With these the while?
Sub. Why, have 'em up, and show 'em
 Some fustian book, or the dark glass.
Face. Fore God,
 She is a delicate dabchick! I must have her.
 [*Exit.*]

Sub. [*Aside.*] Must you! Ay, if your for-
 tune will, you must — 61
 Come, sir, the captain will come to us presently:
 I'll ha' you to my chamber of demonstrations,
 Where I'll show you both the grammar and
 logic,
 And rhetoric of quarreling; my whole method
 Drawn out in tables; and my instrument, 66

⁹ hit . . . nostrils: put your nose out of joint
 language, derived from scholastic logic and philosophy, is designed to confuse Kastril) ¹¹ ff. (Subtle's
 swaggering ¹² myrobolane: sugar plum ¹³ rivo frontis: frontal vein ¹⁴⁻¹⁷ linea . . . annularis:
 terms in palmistry ¹⁸ fustian: dull, bombastic dark glass: magic crystal

That hath the several scale upon 't shall make
you
Able to quarrel at a straw's-breadth by moon-
light.

And, lady, I 'll have you look in a glass, 69
Some half an hour, but to clear your eyesight,
Against you see your fortune; which is greater
Than I may judge upon the sudden, trust me.

[*Exeunt.*]

Act IIII. Scene III

[*The Same*]

Face, Subtle, [later] Surly

[*Face*] Where are you, doctor?

Sub. [Within.] I 'll come to you presently.

Face. I will ha' this same widow, now I ha'
seen her,

On any composition.

[*Enter Subtle*]

Sub. What do you say?

Face Ha' you dispos'd of them?

Sub. I ha' sent 'em up

Face Subtle, in troth, I needs must have
this widow. 5

Sub Is that the matter?

Face. Nay, but hear me.

Sub Go to.

If you rebel once, Dol shall know it all:

Therefore be quiet, and obey your chance.

Face. Nay, thou art so violent now. Do but
conceive,

Thou art old, and canst not serve —

Sub Who cannot? I? 10

'Slight, I will serve her with thee, for a —

Face. Nay,

But understand: I 'll gi' you composition.

Sub I will not treat with thee. What! sell
my fortune?

'T is better than my birthright. Do not mur-
mur

Win her, and carry her. If you grumble, Dol 15
Knows it directly.

Face. Well, sir, I am silent.

Will you go help to fetch in Don in state?

[*Exit*]

Sub. I follow you, sir. We must keep *Face*
in awe,

Or he will overlook us like a tyrant.

[*Re-enter Face, introducing*] *Surly like a Spaniard*

Brain of a tailor! who comes here? Don
John!

Sur. Señores, beso las manos a vuestras merce-
des. 21

Sub. Would you had stoop'd a little, and
kiss'd our *anos*.

Face. Peace, Subtle!

Sub. Stab me; I shall never hold, man.

He looks in that deep ruff like a head in a plat-
ter,

Serv'd in by a short cloak upon two trestles. 25

Face. Or what do you say to a collar of
brawn, cut down

Beneath the souse, and wriggled with a knife?

Sub 'Slud, he does look too fat to be a Span-
iard

Face. Perhaps some Fleming or some Hol-
lander got him

In d'Alva's time, Count Egmont's bastard.

Sub. Don, 30

Your scurvy, yellow, Madrid face is welcome.

Sur. *Gratia*

Sub. He speaks out of a fortification.

Pray God he ha' no squibs in those deep sets.

Sur. Por dios, señores, muy linda casa!

Sub. What says he?

Face. Praises the house, I think; 35
I know no more but 's action.

Sub Yes, the *casa*,

My precious Diego, will prove fair enough

To cozen you in. Do you mark? You shall

Be cozened, Diego.

Face. Cozened, do you see,

My worthy Donzel, cozened.

Sur *Entiendo.* 40

Sub Do you intend it? So do we, dear Don.

Have you brought pistolets or portagues,

My solemn Don? [*To Face*] 'Dost thou feel
any? *He feels his pockets.*

Face. Full.

Sub You shall be emptied, Don, pumped
and drawn

Dry, as they say.

Face. Milked, in troth, sweet Don. 45

Sub See all the monsters; the great lion of
all, Don

Sur. *Con licencia, se puede ver a esta se-
ñora?*

Sub. What talks he now?

Face. O' the señora.

Sub. O, Don,

That is the lioness, which you shall see

Also, my Don

Face. 'Slid, Subtle, how shall we do? 50

Sub For what?

Face. Why, Dol's employ'd, you know.

⁷¹ Against you see: in preparation for seeing ⁸ composition: terms, agreement ¹² composition: recompense ¹⁹ overlook: dominate ²¹ Gentlemen, I kiss your hands (Spanish) ²² brawn: boar's flesh ²⁷ souse: ear ³⁰ d'Alva: governor of the Netherlands, 1567–1573 ³¹ Egmont: a patriot executed by Alva ³² Gratia: thanks ³³ sets: plaits of his ruff ³⁴ Indeed, sirs, a very pretty house. ³⁵ Diego: Spaniard ⁴⁰ Donzel: little don ⁴¹ Entiendo: I understand. ⁴⁷ If you please, may I see the lady?

Sub. That 's true.
 'Fore heav'n I know not: he must stay, that 's
 all.

Face. Stay! that he must not by no means.

Sub. No! why?

Face. Unless you 'll mar all. 'Slight, he 'll
 suspect it;

And then he will not pay, not half so well. 55

This is a travell'd punk-master, and does know

All the delays; a notable hot rascal,

And looks already rampant.

Sub. 'Sdeath, and Mammon
 Must not be troubled.

Face. Mammon! in no case.

Sub. What shall we do then?

Face. Think: you must be sudden. 60

Sur. *Entiendo que la señora es tan hermosa,
 que codicio tan a verla como la bien aventuranza
 de mi vida.*

Face. *Mi vida!* 'Slid, Subtle, he puts me in
 mind o' the widow.

What dost thou say to draw her to 't, ha' 65

And tell her it is her fortune? All our venter

Now lies upon 't It is but one man more,

Which on 's chance to have her. and beside,

There is no maidenhead to be fear'd or lost

What dost thou think on 't, Subtle?

Sub. Who, I? why — 70

Face. The credit of our house, too, is en-
 gag'd

Sub. You made me an offer for my share ere-
 while.

What wilt thou gi' me, i' faith?

Face. O, by that light,
 I 'll not buy now. You know your doom to
 me

E'en take your lot, obey your chance, sir; win
 her, 75

And wear her — out for me.

Sub. 'Slight, I 'll not work her then.

Face. It is the common cause; therefore be-
 think you.

Dol else must know it, as you said.

Sub. I care not.

Sur. Señores, *porque se tarda tanto?*

Sub. Faith, I am not fit, I am old.

Face. That 's now no reason, sir. 80

Sur. *Puede ser de hazer burla de mi amor?*

Face. You hear the Don too? By this air,
 I call,

And loose the hinges. Dol!

Sub. A plague of hell —

Face. Will you then do?

Sub. Y're are a terrible rogue!

I 'll think of this. Will you, sir, call the widow?

Face. Yes, and I 'll take her, too, with all
 her faults, 86

Now I do think on 't better.

Sub. With all my heart, sir;
 Am I discharg'd o' the lot?

Face. As you please.

Sub. Hands. [*They shake hands.*]

Face. Remember now, that upon any change
 You never claim her.

Sub. Much good joy and health to you,
 sir. 90

Marry a whore! Fate, let me wed a witch first.

Sur. *Por estas honradas barbas —*

Sub. He swears by his beard.

Dispatch, and call the brother too. [*Exit Face.*]

Sur. *Tengo duda, señores, que no me hagan
 alguna traycion.* 95

Sub. How, issue on? Yes, *præsto, señor.*

Please you

Enthra the *chambratha*, worthy don:

Where if you please the fates, in your *bathada*,

You shall be soak'd, and strok'd, and tubb'd,
 and rubb'd,

And scrubb'd, and fubb'd, dear don, before
 you go. 100

You shall in faith, my scurvy baboon don,

Be curried, claw'd, and flaw'd, and taw'd,
 indeed.

I will the heartilier go about it now,

And make the widow a punk so much the
 sooner,

To be reveng'd on this impetuous Face: 105

The quickly doing of it is the grace

[*Exeunt Sub. and Surly.*]

Act IIII. Scene IIII

[*Another Room in Lovewit's House*]

*Face, Kastril, Dame Phant, [later] Subtle,
 Surly*

[*Face*] Come, lady: I knew the doctor
 would not leave

Till he had found the very nick of her fortune.

Kas. To be a countess, say you?

Face. A Spanish countess, sir.

Dame P. Why, is that better than an Eng-
 lish countess?

Face. Better! 'Slight, make you that a ques-
 tion, lady? 5

⁶⁰ sudden: quick ⁶¹⁻⁶³ Entiendo . . . vida: I understand that the lady is so beautiful that I am
 as anxious about seeing her as about the good fortune of my life ⁷¹ engag'd: involved ⁷⁴ doom:
 stated decision ⁷⁹ Sirs, why this long delay? ('tanta' in Q F) ⁸¹ Can it be to make fun of my
 love? ⁸² lot: lottery ⁸³ Por . . . barbas: by this honored beard ⁸⁴⁻⁸⁵ I fear, sirs, you are play-
 ing me some foul trick. ⁸⁶ præsto, señor: immediately, sir ¹⁰⁰ fubb'd: cheated ¹⁰⁸ flaw'd:
 cracked, damaged taw'd: soaked ⁵ A . . . sir: (given to Kastril in F)

Kas. Nay, she is a fool, captain, you must pardon her.

Face. Ask from your courtier to your inns-of-court-man,

To your mere milliner; they will tell you all,
Your Spanish jennet is the best horse; your Spanish

Stoop is the best garb; your Spanish beard 10
Is the best cut; your Spanish ruffs are the best
Wear, your Spanish pavin the best dance,
Your Spanish titillation in a glove
The best perfume: and for your Spanish pike,
And Spanish blade, let your poor captain
speak. — 15

Here comes the doctor.

[*Enter Subtle with a paper*]

Sub. My most honour'd lady,
For so I am now to style you, having found
By this my scheme, you are to undergo
An honourable fortune very shortly, 19
What will you say now, if some —

Face. I ha' told her all, sir,
And her right worshipful brother here, that she
shall be
A countess; do not delay 'em sir, a Spanish
countess.

Sub. Still, my scarce-worshipful captain,
you can keep

No secret! Well, since he has told you, madam,
Do you forgive him, and I do.

Kas. She shall do that, sir; 25
I'll look to 't; 't is my charge.

Sub. Well then 'nought rests
But that she fit her love now to her fortune.

Dame P. Truly I shall never brook a Spaniard.

Sub. No?

Dame P. Never sin' eighty-eight could I
abide 'em,
And that was some three year afore I was born, 30
in truth.

Sub. Come, you must love him, or be miserable;

Choose which you will.

Face. By this good rush, persuade her.
She will cry strawberries else within this
twelvemonth.

Sub. Nay, shads and mackerel, which is worse.

Face. Indeed, sir!

Kas. God's lid, you shall love him, or I'll
kick you.

Dame P. Why,
I'll do as you will ha' me, brother. 35

Kas. Do,
Or by this hand I'll maul you.

Face. Nay, good sir,
Be not so fierce.

Sub. No, my enraged child;
She will berul'd What, when she comes to taste
The pleasures of a countess! to be courted —

Face. And kiss'd and ruffled! 41

Sub. Ay, behind the hangings.

Face. And then come forth in pomp!

Sub. And know her state!

Face. Of keeping all th' idolators o' the
chamber

Barer to her, than at their prayers!

Sub. Is serv'd

Upon the knee!

Face. And has her pages, ushers, 45
Footmen, and coaches —

Sub. Her six mares —

Face. Nay, eight!

Sub. To hurry her through London, to th'
Exchange.

Bet'lem, the China-houses —

Face. Yes and have
The citizens gape at her, and praise her tires,
And my lord's goose-turd bands, that rides
with her! 50

Kas. Most brave! By this hand, you are
not my suster

If you refuse.

Dame P. I will not refuse, brother.

[*Enter Surly*]

Sur. *Que es esto, señores, que non se venga?*
Esta tardanza me mala!

Face. It is the count come:
The doctor knew he would be here, by his art.

Sub. *En gallanta madama, Don! gallantis-*
sima! 56

Sur. *Por todos los dioses, la mas acabada*
Hermosura, que he visto en ma vida!

Face. Is 't not a gallant language that they
speak?

Kas. An admirable language! Is 't not
French? 60

Face. No, Spanish, sir.

Kas. It goes like law French,
And that, they say, is the courtliest language.

Face. List, sir.

Sur. *El sol ha perdido su lumbre, con el*
Resplandor que trae esta dama! Valga me dios!

* milliner: seller of fancy wares 10 garb: bodily carriage 18 scheme: horoscope 29 eighty-eight: the year of the Armada 33 cry: sell on the street 43 ushers: ('huishers' F) 47 Exchange: a shopping center 48 Bet'lem: Bethlehem Hospital, for the insane China-houses: shops for the sale of goods from China and the East Indies 50 goose-turd: greenish-yellow 53-54 Que . . . mata: Why does she not come, sirs? This delay is killing me 57-58 By all the gods, the most perfect beauty that I have seen in my life! 61 law French: the official language of the courts for several centuries 63-64 The sun has lost his light with the splendor this lady brings, so help me God

Face. H' admires your sister.

Kas. Must not she make curt'sy? 65

Sub. 'Ods will, she must go to him, man,
and kiss him!

It is the Spanish fashion, for the women
To make first court.

Face. 'T is true he tells you, sir:
His art knows all.

Sur. *Porque no se acude?*

Kas. He speaks to her, I think.

Face. That he does, sir. 70

Sur. *Por el amor de dios, que es esto que se tarda?*

Kas. Nay, see: she will not understand him! Gull, noddy!

Dame P. What say you, brother?

Kas. Ass, my suster,
Go kuss him, as the cunning man would ha' you;

I 'll thrust a pin i' your buttocks else.

Face. O no, sir. 75

Sur. *Señora mia, mi persona muy indigna esia*

Allegar a tanta hermosura.

Face. Does he not use her bravely?

Kas. Bravely, i' faith!

Face. Nay, he will use her better.

Kas. Do you think so?

Sur. *Señora, si sera servida, entremos.* 80

[*Exit with Dame Phant.*]

Kas. Where does he carry her?

Face. Into the garden, sir;
Take you no thought: I must interpret for her.

Sub. Give Dol the word.

[*Aside to Face, who goes out.*]

— Come, my fierce child, advance,
We 'll to our quarrelling lesson again.

Kas. Agreed.

I love a Spanish boy with all my heart. 85

Sub. Nay, and by this means, sir, you shall
be brother

To a great count.

Kas. Ay, I knew that at first.

This match will advance the house of the Kas-
trils.

Sub. 'Pray God your sister prove but pliant!

Kas. Why,

Her name is so, by her other husband.

Sub. How! 90

Kas. The Widow Pliant. Knew you not
that?

Sub. No, faith, sir;

Yet, by the erection of her figure, I guess'd it.
Come, let 's go practise.

Kas. Yes, but do you think, doctor,
I e'er shall quarrel well?

Sub. I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*]

Act IIII. Scene V

[*Another Room*]

Dol, Mammon, [later] Face, Subtle

[*Dol.*] In her fit of talking.

For after Alexander's death —

Mam. Good lady —

Dol. *That Perdiccas and Antigonus were slain,
The two that stood, Seleuc' and Ptolemy —*

Mam. Madam —

Dol. *Make up the two legs, and the fourth beast,
That was Gog-north and Egypt-south: which
after* 5

Was call'd Gog-iron-leg and South-iron-leg —

Mam. Lady —

Dol. *And then Gog-horned. So was Egypt,
too:*

Then Egypt-clay-leg, and Gog-clay-leg —

Mam. Sweet madam —

Dol. *And last Gog-dust, and Egypt-dust, which
fall*

In the last link of the fourth chain. And these 10

Be stars in story, which none see, or look at —

Mam. What shall I do?

Dol. For, as he says, except

We call the rabbins, and the heathen Greeks —

Mam. Dear lady —

Dol. *To come from Salem, and from Athens,
And teach the people of Great Britain —*

[*Enter Face hastily, in his servant's dress*]

Face. What 's the matter, sir? 15

Dol. *To speak the tongue of Eber and Ja-
van —*

Mam. O,

She 's in her fit.

Dol. *We shall know nothing —*

Face. Death, sir,

We are undone!

Dol. *Where then a learned linguist*

Shall see the ancient us'd communion

Of vowels and consonants —

Face. My master will hear! 20

Dol. *A wisdom, which Pythagoras held most
high —*

Mam. Sweet honourable lady!

⁶⁶ *Porque . . . acude*: Why does she not draw near? ⁷¹ For the love of God, why does she delay? ⁷⁶⁻⁷⁷ My lady, my person is unworthy to approach such beauty. ⁸⁰ Madam, if you please, let us go in. ⁸² *figure*: horoscope (with pun on her bearing) ^{1 ff.} (Dol's raving is taken from Hugh Broughton's *Concent of Scripture*, somewhat garbled for comic effect. The empire of Alexander played an important part in Broughton's interpretation of the Bible.) ¹⁸ *he*: Broughton (cf II. iii 242)

¹⁶ *Eber*: Hebrew *Javan*: Greek

Dol. To comprise
All sounds of voices, in few marks of letters.

Face. Nay, you must never hope to lay her now.

They speak together.

Dol. And so we may arrive by Talmud skill,
And profane Greek, to raise the building up 26
Of Helen's house against the Ismaelite,
King of Thogarma, and his habergions
Brimstony, blue, and fiery; and the force
Of king Abaddon, and the beast of Ciltim: 30
Which rabbi David Kimchi, Onkelos,
And Aben Ezra do interpret Rome.

Face. How did you put her into 't?

Mam. Alas, I talk'd
Of a fit monarchy I would erect 34
With the philosopher's stone, by chance, and
she
Falls on the other four straight.

Face. Out of Broughton!
I told you so. 'Slid, stop her mouth.

Mam. Is 't best?

Face. She 'll never leave else. If the old
man hear her,
We are but *faces*, ashes.

Sub. [Within.] What 's to do there?

Face. O, we are lost! Now she hears him,
she is quiet. 40

[Enter Subtle] Upon Subtle's entry they
disperse

Mam. Where shall I hide me!

Sub. How! What sight is here?
Close deeds of darkness, and that shun the
light!

Bring him again. Who is he? What, my son!
O, I have liv'd too long.

Mam. Nay, good, dear father,
There was no unchaste purpose.

Sub. Not? and flee me 45
When I come in?

Mam. That was my error.

Sub. Error?
Guilt, guilt, my son; give it the right name.
No marvel

If I found check in our great work within,
When such affairs as these were managing! 49

Mam. Why, have you so?

Sub. It has stood still this half hour:
And all the rest of our less works gone back.
Where is the instrument of wickedness,
My lewd false drudge?

Mam. Nay, good sir, blame not him;
Believe me, 't was against his will or knowl-
edge: 54

I saw her by chance.

Sub. Will you commit more sin,
T' excuse a varlet?

Mam. By my hope, 't is true, sir.

Sub. Nay, then I wonder less, if you, for
whom
The blessing was prepar'd, would so tempt
heaven,

And lose your fortunes.

Mam. Why, sir?

Sub. This 'll retard
The work a month at least.

Mam. Why, if it do, 60
What remedy? But think it not, good father:
Our purposes were honest.

Sub. As they were,
So the reward will prove. A great crack and
How now! ay me! noise within.
God and all saints be good to us. —

[Re-enter Face]

What 's that? 64
Face. O, sir, we are defeated! All the works
Are flown in *fumo*, every glass is burst,
Furnace and all rent down, as if a bolt
Of thunder had been driven through the house.
Retorts, receivers, pelicans, bolt-heads, 69
All struck in shivers! Help, good sir! alas,

Subtle falls down, as in a swoon.
Coldness and death invades him. Nay, Sir
Mammon,

Do the fair offices of a man! You stand,
As you were readier to depart than he.

One knocks.
Who 's there? My lord her brother is come

Mam. Ha, Lungs!

Face. His coach is at the door. Avoid his
sight, 75
For he 's as furious as his sister is mad.

Mam. Alas!

Face. My brain is quite undone with
the fume, sir,

I ne'er must hope to be mine own man again.

Mam. Is all lost, Lungs? Will nothing be
preserv'd
Of all our cost?

Face. Faith, very little, sir; 80
A peck of coals or so, which is cold comfort,
sir.

Mam. O, my voluptuous mind! I am justly
punish'd.

Face. And so am I, sir.

Mam. Cast from all my hopes —

Face. Nay, certainties, sir.

Mam. By mine own base affections.
Subtle seems come to himself.

25-40 (In the early editions these lines are printed in parallel columns to indicate that all the characters speak at once.) 28 habergions: coats of armor, armed men 29 Aben Ezra: Browning's Rabbi Ben Ezra 30 faces: sediment, dregs 40 Close: secret 41 honest: chaste 42 in fumo: in smoke 70 shivers: splinters

Sub. O, the curst fruits of vice and lust!

Mam. Good father, 85

It was my sin. Forgive it.

Sub. Hangs my roof
Over us still, and will not fall, O justice,
Upon us, for this wicked man!

Face. Nay, look, sir,
You grieve him now with staying in his sight.
Good sir, the nobleman will come too, and take
you, 90
And that may breed a tragedy.

Mam. I 'll go.

Face. Ay, and repent at home, sir. It may be,
For some good penance you may ha' it yet;
A hundred pound to the box at Bet'lem —

Mam. Yes.

Face. For the restoring such as — ha' their
wits.

Mam. I 'll do 't. 95

Face. I 'll send one to you to receive it.

Mam. Do.
Is no projection left?

Face. All flown, or stinks, sir.

Mam. Will nought be sav'd that 's good for
med'cine, think'st thou?

Face. I cannot tell, sir. There will be per-
haps

Something about the scraping of the shards, 100
Will cure the itch, — though not your itch of
mind, sir. [*Aside.*]

It shall be sav'd for you, and sent home. Good
sir,

This way, for fear the lord should meet you.

[*Exit Mammon.*]

Sub. [*Raising his head.*] *Face!*

Face. Ay.

Sub. Is he gone?

Face. Yes, and as heavily
As all the gold he hop'd for were in his blood. 105
Let us be light though.

Sub. [*Leaping up.*] Ay, as balls, and bound
And hit our heads against the roof for joy:

There 's so much of our care now cast away.

Face. Now to our don.

Sub. Yes, your young widow by this time
Is made a countess, *Face*; she 's been in travail
Of a young heir for you.

Face. Good, sir.

Sub. Off with your case, 111
And greet her kindly, as a bridegroom should,
After these common hazards.

Face. Very well, sir.
Will you go fetch Don Diego off the while?

Sub. And fetch him over too, if you 'll be
pleas'd, sir. 115

Would Dol were in her place, to pick his pock-
ets now!

Face. Why, you can do it as well, if you
would set to 't.

I pray you prove your virtue.

Sub. For your sake, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

Act IIII. Scene VI

Surly, Dame Pliant, [later] Subtle, Face

[*Sur.*] Lady, you see into what hands you
are fall'n;

'Mongst what a nest of villains! and how near
Your honour was t' have catch'd a certain clap,
Through your credulity, had I but been
So punctually forward, as place, time, 5
And other circumstance would ha' made a man;
For y' are a handsome woman: would you
were wise too!

I am a gentleman come here disguis'd,
Only to find the knaveries of this citadel;

And where I might have wrong'd your honour,
and have not, 10

I claim some interest in your love. You are,
They say, a widow, rich; and I 'm a bachelor,
Worth nought: your fortunes may make me a
man,

As mine ha' preserv'd you a woman. Think
upon it,

And whether I have deserv'd you or no.

Dame P. I will, sir. 15

Sur. And for these household-rogues, let me
alone

To treat with them.

[*Enter Subtle*]

Sub.

How doth my noble Diego,
And my dear madam countess? Hath the count
Been courteous, lady? liberal and open?

Donzel, methinks you look melancholic, 20
After your *costum*, and scurvy! Truly,

I do not like the dulness of your eye;

It hath a heavy cast, 't is upsee Dutch,

And says you are a lumpish whore-master.

Be lighter, I will make your pockets so. 25

He falls to picking of them.

Sur. Will you, don bawd and pick-purse?

[*Strikes him down.*] How now! Reel you?
Stand up, sir, you shall find, since I am so heavy,

I 'll gi' you equal weight.

Sub.

Help! murder!

Sur.

No, sir,

There 's no such thing intended. A good cart
And a clean whip shall ease you of that fear. 30

I am the Spanish don that should be cozened,
Do you see? Cozened? Where 's your Captain

Face,

That parcel-broker, and whole-bawd, all rascal?

¹¹¹ case: his costume as Lunge ¹¹² virtue: power, ability
drunkard's ¹¹³ whip: Bawds were whipped at the tail of a cart.

¹¹⁴ upsee Dutch: like a Dutch
¹¹⁵ parcel-: part

[Enter Face in his uniform]

Face. How, Surly!

Sur. O, make your approach, good captain. 35

I've found from whence your copper rings and spoons

Come now, wherewith you cheat abroad in taverns.

'T was here you learn'd t' anoint your boot with brimstone,

Then rub men's gold on 't for a kind of touch. And say, 't was naught, when you had chang'd the colour, 40

That you might ha' t' for nothing. And this doctor,

Your sooty, smoky-bearded compeer, he Will close you so much gold, in a bolt's-head, And, on a turn, convey i' the stead another With sublim'd mercury, that shall burst i' the heat, 45

And fly out all *in fumo!* Then weeps Mammon; Then swoons his worship. Or, [Face slips out.]

he is the Faustus,

That casteth figures and can conjure, cures Plagues, piles, and pox, by the ephemerides,

And holds intelligence with all the bawds 50 And midwives of three shires: while you send in —

Captain! — what! is he gone? — damsels with child,

Wives that are barren, or the waiting-maid With the green sickness [Seizes Subtle as he is retiring.] — Nay, sir, you must tarry,

Though he be scap'd; and answer by the ears, 55

Act III. Scene VII

[The Same]

Face, Kastil, Surly, Subtle, [later] Druggier, Ananias, Dame Phant, Dol

[Face.] Why, now 's the time, if ever you will quarrel

Well, as they say, and be a true-born child:

The doctor and your sister both are abus'd.

Kas. Where is he? Which is he? He is a slave,

Whate'er he is, and the son of a whore. — Are you 5

The man, sir, I would know?

Sur. I should be loath, sir,

To confess so much.

Kas. Then you lie i' your throat.

Sur. How!

Face. [To Kastil.] A very arrant rogue, sir, and a cheater,

Employ'd here by another conjurer

That does not love the doctor, and would cross him, 10

If he knew how.

Sur. Sir, you are abus'd.

Kas. You lie:

And 't is no matter.

Face. Well said, sir! He is

The impudent'st rascal —

Sur. You are indeed. Will you hear me, sir?

Face. By no means: bid him be gone.

Kas. Begone, sir, quickly.

Sur. This 's strange! — Lady, do you inform your brother. 15

Face. There is not such a foist in all the town.

The doctor had him presently; and finds yet The Spanish count will come here. — Bear up,

Subtle [Aside.]

Sub. Yes, sir, he must appear within this hour.

Face. And yet this rogue would come in a disguise, 20

By the temptation of another spirit,

To trouble our art, though he could not hurt it!

Kas. Ay,

I know — Away, [to his sister.] you talk like a foolish mauther.

Sur. Sir, all is truth she says.

Face. Do not believe him, sir. 24

He is the lying'st swabber! Come your ways, sir.

Sur. You are valiant out of company!

Kas. Yes, how then, sir?

[Enter Druggier with a piece of damask]

Face. Nay, here 's an honest fellow too that knows him,

And all his tricks. (Make good what I say, Abel.

This cheater would ha' cozen'd thee o' the widow.) — [Aside to Drug.]

He owes this honest Druggier here seven pound, He has had on him in twopenny'orths of tobacco. 31

Drug. Yes, sir. And 's damn'd himself three terms to pay me.

Face. And what does he owe for lotium?

Drug. Thirty shillings, sir;

And for six syringes.

Sur. Hydra of villainy!

Face. Nay, sir, you must quarrel him out o' the house.

Kas. I will: 35

⁴⁵ sublim'd: sublimated, refined ⁴⁶ ephemerides: astrological almanacs ⁴⁷ arrant: ('errant' Q, F)
⁴⁸ foist: cheat ⁴⁹ mauther: girl ⁵⁰ swabber: rogue Come . . . ways: Be on your way.
⁵¹ out of company: when you are alone ⁵² lotium: lotion

— Sir, if you get not out o' doors, you lie;
And you are a pimp.

Sur. Why, this is madness, sir,
Not valour in you; I must laugh at this.

Kas. It is my humour; you are a pimp and
a trig,

And an Amadis de Gaul, or a Don Quixote. 40

Drug. Or a knight o' the curious coxcomb,
do you see?

[*Enter Ananias*]

Ana. Peace to the household!

Kas. I 'll keep peace for no man.

Ana. Casting of dollars is concluded lawful.

Kas. Is he the constable?

Sub. Peace, Ananias.

Face. No, sir.

Kas. Then you are an otter, and a shad, a
whit, 45

A very tim.

Sur. You 'll hear me, sir?

Kas. I will not.

Ana. What is the motive?

Sub. Zeal in the young gentleman,
Against his Spanish slops.

Ana. They are profane,
Lewd, superstitious, and idolatrous breeches.

Sur. New rascals!

Kas. Will you be gone, sir?

Ana. Avoid, Sathan! 50
Thou art not of the light! That ruff of pride
About thy neck betrays thee; and is the same
With that which the unclean birds, in seventy-
seven,

Were seen to prank it with on divers coasts:
Thou look'st like Antichrist, in that lewd hat. 55
Sur. I must give way.

Kas. Be gone, sir.

Sur. But I 'll take
A course with you —

Ana. Depart, proud Spanish fiend!

Sur. Captain and doctor —

Ana. Child of perdition!

Kas. Hence, sir! — [*Exit Surly*]
Did I not quarrel bravely?

Face. Yes, indeed, sir.

Kas. Nay, an I give my mind to 't, I shall
do 't. 60

Face. O, you must follow, sir, and threaten
him tame:

He 'll turn again else.

Kas. I 'll re-turn him then. [*Exit*]

Face. Druggier, this rogue prevented us, for
thee:

We had determin'd that thou should'st ha'
come

In a Spanish suit, and ha' carried her so; and
he, 65

A brokerly slave, goes, puts it on himself.
Hast brought the damask?

Drug. Yes, sir.

Face. Thou must borrow

A Spanish suit. Hast thou no credit with the
players?

Drug. Yes, sir; did you never see me play
the Fool?

Face. I know not, Nab; — thou shalt, if I
can help it — [*Aside*.] 70

Hieronimo's old cloak, ruff, and hat will serve;
I 'll tell thee more when thou bring'st 'em.

[*Exit Druggier*.]

Ana. Sir, I know.

Subtle hath whisper'd with him thus while.

The Spaniard hates the brethren, and hath
spies

Upon their actions: and that this was one
I make no scruple. — But the holy synod 75

Have been in prayer and meditation for it;

And 't is reveal'd no less to them than me.

That casting of money is most lawful.

Sub. True.

But here I cannot do it: if the house
Should chance to be suspected, all would out, 80

And we be lock'd up in the Tower for ever,
To make gold there for th' state, never come

out;

And then are you defeated.

Ana. I will tell

This to the elders and the weaker brethren,
That the whole company of the separation 85

May join in humble prayer again.

Sub. And fasting.

Ana. Yea, for some fitter place. The peace
of mind

Rest with these walls! [*Exit*.]

Sub. Thanks, courteous Ananias.

Face. What did he come for?

Sub. About casting dollars,

Presently, out of hand. And so I told him, 90
A Spanish minister came here to spy,
Against the faithful —

Face. I conceive. Come, Subtle,

Thou art so down upon the least disaster!
How wouldst thou ha' done, if I had not help'd

thee out?

Sub. I thank thee, Face, for the angry boy,
i' faith. 95

Face. Who would ha' look'd it should ha'
been that rascal

Surly? He had dy'd his beard and all. Well,
sir,

Here 's damask come to make you a suit.

³⁹ trig: coxcomb ⁴⁰ Amadis de Gaul: the hero of an old romance of chivalry ⁴¹ whit, tim: of uncertain meaning, but intended only to show Kastrel's bravado ⁴² unclean . . . seven: unexplained allusion ⁴³ Hieronimo: in Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy* ⁴⁴ conceive: understand ⁴⁵ look'd: expected

Sub. Where 's Druggier?
Face. He is gone to borrow me a Spanish habit;
 I 'll be the count now.
Sub. But where 's the widow?
Face. Within, with my lord's sister; Madam Dol
 Is entertaining her.
Sub. By your favour, Face,
 Now she is honest, I will stand again.
Face. You will not offer it?
Sub. Why?
Face. Stand to your word,
 Or — here comes Dol! — she knows —
Sub. Y'are tyrannous still. 105

[*Enter Dol hastily*]

Face. — Strict for my right. — How now,
 Dol! Hast told her,
 The Spanish count will come?
Dol. Yes; but another is come,
 You little look'd for!
Face. Who 's that?
Dol. Your master;
 The master of the house.
Sub. How, Dol!
Face. She lies,
 This is some trick. Come, leave your quibblins,
 Dorothy. 110
Dol. Look out and see.
 [*Face goes to the window*]
Sub. Art thou in earnest?
Dol. 'Slight,
 Forty o' the neighbours are about him, talking.
Face. 'T is he, by this good day.
Dol. 'T will prove ill day

For some on us.
Face. We are undone, and taken.
Dol. Lost, I 'm afraid.
Sub. You said he would not come, 115
 While there died one a week within the liberties.
Face. No: 't was within the walls
Sub. Was 't so? Cry you mercy.
 I thought the liberties. What shall we do now,
 Face?

Face. Be silent: not a word, if he call or knock. 119
 I 'll into mine old shape again and meet him,
 Of Jeremy, the butler. I ' the meantime,
 Do you two pack up all the goods and purchase
 That we can carry i' the two trunks. I 'll keep
 him
 Off for to-day, if I cannot longer: and then 124
 At night, I 'll ship you both away to Ratcliff,

Where we will meet to-morrow, and there we 'll share.
 Let Mammon's brass and pewter keep the cellar;
 We 'll have another time for that. But, Dol,
 'Pray thee go heat a little water quickly; 129
 Subtle must shave me. All my captain's beard
 Must off, to make me appear smooth Jeremy.
 You 'll do 't?
Sub. Yes, I 'll shave you as well as I can.
Face. And not cut my throat, but trim me?
Sub. You shall see, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

Act V. Scene I

[*Before Lovewit's House*]

Lovewit, Neighbours

[*Love*] Has there been such resort, say you?
 1 *Nes.* Daily, Sir.
 2 *Nes.* And nightly, too.
 3 *Nes.* Ay, some as brave as lords.
 4 *Nes.* Ladies and gentlewomen.
 5 *Nes.* Citizens' wives.
 1 *Nes.* And knights
 6 *Nes.* In coaches.
 2 *Nes.* Yes, and oyster-women.
 1 *Nes.* Beside other gallants.
 3 *Nes.* Sailors' wives.
 4 *Nes.* Tobacco men. 5
 5 *Nes.* Another Pimlico.
Love. What should my knave advance,
 To draw this company? He hung out no banners
 Of a strange calf with five legs to be seen,
 Or a huge lobster with six claws?
 6 *Nes.* No, sir.
 3 *Nes.* We had gone in then, sir.
Love. He has no gift 10
 Of teaching i' the nose that e'er I knew of.
 You saw no bills set up that promis'd cure
 Of agues or the tooth-ache?
 2 *Nes.* No such thing, sir!
Love. Nor heard a drum struck for baboons
 or puppets?
 5 *Nes.* Neither, sir.
Love. What device should he bring forth
 now? 15
 I love a teeming wit as I love my nourishment:
 'Pray God he ha' not kept such open house,
 That he hath sold my hangings, and my bedding!
 I left him nothing else. If he have eat 'em,
 A plague o' the moth, say I! Sure he has got 20
 Some bawdy pictures to call all this ging:
 The Friar and the Nun; or the new motion

¹¹⁰ quibblins: quibbles ¹¹¹ liberties: outlying districts of London ¹¹² purchase: booty ¹ Pimlico: a popular summer resort, near Hogsden ¹¹ teaching . . . nose: i.e., preaching like a Puritan
¹³ bills: posters ¹⁴ ging: gang ²² motion: puppet show

Of the knight's courser covering the parson's mare;

The boy of six year old, with the great thing: 24
Or 't may be, he has the fleas that run at tilt
Upon a table, or some dog to dance.

When saw you him?

1 *Nei.* Who, sir, Jeremy?

2 *Nei.* Jeremy butler?

We saw him not this month.

Love. How!

4 *Nei.* Not these five weeks, sir.

[6] *Nei.* These six weeks, at the least.

Love. You amaze me, neighbours!

5 *Nei.* Sure, if your worship know not where he is, 30

He 's slipp'd away.

6 *Nei.* Pray God he be not made away.

He knocks.

Love. Ha! it 's no time to question, then.

6 *Nei.* About

Some three weeks since I heard a doleful cry,
As I sat up a-mending my wife's stockings.

Love. This 's strange that none will answer! 35

Did'st thou hear

A cry, sayst thou?

6 *Nei.* Yes, sir, like unto a man
That had been strangled an hour, and could not speak.

2 *Nei.* I heard it, too, just this day three weeks, at two o'clock

Next morning.

Love. These be miracles, or you make 'em so!
A man an hour strangled, and could not speak,
And both you heard him cry?

3 *Nei.* Yes, downward, sir. 41

Love. Thou art a wise fellow. Give me thy hand, I pray thee

What trade art thou on?

3 *Nei.* A smith, an 't please your worship.

Love. A smith! Then lend me thy help to get this door open.

3 *Nei.* That I will presently, sir, but fetch my tools — [Exit.] 45

1 *Nei.* Sir, best to knock again afore you break it.

Act V. Scene II

[The Same]

Love will, *Face*, *Neighbours*

[*Love.* *knocks again.*] I will.

[Enter *Face* in his butler's livery]

Face. What mean you, sir?

1, 2, 4 *Nei.* O, here 's Jeremy!

Face. Good sir, come from the door.

Love.

Why, what 's the matter?

Face. Yet farder, you are too near yet.

Love. I ' the name of wonder,
What means the fellow!

Face. The house, sir, has been visited.

Love. What, with the plague? Stand thou then farder.

Face. No, sir, 5

I had it not.

Love. Who had it then? I left

None else but thee i' the house.

Face. Yes, sir, my fellow,

The cat that kept the buttery, had it on her

A week before I spied it; but I got her

Convey'd away i' the night: and so I shut 10

The house up for a month —

Love. How!

Face. Purposing then, sir,

T' have burnt rose-vinegar, treacle, and tar,

And ha' made it sweet, that you should ne'er

ha' known it;

Because I knew the news would but afflict you, sir.

Love. Breathe less, and farder off! Why this is stranger: 15

The neighbours tell me all here that the doors Have still been open —

Face. How, sir!

Love. Gallants, men and women,

And of all sorts, tag-rag, been seen to flock here

In threaves, these ten weeks, as to a second

Hogsdan,

In days of Pimlico and Eye-bright.

Face. Sir, 20

Their wisdoms will not say so.

Love. To-day they speak

Of coaches and gallants; one in a French hood

Went in, they tell me; and another was seen

In a velvet gown at the windore: divers more

Pass in and out. [then,

Face. They did pass through the doors

Or walls, I assure their eye-sights, and their

spectacles; 26

For here, sir, are the keys, and here have been,

In this my pocket, now above twenty days!

And for before, I kept the fort alone there.

But that 't is yet not deep i' the afternoon, 30

I should believe my neighbours had seen double

Through the black pot, and made these apparitions!

For, on my faith to your worship, for these three weeks

And upwards, the door has not been open'd.

Love. Strange!

1 *Nei.* Good faith, I think I saw a coach.

2 *Nei.* And I too, 35

I 'd ha' been sworn.

¹⁰ threaves: crowds, dozens ²⁰ Eye-bright: a suburban tavern (?) ²⁶ Through . . . pot: from drinking

Love. Do you but think it now?
And but one coach?

4 *Nei.* We cannot tell, sir: Jeremy
Is a very honest fellow.

Face. Did you see me at all?

1 *Nei.* No; that we are sure on.

2 *Nei.* I 'll be sworn o' that.

Love. Fine rogues to have your testimonies
built on! 40

[*Re-enter third Neighbour, with his tools*]

3 *Nei.* Is Jeremy come!

1 *Nei.* O yes; you may leave your tools;
We were deceiv'd, he says.

2 *Nei.* He 's had the keys;
And the door has been shut these three weeks.

3 *Nei.* Like enough.

Love. Peace, and get hence, you changelings.

[*Enter Surly and Mammon*]

Face [*Aside*] Surly come!
And Mammon made acquainted! They 'll tell
all 45
How shall I beat them off? What shall I do?
Nothing 's more wretched than a guilty con-
science.

Act V. Scene III

[*The Same*]

Surly, Mammon, Lovewit, Face, Neighbours,
[*later*] *Kastril, Ananias, Tribulation, Dap-
per, Subtle*

[*Sur.*] No, sir, he was a great physician. This,
It was no bawdy-house, but a mere chancel!
You knew the lord and his sister.

Mam. Nay, good Surly.

Sur. The happy word, *be rich* —

Mam. Play not the tyrant

Sur. Should be to-day pronounc'd to all
your friends. 5

And where be your andirons now? And your
brass pots,
That should ha' been golden flagons, and great
wedges?

Mam. Let me but breathe. What, they ha'
shut their doors,
Methinks! *Mammon and Surly knock.*

Sur. Ay, now 't is holiday with them.

Mam. Rogues,
Cozeners, impostors, bawds!

Face. What mean you, sir? 10

Mam. To enter if we can.

Face. Another man's house!
Here is the owner, sir; turn you to him,
And speak your business.

Mam. Are you, sir, the owner?

Love. Yes, sir.

Mam. And are those knaves, within, your
cheaters?

Love. What knaves, what cheaters?

Mam. Subtle and his Lungs. 15

Face. The gentleman is distracted, sir! No
lungs

Nor lights ha' been seen here these three weeks,
sir,

Within these doors upon my word.

Sur. Your word,
Groom arrogant!

Face. Yes, sir. I am the housekeeper,
And know the keys ha' not been out o' my hands.

Sur. This 's a new Face.

Face. You do mistake the house, sir: 21
What sign was 't at?

Sur. You rascal! This is one
O' the confederacy. Come, let 's get officers,
And force the door.

Love. Pray you, stay, gentlemen.

Sur. No, sir, we 'll come with warrant.

Mam. Ay, and then 25
We shall ha' your doors open.

[*Exeunt Mam. and Sur.*]

Love. What means this?

Face. I cannot tell, sir.

1 *Nei.* These are two o' the gallants
That we do think we saw.

Face. Two o' the fools!
You talk as idly as they. Good faith, sir,
I think the moon has craz'd 'em all. — [*Aside.*] 30
O me,

[*Enter Kastril*]

The angry boy come too! He 'll make a noise,
And ne'er away till he have betray'd us all.

Kastril knocks.

Kas. What, rogues, bawds, slaves, you 'll
open the door anon!

Punk, cockatrice, my suster! By this light, 34
I 'll fetch the marshal to you. You are a whore
To keep your castle —

Face. Who would you speak with, sir?

Kas. The bawdy doctor, and the cozening
captain,
And puss my suster.

Love. This is something, sure.

Face. Upon my trust, the doors were never
open, sir.

Kas. I have heard all their tricks told me
twice over, 40

By the fat knight and the lean gentleman.

Love. Here comes another.

[*Enter Ananias and Tribulation*]

Face. Ananias too!

And his pastor!

Tri. The doors are shut against us.
They beat, too, at the door.

Ana. Come forth, you seed of sulphur, sons
of fire!
Your stench it is broke forth; abomination 45
Is in the house.

Kas. Ay, my suster 's there.

Ana. The place,
It is become a cage of unclean birds.

Kas. Yes, I will fetch the scavenger, and the
constable.

Tri. You shall do well.

Ana. We 'll join to weed them out.

Kas. You will not come then, punk devise,
my suster! 50

Ana. Call her not sister; she is a harlot
verily.

Kas. I 'll raise the street.

Love. Good gentlemen, a word.

Ana. Sathan, avoid, and hinder not our zeal!
[*Exeunt Ana, Tri., and Kas*]

Love. The world 's turn'd Bet'lem.

Face. These are all broke loose,
Out of St. Katherine's, where they use to keep
The better sort of mad-folks.

1 *Nei.* All these persons 56
We saw go in and out here.

2 *Nei.* Yes, indeed, sir.

3 *Nei.* These were the parties.

Face. Peace, you drunkards! Sir,
I wonder at it. Please you to give me leave
To touch the door; I 'll try an the lock be
chang'd. 60

Love. It mazes me!

Face. [*Goes to the door*] Good faith, sir, I
believe

There 's no such thing: 't is all *deceptio visus*. —
[*Aside.*] Would I could get him away.

Dapper cries out within.

Dap. Master captain! Master doctor!

Love. Who 's that?

Face. [*Aside.*] Our clerk within, that I for-
got! — I know not, sir. 65

Dap. [*Within.*] For God's sake, when will
her grace be at leisure?

Face. Ha!

Illusions, some spirit o' the air! — [*Aside.*] His
gag is melted,

And now he sets out the throat.

Dap. [*Within.*] I am almost stifled —

Face. [*Aside.*] Would you were altogether.

Love. 'T is i' the house.

Ha! list.

Face. Believe it, sir, i' the air.

Love. Peace, you. 70

Dap. [*Within.*] Mine aunt's grace does not
use me well.

Sub. [*Within.*] You fool,
Peace, you 'll mar all.

Face. [*Speaks through the keyhole, while Love-*

wit advances to the door unobserved.] Or
you will else, you rogue.

Love. O, is it so? Then you converse with
spirits! —

Come, sir. No more o' your tricks, good
Jeremy.

The truth, the shortest way.

Face. Dismiss this rabble, sir. — 75

[*Aside.*] What shall I do? I am catch'd.

Love. Good neighbours,
I thank you all. You may depart. [*Exeunt*

Neighbours.] — Come, sir,
You know that I am an indulgent master;

And therefore conceal nothing. What 's your
med'cine,

To draw so many several sorts of wild fowl? 80

Face. Sir, you were wont to affect mirth
and wit —

But here 's no place to talk on 't i' the street.
Give me but leave to make the best of my for-
tune,

And only pardon me th' abuse of your house:
It 's all I beg. I 'll help you to a widow, 85

In recompense, that you shall gi' me thanks for,
Will make you seven years younger, and a rich
one.

'T is but your putting on a Spanish cloak:

I have her within You need not fear the house;
It was not visited

Love. But by me, who came 90
Sooner than you expected.

Face. It is true, sir.

'Pray you forgive me.

Love. Well: let's see your widow. [*Exeunt.*]

Act V. Scene IIII

[*A Room in Lovewit's House*]

Subtle, Dapper, [later] Face, Dol

[*Sub.*] How! ha' you eaten your gag?

Dap. Yes, faith, it crumbled
Away i' my mouth.

Sub. You ha' spoil'd all then.

Dap. No!
I hope my aunt of Faery will forgive me.

Sub. Your aunt 's a gracious lady; but in
troth

You were to blame.

Dap. The fume did overcome me, 5
And I did do 't to stay my stomach. 'Pray you
So satisfy her grace.

[*Enter Face in his uniform*]

Here comes the captain.

Face. How now! Is his mouth down?

Sub. Ay, he has spoken!

⁵⁰ punk devise: perfect harlot ⁵⁵ *deceptio visus*: optical illusion ⁷ satisfy: explain it to

Face. [*Aside.*] A pox, I heard him, and you too. [*Aloud.*] He 's undone then. —
 [*Aside to Subtle.*] I have been fain to say, the house is haunted 10

With spirits, to keep churl back.

Sub. And hast thou done it?

Face. Sure, for this night.

Sub. Why, then triumph and sing
 Of Face so famous, the precious king
 Of present wits.

Face. Did you not hear the coil 14
 About the door?

Sub. Yes, and I dwindled with it.

Face. Show him his aunt, and let him be dis-
 patch'd:

I 'll send her to you [*Exit Face.*]

Sub. Well, sir, your aunt her grace
 Will give you audience presently, on my suit,
 And the captain's word that you did not eat
 your gag

In any contempt of her highness.

[*Unbinds his eyes.*]

Dap. Not I, in troth, sir. 20

[*Enter*] *Dol* like the Queen of Faery

Sub. Here she is come. Down o' your knees
 and wriggle:

She has a stately presence. [*Dapper kneels and
 shuffles toward her.*] Good! Yet nearer,
 And bid, God save you!

Dap. Madam!

Sub. And your aunt.

Dap. And my most gracious aunt, God save
 your grace.

Dol. Nephew, we thought to have been
 angry with you; 25
 But that sweet face of yours hath turn'd the tide,
 And made it flow with joy, that ebb'd of love.
 Arise, and touch our velvet gown.

Sub. The skirts,
 And kiss 'em. So!

Dol. Let me now stroke that head.
*Much, nephew, shall thou win, much shall thou
 spend,* 30

Much shall thou give away, much shall thou lend.

Sub. [*Aside*] Ay, much! indeed. — Why do
 you not thank her grace?

Dap. I cannot speak for joy.

Sub. See, the kind wretch!
 Your grace's kinsman right.

Dol. Give me the bird. —
 Here is your fly in a purse, about your neck,
 cousin; 35

Wear it, and feed it about this day sev'n-night,
 On your right wrist —

Sub. Open a vein with a pin
 And let it suck but once a week; till then,
 You must not look on 't.

Dol. No: and, kinsman,
 Bear yourself worthy of the blood you come on.

Sub. Her grace would ha' you eat no more
 Woolsack pies, 41

Nor Dagger frume'ty.

Dol. Nor break his fast
 In Heaven and Hell.

Sub. She 's with you everywhere!
 Nor play with costermongers, at mumchance,
 traytrip,

God-make-you-rich (when as your aunt has
 done it); but keep 45

The gallant'st company, and the best
 games —

Dap. Yes, sir.

Sub. Gleeck and primero; and what you
 get, be true to us.

Dap. By this hand, I will.

Sub. You may bring 's a thousand pound
 Before to-morrow night, if but three thousand
 Be stirring, an you will.

Dap. I swear I will then. 50

Sub. Your fly will learn you all games.

Face [*Within*] Ha' you done there?

Sub. Your grace will command him no more
 duties?

Dol. No:

But come and see me often. I may chance
 To leave him three or four hundred chests of
 treasure, 54

And some twelve thousand acres of fairy land,
 If he game well and comely with good game-
 sters.

Sub. There 's a kind aunt: kiss her departing
 part. —

But you must sell your forty mark a year now.

Dap. Ay, sir, I mean.

Sub. Or, gi' 't away; pox on 't!

Dap. I 'll gi' 't mine aunt. I 'll go and fetch
 the writings. 60

Sub. 'T is well; away. [*Exit Dapper.*]

[*Re-enter Face*]

Face. Where 's Subtle?

Sub. Here: what news?

Face. Druggier is at the door; go take his
 suit,

And bid him fetch a parson presently.

Say he shall marry the widow. Thou shalt
 spend 64

A hundred pound by the service!

[*Exit Subtle.*]

10-15 (Marked as spoken aside in F Dapper does not hear) 14 coil: disturbance 15 dwindled:
 shrank with fear 41 Woolsack: a tavern 42 Dagger: a tavern frume'ty: wheat boiled in milk
 ('Frumenty' Q) 43 Heaven, Hell: taverns 44-45 mumchance . . . rich: games of chance 46 Gleeck,
 primero: card games

Now, Queen Dol,
Have you pack'd up all?
Dol. Yes.
Face. And how do you like
The Lady Pliant?
Dol. A good dull innocent.

[*Re-enter Subtle*]

Sub. Here 's your Hieronimo's cloak and hat.
Face. Give me 'em.
Sub. And the ruff too?
Face. Yes; I 'll come to you presently.
[*Exit*]
Sub. Now he is gone about his project, Dol,
I told you of, for the widow.

Dol. 'T is direct 71
Against our articles.

Sub. Well, we 'll fit him, wench.
Hast thou gull'd her of her jewels or her brace-
lets?

Dol. No; but I will do 't.

Sub. Soon at night, my Dolly,
When we are shipp'd, and all our goods aboard,
Eastward for Ratcliff, we will turn our course 76
To Brainford, westward, if thou sayst the word,
And take our leaves of this o'erweening rascal,
This peremptory *Face*.

Dol. Content; I 'm weary of him.

Sub. Thou 'st cause, when the slave will run 80
a-wiving, Dol,
Against the instrument that was drawn be-
tween us

Dol. I 'll pluck his bird as bare as I can.

Sub. Yes, tell her
She must by any means address some present
To th' cunning man, make him amends for
wronging
His art with her suspicion; send a ring, 85
Or chain of pearl; she will be tortur'd else
Extremely in her sleep, say, and ha' strange
things

Come to her. Wilt thou?

Dol. Yes.

Sub. My fine flitter-mouse,
My bird o' the night! We 'll tickle it at the
Pigeons, 89
When we have all, and may unlock the trunks,
And say, this 's mine, and thine; and thine,
and mine. *They kiss.*

[*Re-enter Face*]

Face. What now! a-billing?

Sub. Yes, a little exalted
In the good passage of our stock-affairs.

Face. Druggier has brought his parson; take
him in, *Subtle*,
And send Nab back again to wash his face. 95

Sub. I will: and shave himself? [*Exit.*]

Face. If you can get him.

Dol. You are hot upon it, *Face*, whate'er it
is!

Face. A trick that Dol shall spend ten pound
a month by.

[*Re-enter Subtle*]

Is he gone?

Sub. The chaplain waits you i' the hall, sir.

Face. I 'll go bestow him. [*Exit*]

Dol. He 'll now marry her instantly.

Sub. He cannot yet, he is not ready. *Dear*

Dol, 101

Cozen her of all thou canst. To deceive him
Is no deceit, but justice, that would break
Such an inextricable tie as ours was.

Dol. Let me alone to fit him.

[*Re-enter Face*]

Face. Come, my venturers,
You ha' pack'd up all? Where be the trunks?
Bring forth. 106

Sub. Here.

Face. Let 's see 'em. Where 's the money?

Sub. Here,
In this.

Face. Mammon's ten pound; eight score
before:

The brethren's money this. Druggier's and
Dapper's.

What paper 's that?

Dol. The jewel of the waiting maid's, 110
That stole it from her lady, to know cer-
tain —

Face. If she should have precedence of her
mistress?

Dol. Yes.

Face. What box is that?

Sub. The fish-wives' rings, I think,
And th' ale-wives' single money. Is 't not, *Dol*?

Dol. Yes; and the whistle that the sailor's
wife 115
Brought you to know an her husband were with
Ward.

Face. We 'll wet it to-morrow; and our silver
beakers

And tavern cups. Where be the French petti-
coats

And girdles and hangers?

Sub. Here, i' the trunk,

And the bolts of lawn.

Face. Is Druggier's damask there,

And the tobacco?

Sub. Yes.

Face. Give me the keys. 121

Dol. Why you the keys?

⁸⁸ flitter-mouse: bat ⁸⁹ Pigeons: a tavern at Brainford ¹¹⁴ single money: small change
¹¹⁵ Ward: a famous pirate, subject of a prose narrative, 1609, and a play by Daborne

Sub. No matter, Dol; because
We shall not open 'em before he comes.

Face. 'T is true, you shall not open them, indeed;
Nor have 'em forth, do you see? Not forth,
Dol.

Dol. No! 125

Face. No, my smock-rampant. The right
is, my master
Knows all, has pardon'd me, and he will keep
'em.

Doctor, 't is true — you look — for all your figures:

I sent for him, indeed. Wherefore, good partners,

Both he and she, be satisfied: for here 130

Determines the indenture tripartite

'Twixt Subtle, Dol, and Face All I can do
Is to help you over the wall, o' the back-side,
Or lend you a sheet to save your velvet gown,
Dol.

Here will be officers presently, bethink you 135
Of some course suddenly to scape the dock;

For thither you'll come else. *Some knock.*
Hark you, thunder

Sub. You are a precious fiend!

Offi. [*Without.*] Open the door

Face. Dol, I am sorry for thee, i' faith, but
hear'st thou?

It shall go hard but I will place thee somewhere: 140

Thou shalt ha' my letter to Mistress Amo —

Dol. Hang you!

Face. Or Madam Cæsarean.

Dol. Pox upon you, rogue,

Would I had but time to beat thee!

Face. Subtle,
Let 's know where you set up next, I 'll send
you 144

A customer now and then, for old acquaintance.
What new course ha' you?

Sub. Rogue, I 'll hang myself;
That I may walk a greater devil than thou,
And haunt thee i' the flock-bed and the but-
tery. [*Exeunt*]

Act V. Scene V

[*Another Room in Lovewit's House*]

*Lovewit, Officers, Mammon, Surly, Face, Kas-
tril, Ananias, Tribulation, Drugger, Dame
Pham*

[*Love.*] What do you mean, my masters?

Mam. [*Without.*] Open your door,
Cheaters, bawds, conjurers.

Offi. [*Without.*] Or we 'll break it open.

Love. What warrant have you?

Offi. [*Without.*] Warrant enough, sir,
doubt not,

If you 'll not open it.

Love. Is there an officer there?

Offi. [*Without.*] Yes, two or three for failing.

Love. Have but patience, s

And I will open it straight.

[*Enter Face, as butler*]

Face. Sir, ha' you done?

Is it a marriage? Perfect?

Love. Yes, my brain.

Face. Off with your ruff and cloak then; be
yourself, sir

Sur. [*Without.*] Down with the door.

Kas. [*Without.*] 'Slight, ding it open.

Love. [*Opening the door.*] Hold,

Hold, gentlemen, what means this violence? 10

[*Mammon, Surly, Kasril, Ananias, Tribulation and Officers rush in*]

Mam. Where is this collier?

Sur. And my Captain Face?

Mam. These day-owls.

Sur. That are birding in men's purses.

Mam. Madam Suppository.

Kas. Doxy, my suster.

Ana. Locusts,

Of the foul pit.

Tri. Profane as Bel and the Dragon.

Ana. Worse than the grasshoppers, or the
lice of Egypt. 15

Love. Good gentlemen, hear me. Are you
officers,

And cannot stay this violence?

Offi. Keep the peace.

Love. Gentlemen, what is the matter? Whom
do you seek?

Mam. The chemical cozenor.

Sur. And the captain pandar.

Kas. The nun my suster.

Mam. Madam Rabbi.

Ana. Scorpions, 20

And caterpillars.

Love. Fewer at once, I pray you.

Offi. One after another, gentlemen, I charge
you,

By virtue of my staff.

Ana. They are the vessels

Of pride, lust, and the cart.

Love. Good zeal, lie still

A little while.

Tri. Peace, Deacon Ananias. 25

Love. The house is mine here, and the doors
are open;

¹²⁸ right: fact ¹³¹ Determines: ends ^{141, 142} Mistress Amo, Madam Cæsarean: mistresses of
brothels ¹⁴⁸ flock-bed . . . buttery: at bed and board ⁵ for failing: lest there should not be
enough ⁹ ding: break ¹² birding: stealing

If there be any such persons as you seek for,
Use your authority, search on o' God's name.
I am but newly come to town, and finding
This tumult 'bout my door, to tell you true, 30
It somewhat maz'd me; till my man here, fear-
ing

My more displeasure, told me he had done
Somewhat an insolent part, let out my house
(Belike presuming on my known aversion
From any air o' the town while there was sick-
ness), 35

To a doctor and a captain: who, what they are
Or where they be, he knows not

Mam. Are they gone?

Love. You may go in and search, sir. *They*
Here, I find *enter.*

The empty walls worse than I left 'em, smok'd,
A few crack'd pots, and glasses, and a furnace;
The ceiling fill'd with poesies of the candle, 41
And "Madam with a dildo" writ o' the walls.
Only one gentlewoman I met here,

That is within, that said she was a widow —

Kas. Ay, that 's my suster; I 'll go thump
her. Where is she? [*Goes in.*] 45

Love. And should ha' married a Spanish
count, but he,

When he came to 't, neglected her so grossly,
That I, a widower, am gone through with her.

Sur. How! have I lost her, then?

Love. Were you the don, sir?

Good faith, now, she does blame you extremely,
and says 50

You swore, and told her you had ta'en the pains
To dye your beard, and umber o'er your face,
Borrow'd a suit, and ruff, all for her love:

And then did nothing. What an oversight
And want of putting forward, sir, was this! 55

Well fare an old harquebusier yet,
Could prime his powder, and give fire, and hit,
All in a twinkling! *Mammon comes forth.*

Mam. The whole nest are fled!

Love. What sort of birds were they?

Mam. A kind of choughs,
Or thievish daws, sir, that have pick'd my

purse 60

Of eight score and ten pounds within these five
weeks,

Beside my first materials; and my goods,
That lie i' the cellar, which I am glad they ha'

left,

I may have home yet.

Love. Think you so, sir?

Mam. Ay.

Love. By order of law, sir, but not otherwise.

Mam. Not mine own stuff!

Love. Sir, I can take no knowledge 66
That they are yours, but by public means.

If you can bring certificate that you were gull'd
of 'em,

Or any formal writ out of a court,
That you did cozen yourself, I will not hold
them. 70

Mam. I 'll rather lose 'em.

Love. That you shall not, sir,

By me, in troth; upon these terms, they 're
yours.

What, should they ha' been, sir, turn'd into
gold, all?

Mam. No.

I cannot tell. — It may be they should. — What
then?

Love. What a great loss in hope have you
sustain'd! 75

Mam. Not I; the commonwealth has.

Face. Ay, he would ha' built

The city new; and made a ditch about it
Of silver, should have run with cream from

Hogsden;

That every Sunday in Moorfields the youn-
kers,

And tits and tom-boys should have fed on,
gratis. 80

Mam. I will go mount a turnip-cart, and
preach

The end o' the world within these two months.

Surly,

What! in a dream?

Sur. Must I needs cheat myself

With that same foolish vice of honesty!

Come, let us go and hearken out the rogues: as
That Face I 'll mark for mine, if e'er I meet him.

Face. If I can hear of him, sir, I 'll bring you
word

Unto your lodging; for in troth, they were
strangers

To me; I thought 'em honest as myself, sir.

They come forth.

[*Re-enter Ananias and Tribulation.*]

Tri. 'T is well, the saints shall not lose all
yet. Go 90

And get some carts —

Love. For what, my zealous friends?

Ana. To bear away the portion of the right-
eous

Out of this den of thieves.

Love. What is that portion?

Ana. The goods, sometimes the orphans',
that the brethren

Bought with their silver pence.

Love. What, those i' the cellar, 95

The knight Sir Mammon claims?

Ana. I do defy

The wicked Mammon, so do all the brethren.

^a Madam . . . dildo: refrain of popular ballad ^b harquebusier: musketeer ^c choughs: crows
^d younkens: young men ^e tits: girls ^f hearken: search ^g sometimes: formerly

Thou profane man! I ask thee with what conscience

Thou canst advance that idol against us,
That have the seal? Were not the shillings
numb'ed 100

That made the pounds; were not the pounds
told out

Upon the second day of the fourth week,
In the eight month, upon the table dormant,
The year of the last patience of the saints,
Six hundred and ten?

Love. Mine earnest vehement botcher, 105
And deacon also, I cannot dispute with you:
But if you get you not away the sooner,
I shall confute you with a cudgel.

Ana. Sir!

Tri. Be patient, Ananias.

Ana. I am strong,
And will stand up, well girt, against an host 110
That threaten Gad in exile.

Love. I shall send you
To Amsterdam, to your cellar.

Ana. I will pray there,
Against thy house. May dogs defile thy walls,
And wasps and hornets breed beneath thy roof,
This seat of falsehood, and thus cave of coz'-
nage! [*Exeunt Ana. and Trib.*]

Drugger enters

Love. Another too?

Drug. Not I, sir, I am no brother. 116

Love. Away, you Harry Nicholas! do you
talk? *He beats him away.*

Face. No, this was Abel Drugger. Good sir,
go, (*To the Parson*)

And satisfy him; tell him all is done.

He stay'd too long a-washing of his face 120
The doctor, he shall hear of him at Westches-
ter;

And of the captain, tell him, at Yarmouth, or
Some good port-town else, lying for a wind.

[*Exit Parson.*]

If you get off the angry child now, sir —

[*Enter Kastrel, dragging in his sister*]

Kas. Come on, you ewe, you have match'd
most sweetly, ha' you not? 125

Did not I say, I would never ha' you tupp'd
But by a dubb'd boy, to make you a lady-tom?
'Slight, you are a mammet! O, I could touse
you now.

Death, mun you marry with a pox!

Love. You lie, boy;

As sound as you; and I'm aforehand with you.

Kas. Anon? 130

Love. Come, will you quarrel? I will feize
you, sirrah;

Why do you not buckle to your tools?

Kas. God's light,

This is a fine old boy as e'er I saw!

Love. What, do you change your copy now?

Proceed; 134

Here stands my dove: stoop at her if you dare.

Kas. 'Slight, I must love him! I cannot
choose, i' faith,

An I should be hang'd for 't! Suster, I protest,
I honour thee for this match

Love. O, do you so, sir?

Kas. Yes, an thou canst take tobacco and
drink, old boy,

I'll give her five hundred pound more to her
marriage, 140

Than her own state.

Love. Fill a pipe full, Jeremy.

Face. Yes; but go in and take it, sir.

Love. We will.

I will be rul'd by thee in anything, Jeremy.

Kas. 'Slight, thou art not hide-bound, thou
art a jovy boy! 144

Come, let 's in, I pray thee, and take our whiffs.

Love. Whiff in with your sister, brother boy.

[*Exeunt Kas and Dame P.*]

That master

That had receiv'd such happiness by a servant,
In such a widow, and with so much wealth,

Were very ungrateful, if he would not be

A little indulgent to that servant's wit, 150

And help his fortune, though with some small
strain

Of his own candour. [*Advancing*] Therefore,
gentlemen,

And kind spectators, if I have outstripp'd

An old man's gravity, or strict canon, think 154

What a young wife and a good brain may do;

Stretch age's truth sometimes, and crack it too.

Speak for thyself, knave.

Face. So I will, sir. [*Advancing to the front
of the stage*] Gentlemen,

My part a little fell in this last scene,

Yet 't was decorum. And though I am clean

Got off from Subtle, Surly, Mammon, Dol, 160

Hot Ananias, Dapper, Drugger, all

With whom I traded; yet I put myself

On you, that are my country: and this pelf

Which I have got, if you do quit me, rests,

To feast you often, and invite new guests. 165

[*Exeunt.*]

THE END

¹⁰⁰ have the seal: are sealed as God's people ¹⁰¹ table dormant: permanent table ¹¹⁷ Harry
Nicholas: a religious fanatic ¹¹¹ Westchester: Chester ¹¹⁷ dubb'd boy: knight ¹¹⁸ mammet:
doll, puppet ¹¹⁹ touse: handle roughly ¹¹⁹ mun: must ¹²¹ feize: beat ¹²⁴ copy: tune, manners
¹²⁶ stoop: swoop (a term in falconry) ¹⁴⁴ jovy: jovial ¹⁴⁸ candour: integrity ¹⁴⁹ decorum: dra-
matic propriety ¹⁴⁸ country: jury (legal term)

A
MASQUE OF
THE
METAMORPHOSD
GYPSIES.

AS
IT WAS THRICE
PRESENTED TO
KING JAMES.

FIRST,
AT BVRLEIGH
on the Hill.

NEXT,
AT BELVOYR.

AND LASTLY,
AT WINDSOR.

Augvst,
1621.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL RECORD. Jonson's most elaborate and most popular masque, *The Gipsies Metamorphosed*, exists in four different texts, of which the best is, on the whole, a contemporary manuscript (referred to as 'MS' in our notes). This was prepared subsequently to the last performance, at Windsor, in September, 1621. It is now in the Huntington Library, and has been reproduced in excellent facsimile in Dr. George Watson Cole's standard edition of the masque, published for the Modern Language Association of America in 1931. The poem was entered for publication on the Stationers' Register, Feb. 20, 1639-1640, the record reading: *John Benson. Entred for his Copie vnder the hands of doctor Wykes and Master Bourne warden a booke called The Masque of the Gypsies by Benjamin Johnson via*.

Benson accordingly printed the masque in a small duodecimo volume containing other short works by Jonson (D); and another printed text appeared in the same year in the second volume of the 1640 Jonson Folio (F). The textual situation is extraordinarily intricate, owing primarily to the confusion created in the original version when Jonson found occasion to adapt it to a different local setting and group of masquers from those for which it had been first designed. Benson's duodecimo itself represents, in its varying copies, two distinct texts, on account of the fact that Benson originally set up a short early version of the masque, and then undertook to work in the additions by means of extensive 'cancels.' No complete copy of the duodecimo in its early form exists; that in the Cambridge University Library contains the greatest number of uncanceled leaves. Dr. Cole's edition deals admirably with this difficult bibliographical problem. We have attempted in our text and notes to give adequate account of all four versions.

DATE. The masque was first performed, August 3, 1621, when James I and his court were entertained at the Marquess of Buckingham's house, Burleigh-on-the-Hill, in Rutlandshire. It was repeated by royal request two days later at Belvoir Castle in Leicestershire, and again at Windsor during the week beginning September 4 (see facsimile of the Folio title-page). For the last performance considerable changes were made, the most essential being the substitution of a new set of fortunes, to fit the lords of the king's official circle, in place of those addressed to the ladies of Buckingham's family. The coarse antimasque in Part II also shows by its local allusions that it was fitted to the latitude of Windsor.

SOURCE. Jonson's chief source was doubtless Dekker's *Lanthorne and Candle-light* (1608), which contains a "Canter's Dictionary" of vagabond slang explaining nearly all the "Gipsy" terms employed in the masque. This is probably the "third volume of Reports, set forth by the learned in the laws of canting," to which Jonson playfully alludes (I. 60. 61), the earlier works on vagabondage by Harman and Greene respectively being possibly thought of as volumes one and two. (*Beggars' Bush* by Fletcher and Massinger probably owes a debt to this masque as well as to Dekker; see the introduction to that play.)

STRUCTURE Like other masques, this consists essentially of five formal masqued dances, separated by songs and dramatic interludes. The second, or main, dance has six different 'strains' or movements, between which fortunes are told by the Gipsies. A distinguishing feature is the large part taken by the noble participants, not in the dancing alone (which was their normal assignment), but in the dramatic dialogue. The difficult rôles of Jackman and Patrico were doubtless supported by professional singers; but the Gipsies otherwise were all nobles, the Captain and Second Gipsy being Buckingham himself and his brother, Viscount Purbeck; the peasants of the antimasque were all knights, and the wenches court pages. The antimasque, or humorous background, has been inordinately developed, and causes the work to fall as a dramatic piece into three sections, indicated by our numbering of lines. In its blending of grossly robust humor and ethereal delicacy this masque illustrates admirably both the spirit of James I's court and the genius of Ben Jonson.

BEN JONSON

THE GIPSIES METAMORPHOSED

[DRAMATIS PERSONAE]

GIPSIES		WENCHES (played by Pages)	CLOWNS (played by Knights)
Jackman, } (Professional		Prudence	Jack Cockrell
Patrico, } Singers)		Frances Addlebrech	Tom Clod
Captain (Marquess of Buckingham)		Meg	Townshead
2nd Gipsy (Viscount Purbeck, his brother)		Christian	Paul Puppy
Four Others (unidentified noblemen)			Tom Ticklefoot, a minstrel

SPECTATORS, whose fortunes are told

At Burleigh (and Belvoir?): King James, Prince Charles, Marchioness of Buckingham, Countess of Rutland, Countess of Exeter, Viscountess Purbeck, Lady Elizabeth Hatton (-Coke)
 At Windsor: King James, Prince Charles, the Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, Lord Treasurer, Lord Privy Seal, Earl Marshal, Lord High Steward, Marquess of Hamilton, Lord Chamberlain]

[PROLOGUE]

At the King's Entrance at Burleigh

If for our thoughts there could but speech be found,
 And all that speech be utter'd in one sound —
 So that some Power above us would afford
 The means to make a language of a word:
 It should be, *Welcome*. In that only voice 5
 We would receive, retain, enjoy, rejoice,
 And all effects of love and life dispense,
 Till it were call'd a copious eloquence.
 For should we vent our spirits, now you are come,
 In other syllables, were as to be dumb. 10
 Welcome, oh, welcome, then' and enter here
 The house your bounty hath built, and still doth rear
 With those high favours and those heap'd increases
 As shows a hand not griev'd but when it ceases.
 The master is your creature, as the place, 15
 And every good about him is your grace;
 Whom, though he stand by silent, think not rude,
 But as a man turn'd all to gratitude
 For what he ne'er can hope how to restore,
 Since while he meditates one, you pour on more.
 Vouchsafe to think he only is oppress'd 21

With their abundance, not that in his breast
 His powers are stupid grown; for, please you enter
 Him and his house, and search him to the centre,
 You'll find within no thanks or vows there shorter 25
 For having trusted thus much to his Porter.

Prologue at Windsor

As many blessings as there be bones
 In Ptolemy's fingers, and all at ones
 Held up in an Andrew's cross for the nones,
 Light on you, good Master!
 I dare be no waster 5
 Of time or of speech,
 Where you are in place.
 I only beseech
 You take in good grace
 Our following the court, 10
 Since 't is for your sport,
 To have you still merry,
 And not make you weary.
 We may strive to please
 So long, some will say, till we grow a disease. 15
 But you, Sir, that twice
 Have grac'd us already, encourage to thrice:
 Wherein if our boldness your patience invade,
 Forgive us the fault that your favour hath made

Prologue Burleigh: in Rutlandshire, the home of George Villiers, Marquess (later Duke) of Buckingham
 vent: utter 10 were: it would signify as much 12 hath built: ('built' D)
 rear: raise 14 As shows: which show ('which' DF) ceases: s.e., to confer benefits 16 grace:
 bounty 18 one: one honor or benefaction Prol at Windsor 1-11: (Not in D; in F precedes the
 Prol. at Burleigh) 1 ones: once 3 nones: nonce 15 disease: nuisance 17 thrice: a third
 venture 18 invade: affront

[PART I.]

Enter a Gipsy leading a horse laden with five little children, bound in a trace of scarfs upon him; a second leading another horse laden with stolen poultry &c. The first, leading, Gipsy speaks, being the

Jackman. Room for the five Princes of Egypt, mounted all upon one horse like the four sons of Aymon, to make the miracle the more by a head, if it may be. Gaze upon them as on the offspring of Ptolemy, begotten upon several [5 Cleopatras in their several counties, especially on this brave spark struck out of Flintshire upon Justice Jugg's daughter, then sheriff of the county; who running away with a kinsman of our Captain's, and her father pursu- [10 ing her to the marches — he great with justice, she great with Juggling — they were both for the time turn'd stone upon the sight of each other in Chester. Till at last (see the wonder!) a jug of the town ale reconciling [15 them, the memorial of both their gravities — his in beard and hers in belly — hath remain'd ever since preserv'd in picture upon the most stone jugs of the kingdom. The famous imp yet grew a wretchcock, and though for seven [20 years together he were carefully carried at his mother's back, rock'd in a cradle of Welsh cheese like a maggot, and there fed with broken beer and blown wine of the best daily, yet looks he as if he never saw his *quinquennium*. [25 'T is true he can thread needles on horseback, or draw a yard of inkle through his nose; but what is that to a grown Gipsy, one o' the blood and of his time, if he had thriv'd? Therefore (till with his painful progenitors [30 he be able to beat it on the hard hoof to the *ben bowse* or the *stauling ken*, to nip a *jan* and *cly the jarke*) 't is thought fit he march in the infants' equipage 34

With the convoy cheats and peckage
Out of clutch of Harman-beckage,
To their Libkens at the Crackmans
Or some skipper of the Blackman's.

S. D. trace: harness ¹ Jackman: (properly, jarkman), an educated Gipsy, employed at counterfeiting licenses, etc. ²⁻³ four . . . Aymon: peers of Charlemagne in a popular romance, who all rode on one horse ⁴ marches: border (of Wales) ⁵ time: ('same time' D) ⁶⁻¹¹ of each: ('each of' F) ¹² of: ('in' D) ¹³ imp: scion ¹⁴ wretchcock: stunted fowl ¹⁵ were: ('was' D; 'were very' F) ¹⁶ broken: opened, stale ¹⁷ quinquennium: fifth year ¹⁸ inkle: linen tape ¹⁹ beat . . . hoof: foot it briskly ²⁰ ben bowse: good drink ²¹ stauling ken: depository of stolen goods ²² nip a jan: pick a purse ²³ cly the jarke: be whipped ²⁴ convoy cheats: baggage ²⁵ peckage: victuals ²⁶ Harman-beckage: the constabulary ²⁷ their: ('the' D) ²⁸ Libkens: lodging ²⁹ Crackmans: hedge ³⁰ skipper: barn ³¹ Blackman's: night ³² 2. Gipsy: (probably the Patrico; cf. line 88) ³³ cacklers: poultry grunterns: pigs ³⁴ uncas'd: plucked or skinned ³⁵ chases: hunting-grounds ³⁶ Tiballs: Theobalds, a favorite residence of James I ³⁷ chibals: onions ³⁸ kind: nature (i.e., shall make them wild boars) ³⁹ salmon: beggars' oath ⁴⁰ canting: vagrancy ⁴¹ S. D. stand: conclusion of the dance ⁴² Devil's-arse: a place-name in Derbyshire ⁴³ Egyptians: Gipsies ⁴⁴ So: so greatly ⁴⁵ saffron'd: yellow-colored

2 Gipsy. Where the cacklers, but no grunterns,

Shall uncas'd be for the hunters. 40
Those we still must keep alive,
Ay, and put them forth to thrive
In the parks and in the chases,
And the finer walled places,
As St. James's, Greenwich, Tiballs; 45
Where the acorns plump as chibals
Soon shall change both kind and name,
And proclaim them the King's game.
So the act no harm may be
Unto their keeper Barnabe, 50
It will prove as good a service
As did ever Gipsy Jervis,
Or our captain Charles, the tall man,
And a part too of our salmon.

Jackman. If here we be a little obscure, [55 it is our pleasure; for rather than we will offer to be our own interpreters, we are resolved not to be understood. Yet if any man doubt of the significancy of the language, we refer him to the third volume of Reports, [60 set forth by the learned in the laws of canting, and published in the Gipsy tongue. Give me my guttara, and room for our Chief!

Dance 1, being the entrance of the Captain, with six more to a stand. After which the Jackman sings.

SONG 1

From the famous Peak of Darby,
And the Devil's-arse there hard by, 65
Where we yearly keep our musters,
Thus th' Egyptians throng in clusters.

Be not frighted with our fashion!
Though we seem a tatter'd nation,
We account our rags our riches, 70
So our tricks exceed our stitches.

Give us bacon, rinds of walnuts,
Shells of cockles and of small-nuts,
Ribands, bells, and saffron'd linen:
All the world is ours to win in 75

Knacks we have that will delight you,
Sleights of hand that will invite you
To endure our tawny faces,
And not cause you cut your laces.

All your fortunes we can tell ye, 80
Be they for your back or belly;
In the moods, too, and the tenses
That may fit your fine five senses.

Draw but then your gloves, we pray you, 85
And sit still: we will not fray you;
For though we be here at Burly,
We'd be loath to make a hurly.

Patrico Stay, my sweet singer,
The touch of thy finger
A little, and linger 90
For me that am bringer
Of bound to the border,
The rule and recorder
And mouth of your order,
As priest of the game 95
And prelate of the same.

There's a gentry-cove here
Is the top of the shure,
Of the *Beaver-ken*,
A man among men 100
Ye need not to fear:
I've an eye and an ear
That turns here and there
To look to our gear
Some say that there be 105
One or two, if not three,
That are greater than he.

And for the *Roome morts*,
I know by their ports
And their jolly resorts, 110
They are of the sorts
That love the true sports
Of King Ptolemæus,
Our great coryphæus,
And Queen Cleopatra, 115
The Gipsies' grand-matra.
Then if we shall shark it,
Here fair is and market.

Leave pig by and goose,
And play fast and loose, 120
A short cut and long,
With (ever and among)
Some inch of a song —
Pythagoras' lot,
Drawn out of a pot — 125
With what says Alchindus
And Pharaotes Indus,
John de Indagine,
With all their *paginæ*
Treating of palmistry: 130
And this is all mystery.

Lay by your wimbles,
Your boring for thumbsles,
Or using your nimbles
In diving the pockets 135
And sounding the sockets
Of *simper the Cockets*,
Or angling the purses
Of such as will curse us.
But in the strict duel 140
Be merry and cruel:
Strike fair at some jewel,
That mint may accrue well;
For that is the fuel
To make the tun brew well, 145
And the pot ring well,
And the brain sing well, —
Which we may bring well
About by a string well,
And do the thung well. 150
It is but a strain
Of true leger-de-main:
Once, twice, and again.

Or what will you say now,
If with our fine play now, 155
Our knackets and dances,
We work on the fancies
Of some of these Nancies,
These Trickets and Tripsies,
And make 'em turn Gipsies? 160
Here's no Justice Lippus
Will seek for to nip us
In cramp-ring or cippus,

⁷⁹ cut your laces: (altered at the Windsor performance to 'quit your places') ⁸⁰ tell ye: ('tell you' MS) ⁸⁴ Draw: take off ⁸⁵ fray: frighten ⁸⁶ touch: (i.e., on the guitar) ⁸⁷ gentry-cove: gentleman ⁸⁸ top: head, lord lieutenant ⁸⁹ Beaver-ken: Belvoir Castle, residence of Earl of Rutland ¹⁰⁰ among: ('amongst' D) ¹⁰¹ Ye: ('You' MS F) ¹⁰² I've: ('I have' MS F) ¹⁰⁴ gear: business ¹⁰⁸ Roome morts: great ladies ¹⁰⁹ ports: manners ¹¹⁰ resorts: attendance, presence ¹¹⁴ coryphæus: leader of a chorus ¹¹⁶ grand-matra: grandmother ¹¹⁷ shark it: use our tricks ¹²² ever and among: meantime ¹²⁸ Alchindus: Arabian philosopher, 9th century A.D. ¹²⁷ Pharaotes Indus: (unknown) ¹²⁸ John de Indagine: a Carthusian monk of Erfurt (d. 1475), author of a book on palmistry ¹²⁹ pagine: pages ¹³⁰ Treating of: ('Faces and' D; 'Of faces and' F) ¹³² wimbles: gimlets ¹³⁴ nimbles: fingers ¹³⁷ *simper the Cockets*: Cockney belles ¹⁴² mint: money ¹⁴⁸⁻¹⁵⁰ (Replaced at Windsor performance by "Our feats and our fingering, | Here without lingering, | Cozening the sights | Of the lords and the knights, | Some one of their Georges | Come off to save charges") ¹⁴⁶ knackets: ('knackes' MS) and: ('and our' F) ¹⁶⁴ cramp-ring: fetter ¹⁶⁵ cippus: stocks

And then for to strip us,
 And after to whip us, 165
 (His justice to vary),
 While here we do tarry.
 But be wise and wary,
 And we may both carry
 The Kate and the Mary, 170
 And all the bright aery,
 Away to the quarry,
 If our brave Ptolemy
 Will but say, "Follow me."

3. *Gipsy*. Captain, if ever at the *bowsing*
ken 175

You have in drafts of Darby drill'd your
 men,
 And we have serv'd there armed all in ale,
 With the brown bowl, and charg'd in braggat
 stale:

If muster'd thus and disciplin'd in drink,
 In our long watches we did never wink, 180
 But so, commanded by you, kept our sta-
 tion

As we preserv'd ourselves a loyal nation;
 And never yet did branch of statute break,
 Made in your famous palace of the Peak:
 If we have deem'd that mutton, lamb, or
 veal, 185

Chick, capon, turkey sweetest we did steal
 As being by our Magna Charta taught
 To judge no viands wholesome that are bought:
 If for our linen we still us'd the lift,
 And with the hedge (our *Trade's Increase*)
 made shift; 190

And ever at your solemn feasts and calls
 We have been ready with th' Egyptian brawls,
 To set Kit Callot forth in prose or rime,
 Or who was Cleopatra for the time:
 If we have done this, that, more, such, or so, 195
 Now lend your ear but to the Patrico

Captain. Well, dance another strain, and
 we 'll think how.

1 *Gipsy*. Meantime in song do you conceive
 some vow.

DANCE 2. 1. STRAIN SONG 2

Patrico.
 The faery beam upon you,
 The stars to-glisten on you, 200
 A moon of light
 In the noon of night,
 Till the fire-drake hath o'ergone you!
 The wheel of fortune guide you,
 The boy with the bow beside you 205
 Run aye in the way,
 Till the bird of day
 And the luckier lot betide you!

Captain. Bless my sweet masters, the old and
 the young,
 From the gail of the heart and the stroke of
 the tongue. 210
 With you, lucky bird, I begin. Let me see.

Goes up to the King.
 I aim at the best, and I trow you are he
 Here 's some luck already, if I understand
 The grounds of my art. Here 's a gentleman's
 hand: —

I 'll kiss it for luck's sake. You should by this
 line 215
 Love a horse and a hound, but no part of a
 swine;

To hunt the brave stag, not so much for your
 food,
 As the weal of your body and the health of your
 blood

Y' are a man of good means, and have terri-
 tories store,
 Both by sea and by land; and were born, Sir,
 to more, 220

Which you, like a lord and a prince of your
 peace,

Content with your havings, despise to increase.
 You are no great wench, I see by your table,
 Although your *Mons Veneris* says you are able
 You live chaste and single, and have buried
 your wife, 225

And mean not to marry, by the line of your life:

¹⁸⁶ vary: (alluding to the varied punishments listed in 162–165) ^{186, 187} (Given in reverse order, MS) ^{170–172} (For these lines Jonson substituted at the Windsor performance: "The George and the Garter | Into our own quarter; | Or durst I go farther | In method and order, | There 's a purse and a seal | I have a great mind to steal, | That when our tricks are done, | We might seal our own pardon | All this we may do, And a great deal more too") ¹⁷⁰ Kate, Mary: (Christian names of the Marchioness of Buckingham and of her mother-in-law, the Countess, respectively) ¹⁷¹ aery: the group of maids of honor ¹⁷² bowsing ken: alehouse ¹⁷³ Darby: Derbyshire ale ¹⁷⁴ braggat: a drink made from honey and ale ¹⁸⁰ long: ('strict' D) ¹⁸¹ wink: close our eyes ¹⁸² As: that ¹⁸³ yet did: ('did yet' D) ¹⁸⁴ Peak: the Peak of Derbyshire ¹⁸⁵ we: which we ¹⁸⁶ lift: conveyance by theft ¹⁸⁷ hedge: used for drying linen ¹⁸⁸ Trade's Increase: name of a large vessel built in 1609 by the East India Co. ¹⁸⁹ brawls: a dance ¹⁹⁰ Kit Callot: Kate Harlot ¹⁹¹ Cleopatra: Gipsy queen ¹⁹² (Not in MS or F) ¹⁹³ S D. Strain: movement (The second, or main, dance is divided into six 'strains', between which the Gipsies tell the masquers' fortunes.) ¹⁹⁴ to-glisten: glitter brightly ¹⁹⁵ fire-drake: fiery meteor ¹⁹⁶ boy . . . bow: Cupid ¹⁹⁷ S D. (Not in MS F) ¹⁹⁸ To hunt: love to hunt ¹⁹⁹ your . . . your . . . your: ('the . . . the' D; 'the . . . your . . . your' F) ²⁰⁰ store: plenty ²⁰¹ born . . . more: (referring to his heraldic claim to France) ²⁰² table: central part of the palm ²⁰³ wife: Anne of Denmark, d. 1619

Whence he that conjectures your quality learns
You're an honest good man and have care of
your bairns.

Your Mercury's hill too a wit doth betoken;
Some book-craft you have, and are pretty
well spoken. 230

But stay! In your Jupiter's mount what's
here?

A king? a monarch? What wonders appear!
High, bountiful, just; a Jove for your parts,
A master of men, and that reign in their hearts.

I'll tell it my train, 235
And come to you again.

[Withdraws]

SONG 3

To the old, long life and treasure;
To the young, all health and pleasure;
To the fair, their face,
With eternal grace; 240
And the foul, to be lov'd at leisure.

To the witty, all clear mirrors;
To the foolish, their dark errors;
To the loving sprite,
A secure delight; 245
To the jealous, his own false terrors.

*After which the King's fortune is pursued by the
Captain*

Could any doubt that saw this hand,
Or who you are, or what command
You have upon the fate of things;
Or would not say you were let down 250
From heaven on earth, to be the crown
And top of all your neighbour kings.

To see the ways of truth you take,
To balance business and to make
All Christian differences cease; 255
Or till the quarrel and the cause
You can compose, to give them laws
As Arbitrator of war and peace:

For this of all the world you shall
Be styled James the Just, and all 260
Their states dispose, their sons and daughters;

And for your fortune you alone,
Amongst them all, shall work your own
By peace and not by human slaughters

But why do I presume, though true, 265

To tell a fortune, Sir, to you,
Who are the maker here of all:
Where none do stand or sit in view
But owe their fortunes unto you —
At least what they good fortune call. 270

Myself a Gipsy here do shine,
Yet are you maker, Sir, of mine.
Oh, that confession would content
So high a bounty that doth know
No part of motion but to flow, 275
And, giving, never to repent.

May still the matter wait your hand,
That it not feel or stay or stand,
But all desert still overcharge.
And may your goodness ever find 280
In me, whom you have made, a mind
As thankful as your own is large.

DANCE 2. 2. STRAIN

*After which the Prince's fortune is offer'd at by the
2 Gipsy*

As my Captain hath begun
With the sire, I take the son.
Your hand, Sir — 285
Of your fortune be secure,
Love and she are both at your
Command, Sir.

See what states are here at strife,
Who shall tender you a wife, 290
A brave one;
And a fitter for a man
Than is offer'd here you can-
Not have one.

She is sister of a star, 295
One the noblest now that are,
Bright Hesper;
Whom the Indians in the East
Phosphor call, and in the West
High Vesper. 300

Courses even with the Sun
Doth her mighty brother run
For splendour.
What can to the marriage night,
More than morn and evening light, 305
Attend her?

²⁴¹ foul: ugly | at leisure: in the course of time ²⁴⁶ s. d. pursued: continued ²⁴⁸ Or: either
²⁴⁸⁻²⁵⁵ (Referring to James's vain efforts as peacemaker in the opening of the Thirty Years' War) ²⁵⁰ for-
tune: ('fortunes' D) ²⁵³ Amongst: ('Among' DF) ²⁵⁴⁻²⁵⁵ (The Cambridge Univ. copy of D sub-
stitutes for this: "This little from so short a view | I tell, and as a teller true | Of fortunes, but their
maker, Sur, are you.") ²⁵⁹⁻²⁷⁰ fortunes . . . fortune: (transposed DF) ²⁷³ mine: my good fortune
²⁷⁴ would: ('could' DF) ²⁷⁶ (I e., knows no ebb) ²⁷⁸ or . . . stand: either obstacle or stoppage
²⁷⁹ overcharge: overload with favors ²⁸⁰ secure: confident ²⁸⁷ she: fortune ²⁸⁹ states:
('Starres' D) ²⁹⁶ She: the Infanta Maria, sister of Philip IV of Spain ²⁹⁸ One: one of ²⁹⁷ Hes-
per: evening star, star of the west (alluding to Spanish America) ³⁰¹⁻³⁰³ (The sun never sets on the
Spanish domain)

Save the promise before day
 Of a little James to play
 Hereafter
 'Twixt his Grandsire's knees, and move 310
 All the pretty ways of love
 And laughter.

Whilst with care you strive to please
 In your giving his cares ease
 And labours, 315
 And, by being long the aid
 Of the empire, make afraid
 Ill neighbours;

Till yourself shall come to see
 What we wish, yet far, to be
 Attending.
 For it skills not when or where
 That begins which cannot fear
 An ending;

Since your name in peace or wars
 Naught shall bound, until the stars
 Up-take you,
 And to all succeeding view
 Heaven a constellation new
 Shall make you. 320

DANCE 2. 3. STRAIN

*After which the Lady Marquess
 Buckingham's by the
 3. Gipsy*

Hurl after an old shoe:
 I'll be merry whate'er I do.
 Though I keep no time,
 My words shall chime:
 I'll overtake the sense with a rime. 335
 Face of a rose,
 I prithee, dispose
 Some small piece of silver. It shall be no loss,
 But only to make the sign of the cross.
 If your hand you hallow, 340
 Good fortune will follow.
 I swear by these ten,
 You shall have it again: —
 I do not say when.
 But, Lady, either I am tipsy, 345
 Or you are to fall in love with a Gipsy.
 Blush not, Dame Kate,
 For early or late,

I do assure you, it will be your fate. 349
 Nor need you be once asham'd of it, Madam:
 He 's as handsome a man as ever was Adam;
 A man out of wax,
 As a lady would aks.
 Yet he is not to wed ye:
 H'as enjoyed you already, 355
 And I hope he has sped ye
 A dainty young fellow.
 And though he look yellow,
 He ne'er will be jealous,
 But love you most zealous: 360
 There 's never a line in your hand but doth tell
 us.
 And you are a soul so white and so chaste,
 A table so smooth and so newly ras'd,
 As nothing call'd foul
 Dares approach with a blot, 365
 Or any least spot;
 But still you control
 Or make your own lot,
 Preserving love pure as it first was begot.
 But, Dame, I must tell ye, 370
 The fruit of your belly
 Is that you must tender,
 And care so to render,
 That as yourself came,
 In blood and in name, 375
 From one house of fame,
 So that may remain
 The glory of twain.

DANCE 2. 4. STRAIN

*After which the Countess of Rutland's by the
 3. Gipsy*

You, sweet Lady, have a hand too,
 And a fortune you may stand to, 380
 Both your bravery and your bounty
 Style you mistress of the county.
 You will find it from this night,
 Fortune will forget her spite,
 And heap all the blessings on you 385
 That she can pour out upon you.
 To be lov'd where most you love
 Is the worst that you shall prove;
 And by him to be embrac'd
 Who so long hath known you chaste, 390
 Wise, and far, whilst you renew
 Joys to him, and he to you;

³⁰⁷⁻³¹⁰ (Not in Cambridge Univ. copy of D) ³¹⁴⁻³¹⁵ giving . . . labours: alleviating James's cares and labors ³¹⁵ ill: evil ³²⁰ What we wish: Charles's accession yet far: (because it implies the death of King James) ³²¹ Attending: in prospect ³²² skills: matters ³²³⁻³³⁰ (Not in DF) ³³⁷ dispose: lay out ³⁴⁰ hallow: bless (with silver) ³⁴³ ten: fingers ³⁴⁵ out of wax: perfectly formed, like an image ³⁴⁸ aks: (older form of 'ask') ³⁵⁴ (Because they had already been married, May 16, 1620) ³⁵⁵ yellow: color betokening jealousy; also that of the false Gipsies' complexion ³⁶⁰ table: wax tablet ³⁶⁵ newly ras'd: freshly prepared for writing ³⁷⁰ tender: consider heedfully ³⁷⁵ s D Countess of Rutland: stepmother of the Marchioness of Buckingham ³⁸⁰ stand to: depend on ³⁸¹ bravery: noble appearance ³⁸⁵ mistress . . . county: (i.e. wife of the lord lieutenant) ³⁹⁰ will: ('shall' DF) ³⁹⁵ forget her spite: (Her two sons had both died in infancy)

And when both your years are told,
Neither think the other old.

*And the Countess of Exeter's by the
Patrico*

Madam, we knew of your coming so late, 395
We could not well fit you a nobler fate
Than what you have ready-made.
An old man's wife
Is the light of his life;
A young one is but his shade. 400
You will not importune
The change of your fortune;
For if you dare trust to my forecasting,
'T is presently good, and it will be lasting.

DANCE 2. 5. STRAIN

*After which the Countess of
Buckingham's by the
4. Gipsy*

Your pardon, Lady! Here you stand, 405
If some should judge you by your hand,
The greatest felon in the land
Detected

I cannot tell you by what arts, 410
But you have stol'n so many hearts,
As they would make you at all parts
Suspected

Your very face, first, such a one
As, being viewed, it was alone 415
Too slippery to be look'd upon,
And threw men

But then your graces, they were such
As none could e'er behold too much:
Both every taste and every touch 420
So drew men.

Still bless'd in all you think or do:
Two of your sons are Gipsies too.
You shall our Queen be, and see who
Importunes

The hurt of either yours or you, 425
And doth not wish both George and Sue,
And every bairn besides, all new
Good fortunes.

³⁹⁵ knew: ('know' DF) ³⁹⁸ old man's wife: (Her husband was forty years her senior.) ⁴⁰⁴ presently: at present it: (not in DF) s D Countess of Buckingham: (mother of the Marquess) ⁴¹¹ parts: places ⁴¹⁵ slippery: shining with beauty ⁴²² (Marquess of Buckingham and Lord Purbeck) ⁴²⁸ see: ('he' D) ⁴³⁵ hurt: ('heart' DF) ⁴³⁸ George: the Marquess Sue: his sister, Countess of Denbigh ⁴⁴⁸ s D Lady Purbeck: a noted court beauty, daughter of Sir Edward Coke, wife of Buckingham's eldest brother (the second Gipsy) ⁴⁵³ move: urge ⁴⁵⁸ robb'd ('told' DF) ⁴⁶⁰ s. D. Lady Elizabeth Hatton: (widow of Sir William Hatton, formerly aspired to by Francis Bacon; at this time wife of Sir Edward Coke; mother of Lady Purbeck) ⁴⁶¹ table: in palmistry (cf. line 223), with pun on Lady Hatton's famous hospitality ⁴⁶⁰ s. D. At . . . Lords: (only in MS) Lord Keeper: Bishop of Lincoln, keeper of the great seal, or chancellor

*The Lady Purbeck's by the
2. Gipsy*

Help me, wonder! Here 's a book,
Where I would for ever look. 430
Never yet did Gipsy trace
Smoother lines in hand or face.
Venus here doth Saturn move
That you should be Queen of Love,
And the other stars consent. 435
Only Cupid 's not content,
For, though you the theft disguise,
You have robb'd him of his eyes;
And to show his envy further,
Here he chargeth you with murder: 440
Says, although that at your sight
He must all his torches light,
Though your either cheek discloses
Mingled baths of milk and roses,
Though your lips be banks of blisses 445
Where he plants and gathers kisses,
And yourself the reason why
Wisest men for love may die:
You will turn all hearts to tinder,
And shall make the world one cinder. 450

*And the Lady Elizabeth Hatton's by the
5. Gipsy*

Mistress of a fairer table
Hath no history nor fable.
Others' fortunes may be shown:
You are builder of your own,
And whatever heaven hath gi'n you, 455
You preserve the state still in you.
That which time would have depart,
Youth, without the help of art
You do keep still, and the glory
Of your sex is but your story. 460

[*Passage substituted at Windsor
for lines 331-460*]

*At Windsor in place of the Ladies' fortunes were
spoken these following of the Lords.*

DANCE 2. 3. STRAIN

*The Lord Keeper's by the
Patrico*

*As happy a palm, Sir, as most in the land!
It should be a pure and an innocent hand,*

*And worthy the trust;
For it says you 'll be just,
And carry that purse
Without any curse
Of the public weal.
When you take out the seal,
You do not appear
A judge of a year.
I 'll venter my life,
You never had wife;
But I 'll venter my skill,
You may when you will.
You have the King's conscience, too, in your
breast,
And that 's a good guest,
Which you 'll have true touch of,
And yet not make much of,
More than by truth yourself forth to bring,
The man that you are for God and the King.* 480

*The Lord Treasurer's by the
3. Gipsy*

*I come, Sir, to borrow, and you 'll grant my de-
mand, Sir,
Sin' 't is not for money: pray, lend me your
hand, Sir. —
And yet this good hand, if you please to stretch it,
Had the errand been money, could easily fetch it.
You command the King's treasure, and yet, o'
my soul,
You handle not much, for your palm is not
foul.
Your fortune is good, and will be to set
The office upright and the King out of debt,
To put all that have pensions soon out of their
pain
By bringing th' Exchequer in credit again.* 490

*The Lord Privy Seal's by the
2. Gipsy*

*Honest and old:
In those the good part of a fortune is told.
God send you health!
The rest is provided: honour and wealth;
All which you possess
Without the making of any man less.
Nor need you my warrant enjoy if you shall,
For you have a good privy seal for it all.* 495

*The Earl Marshal's by the
3. Gipsy*

*Next the great masier, who is the donor,
I read you here the preserver of honour,
And spy it in all your singular parts.
What a father you are and nurse of the arts!
By cherishing which a way you have found,
How they, free to all, to one may be bound,
And they again lose their bonds, for to be
Obliged to you, is the way to be free.
But this is their fortune. Hark to your own!
Yours shall be to make true gentry known
From the fictitious, not to prize blood
So much by the greatness as by the good;
To show and to open clear Virtue the way,
Both whither she should and how far she may;
And whilst you do judge twixt valour and noise,
To extinguish the race of the Roaring Boys.* 500

*The Lord Steward's by the
4. Gipsy*

*I find by this hand,
You have the command
Of the very best man's house in the land.
Our Captain and we
Ere long will see
If you keep a good table.
Your master is able,
And here be bountiful lines that say,
You 'll keep no part of his bounty away.
There 's written "frank"
On your Venus' bank
To prove a false Steward you 'll find much ado,
Being a true one by blood and by office too.* 515

DANCE 2. 4. STRAIN

*The Lord Marquess Hamilton's by the
3. Gipsy*

*Only your hand, Sir, and you 're welcome to court!
Here is a man both for earnest and sport.
You were lately employed,
And your master is joyed
To have such in his train,
So well can sustain
His person abroad,
And not shrink for the load.
But had you been here,
You should have been a Gipsy, I swear.* 530

⁴⁸⁸ that: ('the' D) ⁴⁷¹⁻⁴⁷⁴ (Not in MS) ⁴⁷¹ venter: venture ⁴⁷⁸ the . . . too: (alluding to the Keeper's clerical position and chaplaincy to the King) ⁴⁸⁰ s. d. Lord Treasurer: Lord Cranfield, later Earl of Middlesex, impeached and disgraced in 1624 ⁴⁸⁸ Sin': since ⁴⁸⁹ all . . . pensions: (Jonson had one, which was trebled in 1621.) ⁴⁹⁰ s. d. Lord Privy Seal: Earl of Worcester, last survivor of the great Elizabethan nobles ⁴⁹⁸ you: ('you your' DF) ⁴⁹⁸ s. d. Earl Marshal: Earl of Arundel, by his office arbiter in questions of rank and precedence ⁴⁹⁹ master: the king ⁵⁰⁸ (Arundel formed the first great art collection in England, later given to Oxford.) and: ('and a' DF) ⁵¹⁴ Roaring Boys: 'Mohocks', ruffianly young men of wealth ⁵¹⁴ s. d. Lord Steward: Lodowick Stuart, Duke of Lenox ⁵²¹ master is: ('Masters' MS DF) ⁵²⁴ There 's written: ('Thus written to' DF) ⁵²⁸ Venus' bank: mons Veneris ⁵²⁷ s. d. Marquess Hamilton: recently employed as the king's representative at the Scottish Parliament ⁵²⁸ you 're: ('your' MS; not in DF)

*Our Captain had summon'd you by a doxy,
To whom you would not have answer'd by proxy,
One, had she come in the way of your sceptre, 540
'T is odds you had laid it by to have leapt her.*

*The Lord Chamberlain's by the
Jackman*

*Though you, Sir, be chamberlain, I have a key
To open your fortune a little by the way.*

*You are a good man,
Deny it that can, 545
And faithful you are,
Deny it that dare.*

*You know how to use your sword and your pen,
And you love not alone the arts but the men.*

*The Graces and Muses everywhere follow 550
You, as you were their second Apollo.*

Only your hand here tells you to your face,

You have wanted one grace,

To perform what hath been a right of your place.

*For by this line, which is Mars his trench, 555
You never yet help'd your master to a wench.*

*'T is well for your honour he's pious and
chaste,*

Or you had most certainly been displac'd.

*Patr. Do-do-down like my hose!
A Gipsy in his shape
More calls the beholder 10
Than the fellow with the ape.*

*Jack. Or the ape on his shoulder.
He's a sight that will take
An old judge from his wench,
Ay, and keep him awake. 15*

*Patr. Yes, awake o' the bench.
And has so much worth,
Though he sit i' the stocks,
He will draw the girls forth.*

*Jack. Ay, forth i' their smocks. 20
Tut, a man's a man:
Let the clowns with their sluts
Come mend us if they can.*

*Patr. If they can for their guts.
Come mend us, come lend us their shouts
and their noise 25*

*Both Like thunder, and wonder at Ptolemy's
boys!*

*Cock O the Lord! What be these, Tom,
dost thou know? Come hither, come hither,
Dick Didst thou ever see such? The finest
olive-colour'd sprites! They have so danc'd 30
and jingled here as if they had been a set of
overgrown fairies*

*Clod. They should be morris-dancers by
their jungle, but they have no napkins.*

Cock. No, nor a hobby-horse. 35

*Clod. O, he is often forgotten: that's no
rule. But there is no Maid Marian nor friar
amongst them, which is the surer mark.*

Cock. Nor a fool, that I see

Clod. Unless they be all fools. 40

*Town. Well said, Tom Fool! Why, thou
simple parish-ass, thou! Didst thou never see
any Gipsies? These are a covey of Gipsies,
and the bravest new covey that ever constable
flew at: goodly game Gipsies! They are 45
Gipsies of this year, o' this moon, in my con-
science.*

[PART II.]

DANCE 2. 6 STRAIN, WHICH LEADS INTO DANCE 3

Dance 3

*During which enter the Clowns, Cockrell, Clod,
Townshend, Puppy, whilst the Patrico and
Jackman sing this song.*

SONG

*Patr. Why, this is a sport —
See it north, see it south —
For the taste of the court.*

*Jack. For the court's own mouth!
Come Windsor the town 5
With the mayor and oppose,
We'll put 'em all down.*

⁵⁴⁸ doxy: Gipsy wench ⁵⁴⁹ sceptre: the badge of his viceregal employment ⁵⁵¹ s. d. Lord Chamberlain: Earl of Pembroke, elder of the "two incomparable brethren" to whom the Shakespeare Folio was dedicated in 1623 ⁵⁴⁸⁻⁵⁵¹ (In the printed editions the Lord Chamberlain's fortune is placed first, preceding the Lord Keeper's, ll 461 ff These editions add a set of doggerel verses on the Earl of Buckleugh, not in MS and of dubious authenticity) ⁵⁵¹ chamberlain: functionary in charge of accommodations, at court and also in inns ^{key}: (pronounce "kay") ⁵⁵² Mars his trench: line of palm on "mountain of Mars" ^{Dance 3}: (The dividing point in the masque: the comic two-part song that follows introduces the antimasque) ¹⁻²⁵ (Not in Cambridge Univ copy of D. In other printed texts, Dance 3 and the entrance of the Clowns follow this song) ¹ Do-do-down: (imitating a stammer) ¹¹ fellow . . . ape: man with a performing ape ¹² jingle: (Morris-dancers had small bells attached to their costumes.) ¹³ napkins: kerchiefs of bright color ¹⁴ hobby-horse: performer impersonating a horse ¹⁵ he . . . forgotten: (alluding to proverbial saying, "The hobby-horse is forgot") ¹⁷ friar: Friar Tuck ¹⁸ o' . . . moon: of the newest coinage ^{moon}: month

Clod. O, they are call'd the moon-men, I remember now.

Cock. One shall hardly see such gentle-⁵⁰ manlike Gipsies, though, under a hedge in a whole summer's day, — if they be Gipsies.

Town. Male Gipsies all; not a mort amongst them.

Pup. Where? where? I could never en-⁵⁵ dure the sight of one of these rogue-Gipsies. Which be they? I would fain see 'em.

Clod. Yonder they are.

Pup. Can they cant or mill? Are they masters in their arts?⁶⁰

Town. No, bachelors these: they cannot have proceeded so far. They have scarce had their time to be lousy yet.

Pup. All the better. I would be acquainted with them while they are in clean life: they⁶⁵ will do their tricks the cleaner.

Cock. We must have some music, then, and take out the wench.

Pup. Music! we'll have a whole poverty of pipers. Call Cheeks upon the bagpipe⁷⁰ and Tom Ticklefoot with his tabor. *Clod.* will you gather the pipe money?

Clod. I'll gather it an you will, but I'll give none.

Pup. Why, well said. Claw a churl by⁷⁵ the arse, and he'll shit in your fist.

Cock. Ay, or whistle to a jade, and he'll pay you with a fart.

Clod. Fart? It's an ill wind blows no man to profit. See, where the minstrel's come⁸⁰ i' the mouth on 't.

Cock. Ay, and all the good wenches of Windsor after him. Yonder's Prue o' the Park.

Town. And Frances o' the Castle.⁸⁵

Pup. And long Meg of Eton.

Clod. And Christian o' Dorney.

Town. See the miracle of a minstrel!

Cock. He's able to muster up the smocks o' the two shires.⁹⁰

Pup. And set the codpieces and they by the ears at pleasure.

Town. I cannot hold now. There's my groat: let's have a fit for mirth's sake

Cock. Yes, and they'll come about us⁹⁵ for luck sake.

Pup. But look to our pockets and purses for our own sake.

Clod. Ay. I have the greatest charge, if I gather the money.¹⁰⁰

Cock. Come, girls; here be Gipsies come to town. If we can, let's dance them down.

Minstrel [plays a] country dance, during which the Gipsies come about them, prying, and after the

Patrico

Sweet doxies and dells,
My Roses and Nells,
Scarce out of the shells:¹⁰⁵
Your hands! Nothing else.
We ring you no knells
With our Ptolemy's bells,
Though we come from the fells,
But bring you good spells;¹¹⁰
And tell you some chances,
In midst of your dances,
That fortune advances
To Prudence or Francis,
To Sisley or Harry,¹¹⁵
To Roger or Mary,
Or Peg of the dairy,
To Maudlin or Thomas:
Then do not run from us.
Although we look tawny,¹²⁰
We are healthy and brawny;
Whate'er your demand is,
We'll give you no jaundice.

Pup. Say you so, old Gipsy? 'Slid, these go to 't in rime that is better than canting¹²⁵ by t' one half.

Town. Nay, you shall hear 'em. Peace! They begin with Prudence: mark that.

Pup. The wiser Gipsies they, marry!

Town. Are you advis'd?¹³⁰

Pup. Yes, and I'll stand to 't that a wise Gipsy (take him at time o' year) is as politic a piece of flesh as most justices in the county where he stalks

3. Gipsy.

To love a keeper your fortune will be,¹³⁵
But the doucets better than him or his fee

Town. Ho, Prue, has he hit you in the teeth with the sweetbit?

Pup. Let it alone; she'll swallow it well enough. A learned Gipsy!¹⁴⁰

Town. You'll hear more hereafter.

⁴⁰ moon-men: a name for Gipsies ⁴¹ mort: female ⁴² cant: beg mill: steal ⁴³ bachelors: very recent graduates ⁴⁴ their: ('the' D) ⁴⁵ cleaner: more neatly (with pun) ⁴⁶ take out: dance with and . . . wenches: (not in D) ⁴⁷ poverty: ragged company ⁴⁸ tabor: small drum ⁴⁹ (As in MS. Printed texts differ.) ⁵⁰ Park: Windsor Park ⁵¹ Castle: Windsor Castle ⁵² Dorney: like Eton, a village near Windsor ⁵³ codpieces: males (from a suggestive piece of male apparel) ⁵⁴ hold: hold back ⁵⁵ groat: fourpence ⁵⁶ fit: piece of minstrelsy ⁵⁷ charge: money in trust ⁵⁸ dells: Gipsy virgins ⁵⁹ (Not in D) ⁶⁰ knells: sounds of rebelling ⁶¹ But: ('And' D) ⁶² spells: charms ⁶³ Peg: ('Meg' D) ⁶⁴ t' one: the one ⁶⁵ advis'd: sure of it ⁶⁶ at . . . year: when he is in season ('t' th' time o' th' yeare' D) ⁶⁷ stalks: ('maunds' D) ⁶⁸ doucets: testes of deer ⁶⁹ hit . . . teeth: spoken a home truth

Pup. Marry, and I 'll listen. Who stands next? Jack Cockrell.

2. *Gipsy.*

You 'll steal yourself drunk, I find here true:
As you rob the pot, the pot will rob you. 145

Pup. A prophet! a prophet! No Gipsy;
or if he be a Gipsy, a divine Gipsy!

Town. Mark Frances now; she 's going to
't: the virginity o' the parish.

Patr.

Fear not: in hell you 'll never lead apes, 150
A mortified maiden of five 'scapes.

Pup. By 'r lady, he touch'd the virgins
string there a little too hard. They are arrant
learn'd men all, I see. What say they upon
Tom Clod? List. 155

4. *Gipsy.*

Clod's feet will in Christmas go near to be
bare,

When he has lost all his hobnails at post and
at pair

Pup. H' as hit the right nail o' the head-
his own game.

Town. And the very metal he deals in at 160
play, if you mark it.

Pup. Peace Who 's this? Long Meg!

Town. Long and foul Meg, if she be a Meg,
as ever I saw of her inches Pray God they
fit her with a fair fortune. She hangs an 165
arse terribly.

Patr.

She 'll have a tailor take measure of her
breach,

And ever after be troubled with a stitch.

Town. That 's as homely as she

Pup. The better: a turd 's as good for 170
a sow as a pancake

Town. Hark, now they treat upon Tickle-
foot.

4. *Gipsy.*

On Sundays you rob the poor's box with your
tabor.

The collectors would do it: you save 'em a
labour 175

Pup. Faith, but little. They do it *non*
upstanie.

Town. Here 's my little Christian forgot!
Ha' you any fortune left for her, a strait-
lac'd Christian of sixteen? 180

Patr.

Christian shall get her a loose-bodied gown
In trying how a gentleman differs from a clown.

Pup. Is that a fortune for a Christian?
A Turk with a Gipsy could not have told her
a worse. 185

Town. Come, I 'll stand myself, and once
venter the poor head o' the town. Do your
worst. My name 's Townshead, and here 's
my hand I 'll not be angry.

3. *Gipsy.*

A cuckold you must be, and that for three
lives. 190

Your own, the parson's, and your wives.

Town. I swear I 'll never marry for that,
an 't be but to give fortune my foe the lie.
Come, Paul Puppy, you must in too.

Pup. No, I am well enough I would 195
ha' no good fortune, an I might.

Patr.

Yet look to yourself: you 'll ha' some ill luck;
And shortly — [*aside*.] for I have his purse
with a pluck.

Away, birds, mum!

I hear by the hum, 200

If Beck-Harman come,

He 'll strike us all dumb,

With a noise like a drum.

Let 's give him our room.

Here, this way some, 205

And that way others:

We are not all brothers.

Leave me to the cheats;

I 'll show 'em some feats.

Pup. What, are they gone? flown all of 210
a sudden? This is fine, i' faith. A covey,
call ye 'em? They are a covey soon scattered,
methinks Who sprung 'em, I marle?

Town. Marry, yourself, Puppy, for aught
I know. You quested last. 215

Clod. Would he had quested first for me,
and sprung 'em an hour ago!

Town. Why, what 's the matter, man?

Clod. 'Sld, they ha' sprung my purse and
all I had about me. 220

Town. They ha' not, ha' they?

Clod. As I am true Clod, ha' they, and
ransack'd me of every penny. Outcept I
were with child of an owl (as they say), I

¹⁴⁵ Who stands: ('who 's' D) ¹⁴⁶⁻¹⁴⁸ (F substitutes: 'You 'll ha' good luck to horse-flesh, o' my life; You plow'd so late with the vicar's wife ') ¹⁴⁷ be: ('must be' D) ¹⁴⁸ divine: (punning on 'divine,' prophesy) ¹⁴⁹ lead apes: (the proverbial lot of unmarried maids) ¹⁵⁰ mortified: null and void 'scapes: escapades ¹⁵¹ will . . . go: ('in Christmas will goe' D) ¹⁵² post . . . pair: a card game ¹⁵³ H' as: he has ¹⁵⁴ right nail: ('Hobnails' D) ¹⁵⁵⁻¹⁷¹ She . . . pancake: (not in F) ¹⁷² Hark . . . they: ('They slip her, and' F) ¹⁷³ treat upon: deal with ¹⁷⁴⁻¹⁷⁷ non upstanie: non obstante, nevertheless ('notwithstanding' D) ¹⁷⁸ with a: (not in D, 'or a' F) ¹⁷⁹ hand: (given in pledge that) ¹⁸⁰ wives: wife's ¹⁸¹ fortune my foe: (name and opening words of a popular song) ¹⁸² Beck-Harman: the constable ¹⁸³ sprung: put to flight (of birds) ¹⁸⁴ marle: marvel ¹⁸⁵ quested: gave tongue (of dogs) ¹⁸⁶ for me: (follows 'ago' in DF) ¹⁸⁷ Clod: ('Tom Clod' D) ¹⁸⁸ Outcept: except

never saw such luck. It is enough to make [225
a man a whore.

Pup. Hold thy peace. Thou talk'st as if
thou hadst a license to lose thy purse alone
in this company. 'Slid, here be them can
lose a purse in honour of the Gipsies as well [230
as thou for thy heart, and never make word
of it. I ha' lost my purse too.

Cock. What was there i' thy purse, thou
keepest such a whimpering? Was the lease
of thy house in it? 235

Pup. Or thy grannam's silver ring?

Clod. No, but a mill sixpence I lov'd as
dearly; and twopence I had to spend over
and above, beside the harper that was gather'd
amongst us to pay the piper. 240

Town. Our whole stock, is that gone? how
will Tom Ticklefoot do to wet his whistle, then?

Pup. Marry, a new collection: there 's no
music else. He can ill pipe that wants his
upper lip. 245

Prue. They have robb'd me too of a race
of ginger and a jet ring I had to draw Jack
Straw hither o' holidays.

Town. Is t' possible? fine-finger'd Gipsies,
faith! 250

Meg. And I have lost an enchanted nut-
meg, all gilded-over — enchanted at Oxford —
I had to put i' my sweetheart's ale o' morn-
ings; with a row of white pins that prick me to
the very heart, the loss of 'em. 255

Clod. And I ha' lost, beside my purse, my
best bridelace I had at Joan Turnup's wedding,
and a halp'orth of hobnails; and Frances
Addlebrech has lost somewhat too.

Fran. Ay, I ha' lost my thimble, and a [260
skein of Coventry blue I had to work Gregory
Lichfield a handkerchief.

Chri. And I — unhappy Christian as I am!
— have lost my "Practice of Piety," with a
bowed groat and the ballet of "Whoop, [265
Barnabe," which grieves me ten times worse.

Clod. And Ticklefoot has lost his clout,
he says, with a threepence and four tokens
in it, besides his taboring-stick, even now.

Cock. And I my knife and sheath, and [270
my fine dog's leather gloves.

Town. Have we lost ne'er a dog amongst
us? where's Puppy?

Pup. Here, goodman Townshead: you ha'
nothing to lose, it seems, but the town's [275
brains you are trusted with.

Patrico.

O my dear marrows,
No shooting of arrows,
Or shafts of your wit,
Each other to hit 280

In your skirmishing fit.
Your store is but small:
Then venter not all.
Remember, each mock
Doth spend o' the stock: 285

And what was here done,
Being under the moon,
And at afternoon,
Will prove right soon
Deceptio visus, 290

Done *gratia risus*
There 's no such thing
As the loss of a ring,
Or, what you count worse,
The miss of a purse 295

But hey for the main!
And pass of the strain!
Here 's both come again.
And there 's an old twinger,
Can show you the ginger. 300

The pins and the nutmeg
Are safe here with slut Meg.
Then strike up your tabor,
And there 's for your labour.
The sheath and the knife, — 305

I 'll venter my life, —
Shall breed you no strife;
But like man and wife,
Or sister and brother,
Keep one with another; 310

And, light as a feather,
Make haste to come hether.
The Coventry blue
Hangs there upon Prue;
And here 's one opens 315

The clout and the tokens.
Deny the bow'd groat,

²²⁹ them: ('those' D) ²³¹ for thy heart: for all you can do ²³² purse too: (three lines of gag added in D) ²³³⁻²³⁴ thou . . . whimpering: (not in D; 'thou . . . whining' F) ²³⁷ mill: with milled edges sixpence: (D adds 'of my Mothers') ²³⁹ harper: coin marked with a harp, depreciated shilling (?) ²⁴⁴ He: ('Masters he' DF) ²⁴⁸ lip: (followed in D by the speech. 'Town. Yes, a Bag-piper may want both'; 'lippe; Money' F) ²⁴⁹⁻²⁵³ Prue . . . Chri: (In D the wenchs do not speak, their words being given, with slight variation, by the clowns) ²⁵⁴ race: root ²⁵⁷⁻²⁵⁸ jet . . . Straw: (The joke is that jet, black lignite, has electrical qualities and will attract straws.) ²⁶¹ enchanted: (i.e., to be used as a love-charm) ²⁶⁷ I had . . . wedding: (not in D) ²⁶⁸ halp'orth: halfpenny-worth ²⁶⁹ Coventry blue: blue thread, for which Coventry was famed ²⁷⁰ Gregory: ('Will' D) ²⁷¹ Practice of Piety: a popular book of devotion by Bishop Bayly ²⁷² bow'd: bent ²⁷³ clout: handkerchief ²⁷⁴ my fine: ('a pair of' D) ²⁷⁵ lost: ('left' D) ²⁷⁶ Puppy: ('Puppy gone' D) ²⁷⁷ marrows: intimate friends ²⁷⁸ here: (not in MS) ²⁷⁹ Deceptio visus: optical illusion ²⁸¹ gratia risus: for the sake of sport ²⁸² twinger: snatcher ²⁸³ you: (not in MS) ²⁸⁴ hether: hither ²⁸⁵ here 's: ('here' D)

And you lie in your throat;
 Or the taborer's ninpence,
 Or the six fine pence. 320
 As for the ballet,
 Or book, what-you-call-it,
 Alas, our society
 Mells not with piety:
 Himself hath forsook it, 325
 That first undertook it.
 For thimble or bridelace,
 Search yonder side, lass.
 All 's to be found,
 If you look yourselves round. 330
 We scorn to take from ye;
 We had rather spend on ye.
 If any man wrong ye,
 The thief 's among ye.

Town. Excellent, i' faith: a most re- 335
 storative Gipsy! All 's here again; and yet
 by his learning of leger-de-main he would make
 us believe we had robb'd ourselves, for the hob-
 nails are come to me.

Cock. May be he knew whose shoes 340
 lack'd clouting.

Pup. Ay, he knows more than that; or
 I 'll never trust my judgment in a Gipsy again.

Cock. A Gipsy of quality, believe it, and
 one of the King's Gipsies, this: a Drink- 345
 alian, or a Drink-bragatan. Ask him. The
 King has a noise of Gipsies as well as bear-
 wards.

Pup. What sort or order of Gipsy, I pray,
 Sir? A flagonfleakian? 350

Patrico.

A devil's-arse-a-peakian:
 Born first at Niglington,
 Bred up at Filchington,
 Boarded at Tappington,
 Bedded at Wappington. 355

Town. 'Fore me, a dainty-derived Gipsy!

Pup. But I pray, Sir, if a man might ask
 you: how came your Captain's place first
 to be called the Devil's Arse?

Patrico.

For that, take my word, 360
 We have a record
 That doth it afford,
 And says our first lord —
 Cock-Lorell he hight —
 On a time did invite 365
 The Devil to a feast.

The tail of the jest
 (Though since it be long)
 Lives yet in a song;
 Which if you would hear, 370
 Shall plainly appear,
 Like a chime in your ear.
 I 'll call in my clark,
 Shall sing 't like a lark.

Cock. O, ay! The song, the song, in any 375
 case! If you want music, we 'll lend him our
 minstrel.

Patrico.

Come in, my long shark,
 With thy face brown and dark;
 With thy tricks and thy toys 380
 Make a merry, merry noise
 To these mad country boys,
 And chant out the farce
 Of the grand Devil's Arse.

SONG

Cock-Lorell would needs have the Devil his
 guest, 385
 And bade him into the Peak to dinner,
 Where never the fiend had such a feast
 Provided him yet at the charge of a sinner.

His stomach was queasy (he came thither
 coach'd).

The jogging had made some crudities rise. 390
 To help it he call'd for a Puritan poach'd,
 That used to turn up the eggs of his eyes.

And so, recovered to his wish,
 He sate him down, and he fell to eat.
Promoter in plum-broth was his first dish: 395
 His own privy kitchen had no such meat.

Yet (though with this he much were taken)
 Upon a sudden he shifted his trencher,
 As soon as he spies the *Bawd-and-Bacon*,
 By which you may note the Devil's a wench.

Six pickled tailors, slic'd and cut; 401
Sempsters, tirewomen, fit for his palate,
 With feather-men and perfumers put
 Some twelve in a charger, to make a grand
 sallet.

A rich fat usurer stewed in his marrow, 405
 And by him a lawyer's head and green sauce;
 Both which his belly took in like a barrow,
 As if till then he had never seen sauce.

³²⁴ *Mells*: meddles ³⁴¹ *clouting*: mending ³⁴⁶⁻³⁴⁸ *Drinkalian*: drinker of ale ³⁴⁹ *-bragatan*: (See note on I 178.) ³⁴⁷ *noise*: band of musicians ³⁴⁷⁻³⁴⁸ *bearwards*: bear-keepers ³⁵⁰ *flagonfleakian*: drunkard (D adds this to Patrico's speech.) ³⁵¹ (A native of Devil's-arse in the Peak of Derbyshire) ³⁵² *dainty-derived*: of excellent origin ³⁵³ *it*: (not in MS) ^{372, 376-377} (Not in DF) ³⁷⁸ *shark*: thief (probably the Jackman) ³⁸⁸ *Cock-Lorell*: a mythical rogue, hero of *Cock Lorell's Boat* ³⁸⁹ *into*: ('once into' DF) ³⁸⁹ *he . . . thither*: ('for coming there' DF) ³⁹⁰ *made*: ('caus'd' DF) ³⁹² *eggs*: whites ³⁹³ *to his wish*: perfectly ³⁹⁵ *Promoter*: informer ³⁹⁸ *spies*: ('spy'd' DF) ⁴⁰¹ *Sempsters*: seamstresses ⁴⁰² *tirewomen*: milliners, wigmakers ⁴⁰³ *feather-men*: plume-sellers ⁴⁰⁴ *charger*: dish ⁴⁰⁵ *sallet*: salad ⁴⁰⁸ *had never*: ('neuer had' MS)

Then, carbonado'd and cook'd with pains,
 Was brought up a cloven serjeant's face; 410
 The sauce was made of his yeoman's brains,
 That had been beaten out with his own mace.

Two roasted sheriffs came whole to the board:
 The feast had nothing been without 'em.
 Both living and dead they were fox'd and
 furr'd; 415
 Their chains like sausages hung about 'em.

The next dish was the mayor of a town,
 With a pudding of maintenance thrust in
 his belly:
 Like a goose in the feathers, dress'd in his gown;
 And his couple of hinch-boys boil'd to a
 jelly. 420

A London cuckold, hot from the spit:
 And when the carver up had broke him,
 The Devil chopp'd up his head at a bit,
 But the horns were very near like to choke
 him.

The chine of a lecher, too, there was, roasted,
 With a plump harlot's haunch and garlic; 426
 A pandar's pettitoes, that had boasted
 Himself for a captain, yet never was warlike.

A large fat pasty of midwife hot,
 And, for a cold bak'd-meat, into the story 430
 A reverend painted lady was brought,
 Was coffin'd in crust, till now she was hoary.

To these an overgrown justice of peace,
 With a clerk, like a gizzard, truss'd under
 each arm,
 And warrants, for sippets, laid in his own
 grease, 435
 Set over a chafing-dish to be kept warm.

The jowl of a jailer serv'd for fish,
 A constable sous'd with vinegar by;
 Two aldermen-lobsters asleep in a dish;
 A deputy-tart, a churchwarden-pie. 440

All which devour'd, he then, for a close,
 Did for a full draught of Darby call.
 He heav'd the huge vessel up to his nose,
 And left not till he had drunk up all.

Then from the table he gave a start, 445
 Where banquet and wine were nothing scarce:
 All which he blew away with a fart,
 From whence it was call'd the Devil's-arise.

And there he made such a breach with the wind,
 The hole too standing open the while, 450
 That the scent of the vapour, before and be-
 hind,
 Hath foully perfumed most part of the isle.

And this was tobacco, the learned suppose;
 Which since, in country, court, and town,
 In the Devil's glister-pipe smokes at the nose 455
 Of polecat, and madam, of gallant and clown.

From which wicked weed, with swine's flesh and
 ling,
 Or anything else that 's feast for the fiend,
 Our Captain and we cry: God save the King,
 And send him good meat, and mirth without
 end! 460

Pup An excellent song, and a sweet song-
 ster, and would ha' done rarely in a cage with
 a dish of water and hempeed. A fine breast
 of his own! Sir, you are a prelate of the order,
 I understood, and I have a terrible grudg- 465
 ing now upon me to be one of your company.
 Will your Captain take a prentice, Sir? I
 would bind myself to him, body and soul,
 either for one-and-twenty years or as many
 lives as he would 470

Clod Ay, and put in my life for one, for
 I am come about too I am sorry I had no
 more money in my purse when you came first
 upon me, Sir. If I had known you would have
 pick'd my pocket so like a gentleman, I 475
 would ha' been better provided I shall be
 glad to venter a purse with your worship at
 any time you'll appoint, so you would prefer
 me to your Captain. I'll put in security for
 my truth, and serve out my time, though 480
 I die to-morrow.

Cock Ay, upon those terms, Sir, and in
 hope your Captain keeps better cheer than he
 made the Devil (for my stomach will never
 agree with that diet), we'll be all his fol- 485
 lowers I'll go home and fetch a little money,
 Sir: all I have; and you shall pick my pocket

⁴⁰⁹ carbonado'd: broiled ⁴¹⁰ serjeant: police constable ⁴¹¹ yeoman: serjeant's attendant
⁴¹² fox'd and furr'd: dressed in ceremonial robes ⁴¹³ chains: gold chains of office ⁴¹⁴ maintenance:
 bribery ⁴¹⁵ hinch-boys: foot-pages ⁴¹⁶ chopp'd: gobbled ⁴¹⁷ bit: mouthful ⁴¹⁸ choke: ('have
 choakt' DF) ⁴¹⁹ pettitoes: pig's feet ⁴²⁰ Was: ('And' DF) ⁴²¹ coffin'd in crust: enclosed in pastry
 hoary: mouldy ⁴²² left: stopped ⁴²³ blew: ('flirted' DF) ⁴²⁴⁻⁴²⁵ (Not in MS) ⁴²⁶ ling: a fish
 resembling cod (like tobacco and pork, loathed by King James) ⁴²⁷ breast: singing voice ⁴²⁸ un-
 derstood: ('understand' DF) ⁴²⁹ now: (not in D) ⁴³⁰⁻⁴³¹ either . . . lives: (terms for which land
 was leased) ⁴³² at: (not in D) ⁴³³ prefer: commend ⁴³⁴ truth: honesty ⁴³⁵ made: ('made
 for' D)

to my face, and I'll avouch it. A man would
not desire to have his purse pick'd in better
company. 490

Pup. Tut, they have other manner of gifts
than telling of fortunes or picking of pockets.

Cock. Ay, an if they please to show them,
or thought us poor country folks worthy of
them. 495

Pup. What might a man do to be a gentle-
man of your company, Sir?

Cock. Ay, a Gipsy in ordinary or nothing.

Patrico.

Friends, not to refell ye,
Or any way quell ye, 500

To buy or to sell ye, —
I only must tell ye:

Ye aim at a mystery
Worthy a hystory.

There's much to be done, 505

Ere you can be a son,
Or a brother, o' the moon.

'T is not so soon

Acquir'd as desir'd.

You must be ben-bowsy, 510

And sleepy and drowsy,

And lazy and lousy,

Before ye can rouse ye

In shape that avows ye.

And then ye may stalk 515

The Gipsies' walk,

To the coops and the pens,

And bring in the hens

Though the cock be left sullen

For loss o' the pullen, 520

Take turkey and capon,

And gammons of bacon:

Let naught be forsaken.

We'll let you go loose,

Like a fox to a goose, 525

And show you the sty

Where the little pigs lie;

Whence if you can take

One or two, and not wake

The sow in her dreams, 530

But by the moon-beams

So warily hie

As neither do cry,

You shall the next day

Have a license to play 535

At the hedge a flirt

For a sheet or a shirt.

If your hand be light,

I'll show ye the sleight

Of our Ptolemy's knot: 540

It is and 't is not.

To change your complexion

With the noble confection

Of walnuts and hog's grease,

Better than dog's grease; 545

And to milk the kine,

Ere the milkmaid fine

Have open'd her eyne;

Or if you desire,

To spit or fart fire. 550

I'll teach you the knacks

Of eating of flax,

And out of your noses

Draw ribbons for posies.

As for example, 555

Mine own is as ample

And fruitful a nose

As a wit can suppose.

Yet it shall go hard

But there will be spar'd 560

Each of you a yard,

And worth your regard,

When the colour and size

Arrive at your eyes

And if you incline 565

To a cup of good wine,

When you sup or dine;

If you chance it to lack,

Be it claret or sack,

I'll make this snout 570

To deal it about,

Or this to run out,

As 't were from a spout.

Town. Admirable tricks! and he does 'em
all *se defendendo*, as if he would not be taken 575
in the trap of authority by a frail fleshly con-
stable.

Pup. Without the aid of a cheese.

Clod. Or help of a flitch of bacon.

Cock. O, he would chirp in a pair of 580
stocks sumptuously. I'd give anything to
see him play loose with his hands, when his
feet are fast

Pup. O' my conscience, he fears not that,
an the marshal himself were here. I pro- 585
test, I admire him.

Patrico.

Is this worth your wonder?

Nay, then, you shall under-

Stand more of my skill.

I can, for I will, 590

⁴⁸⁸ avouch: uphold ⁴⁹¹⁻⁴⁹⁷ (One speech in F) ⁴⁹⁸ an . . . please: ('and they would be
pleased' D) ⁴⁹⁴ poor: ('poor mortall' D) folks: ('mortalls' F) ⁴⁹⁹ refell: repulse ⁵⁰⁰ quell:
dishearten ⁵⁰³ mystery: profession ⁵¹⁰ ben-bowsy: bibulous ⁵¹⁴ avows ye: shows what you are
⁵¹⁹ left: (not in MS F) ⁵²⁰ pullen: poultry ⁵²⁹ or: (not in D) ⁵³⁸ flirt: bout, trial of skill
⁵⁴⁸ to: (not in D) ⁵⁸⁰ (This may originally have followed lines 463-464, 'a fine breast of his own'.)
⁵⁹⁰ I can: ('For I can' D)

- Here at Burleigh o' th' hill,
 Give you all your fill,
 Each Jack with his Jill;
 And show ye the King,
 And Prince, too, and bring 595
 The Gipsies were here
 Like lords to appear;
 With such their attenders
 As you thought offenders,
 Who now become new men. 600
 You 'll know 'em for true men:
 For he we call Chief
 (I 'll tell 't you in brief)
 Is so far from a thief
 As he gives ye relief 605
 With his bread, beer, and beef.
 And 't is not long syne
 Ye drank of his wine,
 And it made ye fine,
 Both claret and sherry. 610
 Then let us be merry,
 And help with your call
 For a hall, a hall!
 Stand up to the wall,
 Both good men and tall: 615
 We are one man's all.
 Make it a jolly night,
 If not a holy night,
 Spite o' the constable,
 Or Dean of Dunstable. 620
All. A hall! a hall! a hall!
- Unto my good Master, —
 Which light on him faster
 Than wishes can fly! 15
 And you that stand by,
 Be as jocund as I.
 Each man with his voice
 Give his heart to rejoice;
 Which I 'll requite, 20
 If my art hit right,
 Though late now at night:
 Each clown here in sight,
 Before day-light,
 Shall prove a good knight; 25
 And your lasses pages,
 Worthy their wages,
 Where fancy engages
 Girls to their ages.
- Clowns.* O, anything for the Patrico! 30
 What is 't? what is 't?
Patrico. Nothing but bear the bob of the
 close;
 It will be no burthen, you well may sup-
 pose,
 But bless the Sovereign and his senses,
 And to wish away offences. 35
Clowns. Let us alone: "Bless the Sovereign
 and his senses!"
Patrico. We 'll take 'em in order, as they
 have being;
 And first of *seeing*. 40
 From a Gipsy in the morning,
 Or a pair of squint eyes turning;
 From the goblin and the spectre,
 Or a drunkard, though with nectar;
 From a woman true to no man,
 And is ugly beside common; 45
 A smock rampant, and that itches
 To be putting on the breeches:
 Wheresoe'er they have their being,
 Bless the Sovereign and his *seeing*!
- 5 From a fool and serious toys; 50
 From a lawyer three parts noise;
 From impertinence, like a drum
 Beat at dinner in his room;
 From a tongue without a file
 (Heaps of phrases and no style); 55
 From a fiddle out of tune,
 As the cuckoo is in June;

[PART III.]

THE GIPSIES CHANG'D. DANCE

Patrico.

- Why, now ye behold
 'T was truth that I told,
 And no device:
 They 're chang'd in a trice;
 And so will I 5
 Be myself by and by.
 I only now
 Must study how
 To come off with a grace
 By my Patrico's place: 10
 Some short kind of blessing,
 Itself addressing
- From a fool and serious toys; 50
 From a lawyer three parts noise;
 From impertinence, like a drum
 Beat at dinner in his room;
 From a tongue without a file
 (Heaps of phrases and no style); 55
 From a fiddle out of tune,
 As the cuckoo is in June;

⁵⁹⁴ ye: ('you' DF) ⁵⁹⁵ were: who were ⁶⁰²⁻⁶¹⁶ (Replaced at the Belvoir performance by: 'The
 fift of August | Will not let sawdust | Lie in your throats | Or cobwebs or oats | But help to scour ye. |
 This is no Gowrie | Hath drawn James hether | But the good man of Bever | Our Buckingham's father |
 Then so much the rather') ⁶⁰³ Chief: Captain of Gipsies, Buckingham (the host at Burleigh)
⁶⁰⁴ As . . . ye: ('He gives you' D) ⁶⁰⁵ bread . . . and: ('Beere and his' D) ⁶¹¹ a hall: cry that
 the room be cleared for dancing ⁶¹² If not: (at Belvoir, 'for 'tis') ⁶¹³ Dean of Dunstable: an imagi-
 nary official Part III. s. d Chang'd: in new costumes ⁶¹⁴ device: fiction ⁶¹⁵ come off: conclude
¹⁰ By: as regards ('With' DF) ¹¹ art: ('heart' D) ¹² bob: refrain ¹³ burthen: (punning on two
 senses) ¹⁴ Let us alone: Leave it to us ¹⁵ in . . . being: in their natural order ¹⁶ though: though
 drunk ¹⁷ And: ('which' DF) ¹⁸ smock rampant: virago that: ('the' DF) ¹⁹ serious toys: dull
 trifling ²⁰ without a file: unpolished

From the candlesticks of Lothbury,
And the loud pure wives of Banbury;
Or a long pretended fit,
Meant for mirth, but is not it,
Only time and ears outwearing:
Bless the Sovereign and his *hearing*!

From a strolling tinker's sheet,
And a pair of carrier's feet;
From a lady that doth breathe
Worse above than underneath;
From the diet and the knowledge
Of the students in Bears' College;
From tobacco with the type
Of the Devil's glisten-pipe,
Or a stink all stinks excelling,
A fishmonger's dwelling:
Bless the Sovereign and his *smelling*!

From an oyster and fried fish,
A sow's baby in a dish,
Any portion of a swine;
From bad venison and worse wine;
Ling, what cook soe'er it boil,
Though with mustard sauc'd and oil;
Or what else would keep man fasting:
Bless the Sovereign and his *tasting*!

Both from birdlime and from pitch;
From a doxy and her itch;
From the bristles of a hog;
Or the ring-worm of a dog;
From the courtship of a briar;
From St. Anthony's old fire;
From a needle or a thorn,
In the bed at even or morn;
Or from any gout's least grouching:
Bless the Sovereign and his *touching*!

Bless him, too, from all offences
In his sports as in his senses:
From a boy to cross his way,
From a fall or a foul day.

Bless him, O bless him, Heaven, and lend him
long,
To be the sacred burthen of all song;
The acts and years of all our kings to outgo,
And while he 's mortal, we not think him so! 100

After which, ascending up, the Jackman sings

SONG 1

The sports are done, yet do not let
Your joys in sudden silence set.
Delight and dumbness never met
In one self subject yet.
If things oppos'd must mix'd appear, 103
Then add a boldness to your fear,
And speak a hymn
To him,
Where all your duties do of right belong,
Which I will sweeten with an undersong. 110
Captain. Glory of ours, and grace of all the
earth,
How well your figure doth become your birth!
As if your form and fortune equal stood,
And only virtue got above your blood.

SONG 2

Virtue! His kingly virtue, which did merit 115
This isle entire, and you are to inherit.
4. *Gipsy.* How right he doth confess him in
his face.
His brow, his eye, and every mark of state;
As if he were the issue of each Grace,
And bore about him both his fame and fate. 120

SONG 3

Look, look! Is he not fair,
And fresh and fragrant too,
As summer's sky or purged air!
And looks as lilies do,
That were this morning blown! 125
4. *Gipsy* O, more! that more of him were
known.
3 *Gipsy.* Look how the winds upon the
waves, grown tame,
Take up land sounds upon their purple wings,
And, catching each from other, bear the same 95
To every angle of their sacred springs. 130

So will we take his praise, and hurl his name
About the globe in thousand airy rings,
If his great virtue be in love with fame:
For, that condemn'd, both are neglected
things.

⁶⁸ Lothbury: street in London occupied by brass-grinders; cf. *1 Henry IV*, III i 131 ⁶⁹ pure: Puritan ⁷⁰ Banbury: in Oxfordshire, a hotbed of Puritanism ⁷¹⁻⁷² (Not in MS) ⁷³ pretended fit: pretentious tale ⁷⁴ knowledge: acquaintance ⁷⁵ Bears' College: Paris Garden, the bear-baiting arena ⁷⁶ Any: ('From any' DF) ⁷⁷ of: ('in' DF) ⁷⁸ St. Anthony's fire: erysipelas ⁷⁹ grouching: grumbling ⁸⁰ outgo: excel ⁸¹ self subject: the same person ⁸² things oppos'd: (i.e., the Gipsies and royalty) ⁸³ fear: diffidence ⁸⁴ undersong: supporting refrain ⁸⁵ if your: ('in you' MS) ⁸⁶ isle entire: England and Scotland ⁸⁷ you . . . inherit: (Suggests, like l 53, Part I, that the Captain's part was originally written for Prince Charles) ⁸⁸ confess him: express himself ⁸⁹ purged: purified (by rain) ⁹⁰ that . . . known: that we may know more of him ⁹¹ that: fame

SONG 4

Good princes soar above their fame, 135
 And in their worth
 Come greater forth
 Than in their name.
 Such, such the Father is,
 Whom every title strives to kiss; 140
 Who on his royal grounds unto himself doth
 raise
 The work to trouble fame and to astonish
 praise.

4. *Gipsy*. Indeed, he is not lord alone of the estate,
 But of the love of men and of the empire's fate.
 The muses, arts, the schools, commerce, our
 honour's laws, 145
 And virtues hang on him as on their working
 cause.
2. *Gipsy*. His handmaid, Justice is.
3. *Gipsy*. Wisdom, his wife.
4. *Gipsy*. His mistress, Mercy.
5. *Gipsy*. Temperance, his life. 150
2. *Gipsy*. His pages, Bounty and Grace,
 which many prove.
3. *Gipsy*. His guards are Magnanimity and
 Love.
4. *Gipsy*. His ushers, Counsel, Truth, and
 Piety.
5. *Gipsy*. And all that follows him, Felicity.

SONG 5

O that we understood 155
 Our good!
 There's happiness, indeed, in blood
 And store,
 But how much more,
 When virtue's flood 160

In the same stream doth hit:
 As that grows high with years, so happiness
 with it.
Captain. Love, love, his fortune, then,
 And virtues known,
 Who is the top of men, 165
 But make the happiness our own;
 Since where the prince for goodness is renown'd,
 The subject with felicity is crown'd.

THE END

THE EPILOGUE

At Burleigh, Belvoir, and now last at Windsor,
 Which shows we are Gipsies of no common
 kind, Sir,
 You have beheld, and with delight, their
 change;
 And how they came transform'd may think it
 strange,
 If being a thing not touch'd at by our poet. 5
 Good Ben slept there, or else forgot to show it.
 But lest it prove like wonder to the sight
 To see a Gipsy as an Æthiop white:
 Know that what dyed our faces was an oint-
 ment,
 Made and laid on by Mr. Wolf's appoint-
 ment, 10
 The court's *lycanthropos*; yet without spells,
 By a mere barber and no magic else.
 It was fetch'd off with water and a ball;
 And to our transformation this was all,
 Save what the Master Fashioner calls his: 15
 For to a Gipsy's metamorphosis
 (Who doth disguise his habit and his face,
 And takes on a false person by his place)
 The power of poesy can never fail her,
 Assisted by a barber and a tailor. 20

¹³⁷ Come . . . forth: appear greater ¹⁴¹ royal grounds: regal personality ¹⁴³ the estate: ('all the State' DF) ¹⁵³ ushers: court attendants ¹⁵⁸ store: wealth ¹⁶¹ doth hit: converges
¹⁶³ that: virtue's flood ¹⁶⁶ make: esteem ('makes' DF) ⁶ slept: nodded, erred ⁷ like: equal
¹⁰ Wolf: John Wolfgang Rumler, the king's apothecary ¹¹ lycanthropos: wolf-man ¹² ball: ball of soap ¹⁴ was: ('is' DF) ¹⁵ Fashioner: costumer (perhaps a gibe at Inigo Jones) ¹⁹ poesy:
 ('Poetry' DF)

THE TRAGEDY OF THE DVITCHESSE Of Malfy.

*As it was Presented priuately, at the Black-
Friars; and publiquely at the Globe, By the
Kings Maiesties Seruants.*

**The perfect and exact Coppy, with diuerse
things Printed, that the length of the Play would
not beate in the Presentment.**

Written by John Webster.

Hora. ——— Si quid-----

——— Candidus Impertis non bis utere mecum.

LONDON:

**Printed by NICHOLAS OKES, for IOHN
WATERSON, and are to be sold at the
signe of the Crowne, in Paules
Church-yard, 1623.**

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL RECORD. *The Tragedy of the Duchess of Malfi*, second and last of Webster's great plays, first appeared in 1623 in an excellent text from the press of the veteran printer Nicholas Okes, for sale by John Waterson. No entry has been found in the Stationers' Register. Three commendatory poems, by the dramatists Middleton, Rowley, and Ford, are prefixed. Middleton's, the longest, is headed: "In the just Worth of that well Deserver, Mr JOHN WEBSTER, and upon this Maister-peece of Tragoedy." The following letter of the author to Lord Berkeley prefaces the play: — *My Noble Lord, That I may present my excuse, why (being a stranger to your Lordshippe) I offer this Poem to your Patronage, I plead this warrant; Men (who never saw the Sea, yet desire to behold that regiment of waters,) choose some eminent River, to guide them thither; and make that, as it were, their Conduct, or Postilion: By the like ingenious meanes has your fame arrived at my knowledge, receiving it from some of worth, who both in contemplation, and practise, owe to your Honor their clearest service. I do not altogether looke up at your Title: The ancien't Nobility being but a relique of time past, and the truest Honor indeede beeing for a man to conferre Honor on himselfe, which your Learning strives to propagate, and shall make you arrive at the Dignity of a great Example I am confident this worke is not unworthy your Honors perusal for by such Poems as this Poets have kist the hands of Great Princes, and drawne their gentle eyes to looke downe upon their sheetes of paper, when the Poets themselves were bound up in their winding-sheetes. The like curtesie from your Lordship shall make you live in your grave, and laurrell spring out of it, when the ignorant scornors of the Muses (that, like wormes in Libraries, seeme to live onely to destroy learning) shall wither, neglected, and forgotten. This worke and my selfe I humbly present to your approved censure. It being the utmost of my wishes, to have your Honorable selfe my weighty and perspicuous Comment: which grace so done me, shall ever be acknowledged By your Lordships in all duty and Observance, JOHN WEBSTER.*

A second quarto appeared in 1640, a third in 1678, and another in 1708, without material improvement or alteration of the text.

DATE AND STAGE PERFORMANCE The list of actors supplied by Q 1 gives important evidence for the date and early history of the play. Since the first performer of Antonio's part, William Ostler, is now known (from papers discovered by the late C. W. Wallace in 1909) to have died on Dec. 16, 1614, the earliest production of the piece must have preceded that date. Mr. W. J. Lawrence (London *Athenaeum*, Nov. 21, 1919) argues that it occurred about Easter, 1613. Indication of a revival in 1617 is found in lines 5-15 of the first scene, which apparently refer to the assassination by the French King's guard of the dissolute favorite Concini, Apr. 24, 1617. This implies that Antonio's first speech in the play was added or rewritten several years after the death of the original Antonio. The actor-names marked "2" in the Q 1 list point to a re-casting in connection with another revival subsequent to Burbage's death in 1619. There is no record of court performance before the Restoration. The tragedy was revived, about 1664, at Lincoln's Inn Fields, and, says Genest, "filled the house 8 days successively." The edition of 1678 presents it "As it is now acted at the Duke's Theater," and gives a list of actors showing that Betterton played Bosola and his wife the Duchess. The 1708 text, entitled "The Unfortunate Dutchess of Malfy, or the Unnatural Brothers," gives it as "Now acted at the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Market."

STRUCTURE. In structure, as in tone, the play is highly romantic. About a year elapses between Acts I and II, and a number of years between II and III. The scene shifts from Amalfi to various distant parts of Italy, and in the last two acts it is not always clear where the action is supposed to occur. The stage directions at the opening of scenes follow the pseudo-classic principle of "massed entrances," that is, all characters ultimately appearing in a scene are listed at its opening, though actually only one or two of them may be on the stage when it begins.

SOURCES. The historical story of Giovanna, Duchess of Amalfi, covering the years from about 1504 till 1513, is told by Bandello (*Novelle* I. 26), who seems himself to have been an eye-witness of Antonio's assassination (Oct. 6, 1513) and to be the prototype of Delio in Webster's play. Webster drew his information chiefly from Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* (1567), which represents an adaptation of Bandello through the medium of Belleforest's French translation. Webster handles the story with great freedom, especially in the fourth and fifth acts, where the circumstances of all the deaths are mainly his own invention. A remarkable feature of the play is Webster's adroit introduction into his dialogue of admired passages in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Montaigne's Essays, and Donne's *Anatomy of the World* (1611), which Mr. Charles Crawford pointed out (*Collectanea*, 1906-1907). The scene of the wax figures is taken from the *Arcadia*, and the masque of madmen perhaps from Campion's *Lords' Masque*, February, 1613.

JOHN WEBSTER (1580?—c. 1630)

THE DUCHESS OF MALFI

THE ACTORS' NAMES

BOSOLA, *J. Lowin*
FERDINAND [Duke of Calabria], *1 R. Burbidge.*

2 J. Taylor
CARDINAL [his Brother],
1 H. Cundale. 2 R. Robinson

ANTONIO [BOLOGNA, Steward to the Duchess],
1 W. Osler 2 R. Benfeld

DELIO, *J. Underwood*
FOROBOSCO, *N. Towley* [A mute character in the
existing text, perhaps the same as RODERIGO or
GRISOLAN]

MALATESTA
MARQUESSE OF PESCARA, *J. Rice*

SILVIO, *T. Pollard*
[CASTRUCHIO, an Old Lord, Husband of Julia]

[RODERIGO and GRISOLAN, Gentlemen attending
the Duke]
The Several Madmen, *N. Towley, J. Underwood,*
&c

THE DUCHESS, *R. Sharpe*
The Cardinal's Mistress [JULIA], *J. Tomson*

The Doctor, }
CARIOLA, } *R. Pallant*
Court Officers, }

[Old Lady]

Three Young Children; Two Pilgrims, [Executioners, and Other Attendants]

(SCENE: The Duchess's palace, Amalfi; Cardinal's palace, Rome; Loretto and neighboring country; Milan)

Actus Primus. Scena Prima

[*The Duchess's Palace, Amalfi*]

Antonio and Delio, [later] Bosola, Cardinal

Delio. You are welcome to your country,
dear Antonio;

You have been long in France, and you return
A very formal Frenchman in your habit.
How do you like the French court?

Ant. I admire it.
In seeking to reduce both state and people 5
To a fix'd order, their judicious king
Begins at home; quits first his royal palace
Of flatt'ring sycophants, of dissolute
And infamous persons, — which he sweetly
terms

His Master's masterpiece, the work of heaven;
Considering duly that a prince's court 11
Is like a common fountain, whence should flow
Pure silver drops in general, but if 't chance
Some curs'd example poison 't near the head,
Death and diseases through the whole land
spread. 15

And what is 't makes this blessed government
But a most provident council, who dare freely

Inform him the corruption of the times?
Though some o' th' court hold it presumption

To instruct princes what they ought to do, 20
It is a noble duty to inform them
What they ought to foresee. — Here comes Bosola,

The only court-gall, yet I observe his railing
Is not for simple love of piety:
Indeed, he rails at those things which he
wants; 25

Would be as lecherous, covetous, or proud,
Bloody, or envious, as any man,
If he had means to be so. — Here 's the cardinal.

[*Enter Cardinal and Bosola*]

Bos. I do haunt you still.

Card. So. 30

Bos. I have done you better service than to
be slighted thus Miserable age, where only the
reward of doing well is the doing of it!

Card. You enforce your merit too much.

Bos. I fell into the galleys in your serv- (35
ice; where, for two years together, I wore two
towels instead of a shirt, with a knot on the
shoulder, after the fashion of a Roman mantle.

¹ habit: dress ⁷ quits: rids ⁹ which: which ridding ¹⁰ Master's masterpiece: alluding to
Christ's ridding the Temple of moneychangers ¹¹ in general: invariably ²² foresee: provide against
²⁵ court-gall: courtly cynic ²⁶ galleys: penal servitude

Slighted thus! I will thrive some way. Black-birds fatten best in hard weather; why not [40] I in these dog-days?

Card. Would you could become honest!

Bos. With all your divinity do but direct me the way to it. I have known many travel far for it, and yet return as arrant knaves as [45] they went forth, because they carried themselves always along with them. [*Exit Cardinal.*] Are you gone? Some fellows, they say, are possessed with the devil, but this great fellow were able to possess the greatest devil, and [50] make him worse.

Ant. He hath denied thee some suit?

Bos. He and his brother are like plum-trees that grow crooked over standing-pools; they are rich and o'erladen with fruit, but none but crows, pies, and caterpillars feed on them. 56 Could I be one of their flattering pandars, I would hang on their ears like a horseleech, till I were full, and then drop off. I pray, leave me. Who would rely upon these miserable dependances, in expectation to be advanc'd to- 61 morrow? What creature ever fed worse than hoping Tantalus? Nor ever died any man more fearfully than he that hop'd for a pardon. There are rewards for hawks and dogs when 65 they have done us service; but for a soldier that hazards his limbs in a battle, nothing but a kind of geometry is his last supportation.

Delio. Geometry?

Bos. Ay, to hang in a fair pair of slings, take his latter swing in the world upon an hon- 71 ourable pair of crutches, from hospital to hospital. Fare ye well, sir: and yet do not you scorn us; for places in the court are but like beds in the hospital, where this man's head lies at that man's foot, and so lower and lower [*Exit*] 76

Del. I knew this fellow seven years in the galleys

For a notorious murder; and 't was thought The cardinal suborn'd it: he was releas'd By the French general, Gaston de Foix, 80 When he recover'd Naples.

Ant. 'T is great pity

He should be thus neglected: I have heard He's very valiant This foul melancholy Will poison all his goodness; for, I'll tell you,

If too immoderate sleep be truly said 85 To be an inward rust unto the soul, It then doth follow want of action

Breeds all black malcontents; and their close rearing, Like moths in cloth, do hurt for want of wearing.

SCENA II. — [*The same.*]

Antonio, Delio. [*Enter to them*] *Silvio, Castruchio, Julia, Roderigo, and Grisolan*

Delio. The presence 'gins to fill; you promise'd me

To make me the partaker of the natures Of some of your great courtiers.

Ant. The lord cardinal's And other strangers' that are now in court? I shall. — Here comes the great Calabrian duke.

[*Enter Ferdinand and Attendants*]

Ferd. Who took the ring off't nest? 6
Sil. Antonio Bologna, my lord.

Ferd. Our sister duchess' great master of her household? Give him the jewel. — When shall we leave this sportive action, and fall to action indeed? 11

Cast. Methinks, my lord, you should not desire to go to war in person.

Ferd. Now for some gravity. — Why, my lord? 15

Cast. It is fitting a soldier arise to be a prince, but not necessary a prince descend to be a captain.

Ferd. No?

Cast. No, my lord; he were far better do it by a deputy. 21

Ferd. Why should he not as well sleep or eat by a deputy? This might take idle, offensive, and base office from him, whereas the other deprives him of honour. 25

Cast. Believe my experience: that realm is never long in quiet where the ruler is a soldier.

Ferd. Thou told'st me thy wife could not endure fighting.

Cast. True, my lord. 30

Ferd. And of a jest she broke of a captain she met full of wounds: I have forgot it.

Cast. She told him, my lord, he was a pitiful fellow, to lie, like the children of Ismael, all in tents. 35

Ferd. Why, there's a wit were able to undo all the chirurgeons o' the city; for although gallants should quarrel, and had drawn their weapons, and were ready to go to it, yet her persuasions would make them put up. 40

" standing-pools: stagnant ponds " pies: magpies " died: ('did' Q 1) " pardon: ('pleadon' Q 1) " supportation: support " Gaston de Foix: slain in victory at Ravenna, 1512
" recover'd: conquered (The French captured Naples, 1501, but not under Gaston de Foix.) " close: secluded Scene II. S. D. (Q 1 lists all the characters appearing during the scene 'Antonio, Delio, Ferdinand, Cardinal, Dutchesse, Castruchio, Silvio, Rodocico [sic], Grisolan, Bosola, Julia, Cariola.')
" presence: presence-chamber " the partaker: informed " ring: the target in 'riding at the ring'
" broke: 'cracked' " tents: linen surgical dressings " chirurgeons: surgeons

Cast. That she would, my lord. — How do you like my Spanish jennet?

Rod. He is all fire.

Ferd. I am of Pliny's opinion: I think he was begot by the wind; he runs as if he were ballass'd with quicksilver. 46

Sil. True, my lord, he reels from the tilt often.

Rod., Gris. Ha, ha, ha!

Ferd. Why do you laugh? Methinks you that are courtiers should be my touch-wood, [51 take fire when I give fire; that is, laugh when I laugh, were the subject never so witty.

Cast. True, my lord: I myself have heard a very good jest, and have scorn'd to seem to have so silly a wit as to understand it. 56

Ferd. But I can laugh at your fool, my lord.

Cast. He cannot speak, you know, but he makes faces; my lady cannot abide him.

Ferd. No? 60

Cast. Nor endure to be in merry company; for she says too much laughing, and too much company, fills her too full of the wrinkle.

Ferd. I would, then, have a mathematical instrument made for her face, that she might not laugh out of compass — I shall shortly visit [66 you at Milan, Lord Silvio

Sil. Your grace shall arrive most welcome

Ferd. You are a good horseman, Antonio you have excellent riders in France. What do you think of good horsemanship? 71

Ant. Nobly, my lord: as out of the Grecian horse issued many famous princes, so out of brave horsemanship arise the first sparks of growing resolution, that raise the mind to noble action. 76

Ferd. You have bespoke it worthily.

Sil. Your brother, the lord cardinal, and sister duchess.

[*Enter Cardinal, with Duchess, and Cariola*]

Card. Are the galleys come about?

Gris. They are, my lord. 80

Ferd. Here 's the Lord Silvio is come to take his leave.

Delio. Now, sir, your promise: what 's that cardinal?

I mean his temper. They say he 's a brave fellow,

Will play his five thousand crowns at tennis, dance,

Court ladies, and one that hath fought single combats. 85

Ant. Some such flashes superficially hang

on him for form; but observe his inward character: he is a melancholy churchman. The spring in his face is nothing but the engend'ring of toads; where he is jealous of any man, he lays worse plots for them than ever was im- 91 pos'd on Hercules, for he strews in his way flatterers, pandars, intelligencers, atheists, and a thousand such political monsters. He should have been Pope, but instead of coming to it by the primitive decency of the church, he did 96 bestow bribes so largely and so impudently as if he would have carried it away without heaven's knowledge. Some good he hath done —

Delio. You have given too much of him.

What 's his brother? 100

Ant. The duke there? A most perverse and turbulent nature.

What appears in him mirth is merely outside; If he laugh heartily, it is to laugh All honesty out of fashion.

Delio. Twins?

Ant. In quality.

He speaks with others' tongues, and hears men's suits 105

With others' ears; will seem to sleep o' th' bench

Only to entrap offenders in their answers;

Dooms men to death by information;

Rewards by hearsay.

Delio.

Is like a foul, black cobweb to a spider, — 110 He makes it his dwelling and a prison To entangle those shall feed him.

Ant. Most true:

He never pays debts unless they be shrewd turns,

And those he will confess that he doth owe.

Last, for his brother there, the cardinal, 115

They that do flatter him most say oracles

Hang at his lips, and verily I believe them,

For the devil speaks in them.

But for their sister, the right noble duchess,

You never fix'd your eye on three fair medals

Cast in one figure, of so different temper. 121

For her discourse, it is so full of rapture,

You only will begin then to be sorry

When she doth end her speech, and wish, in wonder,

She held it less vain-glory to talk much, 125

Than your penance to hear her. Whilst she speaks,

She throws upon a man so sweet a look

That it were able raise one to a galliard

That lay in a dead palsy, and to dote

⁴⁶ jennet: small Spanish horse ⁴⁶⁻⁴⁸ ballass'd: ballasted ⁸⁹⁻⁹⁰ spring . . . toads: (compare *Bussy D'Ambois*, III. ii. 477, 'that toad-pool that stands in thy complexion,' and *The Changeling*, II i. 59.) ⁹² intelligencers: informers ⁹⁴ should: was expected to ¹⁰⁰ information: testimony of spies ¹⁰⁵ hearsay: random report ¹¹⁵ shrewd: ill ('shewed' Q 1) ¹²⁵⁻¹²⁶ held . . . her: were less convinced that much talk is vanity than she is that her auditors are not interested ¹²⁸ galliard: quick dance

On that sweet countenance; but in that look 130
 There speaketh so divine a continence
 As cuts off all lascivious and vain hope.
 Her days are practis'd in such noble virtue,
 That sure her nights, nay, more, her very
 sleeps,
 Are more in heaven than other ladies' shrifts. 135
 Let all sweet ladies break their flatt'ring glasses,
 And dress themselves in her.

Delio. Fie, Antonio,
 You play the wire-drawer with her commendations.

Ant. I'll case the picture up: only thus much;
 All her particular worth grows to this sum, —
 She stains the time past, lights the time to come 141

Carri. You must attend my lady in the gallery,
 Some half an hour hence.

Ant. I shall. [*Exeunt Antonio and Delio.*]

Ferd. Sister, I have a suit to you.
Duch. To me, sir?
Ferd. A gentleman here, Daniel de Bosola,
 One that was in the galleys —

Duch. Yes, I know him. 146
Ferd. A worthy fellow he's: pray, let me entreat for

The provisorship of your horse.

Duch. Your knowledge of him
 Commends him and prefers him.

Ferd. Call him hither [*Exit Attendants.*]
 We are now upon parting. Good Lord Silvio,
 Do us commend to all our noble friends 151
 At the leaguer.

Sil. Sir, I shall.
Duch. You are for Milan?
Sil. I am.

Duch. Bring the caroches. — We'll bring
 you down
 To the haven.

[*Exeunt Duchess, Silvio, Castruchio,
 Roderigo, Grisolan, Carlola, Julia,
 and Attendants*]

Card. Be sure you entertain that Bosola 154
 For your intelligence. I would not be seen in't;
 And therefore many times I have slighted him,
 When he did court our furtherance, as this
 morning.

Ferd. Antonio, the great master of her household,
 Had been far fitter.

Card. You are deceiv'd in him. 159
 His nature is too honest for such business. —
 He comes: I'll leave you. [*Exit.*]

[*Re-enter Bosola*]

Bos. I was lur'd to you.
Ferd. My brother here, the cardinal, could
 never
 Abide you.

Bos. Never since he was in my debt.
Ferd. May be some oblique character in
 your face
 Made him suspect you.

Bos. Doth he study physiognomy? 165
 There's no more credit to be given to th' face
 Than to a sick man's urine, which some call
 The physician's whore, because she cozens him.
 He did suspect me wrongfully.

Ferd. For that
 You must give great men leave to take their
 times. 170

Distrust doth cause us seldom be deceiv'd.
 You see, the oft shaking of the cedar-tree
 Fastens it more at root.

Bos. Yet take heed;
 For to suspect a friend unworthily
 Instructs him the next way to suspect you, 175
 And prompts him to deceive you.

Ferd. There's gold.
Bos. So:

What follows? — [*Aside.*] Never rain'd such
 showers as these
 Without thunderbolts i' th' tail of them. —
 Whose throat must I cut?

Ferd. Your inclination to shed blood rides
 post

Before my occasion to use you. I give you that
 To live i' th' court here, and observe the
 duchess; 181

To note all the particulars of her haviour,
 What suitors do solicit her for marriage,
 And whom she best affects. She's a young
 widow:

I would not have her marry again.

Bos. No, sir? 185
Ferd. Do not you ask the reason; but be
 satisfied.

I say I would not.

Bos. It seems you would create me
 One of your familiars.

Ferd. Familiar! What's that?
Bos. Why, a very quaint invisible devil in
 flesh. —

An intelligencer.

Ferd. Such a kind of thriving thing 190
 I would wish thee; and ere long thou mayst
 arrive

At a higher place by 't.

¹³⁹ case . . . up: remove from view ¹⁴¹ stains: dims ¹⁴⁵ provisorship: office of purveyor
¹⁵⁰ are: (not in Qq. 1-3) upon: on the point of ¹⁵⁵ leaguer: camp *Duch.* (Qq. assign her speech to
 Ferdinand) ¹⁵⁸ caroches: coaches ¹⁶⁴ entertain: employ ¹⁶⁸ intelligence: secret service ¹⁶⁸ cozens:
 cheats ¹⁷⁵ next: shortest ¹⁷⁹ post: posthaste ¹⁸⁵ haviour: behavior ¹⁸⁴ affects: cares for

Bos. Take your devils,
Which hell calls angels! These curs'd gifts
would make

You a corrupter, me an impudent traitor;
And should I take these, they'd take me to
hell.

Ferd. Sir, I'll take nothing from you that I
have given.

There is a place that I procur'd for you
This morning, the provisorship o' th' horse.
Have you heard on 't?

Bos. No.

Ferd. 'T is yours: is 't not worth thanks?

Bos. I would have you curse yourself now,
that your bounty
(Which makes men truly noble) e'er should
make me

A villain. O, that to avoid ingratitude
For the good deed you have done me, I must
do

All the ill man can invent! Thus the devil
Candies all sins o'er: and what heaven terms
vild,

That names he complimentary.

Ferd. Be yourself;
Keep your old garb of melancholy; 't will ex-
press

You envy those that stand above your reach,
Yet strive not to come near 'em. This will
gain

Access to private lodgings, where yourself
May, like a politic dormouse —

Bos. As I have seen some
Feed in a lord's dish, half asleep, not seeming
To listen to any talk; and yet these rogues
Have cut his throat in a dream. What's my
place?

The provisorship o' th' horse? Say, then, my
corruption

Grew out of horse-dung: I am your creature.

Ferd. Away! [*Exit.*]

Bos. Let good men, for good deeds, covet
good fame,

Since place and riches oft are bribes of shame.
Sometimes the devil doth preach. *Exit Bosola.*

[SCENE III]

[*Enter Ferdinand, Duchess, Cardinal, and
Cariola*]

Card. We are to part from you; and your
own discretion
Must now be your director.

Ferd. You are a widow:

You know already what man is; and therefore
Let not youth, high promotion, eloquence —

Card. No,

Nor anything without the addition, honour,
Sway your high blood.

Ferd. Marry! They are most luxurious
Will wed twice.

Card. O, fie!

Ferd. Their livers are most spotted
Than Laban's sheep

Duch. Diamonds are of most value,
They say, that have pass'd through most jewel-
lers' hands.

Ferd. Whores by that rule are precious.

Duch. Will you hear me?
I'll never marry.

Card. So most widows say;
But commonly that motion lasts no longer
Than the turning of an hour-glass. the funeral
sermon

And it end both together.

Ferd. Now hear me:

You live in a rank pasture, here, i' th' court;
There is a kind of honey-dew that 's deadly;

'T will poison your fame, look to 't. Be not
cunning,

For they whose faces do belie their hearts
Are witches ere they arrive at twenty years, 20
Ay, and give the devil suck.

Duch. This is terrible good counsel.

Ferd. Hypocrisy is woven of a fine small
thread,

Subtler than Vulcan's engine: yet, believe 't,
Your darkest actions, nay, your privat'st
thoughts,

Will come to light.

Card. You may flatter yourself,
And take your own choice; privately be married
Under the eaves of night —

Ferd. Think 't the best voyage
That e'er you made; like the irregular crab,

Which, though 't goes backward, thinks that it
goes right

Because it goes its own way: but observe,
Such weddings may more properly be said
To be executed than celebrated.

Card. The marriage night
Is the entrance into some prison.

Ferd. And those joys,
Those lustful pleasures, are like heavy sleeps 35
Which do fore-run man's mischief.

Card. Fare you well.
Wisdom begins at the end: remember it.

[*Exit.*]

¹⁹⁵ angels: gold coins ¹⁹⁶ to: (not in Qq 1-3) ²⁰⁵ vild: vile ²⁰⁶ complimentary: gracious
Scene III. (No indication of new scene in Qq) ¹ luxurious: lustful ² Will: who will ³ livers:
supposed seat of passions ⁴ Laban's sheep: (cf. *Genesis*, ch 30; *Merchant of Venice*, I. iii. 72 ff.)
⁵ motion: resolution ⁶ engine: the fine net in which he entrapped Mars ⁷ Under . . . night:
skulkingly ⁸ Wisdom . . . end: (cf. Solon's advice to Croesus)

Duch. I think this speech between you both
was studied,
It came so roundly off.

Ferd. You are my sister;
This was my father's poniard, do you see? 40
I'd be loath to see 't look rusty, 'cause 't was
his.

I would have you to give o'er these chargeable
revels:

A vizor and a mask are whispering-rooms
That were never built for goodness. Fare ye
well —

And women like that part which, like the
lamprey, 45

Hath never a bone in 't.

Duch. Fie, sir!

Ferd. Nay,

I mean the tongue: variety of courtship.

What cannot a neat knave with a smooth
tale

Make a woman believe? Farewell, lusty widow.

[Exit]

Duch. Shall this move me? If all my royal
kindred 50

Lay in my way unto this marriage,
I'd make them my low footsteps. And even
now,

Even in this hate, as men in some great battles,
By apprehending danger, have achiev'd
Almost impossible actions (I have heard
soldiers say so), 55

So I through frights and threat'nings will assay
This dangerous venture. Let old wives re-
port

I wink'd and chose a husband — Cariola,
To thy known secrecy I have given up
More than my life, — my fame

Cari. Both shall be safe; 60
For I'll conceal this secret from the world
As warily as those that trade in poison
Keep poison from their children

Duch. Thy protestation
Is ingenious and hearty; I believe it.
Is Antonio come?

Cari. He attends you.

Duch. Good dear soul, 65
Leave me; but place thyself behind the
arras,

Where thou may'st overhear us. Wish me good
speed;

For I am going into a wilderness,
Where I shall find nor path nor friendly clue
To be my guide.

[Cariola goes behind the arras.]

[Enter Antonio]

I sent for you: sit down; 70
Take pen and ink, and write. Are you ready?

Ant. Yes.

Duch. What did I say?

Ant. That I should write somewhat.

Duch. O, I remember.

After these triumphs and this large expense
It's fit, like thrifty husbands, we inquire 75
What's laid up for to-morrow.

Ant. So please your beauteous excellence.

Duch. Beauteous!

Indeed, I thank you. I look young for your
sake;

You have ta'en my cares upon you.

Ant. I'll fetch your grace

The particulars of your revenue and expense. 80

Duch. O, you are

An upright treasurer, but you mistook;

For when I said I meant to make inquiry

What's laid up for to-morrow, I did mean

What's laid up yonder for me.

Ant. Where?

Duch. In heaven. 85

I am making my will (as 't is fit princes should,
In perfect memory), and, I pray, sir, tell me,
Were not one better make it smiling, thus,
Than in deep groans and terrible ghastly looks,
As if the gifts we parted with procur'd 90
That violent distraction?

Ant. O, much better.

Duch. If I had a husband now, this care were
quit:

But I intend to make you oversee.

What good deed shall we first remember?
Say.

Ant. Begin with that first good deed began
i' th' world. 95

After man's creation, the sacrament of mar-
riage.

I'd have you first provide for a good husband:
Give him all.

Duch. All!

Ant. Yes, your excellent self.

Duch. In a winding-sheet?

Ant. In a couple.

Duch. Saint Winfrid, that were a strange
will! 100

Ant. 'T were stranger if there were no will
in you

To marry again.

Duch. What do you think of marriage?

Ant. I take 't, as those that deny purgatory:

^a to: (not in Qq. 2-3) ^b chargeable: expensive ^c lamprey: eel-like fish ^d footsteps: stepping stones ^e wink'd: closed both eyes ^f ingenious: ingenious ^g somewhat: something ^h triumphs: celebrations ⁱ husbands: economists ^j procur'd: were the cause of ^k quit: removed ^l began: which began ^m first . . . began: ('good deed that first began' Qq 2-3) ⁿ Winfrid: Boniface, an English saint (There was also a lady-saint, Winifred) ^o stranger: ('strange' Qq.)

It locally contains or heaven or hell;
There's no third place in 't.

Duch. How do you affect it? 105

Ant. My banishment, feeding my melancholy,
Would often reason thus: —

Duch. Pray, let 's hear it.

Ant. Say a man never marry, nor have
children,

What takes that from him? Only the bare
name

Of being a father, or the weak delight 110

To see the little wanton ride a-cock-horse

Upon a painted stick, or hear him chatter

Like a taught starling

Duch. Fie, fie, what 's all this?

One of your eyes is blood-shot; use my ring
to 't.

They say 't is very sovereign. 'T was my wed-
ding-ring, 115

And I did vow never to part with it

But to my second husband.

Ant. You have parted with it now

Duch. Yes, to help your eye-sight.

Ant. You have made me stark blind.

Duch. How? 120

Ant. There is a saucy and ambitious devil
Is dancing in this circle.

Duch. Remove him.

Ant. How?

Duch. There needs small conjuration, when
your finger

May do it: thus. Is it fit?

[*She puts the ring upon his finger;*
he kneels.]

Ant. What said you?

Duch. Sir,

This goodly roof of yours is too low built; 125

I cannot stand upright in 't nor discourse,

Without I raise it higher. Raise yourself,

Or, if you please my hand to help you: so!

[*Raises him.*]

Ant. Ambition, madam, is a great man's
madness,

That is not kept in chains and close-pent rooms,

But in fair lightsome lodgings, and is girt 131

With the wild noise of prattling visitants,

Which makes it lunatic beyond all cure.

Conceive not I am so stupid but I am

Whereto your favours tend. but he 's a fool 135

That, being a-cold, would thrust his hands i'
th' fire

To warm them.

Duch. So, now the ground 's broke,

You may discover what a wealthy mine

I make you lord of.

Ant. O my unworthiness!

Duch. You were ill to sell yourself: 140

Thus dark'ning of your worth is not like that
Which tradesmen use i' th' city; their false
lights

Are to rid bad wares off: and I must tell you,
If you will know where breathes a complete
man

(I speak it without flattery), turn your eyes, 145
And progress through yourself.

Ant. Were there nor heaven nor hell,

I should be honest: I have long serv'd virtue,
And never ta'en wages of her

Duch. Now she pays it.

The misery of us that are born great! 150

We are forc'd to woo, because none dare woo us;

And as a tyrant doubles with his words

And fearfully equivocates, so we

Are forc'd to express our violent passions

In riddles and in dreams, and leave the path 155

Of simple virtue, which was never made

To seem the thing it is not. Go, go brag

You have left me heartless; mine is in your
bosom

I hope 't will multiply love there. You do
tremble;

Make not your heart so dead a piece of flesh, 160
To fear more than to love me. Sir, be confi-

dent.

What is 't distracts you? This is flesh and
blood, sir;

'T is not the figure cut in alabaster

Kneels at my husband's tomb. Awake, awake,
man!

I do here put off all vain ceremony, 165

And only do appear to you a young widow

That claims you for her husband, and, like a
widow,

I use but half a blush in 't.

Ant. Truth speak for me:

I will remain the constant sanctuary

Of your good name.

Duch. I thank you, gentle love: 170

And 'cause you shall not come to me in debt,

(Being now my steward) here upon your lips

I sign your *Quietus est*. This you should have
begg'd now.

I have seen children oft eat sweetmeats thus,
As fearful to devour them too soon. 175

Ant. But for your brothers?

Duch. Do not think of them:

All discord without this circumference

Is only to be pitied, and not fear'd:

Yet, should they know it, time will easily

Scatter the tempest.

¹⁰⁴ locally: within itself or . . . or: either . . . or ¹¹⁵ sovereign: efficacious ¹²⁵ circle: the ring ¹³⁴ but I aim: as not to guess ¹⁴⁰ were ill: would be ill-fitted ¹⁴⁶ progress: make a royal journey ¹⁵² doubles: speaks ambiguously ¹⁶² alabaster: alabaster (used for funeral monuments) ¹⁷² *Quietus est*: acquittance ¹⁷⁷ without . . . circumference: outside this room

Ant. These words should be mine, 180
And all the parts you have spoke, if some part
of it

Would not have savour'd flattery.

Duch. *Kneel.*

[*Cariola comes from behind the arras.*]

Ant. Ha!

Duch. Be not amaz'd: this woman 's of my
counsel.

I have heard lawyers say, a contract in a cham-
ber

Per verba [de] presentis is absolute marriage. 185

[*She and Antonio kneel.*]

Bless, heaven, this sacred Gordian, which let
violence

Never untwine.

Ant. And may our sweet affections, like the
spheres,

Be still in motion!

Duch. Quick'ning, and make

The like soft music! 190

Ant. That we may imitate the loving palms,

Best emblem of a peaceful marriage,

That never bore fruit, divided!

Duch. What can the church force more?

Ant. That fortune may not know an acci-
dent, 195

Either of joy or sorrow, to divide

Our fixed wishes!

Duch. How can the church build faster?

We now are man and wife, and 't is the church

That must but echo this. — Maid, stand apart:

I now am blind.

Ant. What 's your conceit in this? 200

Duch. I would have you lead your fortune
by the hand

Unto your marriage-bed:

(You speak in me thus, for we now are one).

We 'll only lie and talk together, and plot

T' appease my humorous kindred, and if you
please, 205

Like the old tale in *Alexander and Lodowick*,

Lay a naked sword between us, keep us chaste.

O, let me shrowd my blushes in your bosom,

Since 't is the treasury of all my secrets!

[*Exeunt Duchess and Antonio.*]

Cari. Whether the spirit of greatness or of
woman 210

Reign most in her, I know not; but it shows

A fearful madness. I owe her much of pity.

Exit.

¹⁸⁰ savour'd: smacked of

¹⁸⁵ Per . . . presentis: (using the present tense, not the future)

¹⁸⁶ Gordian: knot

¹⁸⁸ still: constantly

Quick'ning: giving life

¹⁸⁷ faster: more solidly

²⁰⁰ conceit: idea

²⁰⁵ humorous: hard to please

²⁰⁶ Alexander and Lodowick: a ballad version of

the mediæval romance of Amis and Amiloun

²⁰⁸ shrowd: cover

²¹¹ s. d. Exit: ('Exeunt' Qq.)

S. D. (Qq list: 'Bosola, Castruchio, an Old Lady, Antonio, Delio, Dutchesse, Rodorico, Grisolan.') ²¹² main: object

²¹³ night-cap: the coif, or lawn cap, worn by lawyers ²¹⁴ stomach: disposition

²¹⁵⁻¹⁶ robbing boys: bullies ²¹⁶ night-caps: lawyers ²¹⁷ I: ('you' Qq). it: (not in Q 1-2) careen-

ing: turning (a ship) on its side for scraping ²¹⁸ morphew'd: covered with scurf ²¹⁹ disemagogue: put

out to sea ²²⁰ plastic: facial surgery

ACTUS II. SCENA I

[*The Palace, Amalfi.*]

[*Enter Bosola and Castruchio*]

Bos. You say you would fain be taken for an
eminent courtier?

Cast. 'T is the very main of my ambition.

Bos. Let me see: you have a reasonable good
face for 't already, and your night-cap expresses
your ears sufficient largely. I would have you [5
learn to twirl the strings of your band with a
good grace, and in a set speech, at th' end of
every sentence, to hum three or four times, or
blow your nose till it smart again, to recover
your memory. When you come to be a presi- 110
dent in criminal causes, if you smile upon a
prisoner, hang him; but if you frown upon him
and threaten him, let him be sure to escape the
gallows.

Cast. I would be a very merry president. 15

Bos. Do not sup o' nights; 't will beget you
an admirable wit.

Cast. Rather it would make me have a good
stomach to quarrel; for they say, your roaring
boys eat meat seldom, and that makes them so
valiant. But how shall I know whether the 20
people take me for an eminent fellow?

Bos. I will teach a trick to know it: give out
you lie a-dying, and if you hear the common
people curse you, be sure you are taken for one
of the prime night-caps. 25

[*Enter an Old Lady*]

You come from painting now.

Old Lady. From what?

Bos. Why, from your scurvy face-physic. To
behold these not painted inclines somewhat near
a miracle. These in thy face here were deep ruts
and foul sloughs the last progress. There was 31
a lady in France that, having had the small-pox,
flayed the skin off her face to make it more level;
and whereas before she looked like a nutmeg-
grater, after she resembled an abortive hedge-
hog.

Old Lady. Do you call this painting? 36

Bos. No, no, but I call it careening of an old
morphew'd lady, to make her disemagogue again:
there 's rough-cast phrase to your plastic.

Old Lady. It seems you are well acquainted 40
with my closet.

Bos. One would suspect it for a shop of witch-

craft, to find in it the fat of serpents, spawn of snakes, Jews' spittle, and their young children's ordure: and all these for the face. I would ⁴⁵ sooner eat a dead pigeon taken from the soles of the feet of one sick of the plague, than kiss one of you fasting. Here are two of you, whose sin of your youth is the very patrimony of the physician; makes him renew his foot-cloth ⁵⁰ with the spring, and change his high-pric'd courtesan with the fall of the leaf. I do wonder you do not loathe yourselves. Observe my meditation now:

What thing is in this outward form of man ⁵⁵
To be belov'd? We account it ominous,
If nature do produce a colt, or lamb,
A fawn, or goat, in any limb resembling
A man, and fly from 't as a prodigy.
Man stands amaz'd to see his deformity ⁶⁰
In any other creature but himself.
But in our own flesh though we bear diseases
Which have their true names only ta'en from
beasts, —

As the most ulcerous wolf and swinish measles, —
Though we are eaten up of lice and worms, ⁶⁵
And though continually we bear about us
A rotten and dead body, we delight
To hide it in rich tissue: all our fear,
Nay, all our terror, is, lest our physician ⁶⁹
Should put us in the ground to be made sweet —
Your wife's gone to Rome: you two couple,
and get you to the wells at Lucca to recover
your aches I have other work on foot.

[*Exeunt Castruchio and Old Lady*]

I observe our duchess ⁷⁴
Is sick a-days, she pukes, her stomach seethes,
The fins of her eye-lids look most teeming blue,
She wanes i' th' cheek, and waxes fat i' th'
flank,

And, contrary to our Italian fashion,
Wears a loose-bodied gown: there's somewhat
in 't.

I have a trick may chance discover it, ⁸⁰
A pretty one: I have bought some apriocks,
The first our spring yields.

[*Enter Antonio and Delio, talking together apart*]

Delio. And so long since married?
You amaze me.

Ant. Let me seal your lips for ever:
For, did I think that anything but th' air
Could carry these words from you, I should
wish ⁸⁵

You had no breath at all. — Now, sir, in your
contemplation?

You are studying to become a great wise fellow.

Bos. O, sir, the opinion of wisdom is a foul
tetter that runs all over a man's body: if sim-
plicity direct us to have no evil, it directs us ⁹⁰
to a happy being; for the subtlest folly proceeds
from the subtlest wisdom. Let me be simply
honest.

Ant. I do understand your inside.

Bos. Do you so?

Ant. Because you would not seem to appear
to th' world ⁹⁵

Puff'd up with your preferment, you continue
This out-of-fashion melancholy: leave it, leave
it

Bos. Give me leave to be honest in any
phrase, in any compliment whatsoever. Shall I
confess myself to you? I look no higher than ¹⁰⁰
I can reach: they are the gods that must ride
on winged horses. A lawyer's mule of a slow
pace will both suit my disposition and business;
for, mark me, when a man's mind rides faster
than his horse can gallop, they quickly both ¹⁰⁵
tire.

Ant. You would look up to heaven, but I
think

The devil, that rules i' th' air, stands in your
light.

Bos. O, sir, you are lord of the ascendant,
chief man with the duchess a duke was your ¹¹⁰
cousin-german remov'd. Say you were lineally
descended from King Pepin, or he himself, what
of this? Search the heads of the greatest rivers
in the world, you shall find them but bubbles of
water. Some would think the souls of princes ¹¹⁵
were brought forth by some more weighty cause
than those of meaner persons. they are deceiv'd,
there's the same hand to them; the like
passions sway them; the same reason that
makes a vicar go to law for a tithe-pig, and ¹²⁰
undo his neighbours, makes them spoil a whole
province, and batter down goodly cities with
the cannon.

[*Enter Duchess and Ladies*]

Duch. Your arm, Antonio: do I not grow fat?
I am exceeding short-winded. — *Bosola,* ¹²⁵

I would have you, sir, provide for me a litter;
Such a one as the Duchess of Florence rode in.

Bos. The duchess us'd one when she was
great with child.

Duch. I think she did. — Come hither, mend
my ruff: ¹²⁹

⁴⁰ foot-cloth: ornamental trappings for saddle-animal ⁴¹ wolf: a tubercular affection of the nose, known as "lupus" ⁴² measles: a disease of hogs ⁴³ recover: cure ⁴⁴ teeming: as in pregnancy
⁴⁵ opinion: repute ⁴⁶ tetter: eruption ⁴⁷⁻⁵⁰ simplicity: foolishness ⁴⁸ ascendant: the first
astrological "house," controlling destiny ⁴⁹ cousin . . . remov'd: first cousin once removed
⁵⁰ mend: arrange

Here, when? thou art such a tedious lady; and
Thy breath smells of lemon-peels: would thou
hadst done!

Shall I sound under thy fingers? I am
So troubled with the mother!

Bos. [*Aside.*] I fear, too much.

Duch. I have heard you say that the French
courtiers

Wear their hats on 'fore the king. 135

Ant. I have seen it.

Duch. In the presence?

Ant. Yes.

Duch. Why should not we bring up that
fashion?

'T is ceremony more than duty that consists
In the removing of a piece of felt.

Be you the example to the rest o' th' court; 140
Put on your hat first.

Ant. You must pardon me:
I have seen, in colder countries than in France,
Nobles stand bare to th' prince; and the distinc-
tion

Methought show'd reverently.

Bos. I have a present for your grace.

Duch. For me, sir? 145

Bos. Apricocks, madam

Duch. O, sir, where are they?
I have heard of none to-year.

Bos. [*Aside*] Good, her colour rises.

Duch. Indeed, I thank you: they are won-
drous fair ones.

What an unskilful fellow is our gardener!

We shall have none this month. 150

Bos. Will not your grace pare them?

Duch. No: they taste of musk, methinks;
indeed they do.

Bos. I know not yet I wish your grace had
par'd 'em.

Duch. Why?

Bos. I forgot to tell you, the knave gardener,
(Only to raise his profit by them the sooner) 156
Did ripen them in horse-dung

Duch. O, you jest. —
You shall judge: pray, taste one.

Ant. Indeed, madam,

I do not love the fruit.

Duch. Sir, you are loath
To rob us of our dainties. 'T is a delicate fruit;
They say they are restorative.

Bos. 'T is a pretty art, 161

This grafting.

Duch. 'T is so; a bettering of nature.

Bos. To make a pippin grow upon a crab,

A damson on a black-thorn. — [*Aside.*] How
greedily she eats them!

A whirlwind strike off these bawd-farthingles!
For, but for that and the loose-bodied gown, 166
I should have discover'd apparently

The young springal cutting a caper in her belly.

Duch. I thank you, Bosola: they were right
good ones,

If they do not make me sick.

Ant. How now, madam! 170

Duch. This green fruit and my stomach are
not friends:

How they swell me!

Bos. [*Aside*] Nay, you are too much swell'd
already.

Duch. O, I am in an extreme cold sweat!

Bos. I am very sorry. [*Exit.*]

Duch. Lights to my chamber! — O good An-
tonio, 175

I fear I am undone!

Delio. Lights there, lights!

Exit Duchess [with Ladies].

Ant. O my most trusty Delio, we are lost!
I fear she's fall'n in labour; and there's left
No time for her remove.

Delio. Have you prepar'd
Those ladies to attend her, and procur'd 180
That politic safe conveyance for the midwife
Your duchess plotted?

Ant. I have

Delio. Make use, then, of this forc'd occa-
sion.

Give out that Bosola hath poison'd her
With these apricocks; that will give some
colour 185

For her keeping close.

Ant. Fie, fie, the physicians

Will then flock to her.

Delio. For that you may pretend
She'll use some prepar'd antidote of her own,
Lest the physicians should re-poison her 190

Ant. I am lost in amazement. I know not
what to think on 't. *Exeunt.*

SCENA II. — [*A gallery in the same.*]

Bosola [and a little later] Old Lady

Bos. So, so, there's no question but her tech-
inness and most vulturous eating of the apri-
cocks are apparent signs of breeding. — Now?
Old Lady. I am in haste, sir.

Bos. There was a young waiting-woman had
a monstrous desire to see the glass-house — 6

¹³⁰ when: impatient expletive ¹³¹ lemon-peels: chewed to counteract bad breath ¹³² sound: swoon ¹³³ mother: hysteria ¹³⁴ Methought: ('My thought' Qq.) ¹³⁷ to-year: this year ¹³⁸ crab: crab-apple ¹³⁹ farthingales: hooped skirts ¹³⁷ apparently: manifestly ¹⁴⁰ springal: youth
Scene ii. s. d. (Qq. list: 'Bosola, old Lady, Antonio, Rodrigo, Grisolan. servants, Delio, Cariola.')
¹⁴¹ techinness: irritability ¹⁴² glass-house: (A glass-factory near Blackfriars was one of the sights of London.)

Old Lady. Nay, pray, let me go.

Bos. And it was only to know what strange instrument it was should swell up a glass to the fashion of a woman's belly. 10

Old Lady. I will hear no more of the glass-house. You are still abusing women!

Bos. Who? I? No; only (by the way now and then) mention your frailties. The orange-tree bears ripe and green fruit and blossoms all 15 together; and some of you give entertainment for pure love, but more for more precious reward. The lusty spring smells well; but drooping autumn tastes well. If we have the same golden showers that rained in the time of 20 Jupiter the thunderer, you have the same Danaës still, to hold up their laps to receive them. Didst thou never study the mathematics?

Old Lady. What 's that, sir? 25

Bos. Why, to know the trick how to make a many lines meet in one centre Go, go, give your foster-daughters good counsel: tell them, that the devil takes delight to hang at a woman's girdle, like a false rusty watch, that 30 she cannot discern how the time passes.

[*Exit Old Lady*]

[*Enter Antonio, Roderigo, and Grisolan*]

Ant. Shut up the court-gates.

Rod. Why, sir? What 's the danger?

Ant. Shut up the posterns presently, and call

All the officers o' th' court

Gris I shall instantly [*Exit*]

Ant. Who keeps the key o' th' park-gate?

Rod. Forobosco 35

Ant. Let him bring 't presently

[*Re-enter Grisolan with Servants*]

1 *Serv.* O, gentlemen o' th' court, the foulest treason!

Bos. [*Aside.*] If that these apri-cocks should be poison'd now, Without my knowledge!

1 *Serv.* There was taken even now a Switzer in the duchess' bed-chamber — 40

2 *Serv.* A Switzer!

1 *Serv.* With a pistol in his great codpiece.

Bos. Ha, ha, ha!

1 *Serv.* The codpiece was the case for 't

2 *Serv.* There was a cunning traitor. Who would have search'd his codpiece? 46

1 *Serv.* True; if he had kept out of the ladies' chambers. And all the moulds of his buttons were leaden bullets.

2 *Serv.* O wicked cannibal! A fire-lock in 's codpiece! 50

1 *Serv.* 'T was a French plot, upon my life.

2 *Serv.* To see what the devil can do!

Ant. All the officers here?

Servants. We are.

Ant. Gentlemen, 55

We have lost much plate, you know; and but this evening

Jewels, to the value of four thousand ducats, Are missing in the duchess' cabinet.

Are the gates shut?

Serv. Yes.

Ant. 'T is the duchess' pleasure Each officer be lock'd into his chamber 60

Till the sun-rising; and to send the keys

Of all their chests and of their outward doors Into her bed-chamber. She is very sick.

Rod. At her pleasure.

Ant. She entreats you take 't not ill: the innocent 65

Shall be the more approv'd by it.

Bos. Gentleman o' th' wood-yard, where 's your Switzer now?

1 *Serv.* By this hand, 't was credibly reported by one o' th' black guard. 70

[*Exeunt all except Antonio and Delio.*]

Delio. How fares it with the duchess?

Ant. She 's expos'd Unto the worst of torture, pain and fear.

Delio. Speak to her all happy comfort.

Ant. How I do play the fool with mine own danger!

You are this night, dear friend, to post to Rome: 75

My life lies in your service.

Delio. Do not doubt me.

Ant. O, 't is far from me: and yet fear presents me

Somewhat that looks like danger.

Delio. Believe it,

'T is but the shadow of your fear, no more.

How superstitiously we mind our evils! 80

The throwing down salt, or crossing of a hare,

Bleeding at nose, the stumbling of a horse,

Or singing of a cricket, are of power

To daunt whole man in us. Sir, fare you well.

I wish you all the joys of a bless'd father; 85

And (for my faith) lay this unto your breast:

Old friends, like old swords, still are trusted

best [*Exit.*]

[*Enter Cariola*]

Cari. Sir, you are the happy father of a son: Your wife commends him to you.

Ant. Blessed comfort! —

For heaven's sake, tend her well: I 'll presently Go set a figure for 's nativity. *Exeunt.* 91

¹⁰ officers: ('Offices' Q 1) ⁶⁰ approv'd: vindicated ⁷⁰ black guard: scullions ⁸⁴ whole man: all manhood ⁹¹ set a figure: cast a horoscope

SCENA III. — [*The same.*]

Bosola, [with a dark lantern, and later] Antonio

Bos Sure I did hear a woman shriek: list, ha!

And the sound came, if I receiv'd it right,
From the duchess' lodgings. There's some
stratagem

In the confining all our courtiers
To their several wards: I must have part of it;
My intelligence will freeze else. List, again! ⁶
It may be 't was the melancholy bird,
Best friend of silence and of solitariness,
The owl, that scream'd so. — Ha! Antonio!

[*Enter Antonio with a candle, his sword drawn*]

Ant. I heard some noise. — Who's there?

What art thou? Speak ¹⁰

Bos Antonio? put not your face nor body
To such a forc'd expression of fear:
I am Bosola, your friend.

Ant. Bosola? —

[*Aside.*] This mole does undermine me. —
Heard you not

A noise even now?

Bos. From whence?

Ant. From the duchess' lodging. ¹⁵

Bos. Not I: did you?

Ant. I did, or else I dream'd.

Bos. Let's walk towards it.

Ant. No: it may be 't was
But the rising of the wind.

Bos. Very likely.

Methinks 't is very cold, and yet you sweat:
You look wildly.

Ant. I have been setting a figure ²⁰
For the duchess' jewels.

Bos. Ah, and how falls your question?
Do you find it radical?

Ant. What's that to you?
'T is rather to be question'd what design,
When all men were commanded to their lodgings,

Makes you a night-walker.

Bos. In sooth, I'll tell you: ²⁵
Now all the court's asleep, I thought the
devil

Had least to do here. I came to say my prayers;
And if it do offend you I do so,
You are a fine courtier.

Ant. [*Aside.*] This fellow will undo me! —

You gave the duchess apricocks to-day: ³⁰
Pray heaven they were not poison'd!

Bos. Poison'd! a Spanish fig
For the imputation!

Ant. Traitors are ever confident
Till they are discover'd. There were jewels
stol'n too:

In my conceit, none are to be suspected ³⁵
More than yourself.

Bos. You are a false steward.

Ant. Saucy slave, I'll pull thee up by the
roots.

Bos. May be the ruin will crush you to
pieces.

Ant. You are an impudent snake indeed, sir:
Are you scarce warm, and do you show your
sting? ⁴⁰

You libel well, sir?

Bos. No, sir: copy it out,
And I will set my hand to 't.

Ant. [*Aside.*] My nose bleeds.
One that were superstitious would count
This ominous, when it merely comes by chance.
Two letters, that are wrought here for my
name, ⁴⁵

Are drown'd in blood!

Mere accident. — For you, sir, I'll take order.
I'll th' morn you shall be safe. — [*Aside.*] 'T is
that must colour

Her lying-in — Sir, this door you pass not:
I do not hold it fit that you come near ⁵⁰
The duchess' lodgings, till you have quit your-
self —

[*Aside.*] The great are like the base; nay, they
are the same,

When they seek shameful ways to avoid shame.
Exit.

Bos. Antonio hereabout did drop a paper: —
Some of your help, false friend. — O, here it is.
What's here? a child's nativity calculated! ⁵⁶

[*Reads*]

'The duchess was deliver'd of a son, 'tween the
hours twelve and one in the night, Anno Dom.
1504.' — that 's this year — 'decimo nono De-
cembris,' — that 's this night — 'taken ac- ⁶⁰
cording to the meridian of Malfi,' — that 's our
duchess: happy discovery! — 'The lord of the
first house being combust in the ascendant signifies
short life; and Mars being in a human sign,
joined to the tail of the Dragon, in the eighth ⁶⁵
house, doth threaten a violent death. Cætera non
scrutantur.'

⁵ have part: be informed ²² radical: capable of astrological solution ³⁸ I: that I ³⁸ conceit:
opinion ⁴¹ libel: write out charges(?) (Possibly a speech by Bosola following line 40 has been lost) ⁴⁴ letters: embroidered initials on his handkerchief ⁴⁸ safe: under guard ⁵¹ quit: exonerated
⁵⁴ false friend: the lantern ⁵⁸⁻⁵⁹ lord . . . house: planet controlling birth ⁶² combust: so near
the sun as to lose its beneficent effect ⁶⁴ human sign: sign of the Zodiac called by a human name
(Aquarius, Gemini, Virgo, Sagittarius) ⁶⁶ tail . . . Dragon: where the descending moon crossed the
Ecliptic ⁶⁸ eight: eighth ⁶⁸ Cætera, etc.: the other omens are not examined

Why now 't is most apparent; this precise fellow

Is the duchess' bawd: — I have it to my wish!
This is a parcel of intelligency 70
Our courtiers were cas'd up for. It needs must follow

That I must be committed on pretence
Of poisoning her; which I 'll endure, and laugh at.

If one could find the father now! but that
Time will discover. Old Castruchio 75
I' th' morning posts to Rome: by him I 'll send
A letter that shall make her brothers' galls
O'erflow their livers. This was a thrifty way!
Though Lust do mask in ne'er so strange disguise,

She 's oft found witty, but is never wise. 80
[Exit]

SCENA IIII. — [Rome the Cardinal's Palace]

Cardinal and Julia, [later] Servant, and Delio

Card. Sit: thou art my best of wishes Pri-
thee, tell me

What trick didst thou invent to come to Rome
Without thy husband?

Julia. Why, my lord, I told him
I came to visit an old anchorite
Here for devotion.

Card. Thou art a witty false one, — 5
I mean, to him.

Julia. You have prevail'd with me
Beyond my strongest thoughts; I would not
now

Find you inconstant.

Card. Do not put thyself
To such a voluntary torture, which proceeds
Out of your own guilt.

Julia. How, my lord!

Card. You fear 10

My constancy, because you have approv'd
Those giddy and wild turnings in yourself

Julia. Did you e'er find them?

Card. Sooth, generally for women,
A man might strive to make glass malleable,
Ere he should make them fixed

Julia. So, my lord. 15

Card. We had need go borrow that fantastic
glass

Invented by Galileo, the Florentine,
To view another spacious world i' th' moon,
And look to find a constant woman there.

Julia. This is very well, my lord.

Card. Why do you weep? 20

70 parcel: piece 75 thrifty: shrewd 4 anchorite: hermit 11 approv'd: experienced 18 fan-
tastic glass: (anachronism: Galileo's telescope was invented in 1609.) 22 make me: ('me make' Q 1)
10 perch, etc.: figures from falconry 23 hath: has learned 24 in physic: under medical care
25 Rest firm: be assured 26 he: lodge

Are tears your justification? The self-same
tears

Will fall into your husband's bosom, lady,
With a loud protestation that you love him
Above the world. Come, I 'll love you wisely,
That 's jealously; since I am very certain 25
You cannot make me cuckold.

Julia. I 'll go home

To my husband

Card. You may thank me, lady.

I have taken you off your melancholy perch,
Bore you upon my fist, and show'd you game,
And let you fly at it. — I pray thee, kiss
me — 30

When thou wast with thy husband, thou wast
watch'd

Like a tame elephant: — still you are to thank
me: —

Thou hadst only kisses from him and high
feeding;

But what delight was that? 'T was just like one
That hath a little fing'ring on the lute, 35
Yet cannot tune it. — still you are to thank
me.

Julia. You told me of a piteous wound i' th'
heart,

And a sick liver, when you woo'd me first,
And spake like one in physic.

Card. Who 's that? —

[Enter Servant]

Rest firm! for my affection to thee, 40
Lightning moves slow to 't

Serv. Madam, a gentleman
That 's comes post from Malfi, desires to see
you.

Card. Let him enter: I 'll withdraw. Exit.

Serv. He says

Your husband, old Castruchio, is come to
Rome.

Most pitifully tir'd with riding post. [Exit.] 45

[Enter Delio]

Julia [Aside.] Signior Delio! 't is one of
my old suitors.

Delio. I was bold to come and see you.

Julia. Sir, you are welcome.

Delio. Do you lie here?

Julia. Sure, your own experience

Will satisfy you no: our Roman prelates
Do not keep lodging for ladies.

Delio. Very well: 50

I have brought you no commendations from
your husband,

For I know none by him.

Julia. I hear he 's come to Rome.

Delio. I never knew man and beast, of a horse and a knight,
So weary of each other. If he had had a good back,
He would have undertook to have borne his horse,
His breech was so pitifully sore. 55

Julia. Your laughter
Is my pity.

Delio. Lady, I know not whether
You want money, but I have brought you some.

Julia. From my husband?

Delio. No, from mine own allowance. 60

Julia. I must hear the condition, ere I be bound to take it.

Delio. Look on 't, 't is gold; hath it not a fine colour?

Julia. I have a bird more beautiful.

Delio. Try the sound on 't.

Julia. A lute-string far exceeds it.
It hath no smell, like cassia or civet; 65
Nor is it physical, though some fond doctors
Persuade us see the 't in cullises. I 'll tell you,
This is a creature bred by —

[*Re-enter Servant*]

Serv. Your husband 's come,
Hath deliver'd a letter to the Duke of Calabria
That, to my thinking, hath put him out of his wits. [*Exit.*] 70

Julia. Sir, you hear:

Pray, let me know your business and your suit
As briefly as can be.

Delio. With good speed: I would wish you
(At such time as you are non-resident 75
With your husband) my mistress.

Julia. Sir, I 'll go ask my husband if I shall,
And straight return your answer. [*Exit.*]

Delio. Very fine!
Is this her wit, or honesty, that speaks thus?
I heard one say the duke was highly mov'd 80
With a letter sent from Malfi. I do fear
Antonio is betray'd. How fearfully
Shows his ambition now! Unfortunate fortune!
They pass through whirl-pools, and deep woes
do shun,
Who the event weigh ere the action 's done. 85

Exit.

SCENA V. — [*The Same.*]

Cardinal and Ferdinand with a letter

Ferd. I have this night digg'd up a man-drake.

Card. Say you?

Ferd. And I am grown mad with 't.

Card. What 's the prodigy?

Ferd. Read there, — a sister damn'd: she 's loose i' th' hilt; Grown a notorious strumpet.

Card. Speak lower.

Ferd. Lower!

Rogues do not whisper 't now, but seek to publish 't 5

(As servants do the bounty of their lords)
Aloud; and with a covetous searching eye,
To mark who note them. O, confusion seize her!

She hath had most cunning bawds to serve her turn,

And more secure conveyances for lust 10
Than towns of garrison for service.

Card. Is 't possible?

Can this be certain?

Ferd. Rhubarb! O, for rhubarb
To purge this choler! Here 's the cursed day
To prompt my memory; and here 't shall stick
Till of her bleeding heart I make a sponge 15
To wipe it out

Card. Why do you make yourself
So wild a tempest?

Ferd. Would I could be one,
That I might toss her palace 'bout her ears,
Root up her goodly forests, blast her meads,
And lay her general territory as waste 20
As she hath done her honours.

Card. Shall our blood,
The royal blood of Arragon and Castile,
Be thus attainted?

Ferd. Apply desperate physic:
We must not now use balsamum, but fire,
The smarting cupping-glass, for that 's the mean
To purge infected blood, such blood as hers. 26
There is a kind of pity in mine eye, —
I 'll give it to my handkercher; and now 't is here.

I 'll bequeath this to her bastard.

Card. What to do?

Ferd. Why, to make soft lint for his mother's wounds, 30
When I have hew'd her to pieces.

Card. Curs'd creature!
Unequal nature, to place women's hearts
So far upon the left side!

Ferd. Foolish men,
That e'er will trust their honour in a bark
Made of so slight weak bulrush as is woman, 35
Apt every minute to sink it!

⁵⁵ of: namely ⁶⁰ allowance: bounty ⁶⁶ physical: curative ⁶⁷ fond: foolish ⁶⁷ see the 't: ('seeth's' Q 1-2; 'seeth'd' Q 3) ⁶⁸ cullises: brothas ⁶⁹ mandrake: poisonous root, supposed to have supernatural powers ⁷⁰ covetous: ('couetuous' Q 1) ⁷¹ Rhubarb: supposed to alleviate the choleric 'humour' ⁷² yourself: for yourself ⁷³ balsamum: balm ⁷⁴ cupping-glass: receptacle for blood ⁷⁵ Unequal: unjust ⁷⁶ left: *à gauche*, the gauche or sinister side

Card. Thus ignorance, when it hath purchas'd honour,
It cannot wield it.

Ferd. Methinks I see her laughing, —
Excellent hyena! Talk to me somewhat,
quickly,

Or my imagination will carry me 40
To see her in the shameful act of sin.

Card. With whom? [bargeman.

Ferd. Happily with some strong-thigh'd
Or one o' th' wood-yard that can quoit the
sledge

Or toss the bar, or else some lovely squire
That carries coals up to her privy lodgings. 45

Card. You fly beyond your reason.

Ferd. Go to, mistress!
'Tis not your whore's milk that shall quench
my wild-fire,
But your whore's blood.

Card. How idly shows this rage, which
carries you,

As men convey'd by witches through the air, 50
On violent whirlwinds! This intemperate noise
Fitsly resembles deaf men's shrill discourse,
Who talk aloud, thinking all other men
To have their imperfection.

Ferd. Have not you
My palsy?

Card. Yes, yet I can be angry 55
Without this rupture. There is not in nature
A thing that makes man so deform'd, so beastly,
As doth intemperate anger Chide yourself
You have divers men who never yet express'd
Their strong desire of rest but by unrest, 60
By vexing of themselves. Come, put yourself
In tune

Ferd. So I will only study to seem
The thing I am not I could kill her now,
In you, or in myself, for I do think
It is some sin in us heaven doth revenge 65
By her.

Card. Are you stark mad?

Ferd. I would have their bodies
Burnt in a coal-pit with the ventage stopp'd,
That their curs'd smoke might not ascend to
heaven;

Or dip the sheets they lie in in pitch or sulphur, 70
Wrap them in 't, and then light them like a
match;

Or else to boil their bastard to a cullis,
And give 't his lecherous father to renew
The skin of his back.

Card. I 'll leave you.

Ferd. Nay, I have done.
I am confident, had I been damn'd in hell, 75

And should have heard of this, it would have
put me

Into a cold sweat. In, in; I 'll go sleep.
Till I know who leaps my sister, I 'll not stir:
That known, I 'll find scorpions to string my
whips,

And fix her in a general eclipse. *Exeunt.* 80

ACTUS III SCENA I

[*Amalfi the Duchess's Palace.*]

*Antonio and Delio, [later,] Duchess, Ferdinand,
Bosola*

Ant. Our noble friend, my most beloved
Delio!

O, you have been a stranger long at court.

Came you along with the Lord Ferdinand?

Delio. I did, sir: and how fares your noble
duchess?

Ant. Right fortunately well. she's an excel-
lent 5

Feeder of pedigrees, since you last saw her,
She hath had two children more, a son and
daughter

Delio. Methinks 't was yesterday Let me
but wink,

And not behold your face, which to mine eye
Is somewhat leaner, verily I should dream 10
It were within this half hour

Ant. You have not been in law, friend Delio,
Nor in prison, nor a suitor at the court,
Nor begg'd the reversion of some great man's
place, 14

Nor troubled with an old wife, which doth make
Your time so insensibly hasten

Delio. Pray, sir, tell me,
Hath not this news arriv'd yet to the ear
Of the lord cardinal?

Ant. I fear it hath:
The Lord Ferdinand, that's newly come to
court,

Doth bear himself right dangerously.

Delio. Pray, why? 20

Ant. He is so quiet that he seems to sleep
The tempest out, as dormice do in winter.
Those houses that are haunted are most still,
Till the devil be up.

Delio. What say the common people?

Ant. The common rabble do directly say 25
She is a strumpet.

Delio. And your graver heads

Which would be politic, what censure they?

Ant. They do observe I grow to infinite pur-
chase,

⁴⁸ Happily: perhaps ⁴⁹ o': (not in Qq. 1-2) ⁵⁰ quoit the sledge: throw the hammer ⁵¹ yet: (conj.
Brereton; not in Qq) ⁵² rupture: flying to pieces ⁵³ ventage: chimney ⁵⁴ to boil: (perhaps for
'to-boil,' boil down) ⁵⁵ wink: close my eyes ⁵⁶ which: (i.e., the absence of these troubles)
⁵⁷ politic: statesmanlike ⁵⁸ censure: opine ⁵⁹ purchase: wealth

The left-hand way; and all suppose the duchess
Would amend it, if she could; for, say they, 30
Great princes, though they grudge their officers
Should have such large and unconfined means
To get wealth under them, will not complain,
Lest thereby they should make them odious
Unto the people. For other obligation, 35
Of love or marriage between her and me,
They never dream of.

Delio. The Lord Ferdinand
Is going to bed.

[*Enter Duchess, Ferdinand, and Attendants*]

Ferd. I'll instantly to bed,
For I am weary. — I am to bespeak
A husband for you.

Duch. For me, sir! Pray, who is 't? 40

Ferd. The great Count Malatesta.

Duch. Fie upon him!
A count! He's a mere stick of sugar-candy;
You may look quite thorough him. When I
choose

A husband, I will marry for your honour.

Ferd. You shall do well in 't. — How is 't,
worthy Antonio? 45

Duch. But, sir, I am to have private confer-
ence with you

About a scandalous report is spread
Touching mine honour.

Ferd. Let me be ever deaf to 't:
One of Pasquil's paper-bullets, court-calumny,
A pestilent air, which princes' palaces 50
Are seldom purg'd of. Yet, say that it were
true,

I pour it in your bosom, my fix'd love
Would strongly excuse, extenuate, nay, deny
Faults, were they apparent in you. Go, be safe
In your own innocence.

Duch. [Aside] O bless'd comfort! 55
Thus deadly air is purg'd

*Exeunt [Duchess, Antonio, Delio, and
Attendants]*

Ferd. Her guilt treads on
Hot-burning coulters.

[*Enter Bosola*]

Now, Bosola,

How thrives our intelligence?

Bos. Sir, uncertainly:
'T is rumour'd she hath had three bastards, but
By whom we may go read i' th' stars.

Ferd. Why, some 60
Hold opinion all things are written there.

Bos. Yes, if we could find spectacles to read
them.

³⁰ *Pasquil*: nickname of a mutilated statue in Rome, to which invective verses were affixed
³¹ *paper-bullets*: lampoons
³² *coulters*: plow-blades
³³ *deceits*
³⁴ *lenitive*: softening, reducing will-power
³⁵ *drifts*: purposes

I do suspect there hath been some sorcery
Us'd on the duchess.

Ferd. Sorcery! to what purpose?

Bos. To make her dote on some desertless
fellow 65

She shames to acknowledge.

Ferd. Can your faith give way
To think there's power in potions or in charms,
To make us love whether we will or no?

Bos. Most certainly.

Ferd. Away! these are mere gulleries, hor-
rid things, 70

Invented by some cheating mountebanks
To abuse us. Do you think that herbs or charms
Can force the will? Some trials have been made
In this foolish practice, but the ingredients
Were lenitive poisons, such as are of force 75
To make the patient mad; and straight the
witch

Swears by equivocation they are in love.

The witchcraft lies in her rank blood This
night

I will force confession from her. You told me
You had got, within these two days, a false
key 80

Into her bed-chamber.

Bos. I have.

Ferd. As I would wish.

Bos. What do you intend to do?

Ferd. Can you guess?

Bos. No.

Ferd. Do not ask, then:

He that can compass me, and know my drifts,
May say he hath put a girdle 'bout the world,
And sounded all her quick-sands.

Bos. I do not 85

Think so

Ferd. What do you think, then, pray?

Bos. That you
Are your own chronicle too much, and grossly
Flatter yourself.

Ferd. Give me thy hand; I thank thee:
I never gave pension but to flatterers,
Till I entertained thee. Farewell. 90
That friend a great man's run strongly checks,
Who rails into his belief all his defects.

Exeunt.

SCENA II. — [*The Duchess's Bed-chamber.*]

*Duchess, Antonio, Carola, [and later]
Ferdinand, Bosola, Officers*

Duch. Bring me the casket hither, and the
glass. —

You get no lodging here to-night, my lord.

³⁶ *intelligence*: detective work
³⁷ *gulleries*:
³⁸ *rank*: wanton
³⁹ *compass*: comprehend

Ant. Indeed, I must persuade one.

Duch. Very good:
I hope in time 't will grow into a custom,
That noblemen shall come with cap and knee
To purchase a night's lodging of their wives.

Ant. I must lie here.

Duch. Must! You are a lord of mis-rule.

Ant. Indeed, my rule is only in the night.

Duch. To what use will you put me?

Ant. We 'll sleep together.

Duch. Alas, what pleasure can two lovers
find in sleep? 10

Cari. My lord, I lie with her often, and I
know

She 'll much disquiet you.

Ant. See, you are complain'd of.

Cari. For she 's the sprawling'st bedfellow.

Ant. I shall like her the better for that

Cari. Sir, shall I ask you a question? 15

Ant. I pray thee, Cariola

Cari. Wherefore still when you lie with my
lady

Do you rise so early?

Ant. Labouring men

Count the clock off 'nest, Cariola,

Are glad when their task 's ended.

Duch. I 'll stop your mouth [*Kisses him.*] 20

Ant. Nay, that 's but one, Venus had two
soft doves

To draw her chariot: I must have another. —

[*She kisses him again*]

When wilt thou marry, Cariola?

Cari. Never, my lord

Ant. O, fie upon this single life! forgo it.

We read how Daphne, for her peevish slight,
Became a fruitless bay-tree, Syrinx turn'd 26

To the pale empty reed; Anaxarete

Was frozen into marble whereas those

Which married, or prov'd kind unto their
friends,

Were by a gracious influence trans-shap'd 30

Into the olive, pomegranate, mulberry,

Became flowers, precious stones, or eminent
stars.

Cari. This is a vain poetry: but I pray you,
tell me,

If there were propos'd me wisdom, riches, and
beauty,

In three several young men, which should I
choose? 35

Ant. 'T is a hard question. This was Paris'
case,

And he was blind in 't, and there was great
cause;

For how was 't possible he could judge right,
Having three amorous goddesses in view,

And they stark naked? 'T was a motion 40

Were able to bight the apprehension
Of the severest counsellor of Europe

Now I look on both your faces so well form'd,

It puts me in mind of a question I would ask.

Cari. What is 't?

Ant. I do wonder why hard-favour'd ladies,
For the most part, keep worse-favour'd waiting-
women 46

To attend them, and cannot endure fair ones.

Duch. O, that 's soon answer'd

Did you ever in your life know an ill painter
Desire to have his dwelling next door to the
shop 50

Of an excellent picture-maker? 'T would dis-
grace

His face-making, and undo him. I prithee,

When were we so merry? My hair tangles.

Ant. Pray thee, Cariola, let 's steal forth
the room,

And let her talk to herself. I have divers times
Serv'd her the like, when she hath chaf'd ex-
tremely. 56

I love to see her angry. Softly, Cariola.

Exeunt [Antonio and Cariola].

Duch. Doth not the colour of my hair 'gin to
change?

When I wax gray, I shall have all the court

Powder their hair with arras, to be like me. 60

You have cause to love me; I ent'red you into
my heart

[*Enter Ferdinand unseen*]

Before you would vouchsafe to call for the keys.

We shall one day have my brothers take you
napping

Methinks his presence, being now in court,

Should make you keep your own bed; but
you 'll say 65

Love mix'd with fear is sweetest. I 'll assure
you,

You shall get no more children till my brothers
Consent to be your gossips. Have you lost your
tongue?

'T is welcome. 69

For know, whether I am doom'd to live or die,
I can do both like a prince.

Ferd. Die, then, quickly.

Ferdinand gives her a pomard.

Virtue, where art thou hid? What hideous
thing

Is it that doth eclipse thee?

Duch. Pray, sir, hear me.

Ferd. Or is it true thou art but a bare name,
And no essential thing?

Duch. Sir —

⁷ lord of mis-rule: officer of license (title of the purveyor of amusement at court revels) ³⁵ peev-
ish slight: perverse contempt of Apollo ³⁶ propos'd: offered ⁴⁰ motion: puppet show ⁶⁰ arras:
white powder of iris-root ⁶⁸ gossips: sponsors

Ferd.

Do not speak. 75

Duch. No, sir:

I will plant my soul in mine ears, to hear you.

Ferd. O most imperfect light of human reason,

That mak'st us so unhappy to foresee
 What we can least prevent! Pursue thy wishes,
 And glory in them: there 's in shame no comfort 81

But to be past all bounds and sense of shame.

Duch. I pray, sir, hear me: I am married.
Ferd. So!*Duch.* Happily, not to your liking: but for that,

Alas, your shears do come untimely now 83
 To clip the bird's wings that 's already flown!
 Will you see my husband?

Ferd. Yes, if I could change
Eyes with a basilisk.*Duch.* Sure, you came hither
By his confederacy.

Ferd. The howling of a wolf 89
 Is music to thee, screech-owl: prithee, peace —
 What'er thou art that hast enjoy'd my sister,
 For I am sure thou hear'st me, for thine own sake

Let me not know thee. I came hither prepar'd
 To work thy discovery; yet am now persuaded
 It would beget such violent effects 95
 As would damn us both I would not for ten millions

I had beheld thee: therefore use all means
 I never may have knowledge of thy name
 Enjoy thy lust still, and a wretched life,
 On that condition. — And for thee, vild woman,
 If thou do wish thy lecher may grow old 101
 In thy embracements, I would have thee build
 Such a room for him as our anchorites
 To holier use inhabit. Let not the sun
 Shine on him till he 's dead; let dogs and monkeys 105

Only converse with him, and such dumb things
 To whom nature denies use to sound his name;
 Do not keep a paraquito, lest she learn it.
 If thou do love him, cut out thine own tongue,
 Lest it bewray him.

Duch. Why might not I marry? 110
 I have not gone about in this to create
 Any new world or custom.

Ferd. Thou art undone;
 And thou hast ta'en that massy sheet of lead
 That hid thy husband's bones, and folded it
 About my heart.

Duch. Mine bleeds for 't.

Ferd. Thine! thy heart! 115
 What should I name 't, unless a hollow bullet
 Fill'd with unquenchable wild-fire?

Duch.

You are in this

Too strict; and were you not my princely brother,

I would say, too wilful: my reputation is safe.

Ferd. Dost thou know what reputation is?
 I 'll tell thee, — to small purpose, since th' instruction 121

Comes now too late.

Upon a time Reputation, Love, and Death
 Would travel o'er the world; and it was concluded

That they should part, and take three several ways. 125

Death told them, they should find him in great battles,
 Or cities plagu'd with plagues; Love gives them counsel

To inquire for him 'mongst unambitious shepherds,

Where dowries were not talk'd of, and sometimes

'Mongst quiet kindred that had nothing left 130
 By their dead parents. 'Stay,' quoth Reputation,

'Do not forsake me; for it is my nature,
 If once I part from any man I meet,
 I am never found again.' And so for you:
 You have shook hands with Reputation, 135
 And made him invisible So, fare you well:
 I will never see you more.

Duch.

Why should only I,

Of all the other princes of the world,
 Be cas'd up, like a holy relic? I have youth
 And a little beauty.

Ferd. So you have some virgins 140
 That are witches. I will never see thee more.

*Exit**Enter Antonio with a pistol [and Cariola]**Duch.* You saw this apparition?*Ant.*

Yes: we are

Betray'd. How came he hither? I should turn this to thee, for that.

Cari.

Pray, sir, do; and when
 That you have cleft my heart, you shall read there 145

Mine innocence

Duch.

That gallery gave him entrance.
Ant. I would this terrible thing would come again,

That, standing on my guard, I might relate

My warrantable love. — *She shows the poniard.*

Ha! what means this?

Duch. He left this with me.*Ant.*

And it seems did wish 150
 You would use it on yourself?

⁷⁹ us: (not in Qq. 1-3) ⁸⁸ basilisk: fabulous monster whose look was death ¹²⁶ shook hands: parted

Duch. His action seem'd
To intend so much.

Ant. This hath a handle to 't,
As well as a point: turn it towards him, and
So fasten the keen edge in his rank gall.

[*Knocking within.*]

How now! who knocks? More earthquakes?

Duch. I stand 155
As if a mine beneath my feet were ready
To be blown up.

Cari. 'T is Bosola.

Duch. Away!

O misery! methinks unjust actions
Should wear these masks and curtains, and not
we.

You must instantly part hence: I have fashion'd it already. *Exit Antonio.* 160

[*Enter Bosola*]

Bos. The duke your brother is ta'en up in a
whirlwind,

Hath took horse, and 's rid post to Rome

Duch. So late?

Bos. He told me, as he mounted into th'
saddle,

You were undone.

Duch. Indeed, I am very near it

Bos. What 's the matter? 165

Duch. Antonio, the master of our household,
Hath dealt so falsely with me in 's accounts.
My brother stood engag'd with me for money
Ta'en up of certain Neapolitan Jews,
And Antonio lets the bonds be forfeit. 170

Bos. Strange! — [*Aside*] This is cunning.

Duch. And hereupon

My brother's bills at Naples are protested
Against. — Call up our officers.

Bos. I shall. *Exit.*

[*Re-enter Antonio*]

Duch. The place that you must fly to is
Ancona:

Hire a house there I 'll send after you 175
My treasure and my jewels Our weak safety
Runs upon ingenious wheels. short syllables
Must stand for periods. I must now accuse you
Of such a feigned crime as Tasso calls
Magnanima menzogna, a noble lie, 180
'Cause it must shield our honours. — Hark!
they are coming.

[*Re-enter Bosola and Officers*]

Ant. Will your grace hear me?

Duch. I have got well by you; you have
yielded me

A million of loss: I am like to inherit
The people's curses for your stewardship. 185

¹⁸⁰ Ta'en up: borrowed ¹⁷⁷ ingenious: wit-driven (all depends on speed and cleverness) ¹⁸² As
loath: (Some copies of Q 1 read 'A-loth') ¹⁸³ chippings: bread crumbs (used for cleaning gold)
¹⁸⁴ chain: steward's badge of office

You had the trick in audit-time to be sick,
Till I had sign'd your quietus; and that cur'd
you

Without help of a doctor. — Gentlemen,
I would have this man be an example to you
all;

So shall you hold my favour; I pray, let him;
For h'as done that, alas, you would not think
of, 191

And (because I intend to be rid of him)

I mean not to publish. — Use your fortune elsewhere

Ant. I am strongly arm'd to brook my over-
throw,

As commonly men bear with a hard year. 195
I will not blame the cause on 't; but do think
The necessity of my malevolent star
Procures this, not her humour. O, the inconst-
stant

And rotten ground of service! You may see,
'T is e'en like him, that in a winter night, 200
Takes a long slumber o'er a dying fire,
As loath to part from 't; yet parts thence as cold
As when he first sat down.

Duch. We do confiscate,

Towards the satisfying of your accounts,

All that you have

Ant. I am all yours, and 't is very fit 205
All mine should be so.

Duch. So, sir, you have your pass.

Ant. You may see, gentlemen, what 't is to
serve

A prince with body and soul. *Exit.*

Bos. Here 's an example for extortion: what
moisture is drawn out of the sea, when foul 210
weather comes, pours down, and runs into the
sea again.

Duch. I would know what are your opinions
Of this Antonio. 214

2 Off. He could not abide to see a pig's
head gaping. I thought your grace would find
him a Jew.

3 Off. I would you had been his officer,
for your own sake

4 Off. You would have had more money. 220

1 Off. He stopp'd his ears with black wool,
and to those came to him for money said he was
thick of hearing

2 Off. Some said he was an hermaphrodite,
for he could not abide a woman. 225

4 Off. How scurvy proud he would look
when the treasury was full! Well, let him go.

1 Off. Yes, and the chippings of the buttery
fly after him, to scour his gold chain. 229

Duch. Leave us — *Exeunt [Officers].*

What do you think of these?

Bos. That these are rogues that in 's prosperity,
But to have waited on his fortune, could have wish'd

His dirty stirrup riveted through their noses,
And follow'd after 's mule, like a bear in a ring;
Would have prostituted their daughters to his lust;

Made their first-born intelligencers; thought none happy

But such as were born under his blest planet.
And wore his livery: and do these lice drop off now?

Well, never look to have the like again: 240
He hath left a sort of flatt'ring rogues behind him;

Their doom must follow. Princes pay flatterers
In their own money: flatterers dissemble their vices,

And they dissemble their lies; that 's justice.

Alas, poor gentleman! 245

Duch. Poor! he hath amply fill'd his coffers.

Bos. Sure, he was too honest. Pluto, the god of riches,

When he 's sent by Jupiter to any man,

He goes limping, to signify that wealth

That comes on God's name comes slowly; but when he 's sent 250

On the devil's errand, he rides post and comes in by scuttles.

Let me show you what a most unvalu'd jewel
You have in a wanton humour thrown away,
To bless the man shall find him. He was an excellent

Courtier and most faithful; a soldier that thought it 255

As beastly to know his own value too little

As devilish to acknowledge it too much

Both his virtue and form deserv'd a far better fortune:

His discourse rather delighted to judge itself than show itself:

His breast was fill'd with all perfection, 260

And yet it seem'd a private whisper'ring-room,

It made so little noise of 't.

Duch. But he was basely descended.

Bos. Will you make yourself a mercenary herald,

Rather to examine men's pedigrees than virtues? 265

You shall want him:

For know, an honest statesman to a prince

Is like a cedar planted by a spring;

The spring bathes the tree's root, the grateful tree

Rewards it with his shadow: you have not done so. 270

I would sooner swim to the Bermoothes on

Two politicians' rotten bladders, tied

Together with an intelligencer's heart-string,

Than depend on so changeable a prince's favour.

Fare thee well, Antonio! Since the malice of the world 275

Would needs down with thee, it cannot be said yet

That any ill happen'd unto thee, considering thy fall

Was accompanied with virtue.

Duch. O, you render me excellent music!

Bos. Say you?

Duch. This good one that you speak of is my husband. 280

Bos. Do I not dream? Can this ambitious age

Have so much goodness in 't as to prefer

A man merely for worth, without these shadows

Of wealth and painted honours? Possible?

Duch. I have had three children by him.

Bos. Fortunate lady! 285

For you have made your private nuptial bed

The humble and fair seminary of peace,

No question but: many an unbenefic'd scholar

Shall pray for you for this deed, and rejoice

That some preferment in the world can yet 290

Arise from merit The virgins of your land

That have no dowries shall hope your example

Will raise them to rich husbands Should you want

Soldiers, 't would make the very Turks and Moors

Turn Christians, and serve you for this act. 295

Last, the neglected poets of your time,

In honour of this trophy of a man,

Rais'd by that curious engine, your white hand,

Shall thank you in your grave for 't, and make that

More reverend than all the cabinets 300

Of living princes. For Antonio,

His fame shall likewise flow from many a pen,

When heralds shall want coats to sell to men.

Duch. As I taste comfort in this friendly speech,

So would I find concealment. 305

Bos. O, the secret of my prince,

Which I will wear on th' inside of my heart!

Duch. You shall take charge of all my coin

and jewels,

And follow him; for he retires himself

To Ancona.

Bos. So.

287 intelligencers: spies 241 sort: crew 247 Pluto: properly, Plutus 281 scuttles: leaps and bounds 282 unvalu'd: invaluable 284 shall: who shall 285 Bermoothes: Bermudas 287 trophy: i.e., monument of virtue 288 curious: worthy of regard 289 shall . . . men: no longer traffic in coats of arms

Duch. Whither, within few days, 310
I mean to follow thee

Bos. Let me think:
I would wish your grace to feign a pilgrimage
To our Lady of Loretto, scarce seven leagues
From fair Ancona; so may you depart
Your country with more honour, and your flight
Will seem a princely progress, retaining 316
Your usual train about you.

Duch. Sir, your direction
Shall lead me by the hand.

Cari. In my opinion,
She were better progress to the baths at Lucca,
Or go visit the Spa 320
In Germany; for, if you will believe me,
I do not like this jesting with religion,
This feigned pilgrimage.

Duch. Thou art a superstitious fool!
Prepare us instantly for our departure 325
Past sorrows, let us moderately lament them.
For those to come, seek wisely to prevent them.

Exit [Duchess with Carlotto]

Bos. A politician is the devil's quilted anvil;
He fashions all sins on him, and the blows
Are never heard. he may work in a lady's
chamber 330

(As here for proof). What rests but I reveal
All to my lord? O, this base quality
Of intelligencer! Why, every quality I' th'
world

Prefers but gain or commendation:
Now, for this act I am certain to be rais'd, 335
And men that paint weeds to the life are prais'd

Exit.

SCENA III —[*Rome: the Cardinal's Palace*]

*Cardinal, Ferdinand, Malatesta, Pescara, Silvio,
Delio, [and later] Bosola*

Card. Must we turn soldier, then?

Mal. The emperor.
Hearing your worth that way (ere you attain'd
This reverend garment), joins you in commis-
sion

With the right fortunate soldier, the Marquis of
Pescara,

And the famous Lannoy.

Card. He that had the honour 5
Of taking the French king prisoner?

Mal. The same
Here's a plot drawn for a new fortification
At Naples.

Ferd. This great Count Malatesta, I per-
ceive,

Hath got employment?

Delio. No employment, my lord;
A marginal note in the muster-book that he is 10
A voluntary lord.

Ferd. He's no soldier?

Delio He has worn gun-powder in 's hollow
tooth for the tooth-ache.

Sil. He comes to the leaguer with a full in-
tent

To eat fresh beef and garlic, means to stay
Till the scent be gone, and straight return to
court 15

Delio He hath read all the late service
As the City Chronicle relates it;
And keeps two pewterers going, only to express
Battles in model.

Sil. Then he'll fight by the book.

Delio By the almanac, I think, 20
To choose good days and shun the critical.

That 's his mistress's scarf

Sil. Yes, he protests
He would do much for that taffeta.

Delio I think he would run away from a
battle,

To save it from taking prisoner.

Sil. He is horribly afraid 25
Gun-powder will spoil the perfume on 't.

Delio I saw a Dutchman break his pate
once

For calling him a pot-gun, he made his head
Have a bore in 't like a musket

Sil. I would he had made a touch-hole to 't. 30
He is indeed a guarded sumpter-cloth,
Only for the remove of the court.

[*Enter Bosola*]

Pes. Bosola arriv'd! What should be the
business?

Some falling-out amongst the cardinals.

These factions amongst great men, they are like
Foxes. when their heads are divided, 36
They carry fire in their tails, and all the country
About them goes to wrack for 't.

Sil. What 's that Bosola?

Delio. I knew him in Padua, — a fantastical
scholar, like such who study to know how many
knots was in Hercules' club, of what colour 41
Achilles' beard was, or whether Hector were
not troubled with the tooth-ache. He hath
studied himself half blear-ey'd to know the
true symmetry of Cæsar's nose by a shoeing- 45
horn; and thus he did to gain the name of a
speculative man.

Pes. Mark Prince Ferdinand:

A very salamander lives in 's eye,
To mock the eager violence of fire. 50

³²² quilted: covered with wool to deaden sound ³²² quality: profession ³³⁴ Prefers: offers
¹ emperor: Charles V ⁴¹ Pescara . . . Lannoy: commanders under the Emperor at the battle of
Pavia (1525) ⁶ French king: Francis I ¹⁵ in model: illustrated by pewter soldiers ²⁵ taking:
being taken ²⁸ pot-gun: pop-gun ³¹ guarded: ornamental sumpter-cloth: saddle blanket

Sil. That cardinal hath made more bad faces with his oppression than ever Michael Angelo made good ones. He lifts up 's nose, like a foul porpoise before a storm.

Pes. The Lord Ferdinand laughs.

Delio. Like a deadly cannon 55
That lightens ere it smokes.

Pes. These are your true pangs of death,
The pangs of life, that struggle with great statesmen.

Delio In such a deformed silence witches whisper their charms.

Card. Doth she make religion her riding-hood 60

To keep her from the sun and tempest?

Ferd. That, that damns her. Methinks her fault and beauty,

Blended together, show like leprosy,
The whiter the fouler I make it a question
Whether her beggarly brats were ever christ'n'd. 65

Card. I will instantly solicit the state of Ancona

To have them banish'd.

Ferd. You are for Loretto?
I shall not be at your ceremony, fare you well. —

Write to the Duke of Malfi, my young nephew,
She had by her first husband, and acquaint him 70

With 's mother's honesty.

Bos. I will.

Ferd. Antonio!
A slave that only smell'd of ink and counters,
And nev'r in 's life look'd like a gentleman,
But in the audit-time. — Go, go presently,
Draw me out an hundred and fifty of our horse, 75
And meet me at the fort-bridge. *Exeunt.*

SCENA IIII

Two Pilgrims to the Shrine of our Lady of Loretto

1 *Pil.* I have not seen a goodlier shrine than this;

Yet I have visited many.

2 *Pil.* The Cardinal of Arragon
Is this day to resign his cardinal's hat;
His sister duchess likewise is arriv'd
To pay her vow of pilgrimage. I expect 5
A noble ceremony.

1 *Pil.* No question. — They come.
Here the ceremony of the Cardinal's instalment in the habit of a soldier: perform'd in delivering up his cross, hat, robes and ring at the shrine, and investing him with

sword, helmet, shield, and spurs. Then Antonio, the Duchess and their children, having presented themselves at the shrine, are (by a form of banishment in dumb show expressed towards them by the Cardinal and the state of Ancona) banished. During all which ceremony, this ditty is sung, to very solemn music, by divers churchmen; and then exeunt [all except the two Pilgrims].

Arms and honours deck thy story,

To thy fame's eternal glory!

Adverse fortune ever fly thee;

No disastrous fate come nigh thee!

I alone will sing thy praises,

Whom to honour virtue raises,

And thy study, that divine is,

Bent to martial discipline is.

Lay aside all those robes lie by thee; 15

Crown thy arts with arms, they'll beautify thee.

O worthy of worthiest name, adorn'd in this manner.

Lead bravely thy forces on under war's warlike banner!

O, mayst thou prove fortunate in all martial courses!

Guide thou still by skill in arts and forces! 20
Victory attend thee nigh, whilst fame sings loud thy powers;

Triumphant conquest crown thy head, and blessings pour down showers!

1 *Pil.* Here 's a strange turn of state! who would have thought

So great a lady would have match'd herself

Unto so mean a person? Yet the cardinal 25
Bears himself much too cruel

2 *Pil.* They are banish'd.

1 *Pil.* But I would ask what power hath this state

Of Ancona to determine of a free prince?

2 *Pil.* They are a free state, sir, and her brother show'd

How that the Pope, fore-hearing of her looseness, 30

Hath seiz'd into th' protection of the church

The dukedom which she held as dowager.

1 *Pil.* But by what justice?

2 *Pil.* Sure, I think by none,
Only her brother's instigation.

1 *Pil.* What was it with such violence he took 35

Off from her finger?

⁷⁰ fort-bridge: drawbridge ⁸⁻¹¹ S. D. The Author . . . his: (in Q 1 only) ²⁰ determine: pass judgment

2 *Pil.* 'T was her wedding-ring;
Which he vow'd shortly he would sacrifice
To his revenge.

1 *Pil.* Alas, Antonio!
If that a man be thrust into a well, 39
No matter who sets hand to 't, his own weight
Will bring him sooner to th' bottom. Come,
let 's hence.
Fortune makes this conclusion general:
All things do help th' unhappy man to fall.

Exeunt.

SCENA V.—[A road near Loretto.]

*Antonio, Duchess, Children, Cariola, Servants,
[and later] Bosola, Soldiers, with Vizards*

Duch. Banish'd Ancona!

Ant. Yes, you see what power
Lightens in great men's breath.

Duch. Is all our train
Shrunk to this poor remainder?

Ant. These poor men,
Which have got little in your service, vow
To take your fortune. but your wiser bunt-
ings, 5

Now they are fledg'd, are gone.

Duch. They have done wisely.
This puts me in mind of death. physicians thus,
With their hands full of money, use to give o'er
Their patients.

Ant. Right the fashion of the world: 9
From decay'd fortunes every flatterer shrinks;
Men cease to build where the foundation sinks

Duch. I had a very strange dream to-night.

Ant. What was 't?

Duch. Methought I wore my coronet of
state,

And on a sudden all the diamonds
Were chang'd to pearls.

Ant. My interpretation 15
Is, you 'll weep shortly; for to me the pearls
Do signify your tears.

Duch. The birds, that live i' th' field
On the wild benefit of nature, live
Happier than we: for they may choose their
mates,

And carol their sweet pleasures to the spring. 20

[Enter Bosola with a letter]

Bos. You are happily o'erta'en.

Duch. From my brother?

Bos. Yes, from the Lord Ferdinand, your
brother,
All love and safety.

Duch. Thou dost blanch mischief,
Would'st make it white. See, see, like to calm
weather

At sea before a tempest, false hearts speak fair 25
To those they intend most mischief. [Reads.]
A Letter.

"Send Antonio to me; I want his head in a
business."

A politic equivocation!
He doth not want your counsel, but your head;
That is, he cannot sleep till you be dead. 30
And here 's another pitfall that 's strew'd o'er
With roses; mark it, 't is a cunning one:

[Reads.]

"I stand engaged for your husband for several
debts at Naples: let not that trouble him; I
had rather have his heart than his money." —
And I believe so too.

Bos. What do you believe? 36

Duch. That he so much distrusts my hus-
band's love,
He will by no means believe his heart is with
him

Until he see it. The devil is not cunning enough
To circumvent us in riddles. 40

Bos. Will you reject that noble and free
league

Of amity and love which I present you?

Duch. Their league is like that of some poli-
tic kings,

Only to make themselves of strength and power
To be our after-ruin: tell them so. 45

Bos. And what from you?

Ant. Thus tell him: I will not come.

Bos. And what of this?

Ant. My brothers have dispers'd
Bloodhounds abroad, which till I hear are
muzzl'd,

No truce, though hatch'd with ne'er such poli-
tic skill,

Is safe, that hangs upon our enemies' will. 50
I 'll not come at them.

Bos. This proclaims your breeding.
Every small thing draws a base mind to fear
As the adamant draws iron. Fare you well, sir;
You shall shortly hear from 's. *Exit.*

Duch. I suspect some ambush;
Therefore by all my love I do conjure you 55
To take your eldest son, and fly towards Milan,
Let us not venture all this poor remainder
In one unlucky bottom.

Ant. You counsel safely.
Best of my life, farewell Since we must part,
Heaven hath a hand in 't; but no otherwise 60
Than as some curious artist takes in sundry
A clock or watch, when it is out of frame,
To bring 't in better order.

Duch. I know not which is best,
To see you dead, or part with you. Farewell,
boy: 65

Scene v. s. D. Vizards: masks buntings: small birds resembling finches to-night: last
night adamant: loadstone

Thou art happy that thou hast not understand-
ing

To know thy misery; for all our wit
And reading brings us to a truer sense
Of sorrow. — In the eternal church, sir,
I do hope we shall not part thus.

Ant. O, be of comfort! 70
Make patience a noble fortitude,
And think not how unkindly we are us'd:
Man, like to cassia, is prov'd best, being bruise'd.

Duch. Must I, like to a slave-born Russian,
Account it praise to suffer tyranny? 75

And yet, O heaven, thy heavy hand is in 't!
I have seen my little boy oft scourge his top,
And compar'd myself to 't: naught made me
e'er

Go right but heaven's scourge-stick.

Ant. Do not weep:
Heaven fashion'd us of nothing, and we strive
To bring ourselves to nothing — Farewell,
Cariola, 81

And thy sweet artful. — If I do never see thee
more,

Be a good mother to your little ones,
And save them from the tiger: fare you well.

Duch. Let me look upon you once more, for
that speech 85

Came from a dying father. Your kiss is colder
Than that I have seen an holy anchorite
Give to a dead man's skull.

Ant. My heart is turn'd to a heavy lump of
lead,

With which I sound my danger: fare you well.

Exit [with his son.]

Duch. My laurel is all withered. 91

Car. Look, madam, what a troop of armed
men

Make toward us!

Enter Bosola [vizarded,] with a Guard

Duch. O, they are very welcome:

When Fortune's wheel is over-charg'd with
princes,

The weight makes it move swift: I would have
my ruin 95

Be sudden. — I am your adventure, am I not?

Bos. You are: you must see your husband
no more.

Duch. What devil art thou that counterfeitst
heaven's thunder?

Bos. Is that terrible? I would have you tell
me whether

Is that note worse that frights the silly birds 100
Out of the corn, or that which doth allure
them

To the nets? You have heark'ned to the last
too much.

Duch. O misery! like to a rusty o'ercharg'd
cannon,

Shall I never fly in pieces? Come, to what
prison?

Bos. To none.

Duch. Whither, then?

Bos. To your palace.

Duch. I have heard 105

That Charon's boat serves to convey all o'er
The dismal lake, but brings none back again.

Bos. Your brothers mean you safety and
pity.

Duch. Pity!

With such a pity men preserve alive
Pheasants and quails, when they are not fat
enough 110

To be eaten.

Bos. These are your children?

Duch. Yes.

Bos. Can they prattle?

Duch. No:

But I intend, since they were born accurs'd,
Curses shall be their first language.

Bos. Fie, madam!

Forget this base, low fellow.

Duch. Were I a man, 115

I'd beat that counterfeit face into thy other.

Bos. One of no birth.

Duch. Say that he was born mean,
Man is most happy when's own actions
Be arguments and examples of his virtue.

Bos. A barren, beggarly virtue. 120

Duch. I prithee, who is greatest? Can you
tell?

Sad tales befit my woe: I'll tell you one.

A salmon, as she swam unto the sea,

Met with a dog-fish, who encounters her

With this rough language: 'Why art thou so
bold 125

To mix thyself with our high state of floods,

Being no eminent courtier, but one

That for the calmest and fresh time o' th' year

Dost live in shallow rivers, rank'st thyself

With silly smelts and shrimps? And darest
thou 130

Pass by our dog-ship without reverence?

'O,' quoth the salmon, 'sister, be at peace:

Thank Jupiter we both have pass'd the net!

Our value never can be truly known,

Till in the fisher's basket we be shown: 135

I th' market then my price may be the higher,

Even when I am nearest to the cook and fire.'

So to great men the moral may be stretched;

Men oft are valu'd high, when th' are most
wretched. —

But come, whither you please. I am arm'd
'gainst misery; 140

⁷⁰ lump of lead: such as sailors use in taking soundings ⁸⁵ your adventure: object of your journey ¹¹⁰ counterfeit face: mask

Bent to all sways of the oppressor's will.
There's no deep valley but near some great
hill.

Exeunt.

ACTUS III. SCENA I

[*Scene uncertain.*]

Ferdinand, Bosola, [and later,] Duchess, Cariola, Servants

Ferd. How doth our sister duchess bear herself

In her imprisonment?

Bos. Nobly: I 'll describe her.
She 's sad as one long us'd to 't, and she seems
Rather to welcome the end of misery
Than shun it; a behaviour so noble
As gives a majesty to adversity
You may discern the shape of loveliness
More perfect in her tears than in her smiles:
She will muse four hours together; and her
silence,

Methinks, expresseth more than if she spake. 10

Ferd. Her melancholy seems to be fortified
With a strange disdain

Bos. 'T is so; and this restraint,
(Like English mastiffs that grow fierce with
tying)

Makes her too passionately apprehend
Those pleasures she 's kept from

Ferd. Curse upon her! 15
I will no longer study in the book
Of another's heart Inform her what I told
you.

Exit.

[*Enter Duchess and Attendants*]

Bos. All comfort to your grace!

Duch. I will have none.
Pray thee, why dost thou wrap thy poison'd
pills

In gold and sugar? 20

Bos. Your elder brother, the Lord Ferdinand,

Is come to visit you, and sends you word,
'Cause once he rashly made a solemn vow
Never to see you more, he comes i' th' night;
And prays you gently neither torch nor taper 25
Shine in your chamber. He will kiss your hand,
And reconcile himself; but for his vow
He dares not see you.

Duch. At his pleasure. —
Take hence the lights. — He 's come.

[*Exeunt Attendants with lights.*]

[*Enter Ferdinand*]

Ferd. Where are you?

Duch. Here, sir.

Ferd. This darkness suits you well.

Duch. I would ask you pardon. 30

Ferd. You have it;
For I account it the honourabl'st revenge,
Where I may kill, to pardon. — Where are your
cubs?

Duch. Whom?

Ferd. Call them your children;
For though our national law distinguish bastards 35

From true legitimate issue, compassionate nature
Makes them all equal

Duch. Do you visit me for this?
You violate a sacrament o' th' church
Shall make you howl in hell for 't.

Ferd. It had been well, 39
Could you have liv'd thus always; for, indeed,
You were too much i' th' light — But no more;
I come to seal my peace with you Here 's a
hand

Gives her a dead man's hand.

To which you have vow'd much love; the ring
upon 't

You gave.

Duch. I affectionately kiss it.

Ferd. Pray, do, and bury the print of it in
your heart 45

I will leave this ring with you for a love-token;
And the hand as sure as the ring: and do not
doubt

But you shall have the heart too. When you
need a friend,

Send it to him that ow'd it, you shall see

Whether he can aid you.

Duch. You are very cold: 50
I fear you are not well after your travel. —
Ha' lights! — O, horrible!

Ferd. Let her have lights enough. *Exit.*

Duch. What witchcraft doth he practise,
that he hath left

A dead man's hand here?

*Here is discover'd, behind a traverse,
the artificial figures of Antonio
and his children, appearing as if
they were dead*

Bos. Look you, here 's the piece from which
't was ta'en 55

He doth present you this sad spectacle,
That, now you know directly they are dead,
Hereafter you may wisely cease to grieve
For that which cannot be recovered.

Duch. There is not between heaven and
earth one wish 60

I stay for after this It wastes me more
Than were 't my picture, fashion'd out of wax,
Stuck with a magical needle, and then buried
In some foul dung-hill; and yond 's an excellent
property

For a tyrant, which I would account mercy.

" ow'd: owned " S. D. traverse: curtain " property: appropriate act

Bos. What 's that? 65

Duch. If they would bind me to that liveless trunk,
And let me freeze to death.

Bos. Come, you must live.

Duch. That 's the greatest torture souls feel in hell:

In hell that they must live, and cannot die.

Portia, I 'll new-kindle thy coals again, 70
And revive the rare and almost dead example
Of a loving wife.

Bos. O, fie! despair? Remember
You are a Christian.

Duch. The church enjoins fasting:
I 'll starve myself to death

Bos. Leave this vain sorrow.
Things being at the worst begin to mend: the
bee 75

When he hath shot his sting into your hand,
May then play with your eye-lid

Duch. Good comfortable fellow,
Persuade a wretch that 's broke upon the wheel
To have all his bones new set; entreat him live
To be executed again. Who must despatch me?
I account this world a tedious theatre, 81
For I do play a part in 't 'gainst my will.

Bos. Come, be of comfort; I will save your
life.

Duch. Indeed, I have not leisure to tend
so small a business.

Bos. Now, by my life, I pity you

Duch. Thou art a fool, then, 85
To waste thy pity on a thing so wretched
As cannot pity itself. I am full of daggers.
Puff, let me blow these vipers from me.

[*Enter Servant*]

What are you?

Serv. One that wishes you long life.

Duch. I would thou wert hang'd for the hor-
rible curse 90

Thou hast given me: I shall shortly grow one
Of the miracles of pity. I 'll go pray! —

[*Exit Serv.*]

No, I 'll go curse

Bos. O, fie!

Duch. I could curse the stars —

Bos. O, fearful!

Duch. And those three smiling seasons of
the year

Into a Russian winter; nay, the world 95
To its first chaos.

Bos. Look you, the stars shine still.

Duch. O, but you must

Remember, my curse hath a great way to go —
Plagues, that make lanes through largest families,
Consume them! —

Bos. Fie, lady!

Duch. Let them, like tyrants, 100
Never be remember'd but for the ill they have
done;

Let all the zealous prayers of mortified

Churchmen forget them! —

Bos. O, uncharitable!

Duch. Let heaven a little while cease crown-
ing martyrs,

To punish them! — 105

Go, howl them this, and say, I long to bleed:
It is some mercy when men kill with speed.

Exit.

[*Re-enter Ferdinand*]

Ferd. Excellent, as I would wish; she 's
plagu'd in art.

These presentations are but fram'd in wax

By the curious master in that quality, 110

Vincenzo Lauriola, and she takes them

For true substantial bodies.

Bos. Why do you do this?

Ferd. To bring her to despair.

Bos. Faith, end here,

And go no farther in your cruelty.

Send her a penitential garment to put on 115

Next to her delicate skin, and furnish her

With beads and prayer-books.

Ferd. Damn her! that body of hers,
While that my blood ran pure in 't, was more
worth

Than that which thou wouldst comfort, call'd
a soul. 119

I will send her masques of common courtesans,

Have her meat serv'd up by bawds and ruffians,

And, 'cause she 'll needs be mad, I am resolv'd

To remove forth the common hospital

All the mad-folk, and place them near her
lodging, 124

There let them practise together, sing and dance,

And act their gambols to the full o' th' moon:

If she can sleep the better for it, let her.

Your work is almost ended.

Bos. Must I see her again?

Ferd. Yes.

Bos. Never.

Ferd. You must.

Bos. Never in mine own shape;

That 's forfeited by my intelligence 130

And this last cruel lie: when you send me next,

The business shall be comfort.

Ferd. Very likely!

Thy pity is nothing of kin to thee. Antonio

Lurks about Milan: thou shalt shortly thither,

To feed a fire as great as my revenge, 135

Which never will slack till it hath spent his fuel:

Intemperate agues make physicians cruel.

Exeunt.

⁷⁰ Portia: who died by swallowing burning coals
¹²⁸ forth: out of ¹⁴⁰ intelligence: betrayal

¹⁰⁸ art: artifice

¹²¹ ruffians: pandars

SCENA II

Duchess, Cariola, [and later] Servant, Madmen, Bosola, Executioners, Ferdinand

Duch. What hideous noise was that?

Cari. 'Tis the wild consort
Of madmen, lady, which your tyrant brother
Hath plac'd about your lodging. This tyranny,
I think, was never practis'd till this hour.

Duch. Indeed, I thank him. Nothing but
noise and folly
Can keep me in my right wits; whereas reason
And silence make me stark mad. Sit down;
Discourse to me some dismal tragedy.

Cari. O, 't will increase your melancholy!

Duch. Thou art deceiv'd:
To hear of greater grief would lessen mine. 10
This is a prison?

Cari. Yes, but you shall live
To shake this durance off.

Duch. Thou art a fool:
The robin-red-breast and the nightingale
Never live long in cages.

Cari. Pray, dry your eyes.
What think you of, madam?

Duch. Of nothing, 15
When I muse thus, I sleep

Cari. Like a madman, with your eyes open?

Duch. Dost thou think we shall know one
another
In th' other world?

Cari. Yes, out of question.

Duch. O, that it were possible we might 20
But hold some two days' conference with the
dead!

From them I should learn somewhat, I am sure,
I never shall know here I'll tell thee a mir-
acle:

I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow:
Th' heaven o'er my head seems made of molten
brass, 25

The earth of flaming sulphur, yet I am not mad.
I am acquainted with sad misery
As the tann'd galley-slave is with his oar;
Necessity makes me suffer constantly,
And custom makes it easy. Who do I look like
now? 30

Cari. Like to your picture in the gallery,
A deal of life in show, but none in practice;
Or rather like some reverend monument
Whose ruins are even pitted.

Duch. Very proper;
And Fortune seems only to have her eye-sight
To behold my tragedy. — How now! 36
What noise is that?

[Enter Servant]

Serv. I am come to tell you,
Your brother hath intended you some sport.
A great physician, when the Pope was sick
Of a deep melancholy, presented him 40
With several sorts of madmen, which wild ob-
ject

(Being full of change and sport) forc'd him to
laugh,

And so th' imposthume broke: the self-same
cure

The duke intends on you.

Duch. Let them come in.

Serv. There's a mad lawyer, and a secular
priest; 45

A doctor that hath forfeited his wits

By jealousy; an astrologian

That in his works said such a day o' th' month
Should be the day of doom, and, failing of 't,

Ran mad; an English tailor, craz'd i' th' brain
With the study of new fashions; a gentleman-
usher 51

Quite beside himself with care to keep in mind
The number of his lady's salutations,

Or 'How do you,' she employ'd him in each
morning;

A farmer, too, an excellent knave in grain, 55
Mad 'cause he was hinder'd transportation:

And let one broker that's mad loose to these,
You'd think the devil were among them.

Duch. Sit, Cariola. — Let them loose when
you please,

For I am chain'd to endure all your tyranny. 60

[Enter Madmen]

*Here by a Madman this song is sung to a dismal
kind of music.*

O, let us howl some heavy note,

Some deadly dogged howl,

Sounding as from the threat'ning throat

Of beasts and fatal fowl!

As ravens, screech-owls, bulls, and bears, 65

We'll bell, and bawl our parts,

Till irksome noise have cloy'd your ears

And corrosiv'd your hearts.

At last, when as our choir wants breath,

Our bodies being blest, 70

We'll sing, like swans, to welcome death,

And die in love and rest.

1 Madman. Doom's-day not come yet! I'll
draw it nearer by a perspective, or make a [74
glass that shall set all the world on fire upon an
instant. I cannot sleep; my pillow is stuff'd
with a litter of porcupines.

¹ consort: band ⁴⁰ imposthume: ulcer ⁵¹ fashions: ('fashion' Q 1) ⁵⁵ in grain: fast-dyed (with pun on the grain trade) ⁶⁰ hinder'd transportation: forbidden to export (his grain) ⁶⁵ bell: utter the cry of stags, etc. ('bill' in Q 1) ⁶⁸ corrosiv'd: corroded ⁷⁴ perspective: telescope

2 *Madman.* Hell is a mere glass-house, where the devils are continually blowing up women's souls on hollow irons, and the fire so never goes out.

3 *Madman.* I will lie with every woman in my parish the tenth night. I will tithe them over like hay-cocks. 84

4 *Madman.* Shall my 'pothecary out-go me, because I am a cuckold? I have found out his roguery: he makes alum of his wife's urine, and sells it to Puritans that have sore throats with over-straining.

1 *Madman.* I have skill in heraldry. 90

2 *Madman.* Hast?

1 *Madman.* You do give for your crest a woodcock's head with the brains pick'd out on 't; you are a very ancient gentleman. 94

3 *Madman.* Greek is turn'd Turk: we are only to be sav'd by the Helvetian translation.

1 *Madman.* Come on, sir, I will lay the law to you.

2 *Madman.* O, rather lay a corrosive: the law will eat to the bone. 100

3 *Madman.* He that drinks but to satisfy nature is damn'd.

4 *Madman.* If I had my glass here, I would show a sight should make all the women here call me mad doctor. 105

1 *Madman.* What 's he? A rope-maker?

2 *Madman.* No, no, no, a snuffling knave that while he shows the tombs, will have his hand in a wench's placket 109

3 *Madman.* Woe to the carocoe that brought home my wife from the masque at three o'clock in the morning! It had a large feather-bed in it.

4 *Madman.* I have pared the devil's nails forty times, roasted them in raven's eggs, 115 and cur'd agues with them.

3 *Madman.* Get me three hundred milch-bats, to make possets to procure sleep.

4 *Madman.* All the college may throw their caps at me: I have made a soap-boiler cos- 120 tive; it was my masterpiece.

Here the dance, consisting of Eight Madmen, with music answerable therunto; after which, Bosola (like an old man) enters.

Duch. Is he mad too?

Serv. Pray, question him. I'll leave you.

[*Exeunt Servant and Madmen.*]

Bos. I am come to make thy tomb.

Duch. Ha! my tomb!

Thou speak'st as if I lay upon my death-bed, Gasping for breath. Dost thou perceive me sick? 125

Bos. Yes, and the more dangerously, since thy sickness is insensible.

Duch. Thou art not mad, sure: dost know me?

Bos. Yes.

Duch. Who am I?

Bos. Thou art a box of worm-seed, at best but a salvatory of green mummy. What 's this flesh? A little crudded milk, fantasti- 131 cal puff-paste. Our bodies are weaker than those paper-prisons boys use to keep flies in; more contemptible, since ours is to preserve earth-worms. Didst thou ever see a lark in 135 a cage? Such is the soul in the body: this world is like her little turf of grass, and the heaven o'er our heads, like her looking-glass, only gives us a miserable knowledge of the small compass of our prison. 140

Duch. Am not I thy duchess?

Bos. Thou art some great woman, sure, for riot begins to sit on thy forehead (clad in gray hairs) twenty years sooner than on a merry milk-maid's. Thou sleep'st worse than if a 145 mouse should be forc'd to take up her lodging in a cat's ear a little infant that breeds its teeth, should it lie with thee, would cry out, as if thou wert the more unquiet bedfellow.

Duch. I am Duchess of Malfi still. 150

Bos. That makes thy sleeps so broken: Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright, But, look'd to near, have neither heat nor light.

Duch. Thou art very plain.

Bos. My trade is to flatter the dead, not 155 the living; I am a tomb-maker

Duch. And thou com'st to make my tomb?

Bos. Yes

Duch. Let me be a little merry: — of what stuff wilt thou make it? 160

Bos. Nay, resolve me first of what fashion?

Duch. Why, do we grow fantastical in our deathbed?

Do we affect fashion in the grave?

Bos. Most ambitiously. Princes' images on their tombs do not lie, as they were wont, 165 seeming to pray up to heaven; but with their hands under their cheeks, as if they died of the tooth-ache. They are not carved with their eyes fix'd upon the stars; but, as their minds were wholly bent upon the world, the self- 170 same way they seem to turn their faces.

Duch. Let me know fully therefore the effect

⁸⁸ woodcock: a proverbially stupid bird ⁹⁰ Helvetian: Genevan ¹¹⁵ possets: sedative drafts, of spiced wine and milk ¹¹⁸⁻¹²⁰ throw . . . caps: despar of emulating ¹²⁰⁻¹²¹ costive: constipated
¹²⁰ salvatory: ointment-box ¹²¹ green: fresh ¹²² mummy: drug, supposed to come from embalmed bodies
¹²³ crudded: curdled ¹²⁴ resolve: inform ¹²⁵ fantastical: fastidious ¹²⁶ Princes' images, etc.: (Semi-recumbent statues, resting on their elbows, became popular in the 16th century.)

Of this thy dismal preparation,
This talk fit for a charnel.

Bos. Now I shall: —

[Enter Executioners, with] A coffin, cords, and
a bell

Here is a present from your princely brothers;
And may it arrive welcome, for it brings 176
Last benefit, last sorrow.

Duch. Let me see it:
I have so much obedience in my blood,
I wish it in their veins to do them good.

Bos. This is your last presence-chamber. 180

Cari. O my sweet lady!

Duch. Peace; it affrights not me.

Bos. I am the common bellman
That usually is sent to condemn'd persons
The night before they suffer.

Duch. Even now thou said'st
Thou wast a tomb-maker.

Bos. 'T was to bring you 185
By degrees to mortification. Listen.

*Hark, now everything is still,
The screech-owl and the whistler shrill
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud! 190
Much you had of land and rent,
Your length in clay 's now competent:
A long war disturb'd your mind;
Here your perfect peace is sign'd.
Of what is 't fools make such vain keeping? 195
Sin their conception, their birth weeping,
Their life a general mist of error,
Their death a hideous storm of terror.
Strew your hair with powders sweet,
Don clean linen, bathe your feet, 200
And (the foul fiend more to check)
A crucifix let bless your neck.
'T is now full tide 'tween night and day,
End your groan, and come away.*

Cari. Hence, villains, tyrants, murderers!
Alas! 205
What will you do with my lady? — Call for
help!

Duch. To whom? To our next neighbours?
They are mad-folks.

Bos. Remove that noise.

Duch. Farewell, Cariola.
In my last will I have not much to give:
A many hungry guests have fed upon me; 210
Thine will be a poor reversion.

Cari. I will die with her.

Duch. I pray thee, look thou giv'st my little
boy

Some syrup for his cold, and let the girl
Say her prayers ere she sleep.

[Cariola is forced out by the Executioners.]
Now what you please!

What death?

Bos. Strangling: here are your executioners.

Duch. I forgive them' 216

The apoplexy, catarrh, or cough o' th' lungs,
Would do as much as they do.

Bos. Doth not death fright you?

Duch. Who would be afraid on 't,
Knowing to meet such excellent company 220
In th' other world?

Bos. Yet, methinks,

The manner of your death should much afflict
you

This cord should terrify you.

Duch. Not a whit:

What would it pleasure me to have my throat
cut 225

With diamonds? or to be smothered
With cassia? or to be shot to death with pearls?
I know death hath ten thousand several doors
For men to take their exits, and 't is found
They go on such strange geometrical hinges, 230
You may open them both ways: any way, for
heaven-sake,

So I were out of your whispering. Tell my
brothers

That I perceive death, now I am well awake,
Best gift is they can give or I can take
I would fain put off my last woman's-fault: 235
I 'd not be tedious to you

Execul We are ready.

Duch. Dispose my breath how please you;
but my body

Bestow upon my women, will you?

Execul Yes.

Duch. Pull, and pull strongly, for your able
strength

Must pull down heaven upon me: — 240

Yet stay; heaven-gates are not so highly arch'd
As princes' palaces; they that enter there
Must go upon their knees [kneels]. — Come,
violent death,

Serve for mandragora to make me sleep! —
Go tell my brothers, when I am laid out, 245

They then may feed in quiet. *They strangle*

Bos. Where 's the waiting-woman? *her.*
Fetch her: some other strangle the children.

[Enter Cariola]

Look you, there sleeps your mistress.

Cari. O, you are damn'd
Perpetually for this! My turn is next; — 250
Is 't not so order'd?

188-194 An endowment for this purpose was made by Robert Dowe of London in 1605 198 whistler:
a nocturnal bird of ill omen, perhaps the whumbrel or curlew 199 competent: sufficient 227 cassia:
cinnamon 228 tedious: dilatory

Bos. Yes, and I am glad
You are so well prepar'd for 't.

Cari. You are deceiv'd, sir,
I am not prepar'd for 't, I will not die;
I will first come to my answer, and know
How I have offended.

Bos. Come, despatch her. — 255
You kept her counsel; now you shall keep
ours.

Cari. I will not die, I must not; I am con-
tracted

To a young gentleman.

Execul. Here 's your wedding-ring.

Cari. Let me but speak with the duke. I 'll
discover

Treason to his person

Bos. Delays: — throttle her. 260

Execul. She bites and scratches

Cari. If you kill me now,
I am damn'd; I have not been at confession
This two years.

Bos. [To Executioners.] When!

Cari. I am quick with child.

Bos. Why, then,
Your credit 's sav'd.

[Executioners strangle Cariola.]

Bear her into th' next room; 265
Let this lie still.

[Exeunt Executioners with body of
Cariola]

Enter Ferdinand

Ferd. Is she dead?

Bos. She is what
You 'd have her. But here begin your pity:

Shows the Children strangled.

Alas, how have these offended?

Ferd. The death

Of young wolves is never to be pitied

Bos. Fix your eye here.

Ferd. Constantly.

Bos. Do you not weep? 270
Other sins only speak; murder shrieks out.

The element of water moistens the earth,

But blood flies upwards and bedews the heavens.

Ferd. Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle: she
died young.

Bos. I think not so; her infelicity 275
Seem 'd to have years too many.

Ferd. She and I were twins;
And should I die this instant, I had liv'd
Her time to a minute.

Bos. It seems she was born first:
You have bloodily approv'd the ancient truth,
That kindred commonly do worse agree 281
Than remote strangers.

Ferd. Let me see her face
Again. Why didst not thou pity her? What

An excellent honest man mightst thou have
been,

If thou hadst borne her to some sanctuary! 285
Or, bold in a good cause, oppos'd thyself,

With thy advanced sword above thy head,

Between her innocence and my revenge!

I bade thee, when I was distracted of my wits,

Go kill my dearest friend, and thou hast done 't.

For let me but examine well the cause: 291

What was the meanness of her match to me?

Only I must confess I had a hope,

Had she continu'd widow, to have gain'd

An infinite mass of treasure by her death: 295

And that was the main cause, — her marriage,

That drew a stream of gall quite through my
heart.

For thee (as we observe in tragedies

That a good actor many times is curs'd

For playing a villain's part) I hate thee for 't.

And, for my sake, say, thou hast done much
ill well. 301

Bos. Let me quicken your memory, for I
perceive

You are falling into ingratitude: I challenge

The reward due to my service.

Ferd. I 'll tell thee

What I 'll give thee.

Bos. Do.

Ferd. I 'll give thee a pardon 305

For this murder.

Bos. Ha!

Ferd. Yes, and 't is

The largest bounty I can study to do thee.

By what authority didst thou execute

This bloody sentence?

Bos. By yours.

Ferd. Mine! Was I her judge? 310

Did any ceremonial form of law

Doom her to not-being? Did a complete jury

Deliver her conviction up i' th' court?

Where shalt thou find this judgment register'd,

Unless in hell? See, like a bloody fool, 315

Thou 'st forfeited thy life, and thou shalt die
for 't.

Bos. The office of justice is perverted quite

When one thief hangs another. Who shall dare

To reveal this?

Ferd. O, I 'll tell thee;

The wolf shall find her grave, and scrape it up,

Not to devour the corpse, but to discover 321

The horrid murder.

Bos. You, not I, shall quake for 't.

Ferd. Leave me.

Bos. I will first receive my pension.

Ferd. You are a villain.

Bos. When your ingratitude

Is judge, I am so.

Ferd. O horror, 325

That not the fear of him which binds the devils
Can prescribe man obedience! —
Never look upon me more.

Bos. Why, fare thee well.
Your brother and yourself are worthy men!
You have a pair of hearts are hollow graves, 330
Rotten, and rotting others, and your vengeance,
Like two chain'd bullets, still goes arm in arm.
You may be brothers; for treason, like the
plague,
Doth take much in a blood. I stand like one
That long hath ta'en a sweet and golden
dream: 335

I am angry with myself, now, that I wake.

Ferd. Get thee into some unknown part o'
th' world,

That I may never see thee.

Bos. Let me know
Wherefore I should be thus neglected Sir,
I serv'd your tyranny, and rather strove 340
To satisfy yourself than all the world:
And though I loath'd the evil, yet I lov'd
You that did counsel it; and rather sought
To appear a true servant than an honest man.

Ferd. I 'll go hunt the badger by owl-light. 345
'T is a deed of darkness *Exit.*

Bos. He 's much distracted Off, my painted
honour!

While with vain hopes our faculties we tire,
We seem to sweat in ice and freeze in fire.
What would I do, were this to do again? 350
I would not change my peace of conscience
For all the wealth of Europe. — She stirs;
here 's life: —

Return, fair soul, from darkness, and lead
mine

Out of this sensible hell! — she 's warm, she
breathes —

Upon thy pale lips I will melt my heart, 355
To store them with fresh colour. — Who 's
there?

Some cordial drink! — Alas! I dare not call
So pity would destroy pity. — Her eye opes,
And heaven in it seems to ope, that late was
shut,

To take me up to mercy. 360

Duch. Antonio!

Bos. Yes, madam, he is living;
The dead bodies you saw were but feign'd
statues.

He 's reconcil'd to your brothers; the Pope
hath wrought

The atonement.

Duch. Mercy!

She dies.

Bos. O, she 's gone again! there the cords of
life broke. 365

O sacred innocence, that sweetly sleeps
On turtles' feathers, whilst a guilty conscience
Is a black register wherein is writ

All our good deeds and bad, a perspective
That shows us hell! That we cannot be suffer'd
To do good when we have a mind to it! 371
This is manly sorrow!

These tears, I am very certain, never grew
In my mother's milk. My estate is sunk
Below the degree of fear: where were 375
These penitent fountains while she was living?

O, they were frozen up! Here is a sight
As direful to my soul as is the sword
Unto a wretch hath slain his father.

Come, I 'll bear thee hence, 380

And execute thy last will; that 's deliver

Thy body to the reverend dispose

Of some good women: that the cruel tyrant
Shall not deny me Then I 'll post to Milan,
Where somewhat I will speedily enact 385
Worth my dejection. *Exit [with the body].*

ACTUS V SCENA I

[*Milan. A Public Place.*]

Antonio, Delio, [and later] Pescara, Julia

Ant. What think you of my hope of recon-
clement

To the Arragonian brethren?

Delio. I misdoubt it;
For though they have sent their letters of safe-
conduct

For your repair to Milan, they appear
But nets to entrap you. The Marquis of
Pescara, 5

Under whom you hold certain land in cheat,
Much 'gainst his noble nature hath been mov'd
To seize those lands; and some of his dependants
Are at this instant making it their suit
To be invested in your revenues. 10

I cannot think they mean well to your life
That do deprive you of your means of life,
Your living.

Ant. You are still an heretic

To any safety I can shape myself.

Delio. Here comes the marquis: I will make
myself 15

Petitioner for some part of your land,
To know whether it is flying

Ant. I pray, do. [*Withdraws.*]

[*Enter Pescara*]

Delio. Sir, I have a suit to you.

Pes. To me?

Delio. An easy one:

³³⁴ Doth . . . blood: affects members of the same family ³⁸⁰ dispose: care ³⁸⁵ Worth my de-
jection: suitable to my distress * in cheat: subject to forfeiture ¹³ heretic: skeptic ¹⁷ whether:
('whither' Qq. 2-3)

There is the Citadel of Saint Bennet,
With some demesnes, of late in the possession
Of Antonio Bologna, — please you bestow them
on me. 21

Pes. You are my friend; but this is such a
suit,

Nor fit for me to give, nor you to take.

Delio. No, sir?

Pes. I will give you ample reason for 't
Soon in private. Here 's the cardinal's mis-
tress. 25

[*Enter Julia*]

Julia. My lord, I am grown your poor peti-
tioner,

And should be an ill beggar, had I not
A great man's letter here (the cardinal's)
To court you in my favour. [*Gives a letter.*]

Pes. He entreats for you
The Citadel of Saint Bennet, that belong'd 30
To the banish'd Bologna.

Julia Yes.

Pes. I could not have thought of a friend I
could rather

Pleasure with it: 't is yours.

Julia. Sir, I thank you;
And he shall know how doubly I am engag'd,
Both in your gift, and speediness of giving, 35
Which makes your grant the greater. *Exit*

Ant. [*Aside.*] How they fortify
Themselves with my ruin!

Delio. Sir, I am

Little bound to you.

Pes. Why?

Delio. Because you denied this suit to me,
and gave 't

To such a creature.

Pes. Do you know what it was?
It was Antonio's land: not forfeited 41

By course of law, but ravish'd from his throat
By the cardinal's entreaty. It were not fit

I should bestow so main a piece of wrong
Upon my friend: 't is a gratification 45

Only due to a strumpet, for it is injustice.
Shall I sprinkle the pure blood of innocents

To make those followers I call my friends
Look ruddier upon me? I am glad

This land, ta'en from the owner by such wrong,
Returns again unto so foul an use 51

As salary for his lust. Learn, good *Delio*,
To ask noble things of me, and you shall find

I 'll be a noble giver.

Delio. You instruct me well.

Ant. [*Aside.*] Why, here 's a man now would
fright impudence 55

From sauciest beggars.

Pes. Prince Ferdinand 's come to Milan,
Sick, as they give out, of an apoplexy;

But some say 't is a frenzy. I am going
To visit him. *Exit.*

Ant. 'T is a noble old fellow.

Delio. What course do you mean to take,
Antonio? 60

Ant. This night I mean to venture all my
fortune,

Which is no more than a poor ling'ring life,
To the cardinal's worst of malice. I have got

Private access to his chamber; and intend
To visit him about the mid of night, 65

As once his brother did our noble duchess.
It may be that the sudden apprehension

Of danger, — for I 'll go in mine own shape, —
When he shall see it fraught with love and duty,

May draw the poison out of him, and work 70
A friendly reconclement If it fail,

Yet it shall rid me of this infamous calling;
For better fall once than be ever falling.

Delio I 'll second you in all danger; and,
howe'er,

My life keeps rank with yours. 75

Ant. You are still my lov'd and best friend.

Exeunt.

SCENA II

*Pescara, a Doctor, [later] Ferdinand, Cardinal,
Malateste, Bosola, Julia*

Pes. Now, doctor, may I visit your patient?

Doc If 't please your lordship; but he 's
instantly

To take the air here in the gallery

By my direction

Pes. Pray thee, what 's his disease?

Doc A very pestilent disease, my lord, 5
They call lycanthropia

Pes. What 's that?

I need a dictionary to 't

Doc. I 'll tell you.

In those that are possess'd with 't there o'er-
flows

Such melancholy humour they imagine
Themselves to be transformed into wolves; 10

Steal forth to church-yards in the dead of night,
And dig dead bodies up: as two nights since

One met the duke 'bout midnight in a lane
Behind Saint Mark's church, with the leg of a

man

Upon his shoulder; and he howl'd fearfully; 15
Said he was a wolf, only the difference

Was, a wolf's skin was hairy on the outside,
His on the inside; bade them take their swords,

Rip up his flesh, and try. Straight I was sent for,
And, having minister'd to him, found his grace

Very well recovered. 21

Pes. I am glad on 't.

Doc. Yet not without some fear

“ main: egregious ” freight: fraught 74 howe'er: whatever happens

Of a relapse. If he grow to his fit again,
I 'll go a nearer way to work with him
Than ever Paracelsus dream'd of; if 25
They 'll give me leave, I 'll buffet his madness
out of him.

Stand aside; he comes.

[Enter Ferdinand, Cardinal, Malatesta, and Bosola]

Ferd. Leave me.

Mal. Why doth your lordship love this solitariness?

Ferd. Eagles commonly fly alone: they are 30
crows, daws, and starlings that flock together.
Look, what 's that follows me?

Mal. Nothing, my lord.

Ferd. Yes.

Mal. 'T is your shadow.

Ferd. Stay it; let it not haunt me 35

Mal. Impossible, if you move, and the sun
shine.

Ferd. I will throttle it

[Throws himself down on his shadow.]

Mal O, my lord, you are angry with nothing

Ferd. You are a fool: how is 't possible I 40
should catch my shadow, unless I fall upon 't?
When I go to hell, I mean to carry a bribe; for,
look you, good gifts evermore make way for the
worst persons.

Pes. Rise, good my lord. 45

Ferd I am studying the art of patience.

Pes. 'T is a noble virtue

Ferd. To drive six snails before me from this
town to Moscow; neither use goad nor whip to
them, but let them take their own time; — 50
the patient'st man i' th' world match me for an
experiment! And I 'll crawl after like a sheep-
biter

Card. Force him up. [They raise him]

Ferd Use me well, you were best. What I 55
have done, I have done: I 'll confess nothing.

Doc. Now let me come to him. — Are you
mad, my lord?

Are you out of your princely wits?

Ferd. What 's he?

Pes. Your doctor.

Ferd. Let me have his beard saw'd off, and
his eye-brows fil'd more civil. 60

Doc. I must do mad tricks with him, for that
's the only way on 't. — I have brought your
grace a salamander's skin to keep you from sun-
burning.

Ferd. I have cruel sore eyes. 65

Doc. The white of a cockatrice's egg is pres-
ent remedy.

Ferd. Let it be a new-laid one, you were best.
Hide me from him: physicians are like kings, —
They brook no contradiction. 70

Doc. Now he begins to fear me: now let me
alone with him.

[Puts off his four cloaks, one after another.]

Card. How now! put off your gown?

Doc. Let me have some forty urinals filled
with rose-water: he and I 'll go pelt one 75
another with them. — Now he begins to fear me.
— Can you fetch a frisk, sir? — Let him go,
let him go, upon my peril. I find by his eye he
stands in awe of me: I 'll make him as tame as
a dormouse 80

Ferd Can you fetch his frisks, sir! — I will
stamp him into a cullis, flay off his skin to
cover one of the anatomies this rogue hath
set i' th' cold yonder in Barber-Chirurgeon's-
hall. — Hence, hence! you are all of you like 85
beasts for sacrifice. [Throws the Doctor down
and beats him.] There 's nothing left of you but
tongue and belly, flattery and lechery [Exit.]

Pes. Doctor, he did not fear you thoroughly.

Doc. True; I was somewhat too forward. 90

Bos. Mercy upon me, what a fatal judgment
Hath fall'n upon this Ferdinand!

Pes. Knows your grace

What accident hath brought unto the prince
This strange distraction?

Card. [Aside.] I must feign somewhat. —

Thus they say it grew. 95

You have heard it rumour'd, for these many
years,

None of our family dies but there is seen
The shape of an old woman, which is given
By tradition to us to have been murther'd 99
By her nephews for her riches. Such a figure
One night, as the prince sat up late at 's book,
Appear'd to him; when crying out for help,
The gentlemen of 's chamber found his grace
All on a cold sweat, alter'd much in face
And language: since which apparition, 105
He hath grown worse and worse, and I much
fear

He cannot live.

Bos. Sir, I would speak with you.

Pes. We 'll leave your grace,
Wishing to the sick prince, our noble lord,
All health of mind and body.

Card. You are most welcome.

[Exeunt Pescara, Malatesta, and Doctor.]

Are you come? so. — [Aside.] This fellow must
not know 111

By any means I had intelligence

⁹⁹⁻¹⁰¹ sheepbiter: sheep-stealing dog ⁶⁰ civil: becomingly ⁶⁶ cockatrice: a fabulous monster
⁷⁷ s. d. (Added in ed. of 1708. A piece of late clownage, perhaps borrowed from the grave-diggers'
scene in *Hamlet*.) ⁷⁷ fetch a frisk: cut a caper ⁸⁵ cullis: broth, made of bruised flesh ⁸⁸ anatomi-
es: skeletons ⁸⁸ thoroughly: thoroughly ¹¹² had intelligence: was accessory

In our duchess' death; for, though I counsell'd it,

The full of all th' engagement seem'd to grow From Ferdinand. — Now, sir, how fares our sister? 115

I do not think but sorrow makes her look Like to an oft-dy'd garment: she shall now Taste comfort from me. Why do you look so wildly?

O, the fortune of your master here, the prince, Dejects you; but be you of happy comfort: 120 If you 'll do one thing for me I 'll entreat, Though he had a cold tomb-stone o'er his bones, I 'd make you what you would be.

Bos. Anything! Give it me in a breath, and let me fly to 't. They that think long small expedition win, 125 For musing much o' th' end cannot begin.

[*Enter Julia*]

Julia. Sir, will you come in to supper?

Card. I am busy; leave me.

Julia. [*Aside.*] What an excellent shape hath that fellow! *Exit.*

Card. 'T is thus. Antonio lurks here in Milan. Inquire him out, and kill him. While he lives, Our sister cannot marry; and I have thought Of an excellent match for her Do this, and style me 132 Thy advancement.

Bos. But by what means shall I find him out?

Card. There is a gentleman call'd Delio 135 Here in the camp, that hath been long approv'd His loyal friend. Set eye upon that fellow; Follow him to mass; may be Antonio, Although he do account religion But a school-name, for fashion of the world 140 May accompany him; or else go inquire out Delio's confessor, and see if you can bribe Him to reveal it. There are a thousand ways A man might find to trace him: as to know What fellows haunt the Jews for taking up 145 Great sums of money, for sure he 's in want; Or else to go to th' picture-makers, and learn Who bought her picture lately: some of these Happily may take.

Bos. Well, I 'll not freeze i' th' business: I would see that wretched thing, Antonio, 150 Above all sights i' th' world.

Card. Do, and be happy. *Exit.*

Bos. This fellow doth breed basilisks in 's eyes,

He 's nothing else but murder; yet he seems Not to have notice of the duchess' death. 'T is his cunning: I must follow his example; There cannot be a surer way to trace 156 Than that of an old fox.

[*Re-enter Julia, with a pistol*]

Julia. So, sir, you are well met.

Bos. How now!

Julia. Nay, the doors are fast enough:

Now, sir, I will make you confess your treachery. 160

Bos. Treachery!

Julia. Yes, confess to me Which of my women 't was you hir'd to put Love-powder into my drink?

Bos. Love-powder!

Julia. Yes, when I was at Malfi Why should I fall in love with such a face else? I have already suffer'd for thee so much pain, The only remedy to do me good 167 Is to kill my longing.

Bos. Sure, your pistol holds Nothing but perfumes or kissing-comfits. Excellent lady! 170

You have a pretty way on 't to discover Your longing Come, come, I 'll disarm you, And arm you thus. yet this is wondrous strange

Julia. Compare thy form and my eyes together,

You 'll find my love no such great miracle. 175 Now you 'll say

I am wanton This nice modesty in ladies Is but a troublesome familiar

That haunts them

Bos. Know you me: I am a blunt soldier.

Julia. The better: Sure, there wants fire where there are no lively sparks 181

Of roughness

Bos. And I want compliment.

Julia. Why, ignorance In courtship cannot make you do amiss, If you have a heart to do well.

Bos. You are very fair.

Julia. Nay, if you lay beauty to my charge, I must plead unguilty.

Bos. Your bright eyes 186 Carry a quiver of darts in them, sharper Than sun-beams. [tion,

Julia. You will mar me with commendation Put yourself to the charge of courting me, Whereas now I woo you. 190

Bos. [*Aside.*] I have it, I will work upon this creature. —

Let us grow most amorously familiar. If the great cardinal now should see me thus, Would he not count me a villain?

Julia. No; he might count me a wanton, 195 Not lay a scruple of offence on you; For if I see and steal a diamond, The fault is not i' th' stone, but in me the thief

That purloins it. I am sudden with you.

We that are great women of pleasure use to cut
off 200

These uncertain wishes and unquiet longings,
And in an instant join the sweet delight
And the pretty excuse together. Had you been
i' th' street,

Under my chamber-window, even there
I should have courted you. 205

Bos. O, you are an excellent lady!

Julia Bid me do somewhat for you presently
To express I love you.

Bos. I will; and if you love me,
Fail not to effect it.

The cardinal is grown wondrous melancholy.
Demand the cause, let him not put you off 211
With feign'd excuse; discover the main ground
on 't.

Julia. Why would you know this?

Bos. I have depended on him,
And I hear that he is fall'n in some disgrace
With the emperor. If he be, like the mice 215
That forsake falling houses, I would shift
To other dependance.

Julia. You shall not need
Follow the wars: I 'll be your maintenance.

Bos. And I your loyal servant but I cannot
Leave my calling.

Julia. Not leave an ungrateful 220
General for the love of a sweet lady!
You are like some cannot sleep in feather-beds,
But must have blocks for their pillows

Bos. Will you do this?

Julia. Cunningly

Bos. To-morrow I 'll expect th' intelligence

Julia. To-morrow! Get you into my cabi-
net; 226

You shall have it with you. Do not delay me,
No more than I do you: I am like one
That is condemn'd; I have my pardon prom-
is'd,

But I would see it seal'd Go, get you in: 230
You shall see me wind my tongue about his
heart

Like a skein of silk. [Exit Bosola.]

[Re-enter Cardinal]

Card. Where are you?

[Enter Servants]

Servants. Here.

Card. Let none, upon your lives, have con-
ference
With the Prince Ferdinand, unless I know
it —

[Aside.] In this distraction he may reveal 235
The murder. [Exeunt Servants.]

²⁰⁰ express: make known ²⁰⁵ of: 'off' Q

²⁴⁰ Satisfy: calm ²⁴⁵ judgment: discretion

Yond 's my lingering consumption:
I am weary of her, and by any means
Would be quit of.

Julia. How now, my lord! what ails you?

Card. Nothing.

Julia. O, you are much alter'd:
Come, I must be your secretary, and remove
This lead from off your bosom: what 's the
matter? 241

Card. I may not tell you.

Julia. Are you so far in love with sorrow
You cannot part with part of it? Or think
you

I cannot love your grace when you are sad 245
As well as merry? Or do you suspect
I, that have been a secret to your heart
These many winters, cannot be the same
Unto your tongue?

Card. Satisfy thy longing. —
The only way to make thee keep my counsel
Is, not to tell thee.

Julia. Tell your echo this, 251
Or flatterers, that like echoes still report
What they hear, though most imperfect, and
not me;

For if that you be true unto yourself,
I 'll know

Card. Will you rack me?

Julia. No, judgment shall
Draw it from you: it is an equal fault, 256
To tell one's secrets unto all or none.

Card. The first argues folly.

Julia. But the last tyranny.

Card. Very well: why, imagine I have com-
mitted 260

Some secret deed which I desire the world
May never hear of.

Julia. Therefore may not I know it?
You have conceal'd for me as great a sin
As adultery. Sir, never was occasion
For perfect trial of my constancy 265
Till now, sir, I beseech you —

Card. You 'll repent it.

Julia. Never

Card. It hurries thee to ruin: I 'll not tell
thee.

Be well advis'd, and think what danger 't is
To receive a prince's secrets. They that do, 270
Had need have their breasts hoop'd with ada-
mant

To contain them. I pray thee, yet be satisf'd;
Examine thine own frailty; 't is more easy
To tie knots than unloose them. 'T is a secret
That, like a ling'ring poison, many chance lie
Spread in thy veins, and kill thee seven year
hence. 276

Julia. Now you dally with me.

1-2; 'off her' Q 3) ²⁴⁰ secretary: confidante

Card. No more; thou shalt know it.
 By my appointment, the great Duchess of
 Malfi
 And two of her young children, four nights
 since,
 Were strangled.
Julia. O heaven! sir, what have you done!
Card. How now? How settles this? Think
 you your bosom 281
 Will be a grave dark and obscure enough
 For such a secret?
Julia. You have undone yourself, sir.
Card. Why?
Julia. It lies not in me to conceal it.
Card. No?
 Come, I will swear you to 't upon this book.
Julia. Most religiously.
Card. Kiss it. [*She kisses the book*] 286
 Now you shall never utter it; thy curiosity
 Hath undone thee: thou 'rt poison'd with that
 book.
 Because I knew thou couldst not keep my
 counsel,
 I have bound thee to 't by death. 290
 [*Re-enter Bosola*]
Bos. For pity sake, hold!
Card. Ha, Bosola!
Julia. I forgive you
 This equal piece of justice you have done,
 For I betray'd your counsel to that fellow.
 He overheard it: that was the cause I said
 It lay not in me to conceal it 295
Bos. O foolish woman,
 Couldst not thou have poison'd him?
Julia. 'T is weakness
 Too much to think what should have been
 done. I go,
 I know not whither. [*Dies.*]
Card. Wherefore com'st thou hither?
Bos. That I might find a great man like
 yourself, 300
 Not out of his wits, as the Lord Ferdinand,
 To remember my service.
Card. I 'll have thee hew'd in pieces.
Bos. Make not yourself such a promise of
 that life
 Which is not yours to dispose of.
Card. Who plac'd thee here?
Bos. Her lust, as she intended.
Card. Very well: 306
 Now you know me for your fellow-murderer.
Bos. And wherefore should you lay fair
 marble colours
 Upon your rotten purposes to me?
 Unless you imitate some that do plot great
 treasons, 310

And when they have done, go hide themselves
 i' th' graves
 Of those were actors in 't?
Card. No more; there is
 A fortune attends thee.
Bos. Shall I go sue to Fortune any longer?
 'T is the fool's pilgrimage. 315
Card. I have honours in store for thee.
Bos. There are a many ways that conduct to
 seeming
 Honour, and some of them very dirty ones.
Card. Throw to the devil
 Thy melancholy. The fire burns well; 320
 What need we keep a-stirring of 't, and make
 A greater smother? Thou wilt kill Antonio?
Bos. Yes.
Card. Take up that body.
Bos. I think I shall
 Shortly grow the common bier for church-yards.
Card. I will allow thee some dozen of attend-
 ants 325
 To aid thee in the murder.
Bos. O, by no means Physicians that apply
 horse-leeches to any rank swelling use to cut off
 their tails, that the blood may run through them
 the faster: let me have no tram when I go 330
 to shed blood, less it make me have a greater
 when I ride to the gallows.
Card. Come to me after midnight, to help to
 remove
 That body to her own lodging. I 'll give out
 She died o' th' plague; 't will breed the less
 inquiry 335
 After her death.
Bos. Where 's Castruchio her husband?
Card. He 's rode to Naples, to take posses-
 sion
 Of Antonio's citadel.
Bos. Believe me, you have done a very happy
 turn. 340
Card. Fail not to come. There is the master-
 key
 Of our lodgings; and by that you may conceive
 What trust I plant in you. *Exit.*
Bos. You shall find me ready.
 O poor Antonio, though nothing be so needful
 To thy estate as pity, yet I find 345
 Nothing so dangerous! I must look to my foot-
 ing.
 In such slippery ice-pavements men had need
 To be frost-nail'd well: they may break their
 necks else.
 The precedent 's here afore me. How this man
 Bears up in blood! seems fearless! Why, 't is
 well: 350
 Security some men call the suburbs of hell,
 Only a dead wall between. Well, good Antonio,

³⁰⁰ marble colours: paint applied to wood to make it resemble marble

³⁰⁶ frost-nail'd: wearing boots provided with hobnails

³⁰⁸ smother: smoke

I'll seek thee out; and all my care shall be
 To put thee into safety from the reach
 Of these most cruel biters that have got 355
 Some of thy blood already. It may be,
 I'll join with thee in a most just revenge.
 The weakest arm is strong enough that strikes
 With the sword of justice. Still methinks the
 duchess
 Haunts me: there, there! — 'T is nothing but
 my melancholy. 360
 O Penitence, let me truly taste thy cup,
 That throws men down only to raise them up!
Exit.

SCENA III

Antonio, Delio, Echo (from the Duchess' Grave)

Delio. Yond 's the cardinal's window. This
 fortification
 Grew from the ruins of an ancient abbey;
 And to yond side o' th' river lies a wall,
 Piece of a cloister, which in my opinion
 Gives the best echo that you ever heard, 5
 So hollow and so dismal, and withal
 So plain in the distinction of our words,
 That many have suppos'd it is a spirit
 That answers.

Ant. I do love these ancient ruins.
 We never tread upon them but we set 10
 Our foot upon some reverend history;
 And, questionless, here in this open court,
 Which now lies naked to the injuries
 Of stormy weather, some men lie interr'd
 Lov'd the church so well, and gave so largely
 to 't, 15
 They thought it should have canopied their
 bones
 Till dooms-day. But all things have their
 end;

Churches and cities, which have diseases like
 to men,
 Must have like death that we have.

Echo. *Like death that we have.*

Delio. Now the echo hath caught you. 20

Ant. It groan'd, methought, and gave
 A very deadly accent.

Echo. *Deadly accent.*

Delio. I told you 't was a pretty one. You
 may make it
 A huntsman, or a falconer, a musician,
 Or a thing of sorrow.

Echo. *A thing of sorrow.* 25

Ant. Ay, sure, that suits it best.

Echo. *That suits it best.*

Ant. 'T is very like my wife's voice.

Echo. *Ay, wife's voice.*

Delio. Come, let's us walk farther from 't.

I would not have you go to th' cardinal's to-
 night:

Do not. 30

Echo. *Do not.*

Delio. Wisdom doth not more moderate
 wasting sorrow

Than time Take time for 't; be mindful of
 thy safety.

Echo. *Be mindful of thy safety.*

Ant. Necessity compels me. 35

Make scrutiny throughout the passages
 Of your own life, you'll find it impossible
 To fly your fate

Echo. *O, fly your fate!*

Delio. Hark! the dead stones seem to have
 pity on you,
 And give you good counsel. 40

Ant. Echo, I will not talk with thee,

For thou art a dead thing.

Echo. *Thou art a dead thing.*

Ant. My duchess is asleep now,
 And her little ones, I hope sweetly. O heaven,
 Shall I never see her more?

Echo. *Never see her more.* 45

Ant. I mark'd not one repetition of the echo
 But that, and on the sudden a clear light
 Presented me a face folded in sorrow.

Delio. Your fancy merely.

Ant. Come, I'll be out of this ague.
 For to live thus is not indeed to live: 50
 It is a mockery and abuse of life.

I will not henceforth save myself by halves;
 Lose all, or nothing

Delio. *Your own virtue save you!*

I'll fetch your eldest son, and second you.
 It may be that the sight of his own blood, 55
 Spread in so sweet a figure, may beget
 The more compassion. However, fare you
 well

Though in our miseries Fortune have a part,
 Yet in our noble sufferings she hath none.
 Contempt of pain, that we may call our own. 60

Exeunt.

SCENA IIII

*Cardinal, Pescara, Malatesta, Roderigo, Grisolan,
 [later] Bosola, Ferdinand, Antonio, Servant*

Card. You shall not watch to-night by the
 sick prince;

His grace is very well recover'd.

Mal. Good my lord, suffer us.

Card. O, by no means;
 The noise, and change of object in his eye,
 Doth more distract him. I pray, all to bed; 5
 And though you hear him in his violent fit,
 Do not rise, I entreat you.

Pes. So, sir; we shall not.

* let's us: (A colloquialism found in all the Qq.)
 ('passes' Qq.)

* Make: if you make passages: incidents

Card. Nay, I must have you promise
Upon your honours, for I was enjoin'd to 't
By himself; and he seem'd to urge it sensibly.

Pes. Let our honours bind this trifle! 11

Card. Nor any of your followers.

Mal. Neither.

Card. It may be, to make trial of your promise,

When he 's asleep, myself will rise and feign 15
Some of his mad tricks, and cry out for help,
And feign myself in danger.

Mal. If your throat were cutting,
I'd not come at you, now I have protested
against it.

Card. Why, I thank you.

Gris. 'T was a foul storm to-night. 20

Rod. The Lord Ferdinand's chamber shook
like an osier.

Mal. 'T was nothing but pure kindness in
the devil

To rock his own child.

Exeunt [all except the Cardinal].

Card. The reason why I would not suffer
these

About my brother, is, because at midnight 25
I may with better privacy convey
Julia's body to her own lodging. O, my conscience!

I would pray now: but the devil takes away
my heart

For having any confidence in prayer
About this hour I appointed Bosola 30
To fetch the body. When he hath serv'd my
turn,

He dies.

Exit.

[Enter Bosola]

Bos. Ha! 't was the cardinal's voice; I heard
him name Bosola and my death. Listen; I hear
one's footing. 35

[Enter Ferdinand]

Ferd. Strangling is a very quiet death.

Bos. [Aside.] Nay, then, I see I must stand
upon my guard.

Ferd. What say to that? Whisper softly: do
you agree to 't? So; it must be done i' th'
dark: the cardinal would not for a thousand 40
pounds the doctor should see it. *Exit.*

Bos. My death is plotted; here 's the consequence
of murder.

We value not desert nor Christian breath,
When we know black deeds must be cur'd with
death.

[Enter Antonio and Servant]

Serv. Here stay, sir, and be confident, I pray;
I'll fetch you a dark lantern. *Exit.* 46

⁶⁰ banded: ('banded' Qq.) ⁶¹ sadness: actuality ⁷³ good: free from pain ⁷⁴ ague: inter-
mittent fever ⁷⁶ process: circumstances, reason ⁸⁷ misprision: misunderstanding

Ant. Could I take him at his prayers,
There were hope of pardon.

Bos. Fall right, my sword! — *[Stabs him.]*

I'll not give thee so much leisure as to pray. 50

Ant. O, I am gone! Thou hast ended a long
suit

In a minute.

Bos. What art thou?

Ant. A most wretched thing,
That only have thy benefit in death,
To appear myself.

[Re-enter Servant with a lantern]

Serv. Where are you, sir? 55

Ant. Very near my home. — Bosola!

Serv. O, misfortune!

Bos. Smother thy pity, thou art dead else. —
Antonio!

The man I would have sav'd 'bove mine own
life!

We are merely the stars' tennis-balls, struck
and banded 60

Which way please them. — O good Antonio,
I'll whisper one thing in thy dying ear

Shall make thy heart break quickly! Thy fair
duchess

And two sweet children —

Ant. Their very names
Kindle a little life in me.

Bos. Are murder'd. 65

Ant. Some men have wish'd to die
At the hearing of sad tidings; I am glad
That I shall do 't in sadness I would not now
Wish my wounds balm'd nor heal'd, for I have
no use 69

To put my life to. In all our quest of greatness,
Like wanton boys whose pastime is their care,
We follow after bubbles blown in th' air.

Pleasure of life, what is 't? Only the good hours
Of an ague; merely a preparative to rest,

To endure vexation. I do not ask 75

The process of my death; only commend me
To Delo

Bos. Break, heart!

Ant. And let my son fly the courts of princes.

[Dies.]

Bos. Thou seem'st to have lov'd Antonio.

Serv. I brought him hither, 80

To have reconcil'd him to the cardinal.

Bos. I do not ask thee that.

Take him up, if thou tender thine own life,
And bear him where the lady Julia

Was wont to lodge. — O, my fate moves swift!
I have this cardinal in the forge already; 86

Now I'll bring him to th' hammer. O direful
misprision!

I will not imitate things glorious,

No more than base: I 'll be mine own example.—
On, on, and look thou represent, for silence, 90
The thing thou bear'st. *Exeunt.*

SCENA V

Cardinal, with a book. [Later.] Bosola, Pescara, Malateste, Roderigo, Ferdinand, Delio, Servant with Antonio's body

Card. I am puzzl'd in a question about hell;
He says, in hell there 's one material fire,
And yet it shall not burn all men alike.
Lay him by. How tedious is a guilty conscience!
When I look into the fish-ponds in my garden, s
Methinks I see a thing arm'd with a rake,
That seems to strike at me.

[Enter Bosola and Servant bearing Antonio's body]

Now, art thou come?

Thou look'st ghastly;
There sits in thy face some great determination,
Mix'd with some fear

Bos. Thus it lightens into action: 10
I am come to kill thee.

Card. Ha! — Help! our guard!

Bos. Thou art deceiv'd: they are out of thy
howling

Card. Hold; and I will faithfully divide
Revenues with thee

Bos. Thy prayers and proffers
Are both unseasonable

Card. Raise the watch! 15
We are betray'd!

Bos. I have confin'd your flight:
I 'll suffer your retreat to Julia's chamber,
But no further.

Card. Help! we are betray'd!

[Enter, above, Pescara, Malateste, Roderigo, and Grisolan]

Mal. Listen.

Card. My dukedom for rescue! 20

Rod. Fie upon his counterfeiting!

Mal. Why, 't is not the cardinal.

Rod. Yes, yes, 't is he

But I 'll see him hang'd ere I 'll go down to him.

Card. Here 's a plot upon me; I am as-
saulted! I am lost, 25

Unless some rescue!

Gris. He doth this pretty well;
But it will not serve to laugh me out of mine
honour.

Card. The sword 's at my throat!

Rod. You would not bawl so loud then.

Mal. Come, come, let 's go to bed: he told
us thus much aforehand. 30

Pes. He wish'd you should not come at him;
but, believe 't,

The accent of the voice sounds not in jest.

I 'll down to him, howsoever, and with engines
Force ope the doors. *[Exit above.]*

Rod. Let 's follow him aloof,
And note how the cardinal will laugh at him.

[Exeunt, above, Malateste, Roderigo, and Grisolan]

Bos. There 's for you first, 36
'Cause you shall not unbarricade the door
To let in rescue. *He kills the Servant.*

Card. What cause hast thou to pursue
my life?

Bos. Look there.

Card. Antonio!

Bos. Slain by my hand unwittingly.
Pray, and be sudden. When thou kill'd'st thy
sister, 40

Thou took'st from Justice her most equal bal-
ance,

And left her naught but her sword

Card. O, mercy!

Bos. Now it seems thy greatness was only
outward;

For thou fall'st faster of thyself than calamity
Can drive thee. I 'll not waste longer time;
there! *[Slabs him.]*

Card. Thou hast hurt me.

Bos. Again!

Card. Shall I die like a leveret, 46
Without any resistance? — Help, help, help!
I am slain!

[Enter Ferdinand]

Ferd. Th' alarm! Give me a fresh horse!

Rally the vaunt-guard, or the day is lost!

Yield, yield! I give you the honour of arms, 50
Shake my sword over you, will you yield?

Card. Help me; I am your brother!

Ferd. The devil!

My brother fight upon the adverse party!

*He wounds the Cardinal, and (in the
scuffle) gives Bosola his death-
wound*

There flies your ransom.

Card. O justice! 55
I suffer now for what hath former bin:
Sorrow is held the eldest child of sin.

Ferd. Now you 're brave fellows. Cæsar's
fortune was harder than Pompey's: Cæsar died
in the arms of prosperity, Pompey at the 100
feet of disgrace. You both died in the field.
The pain 's nothing; pain many times is taken
away with the apprehension of greater, as the
tooth-ache with the sight of a barber that comes
to pull it out. There 's philosophy for you. 65

⁹⁰ represent: imitate ⁴⁶ leveret: young hare ⁵⁰ honour of arms: honorable terms of surrender
⁴⁸ former: earlier ^{bin}: been ⁶⁴ barber: s.e., barber-surgeon-dentist

Bos. Now my revenge is perfect. — Sink,
thou main cause *He kills Ferdnand.*
Of my undoing! — The last part of my life
Hath done me best service.

Ferd. Give me some wet hay; I am broken-
winded.

I do account this world but a dog-kennel: 70
I will vault credit and affect high pleasures
Beyond death.

Bos. He seems to come to himself,
Now he 's so near the bottom.

Ferd. My sister, O my sister! there 's the
cause on 't.

Whether we fall by ambition, blood, or lust, 75
Like diamonds, we are cut with our own dust.
[*Dies.*]

Card. Thou hast thy payment too.

Bos. Yes, I hold my weary soul in my teeth;
'T is ready to part from me. I do glory 79
That thou, which stood'st like a huge pyramid
Begun upon a large and ample base,
Shalt end in a little point, a kind of nothing.

[*Enter, below, Pescara, Malateste, Roderigo, and
Grisolan*]

Pes. How now, my lord!

Mal. O sad disaster!

Rod. How comes this?

Bos. Revenge for the Duchess of Malfi murdered

By th' Arragonian brethren; for Antonio 85
Slain by this hand; for lustful Julia
Poison'd by this man; and lastly for myself,
That was an actor in the main of all
Much 'gainst mine own good nature, yet i' th'
end
Neglected.

Pes. How now, my lord!

Card. Look to my brother:
He gave us these large wounds, as we were
struggling 91
Here i' th' rushes. And now, I pray, let me
Be laid by and never thought of. [*Dies*]

Pes. How fatally, it seems, he did withstand
His own rescue!

Mal. Thou wretched thing of blood, 95
How came Antonio by his death?

Bos. In a mist; I know not how.
Such a mistake as I have often seen

In a play. O, I am gone! 99
We are only like dead walls or vaulted graves,
That, ruin'd, yields no echo. Fare you well!
It may be pain, but no harm, to me to die
In so good a quarrel. O, this gloomy world!
In what a shadow, or deep pit of darkness,
Doth womanish and fearful mankind live! 105
Let worthy minds ne'er stagger in distrust
To suffer death or shame for what is just:
Mine is another voyage. [*Dies*]

Pes. The noble Delio, as I came to th' palace,
Told me of Antonio's being here, and show'd
me 110

A pretty gentleman, his son and heir.

[*Enter Delio, and Antonio's Son*]

Mal. O sir, you come too late!

Delio. I heard so, and
Was arm'd for 't, ere I came. Let us make
noble use
Of this great ruin, and join all our force
To establish this young hopeful gentleman 115
In 's mother's right. These wretched eminent
things

Leave no more fame behind 'em, than should
one

Fall in a frost, and leave his print in snow:
As soon as the sun shines, it ever melts,
Both form and matter. I have ever thought 120
Nature doth nothing so great for great men
As when she 's pleas'd to make them lords of
truth:

Integrity of life is fame's best friend,
Which nobly, beyond death, shall crown the
end. *Exeunt.*

FINIS

" *this*: ('his' Qq) " *main*: chief part " *rushes*: (used as floor covering by the great)

THE KNIGHT OF the Burning Pestle.

*Quod si
Iudicium subtile, videndis artibus illud
Ad libros & ad hæc Musarum dona vocares:
Bæotum in crasso iurares aëre natos.
Horat. in Epist. ad Oct. Aug.*



LONDON,
Printed for *walter Burre*, and are to be sold at the
signe of the Crane in Paules Church-yard.
1613.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL RECORD. No entry of copyright for *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* has been found. It was, however, the second of the Beaumont-Fletcher plays to appear in print (the first being *The Woman-Hater*, 1607), and was published in 1613 by Walter Burre, without indication of authorship. Burre appended the following important dedication to Robert Keyser, who had been manager of the Children of the Queen's Revels between 1607 and 1610.

To his many waies endeered friend Maister Robert Keyser. Sir, this unfortunate child, who in eight daies (as lately I have learned) was begot and borne, soone after, was by his parents (perhaps because hee was so unlike his brethren) exposed to the wide world, who for want of judgement, or not understanding the privy marke of Ironie about it (which shewed it was no of-spring of any vulgar braine) utterly rejected it: so that for want of acceptance it was even ready to give up the Ghost, and was in danger to have bene smothered in perpetuall oblivion, if you (out of your direct antipathy to ingratitude) had not bene moved both to relieve and cherish it: wherein I must needs commend both your judgement, understanding, and singular love to good wils, you afterwards sent it to mee, yet being an infant and somewhat ragged, I have fostred it privately in my bosome these two yeares, and now to shew my love returne it to you, clad in good lasting cloaths, which scarce memory will weare out, and able to speake for it selfe; and withall, as it telleth mee, desirous to try his fortune in the world, where if yet it be welcome, father, foster-father, nurse and child, all have their desired end. If it be slighted or traduced, it hopes his father will beget him a yonger brother, who shall revenge his quarrell, and challenge the world either of fond and meerely literall interpretation, or illiterate misprision. Perhaps it will be thought to bee of the race of Don Quixote. we both may confidently sweare, it is his elder above a yeare; and therefore may (by vertue of his birth-right) challenge the wall of him. I doubt not but they will meet in their adventures, and I hope the breaking of one staffe will make them friends; and perhaps they will combine themselves, and travell through the world to seeke their adventures. So I commit him to his good fortune, and my selfe to your love. Your assured friend W B

The second and third Quartos both appeared in 1635. The title-page of each of these names Beaumont and Fletcher as the authors and characterizes the play "as it is now acted by Her Majesties Servants at the Private house in Drury lane" (i.e., Queen Henrietta's Men at the Phoenix or Cockpit). The texts of these editions and of the Folio of 1679 (F) vary only in minor points from that of Q 1.

DATE AND STAGE HISTORY. The date of composition cannot be earlier than 1607 or later than 1610. There has been much argument for both dates. The earlier seems to us the more likely, chiefly because (1) the extremely small evidence of Fletcher's hand in the play points to the time before Beaumont and he had formed the habit of working together, and the burlesque tone of the play indicates that it belongs, like *The Woman-Hater*, to Beaumont's earliest period; and (2) the Grocer's remark in the Induction (line 6), "This seven years there hath been plays at this house," etc., precisely fits the Blackfriars theatre in 1607 (where the boys had commenced acting in 1600), but not the Whitefriars in 1610 (to which Keyser had transferred the boys in 1609, when Shakespeare's adult company secured the use of Blackfriars). It is clear from the text that the play was written to be acted by boys at a private theatre, and (unlike the later plays of Beaumont and Fletcher) it did not come into the repertory of the King's Company till after the Restoration. As Burre's letter, quoted above, indicates, it was a failure when first produced. The revival by the Queen's Men a quarter-century later met with more favor, evidenced by the two editions in 1635 and a court performance at St. James's Palace, Feb. 28, 1635-1636. The King's Men produced it on May 5, 1662, and a few years later with "a new Prologue [instead of the old one in prose] being spoken by Mrs. Ellen Guin" (Nell Gwynn); but not even in the days of Charles II does this magnificent satire seem to have received the approbation which it deserved, and which was so lavished upon other plays of Beaumont and Fletcher.

SOURCES. The chief problem concerns the relation of *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* to the *Don Quixote* of Cervantes, of which the first part was printed in Spain in 1605, made more available for English readers through an edition printed at Brussels in 1607, translated into English (from the Brussels text) about 1608 by Thomas Shelton, and published in Shelton's version in 1612. The plot of the play suggests that the author had a general notion of the scheme of Cervantes, but the only detail which is closely similar is that of Ralph's interview with the host at the opening of III, ii. Beaumont has drawn very heavily upon the popular Spanish romances like *Palmern de Oliva* and *Knight of the Sun*, and for Merrythought's songs has introduced scraps from current ballads.

STRUCTURE. The old editions divide the acts, but not the scenes. The play illustrates very vividly the mode of performance at a private theatre, where favored auditors sat on the stage, and the act-intervals were filled with music, dancing, comment, and refreshment.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT (1584-1616) [and JOHN FLETCHER?]

THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE

To the Readers of this COMEDY

Gentlemen, the world is so nice in these our times, that for apparel there is no fashion; for music, which is a rare art (though now slighted), no instrument; for diet none but the French kickshaws that are delicate; and for plays no invention but that which now runneth an invective way, touching some particular persons, or else it is contemned before it is thoroughly understood. This is all that I have to say: that the author had no intent to wrong any one in this comedy, but as a merry passage here and there interlaced it with delight, which he hopes will please all and be hurtful to none.

THE ACTORS' NAMES

THE PROLOGUE [a boy actor]
Then a CITIZEN [George, a Grocer]
The Citizen's WIFE [Nell], and RALPH, her man,
sitting below amidst the Spectators
A rich Merchant [VENTUREWELL]
JASPER [MERRYTHOUGHT], his Apprentice
Master HUMPHREY, a Friend to the Merchant

MICHAEL, a second Son of Mistress Merrythought
Old Master MERRYTHOUGHT
[TIM] A Squire, } [Apprentices to the Grocer,
[GEORGE] A Dwarf, } serving Ralph]
LUCE, the Merchant's Daughter
Mistress MERRYTHOUGHT, Jasper's Mother
[POMPIONA, Daughter of the King of Moldavia]

A Tapster; A Boy that danceth and singeth, An Host, A Barber; Two Knights [*i. e.*, Travellers,
also a Man and Woman, all Prisoners to the Barber]; A Sergeant [and] Soldiers [in a militia
company]

[SCENE: Various parts of London, Waltham and Waltham Forest; Moldavia]

[INDUCTION

*Several Gentlemen sitting on Stools upon the
Stage. The Citizen, his Wife, and Ralph
sitting below among the Audience]*

Enter Prologue

Prol. "From all that 's near the court, from
all that 's great,
Within the compass of the city-walls,
We now have brought our scene —"

Citizen [leaps on the stage]

Cit. Hold your peace, Goodman boy!

Prol. What do you mean, sir? 5

Cit. That you have no good meaning: thus
seven years there hath been plays at this house,
I have observed it, you have still girds at citi-
zens; and now you call your play "The London

Merchant." Down with your title, boy! down
with your title! 11

Prol. Are you a member of the noble city?

Cit. I am.

Prol. And a freeman?

Cit. Yea, and a grocer. 15

Prol. So, grocer, then, by your sweet favour,
we intend no abuse to the city.

Cit. No, sir! yes, sir. If you were not resolv'd
to play the jacks, what need you study for
new subjects, purposely to abuse your bet-
ters? Why could not you be contented, as well
as others, with "The legend of Whittington,"
or "The Life and Death of Sir Thomas
Gresham, with the building of the Royal Ex-
change," or "The story of Queen Eleanor, [25
with the rearing of London Bridge upon wool-
sacks?"]

To the Readers, etc.: (This Epistle is not in Q 1 Q 2-F append to it a prologue, which is merely that
of Lyly's *Sapho and Phao*, slightly amplified) The Actors' Names: (As in F, with slight changes)

⁴ Goodman: sirrah ⁷ this house: probably Blackfriars ⁸ still: continually ⁹ girds: sneers

¹⁰ title: the title-board giving name of the piece to be presented ¹¹ play the jacks: make mischief

¹² The Life, etc.: Heywood's *If You Know Not Me*, Part II ¹³ The story, etc.: perhaps Peele's *Ed-
ward I*

Prol. You seem to be an understanding man: what would you have us do, sir? 29

Cil. Why, present something notably in honour of the commons of the city.

Prol. Why, what do you say to "The Life and Death of fat Drake, or the Repairing of Fleet-privies?" 34

Cil. I do not like that; but I will have a citizen, and he shall be of my own trade.

Prol. Oh, you should have told us your mind a month since; our play is ready to begin now.

Cil. 'T is all one for that; I will have a grocer, and he shall do admirable things. 40

Prol. What will you have him do?

Cil. Marry, I will have him —

Wife. below. Husband, husband!

Ralph. below. Peace, mistress. 44

Wife. [below.] Hold thy peace, Ralph; I know what I do, I warrant ye — Husband, husband!

Cil. What sayst thou, cony?

Wife. [below.] Let him kill a lion with a [49] pestle, husband! Let him kill a lion with a pestle!

Cil. So he shall. I'll have him kill a lion with a pestle.

Wife. [below.] Husband! shall I come up, husband? 55

Cil. Ay, cony. — Ralph, help your mistress this way. — Pray, gentlemen, make her a little room. — I pray you, sir, lend me your hand to help up my wife: I thank you, sir. — So.

[*Wife comes on the stage.*]

Wife. By your leave, gentlemen all; I 'm [60] something troublesome. I 'm a stranger here; I was ne'er at one of these plays, as they say, before; but I should have seen "Jane Shore" once; and my husband hath promised me, any time this twelvemonth, to carry me [65] to "The Bold Beauchamps," but in truth he did not. I pray you, bear with me.

Cil. Boy, let my wife and I have a couple of stools and then begin; and let the grocer do rare things. [Stools are brought] 70

Prol. But, sir, we have never a boy to play him: every one hath a part already.

Wife. Husband, husband, for God's sake, let Ralph play him! Beahrew me, if I do not think he will go beyond them all. 75

Cil. Well rememb'ed, wife — Come up, Ralph. — I'll tell you, gentlemen; let them but

lend him a suit of reparel and necessaries, and, by gad, if any of them all blow wind in the tail on him, I'll be hang'd. 80

[*Ralph comes on the stage.*]

Wife. I pray you, youth, let him have a suit of reparel! — I'll be sworn, gentlemen, my husband tells you true. He will act you sometimes at our house, that all the neighbours [84] cry out on him; he will fetch you up a couraging part so in the garret, that we are all as fear'd, I warrant you, that we quake again: we'll fear our children with him; if they be never so unruly, do but cry, "Ralph comes, Ralph comes!" to them, and they'll be as [90] quiet as lambs. — Hold up thy head, Ralph; show the gentlemen what thou canst do; speak a huffing part; I warrant you, the gentlemen will accept of it.

Cil. Do, Ralph, do. 95

Ralph. "By Heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap

To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon; Or dive into the bottom of the sea,

Where never fathom-line touch'd any ground, And pluck up drowned honour from the lake of hell." 100

Cil. How say you, gentlemen, is it not as I told you?

Wife. Nay, gentlemen, he hath play'd before, my husband says, "Mucedorus," before the wardens of our company. 105

Cil. Ay, and he should have play'd Jeronimo with a shoemaker for a wager.

Prol. He shall have a suit of apparel, if he will go in.

Cil. In, Ralph, in, Ralph; and set out the grocery in their kind, if thou lov'st me. 111

[*Exit Ralph.*]

Wife. I warrant, our Ralph will look finely when he 's dress'd.

Prol. But what will you have it call'd?

Cil. "The Grocer's Honour" 115

Prol. Methinks "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" were better.

Wife. I'll be sworn, husband, that 's as good a name as can be.

Cil. Let it be so. — Begin, begin; my wife and I will sit down. 121

Prol. I pray you, do.

Cil. What stately music have you? You have shawms?

³³ understanding: (with pun on "grounding")

³⁴ *Lit. Sup.*, Sept 20, 1928) ³⁵ Ralph: ('Rafe' or 'Raph' throughout in Qq. and so pronounced)

³⁶ cony: rabbit ³⁷ should: was to ³⁸⁻⁴¹ Jane Shore: probably Heywood's *Edward IV* ³⁹ The Bold

Beauchamps: a lost play ⁴⁰ reparel: apparel ⁴¹⁻⁴² blow . . . on: come near (horse-racing term)

⁴³⁻⁴⁴ couraging: boisterous ⁴⁵ huffing: swaggering ⁴⁶⁻⁴⁷ blow . . . 100 (A slightly exaggerated version of Hot-

spur's rant, *I Henry IV*, I. iii 201-205) ⁴⁸ Mucedorus: an absurdly popular play, falsely ascribed to Shakespeare ⁴⁹⁻⁵⁰ Jeronimo: *The Spanish Tragedy* ⁵¹ shawms: reed instruments

³³ fat Drake: perhaps a local scavenger (cf. *Times*

³⁴ *Lit. Sup.*, Sept 20, 1928) ³⁵ Ralph: ('Rafe' or 'Raph' throughout in Qq. and so pronounced)

³⁶ cony: rabbit ³⁷ should: was to ³⁸⁻⁴¹ Jane Shore: probably Heywood's *Edward IV* ³⁹ The Bold

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Prol. Shawms? No.

Cit. No! I'm a thief if my mind did not ¹²⁶
give me so. Ralph plays a stately part, and he
must needs have shawms. I'll be at the charge
of them myself, rather than we'll be without
them. ¹³⁰

Prol. So you are like to be.

Cit. Why, and so I will be: there's two shil-
lings; — [*gives money*] — let's have the waits
of Southwark; they are as rare fellows as any
are in England; and that will fetch them all
o'er the water with a vengeance, as if they ¹³⁶
were mad.

Prol. You shall have them. Will you sit
down then?

Cit. Ay. — Come, wife. ¹⁴⁰

Wife. Sit you merry all, gentlemen; I'm
bold to sit amongst you for my ease.

[*Citizen and Wife sit down*]

Prol. "From all that's near the court, from
all that's great,
Within the compass of the city-walls,
We now have brought our scene. Fly far from
hence ¹⁴⁵

All private taxes, immodest phrases,
Whatever may but show like vicious!
For wicked mirth never true pleasure brings,
But honest minds are pleas'd with honest
things." —

Thus much for that we do; but for Ralph's
part you must answer for yourself. ¹⁵¹

Cit. Take you no care for Ralph; he'll dis-
charge himself, I warrant you.

[*Exit Prologue.*]

Wife. I' faith, gentlemen, I'll give my word
for Ralph. ¹⁵⁵

Actus Primus.

Scæna Prima.

[*Venturewell's House.*]

Enter Merchant [*Venturewell*] *and Jasper,*
his Prentice

Vent. Sirrah, I'll make you know you are
my prentice,
And whom my charitable love redeem'd
Even from the fall of fortune; gave thee heat
And growth, to be what now thou art; new-cast
thee,

Adding the trust of all I have, at home, ⁵
In foreign staples, or upon the sea,
To thy direction; tied the good opinions
Both of myself and friends to thy endeavours,

¹²⁷ give: misgive ¹²⁸ waits: street musicians
remade ¹²⁹ staples: market towns ¹³⁰ however:
sion . . . blood: spent money on my pleasures
a free individual and the best judge ¹³¹ lame presence: poor appearance
"virtue: efficacy ¹³² statute: law against vagrants

So fair were thy beginnings. But with these,
As I remember, you had never charge ¹⁰
To love your master's daughter, and even then
When I had found a wealthy husband for her.
I take it, sir, you had not: but, however,
I'll break the neck of that commission,
And make you know you are but a merchant's
factor. ¹⁵

Jasp. Sir, I do liberally confess I am yours,
Bound both by love and duty to your service,
In which my labour hath been all my profit:
I have not lost in bargain, nor delighted
To wear your honest gains upon my back; ²⁰
Nor have I given a pension to my blood,
Or lavishly in play consum'd your stock.
These, and the miseries that do attend them,
I dare with innocence proclaim are strangers ²⁴
To all my temperate actions. For your daughter,
If there be any love to my deservings
Borne by her virtuous self, I cannot stop it;
Nor am I able to refrain her wishes.
She's private to herself, and best of knowledge
Whom she will make so happy as to sigh for: ³⁰
Besides, I cannot think you mean to match her
Unto a fellow of so lame a presence,
One that hath little left of nature in him.

Vent. 'T is very well, sir: I can tell your
wisdom
How all this shall be cur'd.

Jasp. Your care becomes you. ³⁵

Vent. And thus it must be, sir: I here dis-
charge you

My house and service; take your liberty;
And when I want a son, I'll send for you. *Exit.*

Jasp. These be the fair rewards of them
that love!

Oh, you that live in freedom, never prove ⁴⁰
The travail of a mind led by desire!

Enter Luce

Luce. Why, how now, friend? Struck with
my father's thunder!

Jasp. Struck, and struck dead, unless the
remedy

Be full of speed and virtue; I am now,
What I expected long, no more your father's. ⁴⁵

Luce. But mine.

Jasp. But yours, and only yours, I am;
That's all I have to keep me from the statute.
You dare be constant still?

Luce. Oh, fear me not!
In this I dare be better than a woman:
Nor shall his anger nor his offers move me, ⁵⁰
Were they both equal to a prince's power.

¹³³ private taxes: personal attacks ¹³⁴ new-cast:
even though you had ¹³⁵ factor: agent ¹³⁶ pen-
¹³⁷ refrain: bridle ¹³⁸ private . . . knowledge: a
must: ('shall' F)

Jasp. You know my rival!

Luce. Yes, and love him dearly,
Even as I love an ague or foul weather.
I prithee, Jasper, fear him not.

Jasp. Oh, no!
I do not mean to do him so much kindness. 55
But to our own desires: you know the plot
We both agreed on?

Luce. Yes, and will perform
My part exactly.

Jasp. I desire no more.
Farewell, and keep my heart; 't is yours.

Luce. I take it;
He must do miracles makes me forsake it. 60
Exeunt [severally].

Cit. Fie upon 'em, little infidels! what a
matter 's here now! Well, I 'll be hang'd for a
halfpenny, if there be not some abomination
knavery in this play. Well; let 'em look to 't;
Ralph must come, and if there be any tricks 65
a-brewing —

Wife. Let 'em brew and bake too, husband,
a' God's name; Ralph will find all out, I war-
rant you, and they were older than they are. —
[*Enter Boy.*] — I pray, my pretty youth, is 70
Ralph ready?

Boy. He will be presently

Wife. Now, I pray you, make my commen-
dations unto him, and withal carry him this stick
of liquorice. Tell him his mistress sent it 75
him; and bid him bite a piece, 't will open his
pipes the better, say [*Exit Boy*]

[SCENE II. — *The Same*] *

*Enter Merchant [Venturewell] and
Master Humphrey*

Vent. Come, sir, she 's yours; upon my faith,
she 's yours;

You have my hand: for other idle lets
Between your hopes and her, thus with a wind
They are scatter'd and no more. My wanton
prentice,
That like a bladder blew himself with love, 5
I have let out, and sent him to discover
New masters yet unknown.

Hum. I thank you, sir,
Indeed, I thank you, sir; and, ere I stir,
It shall be known, however you do deem,
I am of gentle blood and gentle seem. 10

Vent. Oh, sir, I know it certain.

Hum. Sir, my friend,
Although, as writers say, all things have end,
And that we call a pudding hath his two,
Oh, let it not seem strange, I pray, to you,

If in this bloody simile I put 15
My love, more endless than frail things or gut!

Wife. Husband, I prithee, sweet lamb, tell
me one thing; but tell me truly. — Stay, youths,
I beseech you, till I question my husband.

Cit. What is it, mouse? 20

Wife. Sirrah, didst thou ever see a prettier
child? how it behaves itself, I warrant ye, and
speaks and looks, and perts up the head! — I
pray you, brother, with your favour, were you
never none of Master Moncaster's scholars? 25

Cit. Chucken, I prithee heartily, contain thy-
self: the childer are pretty childer, but when
Ralph comes, lamb —

Wife. Ay, when Ralph comes, cony! — Well,
my youth, you may proceed. 30

Vent. Well, sir, you know my love, and rest,
I hope,
Assur'd of my consent; get but my daughter's,
And wed her when you please. You must be
bold,
And clap in close unto her: come, I know
You have language good enough to win a
wench. 35

Wife. A whoreson tyrant! h'as been an old
stringer in 's days, I warrant him.

Hum. I take your gentle offer, and withal
Yield love again for love reciprocal.

Vent. What, Luce! within there!

Enter Luce

Luce. Call'd you, sir?
Vent. I did. 40

Give entertainment to this gentleman;
And see you be not froward. — To her, sir:
My presence will but be an eye-sore to you.

Exit

Hum. Fair Mistress Luce, how do you?
Are you well?

Give me your hand, and then I pray you tell 45
How doth your little sister and your brother;
And whether you love me or any other.

Luce. Sir, these are quickly answer'd.

Hum. So they are,
Where women are not cruel. But how far
Is it now distant, from the place we are in. 50
Unto that blessed place, your father's warren?

Luce. What makes you think of that, sir?

Hum. Even that face;
For, stealing rabbits whilom in that place,
God Cupid, or the keeper, I know not whether,
Unto my cost and charges brought you thither,
And there began —

* makes: who makes and: an, if (as frequently later) † lets: obstacles ‡ two: two ends
15 bloody: (alluding to blood-puddings) 25 perts: tosses § Moncaster: Richard Mulcaster, Head-
master of St Paul's school, 1596-1608 27 stringer: roué ¶ whether: which

Luce. Your game, sir.

Hum. Let no game, 56

Or anything that tendeth to the same,
Be evermore rememb'ed, thou fair killer,
For whom I sat me down, and brake my
tiller.

Wife. There 's a kind gentleman, I war- 160
rant you; when will you do as much for me,
George?

Luce. Beshrew me, sir, I am sorry for your
losses,

But, as the proverb says, I cannot cry.

I would you had not seen me!

Hum. So would I, 65
Unless you had more maw to do me good.

Luce. Why, cannot this strange passion be
withstood?

Send for a constable, and raise the town

Hum. Oh, no! my valiant love will batter
down

Millions of constables, and put to flight 70
Even that great watch of Midsummer-day at
night

Luce. Beshrew me, sir, 't were good I yielded,
then;

Weak women cannot hope, where valiant men
Have no resistance

Hum. Yield, then, I am full
Of pity, though I say it, and can pull 75
Out of my pocket thus a pair of gloves
Look, Lucy, look, the dog's tooth nor the
dove's

Are not so white as these, and sweet they be,
And whipp'd about with silk, as you may see.
If you desire the price, shoot from your eye 80
A beam to this place, and you shall espy
F S, which is to say, my sweetest honey,
They cost me three and twopence, or no money.

Luce. Well, sir, I take them kindly, and I
thank you

What would you more?

Hum. Nothing

Luce. Why, then, farewell 85

Hum. Nor so, nor so, for, lady, I must tell,
Before we part, for what we met together
God grant me time and patience and fair
weather!

Luce. Speak, and declare your mind in terms
so brief

Hum. I shall: then, first and foremost, for
relief 90

I call to you, if that you can afford it;
I care not at what price, for, on my word, it
Shall be repaid again, although it cost me
More than I 'll speak of now; for love hath tost
me

In furious blanket like a tennis-ball, 95
And now I rise aloft, and now I fall.

Luce. Alas, good gentleman, alas the day!

Hum. I thank you heartily; and, as I say,
Thus do I still continue without rest,
I' th' morning like a man, at night a beast, 100
Roaring and bellowing mine own disquiet,
That much I fear, forsaking of my diet
Will bring me presently to that quandary,
I shall bid all adieu.

Luce. Now, by St. Mary,
That were great pity!

Hum. So it were, beshrew me! 105
Then, ease me, lusty Luce, and pity show me.

Luce. Why, sir, you know my will is nothing
worth

Without my father's grant; get his consent,
And then you may with assurance try me.

Hum. The worshipful your sire will not
deny me, 110

For I have ask'd him, and he hath replied,
"Sweet Master Humphrey, Luce shall be thy
bride."

Luce. Sweet Master Humphrey, then I am
content.

Hum. And so am I, in truth

Luce. Yet take me with you;
There is another clause must be annex'd, 115

And this it is: I swore, and will perform it,
No man shall ever joy me as his wife
But he that stole me hence. If you dare ven-
ture,

I am yours (you need not fear, my father loves
you);

If not, farewell for ever!

Hum. Stay, nymph, stay: 120
I have a double gelding, colour'd bay,
Sprung by his father from Barbarian kind;
Another for myself, though somewhat blind,
Yet true as trusty tree.

Luce. I am satisfied;
And so I give my hand. Our course must
lie 125

Through Waltham Forest, where I have a
friend

Will entertain us. So, farewell, sir Humphrey,
And think upon your business. *Exit.*

Hum. Though I die,
I am resolv'd to venture life and limb
For one so young, so fair, so kind, so trim. 130

Exit.

Wife. By my faith and troth, George, and as
I am virtuous, it is e'en the kindest young man
that ever trod on shoe-leather. — Well, go thy
ways; if thou hast her not, 't is not thy fault,
'faith. 135

⁵⁶ tiller: part of crossbow

⁶⁶ maw: craving

⁷¹ great watch: annual gathering of city militia

⁸⁸ F S: a dealer's mark

¹¹⁴ take . . . you: understand me

Cit. I prithee, mouse, be patient; 'a shall have her, or I'll make some of 'em smoke for 't.

Wife. That 's my good lamb, George. — Fie, this stinking tobacco kills me! would there [140 were none in England! — Now, I pray, gentlemen, what good does this stinking tobacco do you? Nothing, I warrant you: make chimneys o' your faces! — Oh, husband, husband, now, now! there 's Ralph, there 's Ralph. 145

[SCENE III. — *The Grocer's Shop.*]

Enter Ralph, like a Grocer in 's shop with two Prentices [Tim and George], reading "Palmerin of England"

Cit. Peace, fool! let Ralph alone. — Hark you, Ralph; do not strain yourself too much at the first. — Peace! — Begin, Ralph.

Ralph. [reads.] Then Palmerin and Trineus, snatching their lances from their dwarfs, [5 and clasp[ing] their helmets, gallop'd amain after the giant; and Palmerin, having gotten a sight of him, came posting amain, saying, "Stay, traitorous thief! for thou mayst not so carry away her, that is worth the greatest lord in [10 the world;" and, with these words, gave him a blow on the shoulder, that he struck him besides his elephant. And Trineus, coming to the knight that had Agricola behind him, set him soon besides his horse, with his neck [15 broken in the fall; so that the princess, getting out of the throng, between joy and grief, said, "All happy knight, the mirror of all such as follow arms, now may I be well assured of the love thou bearest me" I wonder why the [20 kings do not raise an army of fourteen or fifteen hundred thousand men, as big as the army that the Prince of Portigo brought against Rosicleer, and destroy these giants; they do much hurt to wandering damsels, that go in [25 quest of their knights.

Wife. Faith, husband, and Ralph says true; for they say the King of Portugal cannot sit at his meat, but the giants and the ettins will come and snatch it from him. 30

Cit. Hold thy tongue. — On, Ralph!

Ralph. And certainly those knights are much to be commended, who, neglecting their possessions, wander with a squire and a dwarf through the deserts to relieve poor ladies. 35

Wife. Ay, by my faith, are they, Ralph; let 'em say what they will, they are indeed. Our knights neglect their possessions well enough, but they do not the rest.

Ralph. There are no such courteous and [40 fair well-spoken knights in this age: they will call one the son of a whore, that Palmerin of England would have called "fair sir;" and one that Rosicleer would have call'd "right beauteous damsel," they will call "damn'd [45 bitch."

Wife. I'll be sworn will they, Ralph; they have call'd me so an hundred times about a scurvy pipe of tobacco.

Ralph. But what brave spirit could be [50 content to sit in his shop, with a flappet of wood, and a blue apron before him, selling mithridatum and dragon's-water to visited houses, that might pursue feats of arms, and, through his noble achievements, procure such a fa- [55 mous history to be written of his heroic prowess?

Cit. Well said, Ralph; some more of those words, Ralph!

Wife. They go finely, by my troth.

Ralph. Why should not I, then, pursue [60 this course, both for the credit of myself and our company? for amongst all the worthy books of achievements, I do not call to mind that I yet read of a grocer-errant I will be the said knight -- Have you heard of any that hath [65 wandered unfurnished of his squire and dwarf? My elder prentice Tim shall be my trusty squire, and little George my dwarf. Hence, my blue apron! Yet, in remembrance of my former trade, upon my shield shall be portray'd a [70 Burning Pestle, and I will be call'd the Knight of the Burning Pestle.

Wife. Nay, I dare swear thou wilt not forget thy old trade; thou wert ever meek.

Ralph. Tim! 75
Tim. Anon

Ralph. My beloved squire, and George, my dwarf, I charge you that from henceforth you never call me by any other name but "the right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning [80 Pestle;" and that you never call any female by the name of a woman or wench, but "fair lady," if she have her desires, if not, "distressed dam-

¹³⁷ smoke: suffer ¹⁴⁰ me: ('men' Qq F) Scene III. S D "Palmerin of England": (a popular romance of Spanish origin; but the passage below is from *Palmerin de Oliva*) ¹²⁻¹³ besides: down from ¹⁴ elephant: (a ludicrous heightening: "horse" in the romance) ¹⁵ Agricola: an English princess ¹⁶ ettins: Germanic giants ¹⁷ flappet: small flap (the shop shutter?) ¹⁸⁻¹⁹ mithridatum: antidote against poison ²⁰ dragon's-water: plague remedy visited: plague-smitten

sel;" that you call all forests and heaths "deserts," and all horses "palfreys." 88

Wife. This is very fine, faith. — Do the gentlemen like Ralph, think you, husband?

Cil. Ay, I warrant thee; the players would give all the shoes in their shop for him.

Ralph. My beloved squire Tim, stand 90 out. Admit this were a desert, and over it a knight-errant pricking, and I should bid you inquire of his intents: what would you say?

Tim. Sir, my master sent me to know whither you are riding? 95

Ralph. No, thus: "Fair sir, the right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle commanded me to inquire upon what adventure you are bound, whether to relieve some distressed damsel, or otherwise." 100

Cil. Whoreson blockhead, cannot remember!

Wife. I' faith, and Ralph told him on 't before: all the gentlemen heard him. — Did he not, gentlemen? Did not Ralph tell him on 't?

George. Right courteous and valiant 105 Knight of the Burning Pestle, here is a distressed damsel to have a halfpenny-worth of pepper.

Wife. That 's a good boy! See, the little boy can hit it; by my troth, it 's a fine child. 110

Ralph. Relieve her, with all courteous language. Now shut up shop; no more my prentice, but my trusty squire and dwarf I must bespeak my shield and arming pestle

[*Exeunt Tim and George*]

Cil. Go thy ways, Ralph! As I 'm a true 115 man, thou art the best on 'em all.

Wife. Ralph, Ralph!

Ralph. What say you, mistress?

Wife. I prnthee, come again quickly, sweet Ralph. 120

Ralph. By and by.

Exit.

[SCENE IV. — *Merrythought's House.*]

Enter Jasper and his mother, Mistress Merrythought

Mist. Mer. Give thee my blessing? No, I 'll ne'er give thee my blessing; I 'll see thee hang'd first; it shall ne'er be said I gave thee my blessing. Th' art thy father's own son, of the right blood of the Merrythoughts. I may 's curse the time that e'er I knew thy father; he hath spent all his own and mine too; and when

I tell him of it, he laughs, and dances, and sings, and cries, "A merry heart lives long-a." And thou art a wastethrift, and art run 10 away from thy master that lov'd thee well, and art come to me; and I have laid up a little for my younger son Michael, and thou think'st to bezzle that, but thou shalt never be able to do it — Come hither, Michael! 15

Enter Michael

Come, Michael, down on thy knees: thou shalt have my blessing.

Mich. [kneels.] I pray you, mother, pray to God to bless me.

Mist. Mer. God bless thee! but Jasper shall 20 never have my blessing, he shall be hang'd first; shall he not, Michael? How sayst thou?

Mich. Yes, forsooth, mother, and grace of God

Mist. Mer. That 's a good boy! 25

Wife. I' faith, it 's a fine spoken child.

Jasp. Mother, though you forget a parent's love,

I must preserve the duty of a child.

I ran not from my master, nor return

To have your stock maintain my idleness. 30

Wife. Ungracious child, I warrant him; hark, how he chops logic with his mother! — Thou hadst best tell her she lies; do, tell her she lies.

Cil. If he were my son, I would hang him 35 up by the heels, and flay him, and salt him, whoreson haltersack.

Jasp. My coming only is to beg your love, Which I must ever, though I never gain it; 40 And, howsoever you esteeme of me,

There is no drop of blood hid in these veins

But, I remember well, belongs to you

That brought me forth, and would be glad for you

To rip them all again, and let it out.

Mist. Mer. I' faith, I had sorrow enough 45 for thee, God knows; but I 'll hamper thee well enough. Get thee in, thou vagabond, get thee in, and learn of thy brother Michael.

[*Exeunt Jasper and Michael.*]

Old Mer. within.

Nose, nose, jolly red nose,

And who gave thee this jolly red nose? 50

Mist. Mer. Hark, my husband! he 's singing and hoiting; and I 'm fain to cark and care, and all litle enough. — Husband! Charles! Charles Merrythought!

¹¹⁴ arming: armorial ¹⁴ bezzle: waste on drink
gallows-bird ²² hoiting: rejoicing noisily

²³ chops logic: quibbles ²⁷ haltersack:

Enter old Merrythought

Mer. [sings.]

Nutmegs and ginger, cinnamon and cloves; 55
And they gave me thus jolly red nose.

Mist. Mer. If you would consider your estate, you would have list to sing, i-wis

Mer. It should never be considered, while it were an estate, if I thought it would spoil 60 my singing

Mist. Mer. But how wilt thou do, Charles? Thou art an old man, and thou canst not work, and thou hast not forty shillings left, and thou eatest good meat, and drinkest good drink, 65 and laughest.

Mer. And will do.

Mist. Mer. But how wilt thou come by it, Charles?

Mer. How! why, how have I done hitherto 70 this forty years? I never came into my dining room, but, at eleven and six o'clock, I found excellent meat and drink o' th' table; my clothes were never worn out, but next morning a tailor brought me a new suit: and with- 75 out question it will be so ever; use makes perfectness. If all should fail, it is but a little straining myself extraordinary, and laugh myself to death.

Wife. It's a foolish old man this; is not 80 he, George?

Cil. Yes, cony.

Wife. Give me a penny i' th' purse while I live, George.

Cil. Ay, by lady, cony, hold thee there. 85

Mist. Mer. Well, Charles, you promis'd to provide for Jasper, and I have laid up for Michael. I pray you, pay Jasper his portion: he's come home, and he shall not consume Michael's stock. He says his master turn'd him away, 90 but, I promise you truly, I think he ran away.

Wife. No, indeed, Mistress Merrythought; though he be a notable gallows, yet I'll assure you his master did turn him away, even in this place. 'T was, i' faith, within this half- 95 hour, about his daughter; my husband was by.

Cil. Hang him, rogue! he serv'd him well enough: love his master's daughter! By my troth, cony, if there were a thousand boys, 100 thou wouldst spoil them all with taking their parts; let his mother alone with him.

Wife. Ay, George; but yet truth is truth

Mer. Where is Jasper? He's welcome, however. Call him in; he shall have his portion. 105 Is he merry?

Mist. Mer. Ah, foul chive him, he is too merry! — Jasper! Michael!

Enter Jasper and Michael

Mer. Welcome, Jasper! though thou run'st away, welcome! God bless thee! 'T is thy 110 mother's mind thou shouldst receive thy portion; thou hast been abroad, and I hope hast learn'd experience enough to govern it; thou art of sufficient years. Hold thy hand: — one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, 115 there's ten shillings for thee [*Gives money.*] Thrust thyself into the world with that, and take some settled course. If fortune cross thee, thou hast a retiring place; come home to me; I have twenty shillings left. Be a good hus- 120 band; that is, wear ordinary clothes, eat the best meat, and drink the best drink, be merry, and give to the poor, and, believe me, thou hast no end of thy goods.

Jasp. Long may you live free from all thought of ill, 125
And long have cause to be thus merry still!
But, father —

Mer. No more words, Jasper; get thee gone. Thou hast my blessing, thy father's spirit upon thee!

Farewell, Jasper! [*Sings.*] 130

But yet, or ere you part (oh cruel?)

Kiss me, kiss me, sweeting, mine own dear jewel!

So, now begone; no words. *Exit Jasper.*

Mist. Mer. So, Michael, now get thee gone too. 135

Mich. Yes, forsooth, mother; but I'll have my father's blessing first.

Mist. Mer. No, Michael; 't is no matter for his blessing. Thou hast my blessing, begone. I'll fetch my money and jewels, and follow 140 thee; I'll stay no longer with him, I warrant thee. [*Exit Michael*] — Truly, Charles, I'll be gone too.

Mer. What! you will not?

Mist. Mer. Yes, indeed will I. 145

Mer. [sings.]

Heigh-ho, farewell, Nan!

I'll never trust wench more again, if I can.

Mist. Mer. You shall not think, when all your own is gone, to spend that I have been scraping up for Michael. 150

Mer. Farewell, good wife; I expect it not: all I have to do in this world is to be merry;

⁵⁷ estate: ('state' Q 1-2)

⁵⁸ list: desire

^{i-wis}: forsooth

⁵⁹ hold . . .

^{there}: stick to that

⁶⁰ gallows: hangdog
economist

¹⁰⁴⁻¹⁰⁵

^{however}: in any case

¹⁰⁷ foul chive: ill betide

¹²⁰⁻¹²¹ husband:

which I shall, if the ground be not taken from me; and if it be, [Sings]

When earth and seas from me are reft, 155
The skies aloft for me are left.

Exeunt [severally].

Boy danceth. Music

Finis Actus Primi

Wife. I 'll be sworn he 's a merry old gentleman for all that. Hark, hark, husband, hark! fiddles, fiddles! now surely they go finely. They say 't is present death for these fiddlers to tune their rebeckes before the great Turk's grace, is 't not, George? But, look, look! here 's a youth dances! — Now, good youth, do a turn o' th' toe. — Sweetheart, i' faith, I 'll have Ralph come and do some 165 of his gambols. — He 'll ride the wild mare, gentlemen, 't would do your hearts good to see him. — I thank you, kind youth; pray, bid Ralph come 169

Cit. Peace, cony! — Sirrah, you scurvey boy, bid the players send Ralph; or, by God's — and they do not, I 'll tear some of their periwigs beside their heads: this is all riff-raff.

[*Exit Boy.*]

Actus Secundus.

Scæna Prima.

[*Venturewell's House*]

Enter Merchant [Venturewell] and Humphrey

Vent. And how, faith, how goes it now, son Humphrey?

Hum. Right worshipful, and my beloved friend,

And father dear, this matter 's at an end

Vent. 'T is well; it should be so. I 'm glad the girl

Is found so tractable.

Hum. Nay, she must whirl 5
From hence (and you must wink, for so, I say, The story tells,) to-morrow before day.

Wife. George, dost thou think in thy conscience now 't will be a match? Tell me but what thou think'st, sweet rogue. Thou seest 10 the poor gentleman, dear heart, how it labours and throbs, I warrant you, to be at rest! I 'll go move the father for 't.

Cit. No, no; I prithee, sit still, honeysuckle; thou 'lt spoil all. If he deny him, I 'll bring 15 half-a-dozen good fellows myself, and in the shutting of an evening, knock 't up, and there 's an end.

Wife. I 'll buss thee for that, i' faith, boy. Well, George, well, you have been a wag in 20 your days, I warrant you; but God forgive you, and I do with all my heart.

Vent. How was it, son? You told me that to-morrow

Before day break, you must convey her hence.

Hum. I must, I must; and thus it is agreed: Your daughter rides upon a brown-bay steed, 26 I on a sorrel, which I bought of Brian, The honest host of the Red roaring Lion, In Waltham situate. Then, if you may, Consent in seemly sort, lest, by delay, 30 The Fatal Sisters come, and do the office, And then you 'll sing another song.

Vent. Alas,

Why should you be thus full of grief to me, That do as willing as yourself agree To anything, so it be good and fair? 35

Then, steal her when you will, if such a pleasure

Content you both, I 'll sleep and never see it, To make your joys more full. But tell me why You may not here perform your marriage?

Wife. God's blessing o' thy soul, old man! 40 I ' faith, thou art loath to part true hearts. I see 'a has her, George, and I 'm as glad on 't — Well, go thy ways, Humphrey, for a fair-spoken man, I believe thou hast not thy fellow within the walls of London; and I should say the 45 suburbs too, I should not lie — Why dost not rejoice with me, George?

Cit. If I could but see Ralph again, I were as merry as mine host, i' faith

Hum. The cause you seem to ask, I thus declare — 50

Help me, O Muses nine! Your daughter sware A foolish oath, the more it was the pity; Yet none but myself within this city Shall dare to say so, but a bold defiance 54 Shall meet him, were he of the noble science; And yet she sware, and yet why did she swear? Truly, I cannot tell, unless it were For her own ease; for, sure, sometimes an oath, Being sworn, thereafter is like cordial broth; And thus it was she swore, never to marry 60 But such a one whose mighty arm could carry (As meaning me, for I am such a one) Her bodily away, through stick and stone, Till both of us arrive, at her request, 64 Some ten miles off, in the wild Waltham Forest.

Vent. If this be all, you shall not need to fear Any denial in your love: proceed; I 'll neither follow, nor repent the deed.

¹⁶¹ rebeckes: three-stringed violins ¹⁶⁶ wild mare: seesaw ¹⁷ evening: (Query: 'eyelid'?)
¹⁰ buss: kiss ²⁶ science: of fencing ⁴⁰ this: ('thus' Q 1) ⁴⁵ wild: ('wide' F)

Hum. Good night, twenty good nights, and twenty more,
And twenty more good nights, — that makes three-score! *Exeunt [severally].* 70

[SCENE II. — *Waltham Forest.*]

Enter Mistress Merrythought and her son Michael

Mist. Mer. Come, Michael; art thou not weary, boy?

Mich. No, forsooth, mother, not I.

Mist. Mer. Where be we now, child?

Mich. Indeed, forsooth, mother, I cannot [tell, unless we be at Mile-End. Is not all the world Mile-End, mother?

Mist. Mer. No, Michael, not all the world, boy; but I can assure thee, Michael, Mile-End is a goodly matter: there has been a pitch-¹⁰ field, my child, between the naughty Spaniels and the Englishmen; and the Spaniels ran away, Michael, and the Englishmen followed. My neighbour Coxstone was there, boy, and kill'd them all with a birding-piece. 15

Mich. Mother, forsooth —

Mist. Mer. What says my white boy?

Mich. Shall not my father go with us too?

Mist. Mer. No, Michael, let thy father go snick-up; he shall never come between a [20 pair of sheets with me again while he lives; let him stay at home, and sing for his supper, boy. Come, child, sit down, and I'll show my boy fine knacks indeed. [*They sit down: and she takes out a casket.*] Look here, Michael; here's a ring, and here's a brooch, and here's a [26 bracelet, and here's two rings more, and here's money and gold by th' eye, my boy.

Mich. Shall I have all this, mother?

Mist. Mer. Ay, Michael, thou shalt have [30 all, Michael.

Cil. How lik'st thou this, wench?

Wife. I cannot tell; I would have Ralph, George; I'll see no more else, indeed, la; and I pray you, let the youths understand so [35 much by word of mouth; for, I tell you truly, I'm afraid o' my boy. Come, come, George, let's be merry and wise. the child's a fatherless child; and say they should put him into a strait pair of gaskins, 't were worse than [40 knot-grass; he would never grow after it.

Enter Ralph, Squire [Tim], and Dwarf [George]

Cil. Here's Ralph, here's Ralph!

Wife. How do you, Ralph? you are welcome, Ralph, as I may say. It's a good boy, hold up thy head, and be not afraid; we are thy

friends, Ralph; the gentlemen will praise thee, Ralph, if thou play'st thy part with audacity. Begin, Ralph, o' God's name!

Ralph. My trusty squire, unlace my helm; give me my hat.

Where are we, or what desert may this be? 50

George. Mirror of knighthood, this is, as I take it, the perilous Waltham-down, in whose bottom stands the enchanted valley.

Mist. Mer. Oh, Michael, we are betray'd, we are betray'd! Here be giants! Fly, boy! fly, boy, fly! 56

Exeunt Mother and Michael [leaving the casket]

Ralph. Lace on my helm again. What noise is this?

A gentle lady, flying the embrace Of some uncourteous knight! I will relieve her. Go, squire, and say, the Knight that wears this Pestle 60

In honour of all ladies, swears revenge Upon that recreant coward that pursues her. Go, comfort her, and that same gentle squire That bears her company.

Tim. I go, brave knight. [*Exit*]

Ralph. My trusty dwarf and friend, reach me my shield. 65 And hold it while I swear. First, by my knighthood,

Then by the soul of Amadis de Gaul, My famous ancestor, then by my sword The beauteous Brionella girt about me; By this bright burning Pestle, of mine honour The living trophy; and by all respect 71 Due to distressed damsels: here I vow Never to end the quest of this fair lady And that forsaken squire till by my valour I gain their liberty!

George. Heaven bless the knight 75

That thus relieves poor errant gentlewomen! *Exeunt.*

Wife. Ay, marry, Ralph, this has some savour in 't; I would see the proudest of them all offer to carry his books after him. But, George, I will not have him go away so soon; I shall be sick if he go away, that I shall. Call Ralph [81 again, George, call Ralph again; I prithee, sweetheart, let him come fight before me, and let's ha' some drums and some trumpets, and let him kill all that comes near him, and thou lov'st me, George! 86

Cil. Peace a little, bird: he shall kill them all, and they were twenty more on 'em than there are.

* Mile-End: suburban district, one mile from Aldgate 10-11 pitch-field: (reference to some sham battle) 11 Spaniels: i.e., Spaniards 17 white: darling 20 snick-up: hang 22 by th' eye: in profusion 40 strait: tight gaskins: breeches 41 knot-grass: (supposed to retard growth) 42 Brionella: a lady in *Palmerin de Oliva* 79 carry . . . books: follow obsequiously

Enter Jasper

Jasp. Now, Fortune, if thou be'st not only ill, 90

Show me thy better face, and bring about
Thy desperate wheel, that I may climb at length,
And stand. This is our place of meeting,
If love have any constancy. Oh age,
Where only wealthy men are counted happy! 95
How shall I please thee, how deserve thy smiles,
When I am only rich in misery?

My father's blessing and this little coin
Is my inheritance, a strong revênué!
From earth thou art, and to the earth I give
thee: [Throws away the money.]

There grow and multiply, whilst fresher air 101
Breeds me a fresher fortune. — How! illusion?

Spies the casket.
What, hath the devil com'd himself before me?
'T is metal good, it rings well, I am waking,
And taking too, I hope. Now, God's dear blessing 105

Upon his heart that left it here! 'T is mine;
These pearls, I take it, were not left for swine.

Exit [with the casket].

Wife I do not like that this unthrifty youth
should embezzle away the money, the poor
gentlewoman his mother will have a heavy 110
heart for it, God knows

Ctl. And reason good, sweetheart.

Wife But let him go; I'll tell Ralph a tale
in 's ear shall fetch him again with a wanon; I
warrant him, if he be above ground; and be-
sides, George, here are a number of suffi- 116
cient gentlemen can witness, and myself, and
yourself, and the musicians, if we be call'd in
question. But here comes Ralph, George; thou
shalt hear him speak as he were an emperal.

[SCENE III. — *The Same.*]

Enter Ralph and Dwarf [George]

Ralph. Comes not sir squire again?

George. Right courteous knight,
Your squire doth come, and with him comes the
lady,

*Enter Mistress Merrythought, Michael,
and Squire [Tim]*

For and the Squire of Damsels, as I take it.

Ralph. Madam, if any service or devoir 4
Of a poor errant knight may right your wrongs,
Command it; I am prest to give you succour,
For to that holy end I bear my armour.

Mist. Mer. Alas, sir, I am a poor gentle-
woman, and I have lost my money in this forest!

Ralph. Desert, you would say, lady; and
not lost 10

Whilst I have sword and lance. Dry up your
tears,

Which ill befits the beauty of that face,
And tell the story, if I may request it,
Of your disastrous fortune.

Mist. Mer. Out, alas! I left a thousand 115
pound, a thousand pound, e'en all the money I
had laid up for this youth, upon the sight of
your mastership, you look'd so grim, and, as I
may say it, saving your presence, more like a
giant than a mortal man. 20

Ralph. I am as you are, lady; so are they;
All mortal. But why weeps this gentle squire?

Mist. Mer. Has he not cause to weep, do you
think, when he hath lost his inheritance?

Ralph. Young hope of valour, weep not; I
am here 25

That will confound thy foe, and pay it dear
Upon his coward head, that dares deny
Distressed squires and ladies equity.

I have but one horse, on which shall ride
This fair lady behind me, and before, 30

This courteous squire: fortune will give us more
Upon our next adventure. Fairly speed
Beside us, squire and dwarf, to do us need!

Exeunt.

Ctl. Did not I tell you, Nell, what your man
would do? By the faith of my body, wench, 135
for clean action and good delivery, they may all
cast their caps at him

Wife And so they may, 's faith; for I dare
speak it boldly, the twelve companies of Lon-
don cannot match him, timber for timber.
Well, George, and he be not inveigled by 141
some of these paltry players, I ha' much marvel:
but, George, we ha' done our parts, if the boy
have any grace to be thankful.

Ctl. Yes, I warrant thee, duckling. 45

[SCENE IV — *The Same.*]

Enter Humphrey and Luce

Hum. Good Mistress Luce, however I in
fault am

For your lame horse, you're welcome unto
Waltham;

But which way now to go, or what to say,
I know not truly, till it be broad day.

Luce. Oh, fear not, Master Humphrey; I
am guide 5

For this place good enough

Hum. Then, up and ride;
Or, if it please you, walk, for your repose;

¹¹⁴ wanon: vengeance ¹³⁰ as: ('an' Q 1-2) ¹³⁵ emperal: emperor ¹⁴¹ For and: as well as
⁶ prest: prepared ⁸⁷ cast . . . caps: despair of imitating; cf. *Duchess of Malfi*, IV. ii 120, 121
⁹⁰ companies: incorporated guilds

Or sit, or, if you will, go pluck a rose;
 Either of which shall be indifferent
 To your good friend and Humphrey, whose con-
 sent 10

Is so entangled ever to your will,
 As the poor harmless horse is to the mill.

Luce. Faith, and you say the word, we 'll
 e'en sit down,

And take a nap.

Hum. 'T is better in the town,
 Where we may nap together; for, believe me,
 To sleep without a snatch would muckle grieve
 me 16

Luce. You 're merry, Master Humphrey.

Hum. So I am,
 And have been ever merry from my dam.

Luce. Your nurse had the less labour

Hum. Faith, it may be,
 Unless it were by chance I did betray me. 20

Enter Jasper

Jasp. Luce! dear friend Luce!

Luce. Here, Jasper.

Jasp. You are mine.

Hum. If it be so, my friend, you use me fine.
 What do you think I am?

Jasp. An arrant noddy.

Hum. A word of obloquy! Now, by God's
 body,

I 'll tell thy master; for I know thee well. 25

Jasp. Nay, and you be so forward for to tell,
 Take that, and that; and tell him, sur, I gave it:
 And say, I paid you well. [*Beats him.*]

Hum. Oh, sir, I have it,
 And do confess the payment! Pray, be quiet.

Jasp. Go, get you to your night-cap and the
 diet, 30

To cure your beaten bones.

Luce. Alas, poor Humphrey;
 Get thee some wholesome broth, with sage and
 comfrey;

A little oil of roses and a feather
 To 'noint thy back withal.

Hum. When I came hither,
 Would I had gone to Paris with John Dory!

Luce. Farewell, my pretty Nump; I am
 very sorry 36

I cannot bear thee company.

Hum. Farewell:
 The devil's dam was ne'er so bang'd in hell.

Exeunt Luce and Jasper.

Manet Humphrey.

Wife. This young Jasper will prove me an-
 other thing, o' my conscience, and he may be

suffered. George, dost not see, George, how 'a
 swaggers, and flies at the very heads o' folks, (42
 as he were a dragon? Well, if I do not do his
 lesson for wronging the poor gentleman, I am
 no true woman. His friends that brought him
 up might have been better occupied, i-wis, than
 ha' taught him these fegaries. he 's e'en in (47
 the high way to the gallows, God bless him!

Cit. You 're too bitter, cony; the young
 man may do well enough for all this 50

Wife. Come hither, Master Humphrey; has
 he hurt you? Now, beshrew his fingers for
 't! Here, sweetheart, here 's some green gin-
 ger for thee. Now, beshrew my heart, but 'a
 has peppernel in 's head, as big as a pullet's
 egg! Alas, sweet lamb, how thy temples (56
 beat! Take the peace on him, sweetheart, take
 the peace on him

Cit. No, no; you talk like a foolish woman:
 I 'll ha' Ralph fight with him, and swinge him
 up well-favour'dly. *Enter a Boy* — Sirrah boy,
 come hither. Let Ralph come in and fight (62
 with Jasper.

Wife. Ay, and beat him well; he 's an un-
 happy boy. 65

Boy. Sir, you must pardon us, the plot of
 our play lies contrary, and 't will hazard the
 spoiling of our play.

Cit. Plot me no plots! I 'll ha' Ralph come
 out; I 'll make your house too hot for you else

Boy. Why, sir, he shall, but if anything fall
 out of order, the gentlemen must pardon us (72

Cit. Go your ways, Goodman boy! [*Exit
 Boy*] I 'll hold him a penny, he shall have his
 bellyful of fighting now. Ho, here comes
 Ralph! No more! 76

*Enter Ralph, Mistress Merrythought, Michael,
 Squire [Tim], and Dwarf [George]*

Ralph. What knight is that, squire? Ask
 him if he keep

The passage, bound by love of lady fair,
 Or else but prickant

Hum. Sir, I am no knight,
 But a poor gentleman, that this same night 80
 Had stol'n from me, on yonder green,
 My lovely wife, and suffer'd (to be seen
 Yet extant on my shoulders) such a greeting,
 That whilst I live I shall think of that meeting.

Wife. Ay, Ralph, he beat him unmercifully,
 Ralph; and thou spar'st him, Ralph, I would (86
 thou wert hang'd.

Cit. No more, wife, no more

¹⁰ snatch: bit of refreshment ²⁰ betray me: soil myself ³⁶ comfrey: medicinal weed of the
 borage family ³⁸ John Dory: the discomfited French hero of a comic ballad ³⁹ Nump: pet-name
 for Humphrey ⁴⁴ S D Manet: remains on the stage ⁴⁵⁻⁴⁶ do his lesson: teach him ⁴⁷ fegaries:
 vagaries ⁴⁸ peppernel: a lump ⁴⁹ peace: surety for good behavior ⁵⁴⁻⁵⁵ unhappy: good-for-
 naught ⁷⁴ hold: bet ⁷⁵ prickant: casually, en route

Ralph. Where is the caitiff-wretch hath done this deed?

Lady, your pardon, that I may proceed 90
Upon the quest of this injurious knight. —
And thou, fair squire, repute me not the worse,
In leaving the great venture of the purse
And the rich casket, till some better leisure.

Enter Jasper and Luce

Hum. Here comes the broker hath pur-
loin'd my treasure 95

Ralph. Go, squire, and tell him I am here,
An errant knight-at-arms, to crave delivery
Of that fair lady to her own knight's arms.
If he deny, bid him take choice of ground,
And so defy him

Tim From the Knight that bears 100
The Golden Pestle, I defy thee, knight,
Unless thou make fair restitution
Of that bright lady

Jasp. Tell the knight that sent thee,
He is an ass; and I will keep the wench,
And knock his head-piece

Ralph. Knight, thou art but dead 105
If thou recall not thy uncourteous terms.

Wife Break 's pate, Ralph, break 's pate,
Ralph, soundly!

Jasp Come, knight, I am ready for you
Now your Pestle (*Snatches away his pestle*)
Shall try what temper, sir, your mortar 's of.
"With that he stood upright in his stirrups, [111]
and gave the Knight of the calf-skin such a
knock [*knocks Ralph down*] that he forsook
his horse, and down he fell, and then he leaped
upon him, and plucking off his helmet —" [115]

Hum. Nay, and my noble knight be down so
soon,

Though I can scarcely go, so I needs must run.

Exeunt Humphrey and Ralph.

Wife. Run, Ralph, run, Ralph; run for thy
life, boy!
Jasper comes, Jasper comes!

Jasp. Come Luce, we must have other arms
for you: 120
Humphrey, and Golden Pestle, both adieu!

Exeunt.

Wife. Sure the devil (God bless us!) is in this
springald! Why, George, didst ever see such a
fire-drake? I am afraid my boy's miscarried:
if he be, though he were Master Merrythought's
son a thousand times, if there be any law in [126]
England, I 'll make some of them smart for 't.

Cil. No, no; I have found out the matter,

sweetheart; Jasper is enchanted; as sure as we
are here, he is enchanted: he could no more [130]
have stood in Ralph's hands than I can stand in
my lord mayor's. I 'll have a ring to discover
all enchantments, and Ralph shall beat him yet.
Be no more vex'd, for it shall be so.

[SCENE V. — *Near the Bell Inn, Waltham.*]

*Enter Ralph, Squire [Tim], Dwarf [George],
Mistress Merrythought, and Michael*

Wife. Oh, husband, here 's Ralph again! —
Stay, Ralph, let me speak with thee. How
dost thou, Ralph? Art thou not shrewdly
hurt? — The foul great lungies laid unmercifully
on thee. there 's some sugar-candy for [15]
thee. Proceed; thou shalt have another bout
with him.

Cil If Ralph had him at the fencing-school,
if he did not make a puppy of him, and drive
him up and down the school, he should ne'er [10]
come in my shop more.

Mist. Mer. Truly, Master Knight of the
Burning Pestle, I am weary.

Mich Indeed, la, mother, and I am very
hungry 15

Ralph Take comfort, gentle dame, and you,
fair squire,

For in this desert there must needs be plac'd
Many strong castles held by courteous knights;
And till I bring you safe to one of those,
I swear by this my order ne'er to leave you. 20

Wife Well said, Ralph! — George, Ralph
was ever comfortable, was he not?

Cil Yes, duck

Wife. I shall ne'er forget him When we had
lost our child, (you know it was stray'd al- [25]
most, alone, to Puddle-Wharf, and the criers
were abroad for it, and there it had drown'd
itself but for a sculler,) Ralph was the most
comfortablest to me: "Peace, mistress," says
he, "let it go; I 'll get you another as good." [30]
Did he not, George, did he not say so?

Cil. Yes, indeed did he, mouse.

George. I would we had a mess of pottage and
a pot of drink, squire, and were going to bed!

Tim. Why, we are at Waltham town's [35]
end, and that 's the Bell Inn.

George. Take courage, valiant knight, dam-
sel, and squire!

I have discovered, not a stone cast off,
An ancient castle, held by the old knight
Of the most holy order of the Bell, 40
Who gives to all knights-errant entertain.
There plenty is of food, and all prepar'd

117 go: walk 120 springald: young one 124 -drake: dragon miscarried: ruined 1 shrewdly:
seriously 4 lungies: tall lout 22 comfortable: helpful 41 entertain: hospitality

By the white hands of his own lady dear.
He hath three squires that welcome all his
guests:

The first, hight Chamberlino, who will see 45
Our beds prepar'd, and bring us snowy sheets,
Where never footman stretch'd his butter'd
hams;

The second, hight Tapstero, who will see
Our pots full filled, and no froth therein;
The third, a gentle squire, Ostlero hight, 50
Who will our palfreys slick with wisps of straw,
And in the manger put them oats enough,
And never grease their teeth with candle-snuff.

Wife. That same dwarf 's a pretty boy, but
the squire 's a groutnol. 55

Ralph. Knock at the gates, my squire, with
stately lance. [*Tim knocks at the door.*]

Enter Tapster

Tap. Who 's there? — You 're welcome, gentlemen: will you see a room?

George. Right courteous and valiant Knight
of the Burning Pestle, this is the Squire 60
Tapstero.

Ralph. Fair Squire Tapstero, I a wandering
knight,

Hight of the Burning Pestle, in the quest
Of this fair lady's casket and wrought purse,
Losing myself in this vast wilderness, 65
Am to this castle well by fortune brought;
Where, hearing of the goodly entertain
Your knight of holy order of the Bell
Gives to all damsels and all errant knights,
I thought to knock, and now am bold to enter. 70

Tap. An 't please you see a chamber, you
are very welcome. *Exeunt.*

Wife. George, I would have something done,
and I cannot tell what it is.

Cit. What is it, Nell? 75

Wife. Why, George, shall Ralph beat
nobody again? Prithee, sweetheart, let him.

Cit. So he shall, Nell; and if I join with him,
we 'll knock them all.

[SCENE VI. — *Venturewell's House.*]

Enter Humphrey and Merchant [*Venturewell*]

Wife. Oh, George, here 's Master Humphrey
again now, that lost Mistress Luce, and Mistress
Luce's father Master Humphrey will do
somebody's errand, I warrant him.

Hum. Father, it 's true in arms I ne'er shall
clasp her; 5
For she is stol'n away by your man Jasper.

⁴⁷ footman: running courier, whose legs were greased to prevent cramp
drippings, applied to prevent horses from eating ⁵⁵ groutnol: blockhead ⁵⁸ candle-snuff: tallow-
Q 2-F) ⁵⁷ Puckeridge: village in Hertfordshire (25 miles from London) ⁵⁹ Shall I: ('I shall'

Wife. I thought he would tell him.

Vent. Unhappy that I am, to lose my child!
Now I begin to think on Jasper's words,
Who oft hath urg'd to me thy foolishness. 10
Why didst thou let her go? Thou lov'st her not,
That wouldst bring home thy life, and not
bring her.

Hum. Father, forgive me. Shall I tell you
true?

Look on my shoulders, they are black and blue.
Whilst to and fro fair Luce and I were winding, 15

He came and basted me with a hedge-binding.
Vent. Get men and horses straight: we will
be there

Within this hour. You know the place again?
Hum. I know the place where he my loins
did swaddle;

I 'll get six horses, and to each a saddle. 20

Vent. Meantime I 'll go talk with Jasper's
father. *Exeunt* [*severally*].

Wife. George, what wilt thou lay with me
now, that Master Humphrey has not Mistress
Luce yet? Speak, George, what wilt thou lay
with me? 25

Cit. No, Nell; I warrant thee Jasper is at
Puckeridge with her by thus.

Wife. Nay, George, you must consider Mistress
Luce's feet are tender; and besides 't is
dark; and, I promise you truly, I do not see 30
how he should get out of Waltham Forest with
her yet

Cit. Nay, cony, what wilt thou lay with me,
that Ralph has her not yet?

Wife. I will not lay against Ralph, honey, 35
because I have not spoken with him. But look,
George, peace! here comes the merry old
gentleman again.

[SCENE VII. — *Merrythought's House.*]

Enter old Merrythought

Mer. [*sings*]

When it was grown to dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In came Margaret's grimy ghost,
And stood at William's feet

I have money, and meat, and drink before- 35
hand, till to-morrow at noon; why should I be
sad? Methinks I have half-a-dozen jovial spirits
within me! [*Sings.*]

I am three merry men, and three merry men!

To what end should any man be sad in this [10
world? Give me a man who when he goes to
hanging cries,

Trowl the black bowl to me!

and a woman that will sing a catch in her trav-
ail! I have seen a man come by my door [15
with a serious face, in a black cloak, without a
hatband, carrying his head as if he look'd for
pins in the street; I have look'd out of my win-
dow half a year after, and have spied that man's
head upon London-bridge. 'T is vile: never [20
trust a tailor that does not sing at his work; his
mind is of nothing but filching.

Wife. Mark this, George; 't is worth noting:
Godfrey my tailor, you know, never sings, and
he had fourteen yards to make this gown: [25
and I 'll be sworn, Mistress Pennistone, the
draper's wife, had one made with twelve.

Mer. [*sings*]

'T is mirth that fills the veins with blood,
More than wine, or sleep, or food;
Let each man keep his heart at ease, 30
No man dies of that disease.
He that would his body keep
From diseases, must not weep;
But whoever laughs and sings,
Never he his body brings 35
Into fevers, gouts, or rheums,
Or ling'ringly his lungs consumes,
Or meets with achés in the bone,
Or catarrhs or griping stone;
But contented lives for aye: 40
The more he laughs, the more he may.

Wife. Look, George; how saist thou by
this, George? Is 't not a fine old man? — Now,
God's blessing o' thy sweet lips! — When wilt
thou be so merry, George? Faith, thou art [45
the frowning'st little thing, when thou art
angry, in a country.

Enter Merchant [*Venturewell*]

Cil. Peace, cony; thou shalt see him taken
down too, I warrant thee. Here 's Luce's
father come now. 50

Mer. [*sings*.]

As you came from Walsingham,
From that holy land,
There met you not with my true love
By the way as you came?

Vent. Oh, Master Merrythought, my daugh-
ter 's gone! 55
This mirth becomes you not; my daughter 's
gone!

Mer. [*sings*.]

Why, an if she be, what care I?
Or let her come, or go, or tarry.

Vent. Mock not my misery; it is your son
(Whom I have made my own, when all forsook
him) 60

Has stol'n my only joy, my child away.

Mer. [*sings*.]

He set her on a milk-white steed,
And himself upon a grey;
He never turn'd his face again,
But he bore her quite away. 65

Vent. Unworthy of the kindness I have
shown

To thee and thine! too late I well perceive
Thou art consenting to my daughter's loss.

Mer. Your daughter! what a stir 's here wi'
your daughter? Let her go, think no more [70
on her, but sing loud If both my sons were on
the gallows, I would sing,

Down, down, down they fall;
Down, and arise they never shall.

Vent. Oh, might I behold her once again, 75
And she once more embrace her aged sire!

Mer. Fie, how scurvily this goes! "And she
once more embrace her aged sire"? You 'll
make a dog on her, will ye? She cares much
for her aged sire, I warrant you. [*Sings*.]

She cares not for her daddy, nor 81
She cares not for her mammy,
For she is, she is, she is, she is
My lord of Lowgave's lassy.

Vent. For this thy scorn I will pursue that
son 85
Of thine to death.

Mer. Do; and when you ha' kill'd him,
[*Sings*.]

Give him flowers enow, palmer, give him flowers
enow;
Give him red, and white, and blue, green, and
yellow.

Vent. I 'll fetch my daughter —

Mer. I 'll hear no more o' your daughter; it
spoils my mirth. 91

Vent. I say, I 'll fetch my daughter.

Mer. [*sings*.]

Was never man for lady's sake,
Down, down,
Tormented as I, poor Sir Guy, 95
De derry down,
For Lucy's sake, that lady bright,
Down, down,
As ever men beheld with eye
De derry down 100

Vent. I 'll be reveng'd, by Heaven!

Exeunt [*severally*].

Music. Finis Actus secundi

¹⁸ Trowl: pass round ³⁰ London-bridge: where decapitated traitors' heads were placed ⁴⁷ coun-
try: countryside ⁷⁹ dog: ("sire" being a dog-fancier's term)

Wife. How dost thou like this, George?

Cil. Why, this is well, cony; but if Ralph were hot once, thou shouldst see more.

Wife. The fiddlers go again, husband. 105

Cil. Ay, Nell; but this is scurvy music. I gave the whoreson gallows money, and I think he has not got me the waits of Southwark. If I hear 'em not anon, I'll twinge him by the ears. — You musicians, play *Baloo*! 110

Wife. No, good George, let 's ha' *Lachrymæ*!

Cil. Why, this is it, cony.

Wife. It's all the better, George. Now, sweet lamb, what story is that painted upon the cloth? The Confutation of St Paul? 115

Cil. No, lamb; that's Ralph and Lucrece.

Wife. Ralph and Lucrece! Which Ralph? Our Ralph?

Cil. No, mouse; that was a Tartarian

Wife. A Tartarian! Well, I would the fiddlers had done, that we might see our Ralph again!

Actus Tertius.

Scæna Prima.

[*Wallham Forest.*]

Enter Jasper and Luce

Jasp. Come, my dear dear; though we have lost our way,

We have not lost ourselves. Are you not weary With this night's wand'ring, broken from your rest,

And frightened with the terror that attends The darkness of this wild unpeopled place? 5

Luce. No, my best friend, I cannot either fear,

Or entertain a weary thought, whilst you (The end of all my full desires) stand by me. Let them that lose their hopes, and live to languish

Amongst the number of forsaken lovers, 10 Tell the long weary steps, and number time, Start at a shadow, and shrink up their blood, Whilst I (possess'd with all content and quiet) Thus take my pretty love, and thus embrace him.

Jasp. You have caught me, Luce, so fast, that, whilst I live, 15 I shall become your faithful prisoner, And wear these chains for ever. Come, sit down, And rest your body, too, too delicate For these disturbances. — [*They sit down.*] So: will you sleep?

Come, do not be more able than you are; 20 I know you are not skilful in these watches, For women are no soldiers. Be not nice, But take it; sleep, I say.

Luce. I cannot sleep; Indeed, I cannot, friend.

Jasp. Why, then we'll sing, And try how that will work upon our senses. 25

Luce. I'll sing, or say, or anything but sleep.

Jasp. Come, little mermaid, rob me of my heart With that enchanting voice.

Luce. You mock me, Jasper. [*They sing.*]

SONG

Jasp. Tell me, dearest, what is love?

Luce. 'T is a lightning from above; 30

'T is an arrow, 't is a fire,

'T is a boy they call Desire;

'T is a smile

Doth beguile

Jasp. The poor hearts of men that prove. 35

Tell me more, are women true?

Luce. Some love change, and so do you.

Jasp. Are they fair and never kind?

Luce. Yes, when men turn with the wind.

Jasp. Are they froward? 40

Luce. Ever toward

Those that love, to love anew.

Jasp. Dissemble it no more; I see the god Of heavy sleep lay on his heavy mace 44 Upon your eyelids

Luce. I am very heavy. [*Sleeps.*]

Jasp. Sleep, sleep; and quiet rest crown thy sweet thoughts!

Keep from her fair blood distempers, startings, Horrors, and fearful shapes! Let all her dreams Be joys, and chaste delights, embraces, wishes, And such new pleasures as the ravish'd soul 50 Gives to the senses! — So; my charms have took. —

Keep her, you powers divine, whilst I contemplate

Upon the wealth and beauty of her mind!

She is only fair and constant, only kind,

And only to thee, Jasper. Oh, my joys! 55 Whither will you transport me? Let notfulness

Of my poor buried hopes come up together

And overcharge my spirits! I am weak.

Some say (however ill) the sea and women

¹⁰⁷ gallows: hangdog, cheat ¹⁰⁹ 'em: ('him' in Qq -F) ¹¹⁰ Baloo: a ballad tune ¹¹¹ Lachrymæ: a tune for the lute, composed by John Dowland (1563?-1626?) ¹¹² cloth: painted cloths were sparingly used for stage scenery ¹¹³ Confutation: i.e., conversion ¹¹⁴ Ralph ('Raph' in Q 1) and Lucrece: i.e., Rape of Lucrece ¹¹⁵ Tartarian: thief ¹¹⁶ number: count ¹¹⁷ watches: wakings
¹¹⁸ nice: fastidious ¹¹⁹ take it: yield ¹²⁰ prove: experience

Are govern'd by the moon; both ebb and
flow, 60

Both full of changes; yet to them that know,
And truly judge, these but opinions are,
And heresies, to bring on pleasing war
Between our tempers, that without these were
Both void of after-love and present fear; 65
Which are the best of Cupid. Oh, thou child
Bred from despair, I dare not entertain thee,
Having a love without the faults of women,
And greater in her perfect goods than men!
Which to make good, and please myself the
stronger, 70

Though certainly I am certain of her love,
I'll try her, that the world and memory
May sing to after-times her constancy —

[*Draws his sword.*]

Luce! Luce! awake!

Luce. Why do you fright me, friend,
With those distemper'd looks? What makes
your sword 75

Drawn in your hand? Who hath offended
you?

I prithee, Jasper, sleep; thou art wild with
watching.

Jasp. Come, make your way to Heaven, and
bid the world,

With all the villainies that stick upon it,
Farewell; you're for another life.

Luce. Oh, Jasper, 80
How have my tender years committed evil,
(Especially against the man I love)
Thus to be cropp'd untimely?

Jasp. Foolish girl,
Canst thou imagine I could love his daughter,
That flung me from my fortune into nothing? 85
Discharged me his service, shut the doors
Upon my poverty, and scorn'd my prayers,
Sending me, like a boat without a mast,
To sink or swim? Come: by this hand you
die;

I must have life and blood, to satisfy 90
Your father's wrongs.

Wife. Away, George, away! raise the watch
at Ludgate, and bring a mittimus from the
justice for this desperate villain! — Now, I
charge you, gentlemen, see the king's peace 95
kept! — Oh, my heart, what a varlet's this
to offer manslaughter upon the harmless gen-
tlewoman!

Cit. I warrant thee, sweetheart, we'll have
him hampered.

Luce. Oh, Jasper, be not cruel! 100
If thou wilt kill me, smile, and do it quickly,
And let not many deaths appear before me.
I am a woman, made of fear and love,

A weak, weak woman; kill not with thy eyes,
They shoot me through and through. Strike, I
am ready; 105
And, dying, still I love thee.

*Enter Merchant [Venturewell], Humphrey,
and his men*

Vent. Whereabouts?

Jasp. No more of this; now to myself again.
[*Aside.*]

Hum. There, there he stands, with sword,
like martial knight,
Drawn in his hand, therefore beware the fight,
You that be wise, for, were I good Sir Bevis,
I would not stay his coming, by your leaves. 111

Vent. Sirrah, restore my daughter!

Jasp. Surrah, no.

Vent. Upon him, then!

[*They attack Jasper, and force Luce
from him*]

Wife. So; down with him, down with him,
down with him!

Cut him i' th' leg, boys, cut him i' th' leg! 116

Vent. Come your ways, munion: I'll provide
a cage

For you, you're grown so tame. — Horse her
away.

Hum. Truly, I'm glad your forces have the
day. *Exeunt. Manet Jasper.*

Jasp. They are gone, and I am hurt; my
love is lost, 120

Never to get again Oh, me unhappy!
Bleed, bleed and die! I cannot. Oh, my
folly,

Thou hast betray'd me! Hope, where art thou
fled?

Tell me, if thou be'st anywhere remaining,
Shall I but see my love again? Oh, no! 125

She will not deign to look upon her butcher,
Nor is it fit she should, yet I must venter.

Oh, Chance, or Fortune, or whate'er thou
art,

That men adore for powerful, hear my cry,
And let me loving live, or losing die! *Exit.*

Wife. Is 'a gone, George? 131
Cit. Ay, cony.

Wife. Marry, and let him go, sweetheart. By
the faith o' my body, 'a has put me into such
a fright, that I tremble (as they say) as 135
't were an aspen-leaf Look o' my little finger,
George, how it shakes Now, i' truth, every
member of my body is the worse for 't.

Cit. Come, hug in mine arms, sweet mouse;
he shall not fright thee any more. Alas, mine
own dear heart, how it quivers! 141

[SCENE II. — *The Bell Inn.*]

Enter Mistress Merrythought, Ralph, Michael, Squire [Tim], Dwarf [George], Host, and a Tapster

Wife. Oh, Ralph! how dost thou, Ralph? How hast thou slept to-night? Has the knight us'd thee well?

Cit. Peace, Nell; let Ralph alone.

Tap. Master, the reckoning is not paid. 5
Ralph. Right courteous knight, who, for the order's sake

Which thou hast ta'en, hang'st out the holy Bell,

As I this flaming Pestle bear about,
We render thanks to your puissant self,
Your beauteous lady, and your gentle squires,
For thus refreshing of our wearied limbs, 11
Stiff'ned with hard achievements in wild desert.

Tap. Sir, there is twelve shillings to pay.

Ralph. Thou merry Squire Tapstero, thanks to thee

For comforting our souls with double jug: 15
And, if advent'rous fortune prick thee forth,
Thou jovial squire, to follow feats of arms,
Take heed thou tender every lady's cause,
Every true knight, and every damsel fair;
But spill the blood of treacherous Saracens, 20
And false enchanters that with magic spells
Have done to death full many a noble knight.

Host. Thou valiant Knight of the Burning Pestle, give ear to me; there is twelve shillings to pay, and, as I am a true knight, I will not 25
bate a penny.

Wife. George, I prithee, tell me, must Ralph pay twelve shillings now?

Cit. No, Nell, no; nothing but the old knight is merry with Ralph. 30

Wife. Oh, is 't nothing else? Ralph will be as merry as he.

Ralph. Sir Knight, this mirth of yours becomes you well;

But to requite this liberal courtesie,
If any of your squires will follow arms, 35
He shall receive from my heroic hand
A knighthood, by the virtue of this Pestle.

Host. Fair knight, I thank you for your noble offer:

Therefore, gentle knight,
Twelve shillings you must pay, or I must cap you. 40

Wife. Look, George! did not I tell thee as much? The knight of the Bell is in earnest.

Ralph shall not be beholding to him: give him his money, George, and let him go snick up.

Cit. Cap Ralph? No. — Hold your hand, 45
Sir Knight of the Bell; there's your money [gives money.]: have you anything to say to Ralph now? Cap Ralph!

Wife. I would you should know it, Ralph has friends that will not suffer him to be capp'd 50
for ten times so much, and ten times to the end of that. — Now take thy course, Ralph.

Mist. Mer. Come, Michael; thou and I will go home to thy father; he hath enough left to keep us a day or two, and we 'll set fellows 55
abroad to cry our purse and our casket: shall we, Michael?

Misch. Ay, I pray, mother; in truth my feet are full of chilblains with travelling.

Wife. Faith, and those chilblains are a 60
foul trouble. Mistress Merrythought, when your youth comes home, let him rub all the soles of his feet, and his heels, and his ankles, with a mouse-skin; or, if none of your people can catch a mouse, when he goes to bed, let 65
him roll his feet in the warm embers, and, I warrant you, he shall be well; and you may make him put his fingers between his toes, and smell to them: it's very sovereign for his head, if he be costive. 70

Mist. Mer. Master Knight of the Burning Pestle, my son Michael and I bid you farewell: I thank your worship heartily for your kindness.

Ralph. Farewell, fair lady, and your tender squire. 75
If pricking through these deserts, I do hear
Of any traitorous knight, who through his guile

Hath light upon your casket and your purse,
I will despoil him of them, and restore them.

Mist. Mer. I thank your worship 80

Exit with Michael.

Ralph. Dwarf, bear my shield; squire, elevate my lance: —
And now farewell, you Knight of holy Bell.

Cit. Ay, ay, Ralph, all is paid.

Ralph. But yet, before I go, speak, worthy knight,
If aught you do of sad adventures know, 85
Where errant knight may through his prowess win

Eternal fame, and free some gentle souls
From endless bonds of steel and ling'ring pain.

Host. Sirrah, go to Nick the barber, and bid

¹ to-night: last night ¹⁵ double jug: extra strong ale ²⁵ bate: rebate ⁴⁰ cap: arrest (from writ of "capias") ⁵⁵ sovereign: efficacious ⁷⁰ costive: constipated ⁸⁵ sad: arduous ⁹⁰ knight: "Knights' Qq, F)

him prepare himself, as I told you before, [90
quickly.

Tap. I am gone, sir.

Exil.

Host. Sir Knight, this wilderness affordeth
none

But the great venture, where full many a
knight

Hath tried his prowess, and come off with
shame;

And where I would not have you lose your life,
Against no man, but furious fiend of hell.

Ralph. Speak on, Sir Knight; tell what he
is and where:

For here I vow, upon my blazing badge,
Never to blaze a day in quietness,

But bread and water will I only eat, 100
And the green herb and rock shall be my
couch,

Till I have quell'd that man, or beast, or
fiend,

That works such damage to all errant knights.

Host. Not far from hence, near to a craggy
cliff, 105

At the north end of this distressed town,
There doth stand a lowly house,

Ruggedly builded, and in it a cave
In which an ugly giant now doth won,

Ycleped Barbaroso: in his hand 110
He shakes a naked lance of purest steel,

With sleeves turn'd up; and him before he
wears

A motley garment, to preserve his clothes
From blood of those knights which he massa-
cres,

And ladies gent: without his door doth hang
A copper basin on a prickant spear; 116

At which no sooner gentle knights can knock,
But the shrill sound fierce Barbaroso hears,

And rushing forth, brings in the errant knight
And sets him down in an enchanted chair, 120

Then with an engine, which he hath prepar'd,
With forty teeth, he claws his courtly crown;

Next makes him wink, and underneath his chin
He plants a brazen piece of mighty bord.

And knocks his bullets round about his cheeks;
Whilst with his fingers, and an instrument 126

With which he snaps his hair off, he doth fill
The wretch's ears with a most hideous noise.

Thus every knight-adventurer he doth trim,
And now no creature dares encounter him. 130

Ralph. In God's name, I will fight him.

Kind sir,

Go but before me to this dismal cave,

Where this huge giant Barbaroso dwells,
And, by that virtue that brave Rosicler
That damned brood of ugly giants slew, 135
And Palmerin Franarco overthrew,
I doubt not but to curb this traitor foul,
And to the devil send his guilty soul.

Host. Brave-sprighted knight, thus far I will
perform

This your request I'll bring you within sight
Of this most loathsome place, inhabited 141

By a more loathsome man; but dare not stay,
For his main force swoops all he sees away.

Ralph. Saint George, set on before! March,
squire and page! *Exeunt.*

Wife. George, dost think Ralph will con- 145
found the giant?

Cil. I hold my cap to a farthing he does.
Why, Nell, I saw him wrastle with the great
Dutchman, and hurl him

Wife. Faith, and that Dutchman was a goodly
man, if all things were answerable to his 151

bigness. And yet they say there was a Scotch-
man higher than he, and that they two and a

knight met, and saw one another for nothing.
But of all the sights that ever were in Lon- 155

don, since I was married, methinks the little
child that was so far grown about the members

was the prettiest, that and the hermaphrodite.

Cil. Nay, by your leave, Nell, Ninivie was
better 160

Wife. Ninivie! Oh, that was the story of
Jone and the wall, was it not, George?

Cil. Yes, lamb.

Enter Mistress Merrythought

Wife. Look, George, here comes Mistress
Merrythought again! and I would have Ralph

come and fight with the giant. I tell you 166
true, I long to see 't.

Cil. Good Mistress Merrythought, begone,
I pray you, for my sake; I pray you, forbear a

little; you shall have audience presently. 170
I have a little business

Wife. Mistress Merrythought, if it please
you to refrain your passion a little, till Ralph

have despatch'd the giant out of the way, we
shall think ourselves much bound to you. 175

I thank you, good Mistress Merrythought.

Exit Mistress Merrythought.

Enter a Boy

Cil. Boy, come hither. Send away Ralph
and this whoreson giant quickly.

¹⁰⁸ quell'd: killed ¹⁰⁹ won: dwell ¹¹⁸ gent: gentle ¹¹⁶ (The sign of the barber-surgeons)
prickant: pointing upward ¹²¹ engine: i.e., comb ¹²³ wink: shut the eyes ¹²⁴ piece: barber's
bowl ¹²⁵ bord: rim ¹²⁶ bullets: pellets of soap ¹²⁴ Rosicler: hero of *The Mirror of Knighthood*
¹²⁸ Franarco: the giant mentioned above, I iii 7 ¹²⁸ swoops: ('swoopes' Q 1) ¹⁶⁰⁻¹⁶⁸ (Compare
Tempest, II. ii 30 ff., *Alchemist*, V. i. 20 ff.) ¹⁶⁰ Ninivie: a popular puppet play or "motion"
¹⁶⁸ Jone . . . wall: Jonah and the Whale ¹⁷⁷ away: i.e., upon the stage

Boy. In good faith, sir, we cannot; you 'll ¹⁷⁹ utterly spoil our play, and make it to be hiss'd; and it cost money. You will not suffer us to go on with our plot. — I pray, gentlemen, rule him.

Cil. Let him come now and despatch this, and I 'll trouble you no more.

Boy. Will you give me your hand of that? ¹⁸⁵

Wife. Give him thy hand, George, do; and I 'll kiss him. I warrant thee, the youth means plainly.

Boy. I 'll send him to you presently. ¹⁸⁹

Wife. [*kissing him.*] I thank you, little youth. (*Exit Boy.*) Faith, the child hath a sweet breath, George; but I think it be troubled with the worms, *carduus benedictus* and mare's milk were the only thing in the world for 't. Oh, Ralph 's here, George! — God send thee good luck, Ralph! ¹⁹⁶

[SCENE III. — *Before the Barber's Shop, Wallham.*]

Enter Ralph, Host, Squire [Tim], and Dwarf [George]

Host. Puissant knight, yonder his mansion is. Lo, where the spear and copper basin are! Behold that string, on which hangs many a tooth, Drawn from the gentle jaw of wand'ring knights! I dare not stay to sound, he will appear ⁵

Exit.

Ralph. O faint not, heart! Susan, my lady dear, The cobbler's maid in Milk-street, for whose sake I take these arms, O, let the thought of thee Carry thy knight through all adventurous deeds;

And, in the honour of thy beauteous self, ¹⁰ May I destroy this monster Barbaroso! — Knock, squire, upon the basin, till it break With the shrill strokes, or till the giant speak.

[*Tim knocks upon the basin*]

Enter Barber

Wife. O, George, the giant, the giant! — Now, Ralph for thy life! ¹⁵

Bar. What fond, unknowing wight is this, that dares So rudely knock at Barbaroso's cell, Where no man comes but leaves his fleece behind?

Ralph. I, traitorous caitiff, who am sent by fate To punish all the sad enormities ²⁰

¹⁸⁸ plainly: sincerely ¹⁸⁹ presently: at once pay for ²⁴ falsify: am deceptively

Thou hast committed against ladies gent And errant knights Traitor to God and men, Prepare thyself! This is the dismal hour Appointed for thee to give strict account Of all thy beastly treacherous villainies. ²⁵

Bar. Fool-hardy knight, full soon thou shalt aby

This fond reproach: thy body will I bang;

He takes down his pole.

And, lo, upon that string thy teeth shall hang! Prepare thyself, for dead soon shalt thou be.

Ralph. 'Saint George for me! *They fight.*

Bar. Gargantua for me! ³¹

Wife. To him, Ralph, to him! hold up the giant; set out thy leg before, Ralph!

Cil. Falsify a blow, Ralph, falsify a blow! The giant lies open on the left side. ³⁵

Wife. Bear 't off, bear 't off still! there, boy! —

Oh, Ralph 's almost down, Ralph 's almost down!

Ralph. Susan, inspire me! Now have up again.

Wife. Up, up, up, up, up! so, Ralph! down with him, down with him, Ralph! ⁴⁰

Cil. Fetch him o'er the hip, boy!

[*Ralph knocks down the Barber.*]

Wife. There, boy! kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, Ralph!

Cil. No, Ralph; get all out of him first.

Ralph. Presumptuous man, see to what desperate end

Thy treachery hath brought thee! The just gods, ⁴⁵

Who never prosper those that do despise them, For all the villainies which thou hast done

To knights and ladies, now have paid thee home

By my stuff arm, a knight adventurous But say, vile wretch, before I send thy soul ⁵⁰

To sad Avernus, whither it must go, What captives holdst thou in thy sable cave?

Bar. Go in, and free them all, thou hast the day. ⁵³

Ralph. Go, squire and dwarf, search in this dreadful cave,

And free the wretched prisoners from their bonds *Exeunt Squire and Dwarf.*

Bar. I crave for mercy, as thou art a knight, And scorn'st to spill the blood of those that beg.

Ralph. Thou show'd'st no mercy, nor shalt thou have any;

Prepare thyself, for thou shalt surely die.

⁵ sound: blow horn ¹⁸ fond: foolish ²⁸ aby:

*Enter Squire [Tim], leading one winking,
with a basin under his chin*

Tim. Behold, brave knight, here is one
prisoner, 60
Whom this wild man hath used as you see.

Wife. This is the first wise word I heard the
squire speak.

Ralph. Speak what thou art, and how thou
hast been us'd,

That I may give him condign punishment. 65
1 Kn. I am a knight that took my journey
post

Northward from London; and in courteous
wise

This giant train'd me to his loathsome den,
Under pretence of killing of the itch;
And all my body with a powder strew'd, 70
That smarts and stings; and cut away my
beard,

And my curl'd locks wherein were ribands tied,
And with a water wash'd my tender eyes,
(Whilst up and down about me still he skipp'd,) 75
Whose virtue is, that, till mine eyes be wip'd
With a dry cloth, for this my foul disgrace, 76
I shall not dare to look a dog i' th' face

Wife. Alas, poor knight! — Relieve him,
Ralph, relieve poor knights, whilst you live

Ralph My trusty squire, convey him to the
town, 80
Where he may find relief — Adieu, fair knight
Exil Knight.

*Enter Dwarf [George], leading one with a
patch o'er his nose*

George. Puissant Knight, of the Burning Pes-
tle hight,

See here another wretch, whom this foul beast
Hath scorch'd and scor'd in this inhuman wise

Ralph Speak me thy name, and eke thy
place of birth, 85

And what hath been thy usage in this cave.

2 Kn. I am a knight, Sir Pockhole is my
name,

And by my birth I am a Londoner,
Free by my copy, but my ancestors
Were Frenchmen all; and riding hard this
way 90

Upon a trotting horse, my bones did ache;
And I, faint knight, to ease my weary limbs,
Light at this cave: when straight this furious
fiend,

With sharpest instrument of purest steel,
Did cut the gristle of my nose away, 95

And in the place this velvet plaster stands.
Relieve me, gentle knight, out of his hands!

Wife. Good Ralph, relieve Sir Pockhole, and
send him away; for in truth his breath stinks.

Ralph Convey him straight after the other
knight — 100

Sir Pockhole, fare you well

2 Kn. Kind sir, good night. *Exit.*

Man. [within] Deliver us! *Cries within.*

Woman. [within] Deliver us!

Wife. 'Hark, George, what a woeful cry there
is! I think some woman lies in there. 105

Man. [within.] Deliver us!

Woman [within] Deliver us!

Ralph. What ghastly noise is this? Speak,
Barbaroso,

Or, by this blazing steel, thy head goes off!

Bar Prisoners of mine, whom I in diet keep.
Send lower down into the cave, 111

And in a tub that 's heated smoking hot,
There may they find them, and deliver them.

Ralph Run, squire and dwarf, deliver them
with speed *Exeunt Squire and Dwarf.*

Wife But will not Ralph kill this giant?
Surely I am afeard, if he let him go, he will do
as much hurt as ever he did 117

Cit Not so, mouse, neither, if he could convert
him.

Wife. Ay, George, if he could convert him;
but a giant is not so soon converted as one of us
ordinary people. There 's a pretty tale of a
witch, that had the devil's mark about her,
(God bless us!) that had a giant to her son, 124
that was call'd Lob-lie-by-the-fire, didst never
hear it, George?

*Enter Squire [Tim], leading a Man, with a glass
of lotion in his hand, and Dwarf [George],
leading a Woman, with diet-bread and drink*

Cit. Peace, Nell, here comes the prisoners.

George Here be these pined wretches, man-
ful knight,

That for this six weeks have not seen a wight.

Ralph Deliver what you are, and how you
came 130

To this sad cave, and what your usage was?

Man. I am an errant knight that followed
arms

With spear and shield; and in my tender years
I stricken was with Cupid's fiery shaft,

And fell in love with this my lady dear, 135

And stole her from her friends in Turnbull-
street,

⁶⁰ post: in haste ⁶⁴ scorch'd: (probably) scotch'd, cut ⁶⁹ Free . . . copy: enrolled as freeman
⁷⁰ Frenchmen: (syphilis being supposed to come from France) ¹²⁴ this: ('these' Q 1) ¹³⁰ Turnbull-
street: notorious for prostitutes

And bore her up and down from town to town,

Where we did eat and drink, and music hear;
Till at the length at this unhappy town
We did arrive, and coming to this cave, 140
This beast us caught, and put us in a tub,
Where we this two months sweat, and should
have done

Another month, if you had not reliev'd us.

Woman. This bread and water hath our diet
been,

Together with a rib cut from a neck . 145
Of burned mutton hard hath been our fare.
Release us from this ugly giant's snare!

Man. This hath been all the food we have
receiv'd;

But only twice a-day, for novelty,
He gave a spoonful of this hearty broth 150
To each of us, through this same slender quill.
Pulls out a syringe.

Ralph. From this infernal monster you shall
go,

That useth knights and gentle ladies so! —
Convey them hence

Exeunt Man and Woman

Cit. Cony, I can tell thee, the gentlemen like
Ralph. 156

Wife. Ay, George, I see it well enough. —
Gentlemen, I thank you all heartily for grac-
ing my man Ralph; and I promise you, you
shall see him oft'ner. 160

Bar. Mercy, great knight! I do recant my
ill,

And henceforth never gentle blood will spill.

Ralph. I give thee mercy; but yet shalt thou
swear

Upon my Burning Pestle, to perform
Thy promise utter'd. 165

Bar. I swear and kiss. [*Kisses the Pestle.*]

Ralph. Depart, then, and amend —
[*Exit Barber*]

Come, squire and dwarf; the sun grows towards
his set,

And we have many more adventures yet.
Exeunt.

Cit. Now Ralph is in this humour, I know he
would ha' beaten all the boys in the house, if
they had been set on him 171

Wife. Ay, George, but it is well as it is. I
warrant you, the gentlemen do consider what
it is to overthrow a giant. But, look, 174
George; here comes Mistress Merrythought,
and her son Michael. — Now you are welcome,
Mistress Merrythought; now Ralph has done,
you may go on.

[SCENE IV. — *Before Merrythought's House.*]

Enter Mistress Merrythought and Michael

Mist. Mer. Mick, my boy —

Mich. Ay, forsooth, mother.

Mist. Mer. Be merry, Mick; we are at home
now; where, I warrant you, you shall find the
house flung out at the windows. [*Music* 15
within.] Hark! hey, dogs, hey! this is the old
world, i' faith, with my husband. If I get in
among 'em I 'll play 'em such a lesson, that they
shall have little list to come scraping hither
again — Why, Master Merrythought! hus-
band! Charles Merrythought! 11

Mer. within [*appearing above, and singing.*]

If you will sing, and dance, and laugh,

And hollo, and laugh again,

And then cry, "There, boys, there!" why, then, 15
One, two, three, and four,
Weshall be merry within this hour.

Mist. Mer. Why, Charles, do you not know
your own natural wife? I say, open the door,
and turn me out those mangy companions; 't is
more than time that they were fellow and 20
fellow-like with you. You are a gentleman,
Charles, and an old man, and father of two
children, and I myself, (though I say it) by my
mother's side niece to a worshipful gentleman
and a conductor; he has been three times 25
in his majesty's service at Chester, and is now
the fourth time, God bless him and his charge,
upon his journey.

Mer. [*sings.*]

Go from my window, love, go;

Go from my window, my dear! 30

The wind and the rain

Will drive you back again;

You cannot be lodged here

Hark you, Mistress Merrythought, you that
walk upon adventures, and forsake your hus- 35
band, because he sings with never a penny in
his purse; what, shall I think myself the
worse? Faith, no, I 'll be merry. You come not
here; here 's none but lads of mettle, lives of
a hundred years and upwards; care never 40
drunk their bloods, nor want made 'em warble
"Heigh-ho, my heart is heavy."

Mist. Mer. Why, Master Merrythought,
what am I, that you should laugh me to scorn
thus abruptly? Am I not your fellow-feeler, 45
as we may say, in all our miseries? your comforter
in health and sickness? Have I not brought
you children? Are they not like you, Charles?
look upon thine own image, hard-hearted man!
and yet for all this — 50

¹ world: habit ²⁰⁻²¹ fellow . . . fellow-like: ('fellow like' Q 3-F) ²² conductor: captain

Mer. [sings.] within.

Begone, begone, my juggy, my puggy,

Begone, my love, my dear!

The weather is warm,

'T will do thee no harm:

Thou canst not be lodged here. — 55

Be merry, boys! some light music, and more wine! *[Exit above.]*

Wife. He's not in earnest, I hope, George, is he?

Cit. What if he be, sweetheart? 60

Wife. Marry, if he be, George, I'll make bold to tell him he's an ingrant old man to use his bed-fellow so scurvily.

Cit. What! how does he use her, honey?

Wife. Marry, come up, sir saucebox! I think you'll take his part, will you not? Lord, how hot you are grown! You are a fine man, an you had a fine dog, it becomes you sweetly!

Cit. Nay, prithee, Nell, chide not; for, as I am an honest man and a true Christian 70 grocer, I do not like his doings.

Wife. I cry you mercy, then, George! you know we are all frail and full of infirmities. — D'ye hear, Master Merrythought? May I crave a word with you? 75

Mer within [appearing above.] Strike up lively, lads!

Wife. I had not thought, in truth, Master Merrythought, that a man of your age and discretion (as I may say) being a gentleman, 80 and therefore known by your gentle conditions, could have used so little respect to the weakness of his wife; for your wife is your own flesh, the staff of your age, your yoke-fellow, with whose help you draw through the mire of [as this transitory world] Nay, she's your own rib: and again —

Mer. [sings]

I come not hither for thee to teach,
I have no pulpit for thee to preach,
I would thou hadst kiss'd me under the breech, 90
As thou art a lady gay.

Wife. Marry, with a vengeance! I am heartily sorry for the poor gentlewoman but if I were thy wife, i' faith, greybeard, i' faith —

Cit. I prithee, sweet honeysuckle, be 95 content.

Wife. Give me such words, that am a gentlewoman born! Hang him, hoary rascal! Get me some drink, George; I am almost molten with fretting: now, beshrew his knave's heart 100 for it! *[Exit Citizen.]*

⁸⁰ ingrant: ignorant (perhaps for 'ingrate')

¹⁰⁵ Come aloft: raise your spirits ¹³⁰ in his kind: as he deserves ¹⁷⁷ begin: drink ¹ Prince of Orange: Maurice of Nassau (1567–1625) ⁴ harness: armor ⁵ Fading: an Irish dance ¹⁴ points: laces for hose

Mer. Play me a light lavolta. Come, be frolic. Fill the good fellows wine.

Mist. Mer. Why, Master Merrythought, are you disposed to make me wait here? You'll 105 open, I hope; I'll fetch them that shall open else

Mer. Good woman, if you will sing, I'll give you something; if not — *[Sings]*

You are no love for me, Margaret, 110

I am no love for you —

Come aloft, boys, aloft! *[Exit above.]*

Mist Mer Now a churl's fart in your teeth, sir! — Come, Mick, we'll not trouble him; 'a shall not ding us i' th' teeth with his bread 115 and his broth, that he shall not Come, boy; I'll provide for thee, I warrant thee. We'll go to Master Venturewell's, the merchant: I'll get his letter to mine host of the Bell in Waltham; there I'll place thee with the tapster: 120 will not that do well for thee, Mick? And let me alone for that old cuckoldly knave your father; I'll use him in his kind, I warrant ye. *[Exeunt.]*

[Re-enter Citizen with Beer]

Wife. Come, George, where's the beer?

Cit. Here, love 125

Wife This old fornicating fellow will not out of my mind yet. — Gentlemen, I'll begin to you all, and I desire more of your acquaintance with all my heart *[Drinks.]* Fill the gentlemen some beer, George *Music.* 130

Finis Actus tertii.

Actus Quartus.

Scæna Prima.

Boy danceth

Wife. Look, George, the little boy's come again: methinks he looks something like the Prince of Orange in his long stocking, if he had a little harness about his neck. George, I will have him dance *Fading* — *Fading* is a fine jig, [5 I'll assure you, gentlemen. — Begin, brother. — Now 'a capers, sweetheart! — Now a turn o' th' toe, and then tumble! cannot you tumble, youth?

Boy. No, indeed, forsooth. 10

Wife. Nor eat fire?

Boy. Neither.

Wife. Why, then, I thank you heartily; there's twopence to buy you points withal.

Enter Jasper and Boy

Jasp. There, boy, deliver this; but do it well. [*Gives a letter.*] 15

Hast thou provided me four lusty fellows,
Able to carry me? and art thou perfect
In all thy business?

Boy. Sir, you need not fear;
I have my lesson here, and cannot miss it:
The men are ready for you, and what else 20
Pertains to this employment.

Jasp. There, my boy;
Take it, but buy no land. [*Gives money*] 25

Boy. Faith, sir, 't were rare
To see so young a purchaser I fly,
And on my wings carry your destiny.

Jasp. Go and be happy! [*Exit Boy.*] Now,
my latest hope, 25

Forsake me not, but fling thy anchor out,
And let it hold! Stand fix'd, thou rolling stone,
Till I enjoy my dearest! Hear me, all
Your powers, that rule in men, celestial! *Exit.*

Wife. Go thy ways, thou art as crooked a 30
sprig as ever grew in London I warrant him,
he'll come to some naughty end or other; for
his looks say no less. Besides, his father (you
know, George) is none of the best; you heard
him take me up like a flirt-gill, and sing 35
bawdy songs upon me; but i' faith, if I live,
George —

Cit. Let me alone, sweetheart. I have a trick
in my head shall lodge him in the Arches
for one year, and make him sing *peccavi* ere 40
I leave him; and yet he shall never know who
hurt him neither.

Wife. Do, my good George, do!

Cit. What shall we have Ralph do now,
boy? 45

Boy. You shall have what you will, sir.

Cit. Why, so, sir; go and fetch me him then,
and let the Sophy of Persia come and christen
him a child. 49

Boy. Believe me, sir, that will not do so well;
't is stale; it has been had before at the Red
Bull.

Wife. George, let Ralph travel over great
hills, and let him be very weary, and come to
the King of Cracovia's house, covered with 55
velvet; and there let the king's daughter stand
in her window, all in beaten gold, combing her
golden locks with a comb of ivory; and let her
spy Ralph, and fall in love with him, and come

down to him, and carry him into her fa- 60
ther's house; and then let Ralph talk with her.

Cit. Well said, Nell; it shall be so. — Boy,
let 's ha 't done quickly.

Boy. Sir, if you will imagine all this to be
done already, you shall hear them talk to- 65
gether; but we cannot present a house covered
with black velvet, and a lady in beaten gold.

Cit. Sir boy, let 's ha 't as you can, then.

Boy. Besides, it will show ill-favouredly to
have a grocer's apprentice to court a king's 70
daughter.

Cit. Will it so, sir? You are well read in his-
tories! I pray you, what was Sir Dagonet?
Was not he apprentice to a grocer in London?
Read the play of "The Four Prentices of 75
London," where they toss their pikes so I pray
you, fetch him in, sir, fetch him in

Boy. It shall be done — It is not our fault,
gentlemen. *Exit.*

Wife. Now we shall see fine doings, I war- 80
rant 'ee, George

[SCENE II. — *King of Moldavia's Palace.*]

*Enter Ralph and the Lady [Pompiona],
Squire, and Dwarf*

Wife. Oh, here they come, how prettily the
King of Cracovia's daughter is dress'd!

Cit. Ay, Nell, it is the fashion of that coun-
try, I warrant 'ee.

Lady. Welcome, Sir Knight, unto my father's
court, 5

King of Moldavia: unto me Pompiona,
His daughter dear! But, sure, you do not like
Your entertainment, that will stay with us
No longer but a night.

Ralph. Damsel right fair,
I am on many sad adventures bound, 10

That call me forth into the wilderness;
Besides, my horse's back is something gall'd,
Which will enforce me ride a sober pace.

But many thanks, fair lady, be to you
For using errant knight with courtesy! 15

Lady. But say, brave knight, what is your
name and birth?

Ralph. My name is Ralph; I am an English-
man,

As true as steel, a hearty Englishman,
And apprentice to a grocer in the Strand
By deed indent, of which I have one part: 20
But fortune calling me to follow arms,

* flirt-gill: hussy ** Arches: ecclesiastical court in London *** Sophy . . . child: This incident occurs at close of *The Travels of Three English Brothers* by Day, Rowley, and Wilkins (1607).
**** Red Bull: a plebeian playhouse, used by the Queen's Company. * Cracovia: Poland (apparently identified with Moldavia in modern Rumania) ** Sir Dagonet: the fool at King Arthur's court *** "The . . . London": by Thomas Heywood **** deed indent: contract, made out in duplicate

On me this holy order I did take
Of Burning Pestle, which in all men's eyes
I bear, confounding ladies' enemies.

Lady. Oft have I heard of your brave coun-
trymen, 25
And fertile soil, and store of wholesome food.
My father oft will tell me of a drink
In England found, and nipitato call'd,
Which driveth all the sorrow from your hearts.

Ralph. Lady, 't is true; you need not lay
your lips 30

To better nipitato than there is
Lady. And of a wild fowl he will often
speak,

Which powd'red-beef-and-mustard called is:
For there have been great wars 'twixt us and
you;

But truly, Ralph, it was not 'long of me. 35
Tell me then, Ralph, could you contented be
To wear a lady's favour in your shield?

Ralph. I am a knight of religious order,
And will not wear a favour of a lady's 39
That trusts in Antichrist and false traditions.

Cil. Well said, Ralph! convert her, if thou
canst.

Ralph. Besides, I have a lady of my own
In merry England, for whose virtuous sake
I took these arms; and Susan is her name. 45
A cobbler's maid in Milk-street; whom I vow
Ne'er to forsake whilst life and Pestle last.

Lady. Happy that cobbling dame, whose'er
she be,
That for her own, dear Ralph, hath gotten
thee!

Unhappy I, that ne'er shall see the day 50
To see thee more, that bear'st my heart away!

Ralph. Lady, farewell; I needs must take
my leave

Lady. Hard-hearted Ralph, that ladies dost
deceive!

Cil. Hark thee, Ralph: there 's money for
thee [*gives money*] givesomething in the King of
Cracovia's house; be not beholding to him 56

Ralph. Lady, before I go, I must remember
Your father's officers, who truth to tell,
Have been about me very diligent.
Hold up thy snowy hand, thou princely maid!
There 's twelve-pence for your father's cham-
berlain; 61

And another shilling for his cook,
For, by my troth, the goose was roasted well;
And twelve-pence for your father's horse-
keeper,
For 'nointing my horse' back, and for his but-
ter 65

There is another shilling. To the maid
That wash'd my boot-hose there 's an English
groat,

And two-pence to the boy that wip'd my boots;
And last, fair lady, there is for yourself
Three-pence, to buy you pins at Bumbo Fair.

Lady. Full many thanks; and I will keep
them safe 71

Till all the heads be off, for thy sake, Ralph.

Ralph. Advance, my squire and dwarf! I
cannot stay

Lady. Thou kill'st my heart in parting thus
away. *Exeunt.*

Wife. I commend Ralph yet, that he will 75
not stoop to a Cracovian; there 's properer
women in London than any are there, I-wis.
But here comes Master Humphrey and his love
again now, George.

Cil. Ay, cony; peace 80

[SCENE III. — *Venturewell's House.*]

Enter Merchant [*Venturewell*], *Humphrey*,
Luce, and a *Boy*

Vent. Go, get you up; I will not be en-
treated;

And, gossip mine, I 'll keep you sure hereafter
From gadding out again with boys and un-
thrifths.

Come, they are women's tears; I know your
fashion, —

Go, sirrah, lock her in, and keep the key 5
Safe as you love your life

Exeunt Luce and Boy.

Now, my son Humphrey,

You may both rest assured of my love

In this, and reap your own desire

Hum. I see this love you speak of, through
your daughter,

Although the hole be little; and hereafter 10
Will yield the like in all I may or can,
Fitting a Christian and a gentleman.

Vent. I do believe you, my good son, and
thank you;

For 't were an impudence to think you flat-
tered.

Hum. It were, indeed: but shall I tell you
why? 15

I have been beaten twice about the lie.

Vent. Well, son, no more of compliment.

My daughter

Is yours again: appoint the time and take her.
We 'll have no stealing for it; I myself 19

And some few of our friends will see you married.

Hum. I would you would, I' faith! for, be it
known,

I ever was afraid to lie alone

²⁵ nipitato: nappy ale ²⁶ powd'red-: salt- ²⁷ 'long: because ²⁸ groat: fourpence ²⁹ them:
i.e., the pins ³⁰ up: upstairs ³¹ daughter: (rimed with "hereafter" in colloquial speech)

Vent. Some three days hence, then.

Hum. Three days! let me see:
'T is somewhat of the most; yet I agree,
Because I mean against the appointed day 25
To visit all my friends in new array.

Enter Servant

Serv. Sir, there's a gentlewoman without
would speak with your worship.

Vent. What is she?

Serv. Sir, I ask'd her not. 30

Vent. Bid her come in. [*Exit Servant.*]

Enter Mistress Merrythought and Michael

Mist. Mer. Peace be to your worship! I
come as a poor suitor to you, sir, in the behalf
of this child.

Vent. Are you not wife to Merrythought?

Mist. Mer. Yes, truly. Would I had ne'er 36
seen his eyes! He has undone me and himself
and his children; and there he lives at home,
and sings and hoits and revels among his
drunken companions! but, I warrant you, 40
where to get a penny to put bread in his mouth
he knows not: and therefore, if it like your
worship, I would entreat your letter to the
honest host of the Bell in Waltham, that I
may place my child under the protection of his
tapster, in some settled course of life. 46

Vent. I'm glad the heavens have heard my
prayers Thy husband,

When I was ripe in sorrows, laugh'd at me;
Thy son, like an unthankful wretch, I having
Redeem'd him from his fall, and made him
mine, 50

To show his love again, first stole my daugh-
ter,

Then wrong'd this gentleman, and, last of all,
Gave me that grief had almost brought me
down

Unto my grave, had not a stronger hand
Reliev'd my sorrows. Go, and weep as I did,
And be unpitied: for I here profess 56
An everlasting hate to all thy name.

Mist. Mer. Will you so, sir? how say you by
that? — Come, Mick; let him keep his wind to
cool his porridge. We'll go to thy nurse's, 60
Mick: she knits silk stockings, boy; and we'll
knit too, boy, and be beholding to none of
them all. *Exeunt Michael and Mother.*

Enter a Boy with a letter

Boy. Sir, I take it you are the master of this
house. 65

Vent. How then, boy?

Boy. Then to yourself, sir, comes this let-
ter.

Vent. From whom, my pretty boy?

Boy. From him that was your servant; but
no more

Shall that name ever be, for he is dead: 70
Grief of your purchas'd anger broke his heart.
I saw him die, and from his hand receiv'd
This paper, with a charge to bring it hither:
Read it, and satisfy yourself in all.

Letter

Vent. [*reads.*] Sir, that I have wronged your
love I must confess, in which I have pur- 76
chas'd to myself, besides mine own undoing,
the ill opinion of my friends. Let not your
anger, good sir, outlive me, but suffer me to
rest in peace with your forgiveness: let my 80
body (if a dying man may so much prevail with
you) be brought to your daughter, that she may
truly know my hot flames are now buried, and
withal receive a testimony of the zeal I bore
her virtue. Farewell for ever, and be ever 85
happy! *Jasper.*

God's hand is great in this. I do forgive him;
Yet I am glad he's quiet, where I hope
He will not bite again — Boy, bring the body,
And let him have his will, if that be all. 90
Boy. 'T is here without, sir.

Vent. So, sir; if you please,
You may conduct it in; I do not fear it.

Hum. I'll be your usher, boy; for, though
I say it,
He wou'd me something once, and well did pay
it. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE IV. — *Luce's Chamber.*]

Enter Luce alone

Luce. If there be any punishment inflicted
Upon the miserable, more than yet I feel,
Let it together seize me, and at once
Press down my soul! I cannot bear the pain
Of these delaying tortures. — Thou that art 5
The end of all, and the sweet rest of all,
Come, come, oh, Death! bring me to thy peace,
And blot out all the memory I nourish
Both of my father and my cruel friend! — 9
Oh, wretched maid, still living to be wretched,
To be a say to Fortune in her changes,
And grow to number times and woes together!
How happy had I been, if, being born,
My grave had been my cradle!

Enter Servant

Serv. By your leave,
Young mistress; here's a boy hath brought a
coffin: 15

²⁴ of . . . most: over-long ³⁰ hoits: plays the fool ⁷¹ your purchas'd: that which he had
aroused in you ¹¹ say: testing material

What 'a would say, I know not; but your
father
Charg'd me to give you notice. Here they come.

[*Exit.*]

Enter two bearing a Coffin, Jasper in it

Luce. For me I hope 't is come, and 't is
most welcome

Boy. Fair mistress, let me not add greater
grief

To that great store you have already Jasper 20
(That whilst he liv'd was yours, now dead
And here enclos'd) commanded me to bring
His body hither, and to crave a tear
From those fair eyes, (though he deserv'd not
pity.)

To deck his funeral; for so he bid me 25
Tell her for whom he died.

Luce He shall have many —
Good friends, depart a little, whilst I take
My leave of this dead man, that once I lov'd

Exeunt Coffin-carrier and Boy.

Hold yet a little, life! and then I give thee
To thy first heavenly being. Oh, my friend! 30
Hast thou deceiv'd me thus, and got before me?
I shall not long be after But, believe me,
Thou wert too cruel, Jasper, 'gaunst thyself,
In punishing the fault I could have pardon'd
With so untimely death: thou didst not wrong
me, 35

But ever wert most kind, most true, most lov-
ing;

And I the most unkind, most false, most cruel!
Didst thou but ask a tear? I'll give thee all,
Even all my eyes can pour down, all my sighs,
And all myself, before thou goest from me. 40
These are but sparing rites, but if thy soul
Be yet about this place, and can behold
And see what I prepare to deck thee with,
It shall go up, borne on the wings of peace,
And satisfied. First will I sing thy dirge, 45
Then kiss thy pale lips, and then die myself,
And fill one coffin and one grave together

SONG

Come, you whose loves are dead,

And, whilst I sing,

Weep, and wring 50

Every hand, and every head
Bind with cypress and sad yew;
Ribands black and candles blue
For him that was of men most true!

Come with heavy moaning, 55
And on his grave
Let him have

Sacrifice of sighs and groaning;

Let him have fair flowers enow,
White and purple, green and yellow, 60
For him that was of men most true!

Thou sable cloth, sad cover of my joys,
I lift thee up, and thus I meet with death.

[*Removes the cloth, and Jasper rises
out of the coffin.*]

Jasp. And thus you meet the living.

Luce. Save me, Heaven!

Jasp. Nay, do not fly me, fair; I am no
spirit: 65

Look better on me; do you know me yet?

Luce. Oh, thou dear shadow of my friend!

Jasp. Dear substance!

I swear I am no shadow; feel my hand.

It is the same it was, I am your Jasper,
Your Jasper that 's yet living, and yet loving.
Pardon my rash attempt, my foolish proof 71
I put in practice of your constancy;

For sooner should my sword have drunk my
blood,

And set my soul at liberty, than drawn
The least drop from that body. for which bold-
ness 75

Doom me to anything, if death, I take it,
And willingly.

Luce This death I'll give you for it.
[*Kisses him.*]

So, now I am satisfied you are no spirit,
But my own truest, truest, truest friend.
Why do you come thus to me?

Jasp. First, to see you; 80
Then to convey you hence

Luce It cannot be;

For I am lock'd up here, and watch'd at all
hours,

That 't is impossible for me to 'scape

Jasp. Nothing more possible Within this
coffin

Do you convey yourself Let me alone: 85
I have the wits of twenty men about me.

Only I crave the shelter of your closet
A little, and then fear me not. Creep in,
That they may presently convey you hence: 89
Fear nothing, dearest love; I'll be your second;

[*Luce lies down in the coffin, and
Jasper covers her with the cloth.*]

Lie close: so, all goes well yet. — Boy!

[*Re-enter Boy and Man*]

Boy. At hand, sir.

Jasp. Convey away the coffin, and be wary.

Boy. 'T is done already.

[*Exeunt with the coffin.*]

Jasp. Now must I go conjure.

Exit [*into a closet*].

¹⁷ S. D. two: (i e., the Boy and another) ⁴¹ These: ('There' Qq, F) ⁵⁵ moaning: ('mourning'
Qq, F) ⁷⁵ satisfied: convinced ⁸⁸ fear me not: have no fear for me ⁹⁰ second: helper
⁹¹ close: concealed

*Enter Merchant [Venturewell]**Vent.* Boy, boy!*Boy.* Your servant, sir. 95

Vent. Do me this kindness, boy: — (hold, here 's a crown:) — Before thou bury the body of this fellow, carry it to his old merry father, and salute him from me, and bid him sing. He hath cause. 100

Boy. I will, sir.*Vent.* And then bring me word what tune he is in,

And have another crown; but do it truly. 103
I have fitted him a bargain now will vex him

Boy. God bless your worship's health, sir!*Vent.* Farewell, boy! *Exeunt [severally].*[SCENE V. — *Merrythought's House.*]*Enter Master Merrythought*

Wife Ah, old Merrythought, art thou there again? Let 's hear some of thy songs.

Mer. [sings]

Who can sing a merrier note
Than he that cannot change a groat?

Not a denier left, and yet my heart leaps I | s
do wonder yet, as old as I am, that any man
will follow a trade, or serve, that may sing and
laugh, and walk the streets. My wife and both
my sons are I know not where, I have nothing
left, nor know I how to come by meat to sup- | 10
per, yet am I merry still, for I know I shall find
it upon the table at six o'clock. Therefore,
hang thought! [Sings.]

I would not be a serving-man
To carry the cloak-bag still, 15
Nor would I be a falconer
The greedy hawks to fill;
But I would be in a good house,
And have a good master too;
But I would eat and drink of the best, 20
And no work would I do

This is it that keeps life and soul together,
— mirth; this is the philosopher's stone that
they write so much on, that keeps a man ever
young 25

Enter a Boy

Boy. Sir, they say they know all your money
is gone, and they will trust you for no more
drink.

Mer. Will they not? let 'em choose! The
best is, I have mirth at home, and need not | 30
send abroad for that; let them keep their drink
to themselves. [Sings.]

¹ denier: penny ¹⁵ cloak-bag: traveling-bag ¹⁷ all: feed ²⁰ Eedy: Edith ²⁵ strike
stroke: have a hand ²⁴ upon a conduit: standing on a hydrant

For Jilhan of Berry, she dwells on a hill,
And she hath good beer and ale to sell, 35
And of good fellows she thinks no ill;
And thither will we go now, now now,
And thither will we go now.

And when you have made a little stay,
You need not ask what is to pay,
But kiss your hostess, and go your way; 40
And thither will we go now, now, now,
And thither will we go now.

*Enter another Boy**2 Boy.* Sir, I can get no bread for supper.

Mer. Hang bread and supper! Let 's pre-
serve our mirth, and we shall never feel | 45
hunger, I 'll warrant you Let 's have a catch;
boy, follow me, come sing this catch.

Ho, ho, nobody at home!
Meat, nor drink, nor money ha' we none. 50
Fill the pot, Eedy,
Never more need I

Mer. So, boys, enough Follow me: let 's
change our place, and we shall laugh afresh

Exeunt.

Wife. Let him go, George, 'a shall not have
any countenance from us, nor a good word from
any i' th' company, if I may strike stroke in 't.

Cut. No more 'a sha'not, love But, Nell, | 57
I will have Ralph do a very notable matter now,
to the eternal honour and glory of all grocers.
— Sirrah! you there, boy! Can none of you
hear? 61

*[Enter Boy]**Boy.* Sir, your pleasure?

Cut. Let Ralph come out on May-day in the
morning, and speak upon a conduit, with all his
scarfs about him, and his feathers, and his
rings, and his knacks 66

Boy. Why, sir, you do not think of our plot.
What will become of that, then?

Cut. Why, sir, I care not what become on 't:
I 'll have him come out, or I 'll fetch him | 70
out myself, I 'll have something done in honour
of the city Besides, he hath been long enough
upon adventures Bring him out quickly; or, if
I come in amongst you —

Boy. Well, sir, he shall come out, but if our
play miscarry, sir, you are like to pay for 't. | 76

Cut. Bring him away then!*Exit Boy.*

Wife. This will be brave, i' faith! George,
shall not he dance the morris too, for the credit
of the Strand? 80

Cut. No, sweetheart, it will be too much for
the boy. Oh, there he is, Nell! he 's reason-

able well in repara! but he has not rings enough.

Enter Ralph [dressed as a May-lord]

Ralph. London, to thee I do present the merry month of May, ⁸⁵
Let each true subject be content to hear me what I say:

For from the top of conduit-head, as plainly may appear,

I will both tell my name to you, and wherefore I came here

My name is Ralph, by due descent though not ignoble I,

Yet far inferior to the flock of gracious grocery, ⁹⁰
And by the common counsel of my fellows in the Strand,

With gilded staff and crossed scarf, the May-lord here I stand.

Rejoice, oh, English hearts, rejoice! rejoice, oh, lovers dear!

Rejoice, oh, city, town, and country! rejoice, eke every shire!

For now the fragrant flowers do spring and sprout in seemly sort, ⁹⁵

The little birds do sit and sing, the lambs do make fine sport,

And now the birchen-tree doth bud, that makes the schoolboy cry.

The morris rings, while hobby-horse doth foot it fealeously,

The lords and ladies now abroad, for their disport and play,

Do kiss sometimes upon the grass, and sometimes in the hay, ¹⁰⁰

Now butter with a leaf of sage is good to purge the blood,

Fly Venus and phlebotomy, for they are neither good

Now little fish on tender stone begin to cast their bellies,

And sluggish snails, that erst were mew'd, do creep out of their shellies;

The rumbling rivers now do warm, for little boys to paddle, ¹⁰⁵

The sturdy steed now goes to grass, and up they hang his saddle,

The heavy hart, the bellowing buck, the rascal, and the pricket,

Are now among the yeoman's peas, and leave the fearful thicket.

And be like them, oh, you, I say, of this same noble town,

And lift aloft your velvet heads, and slipping off your gown, ¹¹⁰

With bells on legs, and napkins clean unto your shoulders tied,

With scarfs and garters as you please, and "Hey for our town!" cried,

March out, and show your willing minds, by twenty and by twenty,

To Hogsden or to Newington, where ale and cakes are plenty,

And let it ne'er be said for shame, that we the youths of London ¹¹⁵

Lay thrumming of our caps at home, and left our custom undone

Up, then, I say, both young and old, both man and maid a-maying,

With drums, and guns that bounce aloud, and merry labor playing!

Which to prolong, God save our king, and send his country peace,

And root out treason from the land! and so, my friends, I cease *Exit.* ¹²⁰

Finis Act 4

Actus Quintus.

Scæna Prima.

[*Venturewell's House*]

Enter Merchant [Venturewell], solus

Vent I will have no great store of company at the wedding, a couple of neighbours and their wives; and we will have a capon in stewed broth, with marrow, and a good piece of beef stuck with rosemary ⁵

Enter Jasper, his face mealed

Jasp Forbear thy pains, fond man! it is too late

Vent Heaven bless me! Jasper!

Jasp Ay, I am his ghost,

Whom thou hast injur'd for his constant love, Fond worldly wretch! who dost not understand In death that true hearts cannot parted be. ¹⁰

First know, thy daughter is quite borne away On wings of angels, through the liquid air,

To far out of thy reach, and never more Shalt thou behold her face. but she and I

Will in another world enjoy our loves, ¹⁵ Where neither father's anger, poverty,

Nor any cross that troubles earthly men, Shall make us sever our united hearts.

And never shalt thou sit or be alone In any place, but I will visit thee ²⁰

With ghastly looks, and put into thy mind The great offences which thou didst to me.

⁸⁵⁻⁹⁰ (Parody of *Spanish Tragedy*, I. i. 5-7)

⁹⁵ fealeously: nimbly

¹⁰⁵ bellies: i.e. spawm

¹⁰⁴ mew'd: confined ('mute' Qq -F)

¹⁰⁷ rascal: lean deer

¹¹⁰ thrumming: affixing tufts or thrums of wool

¹¹⁵ bounce: make a report

¹²⁰ tabor: small drum

⁵ S. D. mealed: whitened with flour ¹⁵ To: ('Too' Q 2, F)

When thou art at thy table with thy friends,
Merry in heart, and fill'd with swelling wine,
I'll come in midst of all thy pride and mirth, 25
Invisible to all men but thyself,
And whisper such a sad tale in thine ear
Shall make thee let the cup fall from thy hand,
And stand as mute and pale as death itself.

Vent. Forgive me, Jasper! Oh, what might
I do, 30

Tell me, to satisfy thy troubled ghost?

Jasp. There is no means; too late thou
think'st of this

Vent. But tell me what were best for me to
do?

Jasp. Repent thy deed, and satisfy my
father,

And beat fond Humphrey out of thy doors. 35
Exit.

Wife. Look, George; his very ghost would
have folks beaten.

Enter Humphrey

Hum. Father, my bride is gone, fair Mistress
Luce.

My soul's the fount of vengeance, mischief's
sluice.

Vent. Hence, fool, out of my sight with thy
fond passion! 40

Thou hast undone me. [*Beats him*]

Hum. Hold, my father dear,
For Luce thy daughter's sake, that had no
peer!

Vent. Thy father, fool! There's some blows
more, begone — [*Beats him*]

Jasper, I hope thy ghost be well appeas'd
To see thy will perform'd Now will I go 45
To satisfy thy father for thy wrongs *Exit*

Hum. What shall I do? I have been beaten
twice,

And Mistress Luce is gone. Help me, device!
Since my true love is gone, I never more,
Whilst I do live, upon the sky will pore; 50
But in the dark will wear out my shoe-soles
In passion in Saint Faith's church under Paul's

Exit.

Wife. George, call Ralph hither; if you love
me, call Ralph hither: I have the bravest thing
for him to do, George; prithee, call him quickly.

Cit. Ralph! why, Ralph, boy! 56

Enter Ralph

Ralph. Here, sir.

Cit. Come hither, Ralph; come to thy mis-
tress, boy.

Wife. Ralph, I would have thee call all 60
the youths together in battle-ray, with drums,
and guns, and flags, and march to Mile-End in
pompous fashion, and there exhort your sol-
diers to be merry and wise, and to keep their
beards from burning, Ralph; and then skir- 65
mish, and let your flags fly, and cry, "Kill,
kill, kill!" My husband shall lend you his jer-
kin, Ralph, and there's a scarf; for the rest,
the house shall furnish you, and we'll pay for't.
Do it bravely, Ralph; and think before 70
whom you perform, and what person you rep-
resent.

Ralph. I warrant you, mistress; if I do it
not for the honour of the city and the credit
of my master, let me never hope for free- 75
dom!

Wife. 'T is well spoken, i' faith. Go thy
ways; thou art a spark indeed.

Cit. Ralph, Ralph, double your files bravely,
Ralph! 80

Ralph. I warrant you, sir *Exit.*

Cit. Let him look narrowly to his service; I
shall take him else. I was there myself a pike-
man once, in the hottest of the day, wench;
had my feather shot sheer away, the fringe of
my pike burnt off with powder, my pate 85
broken with a scouring-stick, and yet, I thank
God, I am here *Drum within.*

Wife. Hark, George, the drums!

Cit. Ran, tan, tan, tan; ran, tan! Oh, wench,
an thou hadst but seen little Ned of Aldgate, 91
Drum Ned, how he made it roar again, and
laid on like a tyrant, and then struck softly till
the ward came up, and then thund'ed again,
and together we go! "Sa, sa, sa, bounce!" 95
quothe the guns; "Courage, my hearts!"
quothe the captains; "Saint George!" quothe
the pikemen; and withal, here they lay, and
there they lay. and yet for all this I am here,
wench. 100

Wife. Be thankful for it, George; for indeed
't is wonderful

[SCENE II — A Street.]

*Enter Ralph and his Company, with drums
and colours*

Ralph. March fair, my hearts! Lieutenant,
beat the rear up. — Ancient, let your colours
fly; but have a great care of the butchers'
hooks at Whitechapel; they have been the
death of many a fair ancient. — Open your 15
files, that I may take a view both of your per-
sons and munition. — Sergeant, call a muster.

* Reminiscence of Banquo's ghost ** passion: grief Saint Faith's: a parish church built under
the choir of old St. Paul's 75-76 freedom: s.e., rank of freeman in the Grocers' guild ** service: drill
** take: detect his errors ** scouring-stick: ramrod ** ward: detachment of militia ** Ancient:
ensign-bearer ** ancient: ensign

Serg. A stand! — William Hammerton, pewterer!

Ham. Here, captain! 10

Ralph. A corselet and a Spanish pike; 't is well: can you shake it with a terror?

Ham. I hope so, captain.

Ralph. Charge upon me. [*He charges on Ralph*] — 'T is with the weakest: put more strength, William Hammerton, more strength. As you were again! — Proceed, Sergeant.

Serg. George Greengoose, poulterer!

Green. Here!

Ralph. Let me see your piece, neighbour 20 Greengoose: when was she shot in?

Green. An 't like you, master captain, I made a shot even now, partly to scour her, and partly for audacity

Ralph. It should seem so certainly, for her 25 breath is yet inflamed, besides, there is a main-fault in the touch-hole, it runs and stinketh, and I tell you moreover, and believe it, ten such touch-holes would breed the pox in the army Get you a feather, neighbour, get you 30 a feather, sweet oil, and paper, and your piece may do well enough yet. Where 's your powder?

Green. Here

Ralph. What, in a paper! As I am a soldier and a gentleman, it craves a martial court! 35 You ought to die for 't. Where 's your horn? Answer me to that.

Green. An 't like you, sir, I was oblivious

Ralph. It likes me not you should be so; 't is a shame for you, and a scandal to all our 40 neighbours, being a man of worth and estimation, to leave your horn behind you: I am afraid 't will breed example But let me tell you no more on 't. — Stand, till I view you all. What 's become o' th' nose of your flask? 45

1 Sold. Indeed, la, captain, 't was blown away with powder

Ralph. Put on a new one at the city's charge. — Where 's the stone of this piece?

2 Sold. The drummer took it out to light 50 tobacco.

Ralph. 'T is a fault, my friend, put it in again — You want a nose, — and you a stone. — Sergeant, take a note on 't, for I mean to stop it in the pay. — Remove, and march! [*They* 55 *march.*] Soft and fair, gentlemen, soft and fair! Double your files! As you were! Faces about! Now, you with the sodden face, keep in there! Look to your match, sirrah, it will be in your fellow's flask anon. So; make a crescent now: 60 advance your pikes: stand and give ear! — Gentlemen, countrymen, friends, and my fellow-soldiers, I have brought you this day, from the shops of security and the counters of content, to

measure out in these furious fields honour by 65 the ell, and prowess by the pound. Let it not, oh, let it not, I say, be told hereafter, the noble issue of this city fainted; but bear yourselves in this fair action like men, valiant men, and free men! Fear not the face of the enemy, 70 nor the noise of the guns, for, believe me, brethren, the rude rumbling of a brewer's car is far more terrible, of which you have a daily experience. Neither let the stink of powder offend you, since a more valiant stink is nightly with you 76

To a resolved mind his home is everywhere:

I speak not this to take away

The hope of your return; for you shall see

(I do not doubt it) and that very shortly 80

Your loving wives again and your sweet children,

Whose care doth bear you company in baskets. Remember, then, whose cause you have in hand, And, like a sort of true-born scavengers,

Scour me this famous realm of enemies 85

I have no more to say but this: stand to your tacklings, lads, and show to the world you can as well brandish a sword as shake an apron. Saint George, and on, my hearts!

Omnes. Saint George, Saint George! 90

Exeunt.

Wife. 'T was well done, Ralph! I 'll send thee a cold capon a-field and a bottle of March beer; and, it may be, come myself to see thee.

Cut. Nell, the boy has deceived me much; I did not think it had been in him. He has 95 performed such a matter, wench, that, if I live, next year I 'll have him captain of the galley-foist or I 'll want my will.

[SCENE III — *Merrythought's House*]

Enter Old Merrythought

Mer. Yet, I thank God, I break not a wrinkle more than I had. Not a stoop, boys! Care, live with cats; I defy thee! My heart is as sound as an oak; and though I want drink to wet my whistle, I can sing; [*Sings.*] 5

Come no more there, boys, come no more there; For we shall never whilst we live come any more there

Enter a Boy, [and two Men] with a Coffin

Boy. God save you, sir!

Mer. It 's a brave boy. Canst thou sing?

Boy. Yes, sir, I can sing; but 't is not so 10 necessary at this time

Mer. [*sings*]

Sing we, and chant it;

Whilst love doth grant it.

¹⁰ piece: muaket ²⁰ An 't: ('And' Qq., F)
state barge

⁴⁰ stone: flint ⁵⁰ sort: crew ⁷⁰ galley-foist:

Boy. Sir, sir, if you knew what I have brought you, you would have little list to ¹⁵ sing.

Mer. [*sings.*]

Oh, the Mimon round,
Full long, long I have thee sought,
And now I have thee found,
And what hast thou here brought? 20

Boy. A coffin, sir, and your dead son Jasper in it. [*Exit with Men.*]

Mer. Dead! [*Sings.*]

Why, farewell he!
Thou wast a bonny boy, 25
And I did love thee.

Enter Jasper

Jasp. Then, I pray you, sir, do so still.

Mer. Jasper's ghost! [*Sings.*]

Thou art welcome from Stygian lake so soon;
Declare to me what wondrous things in Pluto's court are done 30

Jasp. By my troth, sir, I ne'er came there; 't is too hot for me, sir

Mer. A merry ghost, a very merry ghost! [*Sings*]

And where is your true love? Oh, where is yours?

Jasp. Marry, look you, sir! 35

Heaves up the coffin.

Mer. Ah, ha! art thou good at that, 't is faith? [*Sings*]

With hey, trixy, terlery-whiskin,
The world it runs on wheels:
When the young man's —,
Up goes the maiden's heels. 40

Mistress Merrythought and Michael within

Mist Mer. [*within*] What, Master Merrythought! will you not let 's in? What do you think shall become of us?

Mer [*sings.*]

What voice is that, that calleth at our door?

Mist. Mer. [*within.*] You know me well ⁴⁵ enough; I am sure I have not been such a stranger to you.

Mer. [*sings*]

And some they whistled, and some they sung,
Hey, down, down!
And some did loudly say, 50
Ever as the Lord Barnet's horn blew,
Away, Musgrave, away!

Mist. Mer. [*within*] You will not have us starve here, will you, Master Merrythought?

Jasp. Nay, good sir, be persuaded; she is my mother. 55

⁵⁰ man's —: (so in all texts) ⁵¹ vext: cantankerous ⁵² A . . . properly: (an anti-papal ballad)

If her offences have been great against you,
Let your own love remember she is yours,
And so forgive her.

Luce. Good Master Merrythought, Let me entreat you; I will not be denied.

Mist. Mer. [*within.*] Why, Master Merry- ⁶⁰ thought, will you be a vext thing still?

Mer. Woman, I take you to my love again; but you shall sing before you enter; therefore despatch your song and so come in.

Mist. Mer. [*within.*] Well, you must ⁶⁵ have your will, when all 's done. — Mick, what song canst thou sing, boy?

Mick. [*within.*] I can sing none, forsooth, but *A Lady's Daughter, of Paris properly.*

Mist. Mer. Song

It was a lady's daughter, &c 70

[*Merrythought opens the door Enter Mistress Merrythought and Michael*]

Mer. Come, you 're welcome home again. [*Sings.*]

If such danger be in playing,
And jest must to earnest turn,
You shall go no more a-maying —

Vent. within. Are you within, sir? Mas- ⁷⁵ ter Merrythought!

Jasp. It is my master's voice! Good sir, go hold him

In talk, whilst we convey ourselves into Some inward room. [*Exit with Luce*]

Mer What are you? Are you merry? You must be very merry, if you enter. 80

Vent. within I am, sir

Mer. Sing, then.

Vent. within Nay, good sir, open to me.

Mer Sing, I say, or, by the merry heart, you come not in! 85

Vent. within Well, sir, I 'll sing. [*Sings*]

Fortune, my foe, &c

[*Merrythought opens the door. Enter Venturewell*]

Mer. You are welcome, sir, you are welcome: you see your entertainment; pray you, be merry. 90

Vent Oh, Master Merrythought, I am come to ask you

Forgiveness for the wrongs I offer'd you
And your most virtuous son! They 're infinite;
Yet my contrition shall be more than they:
I do confess my hardness broke his heart, 95
For which just Heaven hath given me punishment

More than my age can carry. His wand'ring spirit,

Not yet at rest, pursues me everywhere,
Crying, "I 'll haunt thee for thy cruelty."
My daughter, she is gone, I know not how. 100
Taken invisible, and whether living
Or in grave, 't is yet uncertain to me.

Oh, Master Merrythought, these are the
weights

Will sink me to my grave! Forgive me, sir.

Mer. Why, sir, I do forgive you; and be
merry. 105

And if the wag in 's lifetime play'd the knave,
Can you forgive him too?

Vent. With all my heart, sir.

Mer. Speak it again, and heartily.

Vent. I do, sir;

Now, by my soul, I do.

Enter Luce and Jasper

Mer. [*sings*]

With that came out his paramour; 110

She was as white as the lily flower:

Hey, trou! trolly, loly!

With that came out her own dear knight;

He was as true as ever did fight, &c

Sir, if you will forgive him, clap their hands 115
together; there 's no more to be said i' th'
matter

Vent I do, I do

Cut. I do not like this. Peace, boys! Hear
me, one of you! Everybody's part is come to
an end but Ralph's, and he 's left out. 121

Boy. 'T is 'long of yourself, sir; we have
nothing to do with his part

Cut. Ralph, come away! — Make an end on
him, as you have done of the rest, boys;
come. 126

Wife Now, good husband, let him come out
and die.

Cut He shall, Nell — Ralph, come away
quickly, and die, boy! 130

Boy. 'T will be very unfit he should die, sir,
upon no occasion, and in a comedy too

Cut. Take you no care of that, sir boy, is
not his part at an end, think you, when he 's
dead? — Come away, Ralph! 135

*Enter Ralph, with a forked arrow through his
head*

Ralph. When I was mortal, this my costive
corpe

Did lap up figs and raisins in the Strand;

Where sitting, I espi'd a lovely dame,

Whose master wrought with lingel and with
awl,

And underground he vamped many a boot. 140

¹¹⁰ said: ('sad' Q 1) ¹²⁴ an end: (not in Qq, F) ¹³⁰ lingel: waxed thread ¹⁴⁰ all his: (pro-
nounce "all 's") ¹⁶⁰ leading-staff: baton ¹⁶⁷ cheapen: bargain for ¹⁶¹ A traditional liberty of
the apprentices on Shrove-Tuesday

Straight did her love prick forth me, tender
sprig,

To follow feats of arms in warlike wise
Through Waltham Desert; where I did per-
form

Many achievements, and did lay on ground
Huge Barbaroso, that insulting giant, 145

And all his captives soon set at liberty.

Then honour prick'd me from my native soil

Into Moldavia, where I gain'd the love

Of Pompiona, his beloved daughter;

But yet prov'd constant to the black thumb'd
maid, 150

Susan, and scorned Pompiona's love.

Yet liberal I was, and gave her pins,

And money for her father's officers.

I then returned home, and thrust myself

In action, and by all men chosen was 155

Lord of the May, where I did flourish it,

With scarfs and rings, and posy in my hand.

After this action I preferred was,

And chosen city-captain at Mile-End, 159

With hat and feather, and with leading-staff,

And train'd my men, and brought them all off
clear,

Save one man that beray'd him with the noise.

But all these things I Ralph did undertake

Only for my beloved Susan's sake.

Then coming home, and sitting in my shop 165

With apron blue, Death came unto my stall

To cheapen *aqua vitæ*, but ere I

Could take the bottle down and fill a taste,

Death caught a pound of pepper in his hand,

And sprinkled all my face and body o'er, 170

And in an instant vanished away.

Cut 'T is a pretty fiction, i' faith.

Ralph. Then took I up my bow and shaft in
hand,

And walk'd into Moorfields to cool myself;

But there grim cruel Death met me again, 175

And shot this forked arrow through my head;

And now I faint, therefore be warn'd by me,

My fellows every one, of forked heads!

Farewell, all you good boys in merry Lon-
don!

Ne'er shall we more upon Shrove-Tuesday
meet, 180

And pluck down houses of iniquity; —

My pain increaseth — I shall never more

Hold open, whilst another pumps both legs,

Nor daub a satin gown with rotten eggs;

Set up a stake, oh, never more I shall! 185

I die! fly, fly, my soul, to Grocers' Hall!

Oh, oh, oh, &c

Wife. Well said, Ralph! do your obeisance
to the gentlemen, and go your ways: well
said, Ralph!

190
Exit Ralph.

Mer. Methinks all we, thus kindly and unexpectedly reconciled, should not depart without a song.

Vent. A good motion.

Mer. Strike up, then! 195

SONG

Better music ne'er was known
Than a choir of hearts in one.
Let each other, that hath been
Troubled with the gall or spleen,
Learn of us to keep his brow 200
Smooth and plain, as ours are now
Sing, though before the hour of dying;
He shall rise, and then be crying,
"Hey, ho, 't is nought but mirth
That keeps the body from the earth!" 205

Exeunt omnes.

198 depart: separate 218 whilst: meanwhile

EPILOGUS

Cit. Come, Nell, shall we go? The play 's done.

Wife. Nay, by my faith, George, I have more manners than so; I 'll speak to these gentlemen first. — I thank you all, gentlemen, [210 for your patience and countenance to Ralph, a poor fatherless child; and if I might see you at my house, it should go hard but I would have a pottle of wine and a pipe of tobacco for you: for, truly, I hope you do like the youth, but [215 I would be glad to know the truth. I refer it to your own discretions, whether you will applaud him or no; for I will wink, and whilst you shall do what you will I thank you with all my heart God give you good night! — Come, [220 George. *[Exeunt.]*

PHYLASTER.

Or, Loue lyes a Bleeding.

Acted at the Globe by his Maiesties Seruants.

Written by { Francis Baymont
and
Iohn Fletcher. } Gent.



Printed at London for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his shop at the *Eagle and Child* in Brittaines Burse. 1620.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL RECORD. The Stationers' Register contains the following entry: — *10 Januarij 1619 [i.e., 1620]. Thomas Walkley. Entred for his copie under the handes of Master Tauernor and Master Jaggard warden A Play Called Philaster. vjd.* In the same year Walkley issued the earliest edition, noting on the title-page that the play had been "Acted at the Globe by his Maiesties Seruants" and "Written by Francis Baymont and Iohn Fletcher, Gent[lemen]." This first Quarto varies greatly from all others. For the first 130 lines of Act I and the last two scenes of Act V it offers an altogether different and inferior text. Elsewhere we have followed it in a large number of passages where the later editions seem to present misprints or actors' sophistication, and we have cited in the footnotes numerous readings of Q1 which may illustrate authors' revision.

Two years later (1622) Walkley published the "Second Impression, corrected and amended," to which he appended the following note. — *To the Reader 'Courtious Reader. Philaster, and Arethusa his love, have laine so long a bleeding, by reason of some dangerous and gaping wounds, which they receiued in the first Impression, that it is wondered how they could goe abroad so long, or trauaile so farre as they have done. Although they were hurt neither by me, nor the Printer, yet I knowing and finding by experience, how many well-wishers they have abroad, have adventured to bind up their wounds, & to enable them to visite upon better learnees such friends of theirs as were pleased to take knowledge of them, so maimed and deformed as they at the first were, and if they were then gracious in your sight, assuredly they will now finde double fauour, being reformed, and set forth suleable to their birth and breeding By your serviceable Friend, Thomas Walkley*

Other editions were published in 1628 (Q3) and 1634 (Q4) by Richard Hawkins, to whom Walkley assigned his right, March 1, 1628. After Hawkins' death the copyright passed to William Leake (S. R., May 29, 1638, Jan. 25, 1639), who published the fifth Quarto in 1639, brought out two new editions in 1652, and a final one, without date, about 1660. *Philaster* is one of the plays excluded from the first Beaumont-Fletcher Folio, but was reprinted from the last Quarto in the Folio of 1679 (F).

DATE AND STAGE PERFORMANCE. Dryden, speaking of Beaumont in his *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, says: — "The first play that brought Fletcher and him in esteem was their *Philaster* for before that they had written two or three very unsuccessfully, as the like is reported of Ben Johnson before he writ *Every Man in his Humour*" We have no precise criteria for the date of composition or production, but the indications point to 1608–1610. Many striking echoes of *Hamlet* and *Othello* show it to be later than those plays, and a couple of lines in IV. iii (106–107) are so close to *Cymbeline* V. ii. 1–6 that we must suppose it also earlier than *Philaster*, unless we accept the less probable alternative that Shakespeare here borrowed from Beaumont.

In the list of fourteen plays produced before Prince Charles and the Court in the season of 1612–1613 *Philaster* is mentioned twice. Under its normal title it heads the list, and at the end is again named, "And one other called *Love Lies a bleeding*." Since the sum disbursed shows that fourteen, and not thirteen, performances were paid for, it is to be assumed that *Philaster* was given twice; and it is a reasonable conjecture that the alterations evidenced by Q1 (where the conclusion is sweetened by providing husbands for Euphrasia and Galatea) had their origin at this time. The play was acted at St. James's Palace, Feb. 21, 1637, before the King and Queen. During the period when the theatres were closed (1642–1660), the farcical scene, V. iv, was presented surreptitiously as a "droll" under the title of "The Club Men." At some time in the same period Samuel Pepys, still a boy, learned the part of Arethusa for a production at Sir Robert Cooke's, which for some reason never occurred (cf. *Diary*, May 30, 1668). After the Restoration *Philaster* remained in the repertory of the King's Company, Nell Gwyn playing Bellario and Hart, Philaster; but it seems to have been regarded as rather outmoded. Pepys first saw it acted Nov. 18, 1661, and found it "far short" of his expectations. An adaptation, ascribed to the Duke of Buckingham, and entitled *The Restauration*, was not printed till 1714. Another, with "the two last acts new written" by Elkanah Settle, was produced at the Theatre Royal and printed in 1695.

AUTHORSHIP. The major portion of the play is undoubtedly Beaumont's in style, and probably in conception. Fletcher wrote the effective, if melodramatic, scenes iii and iv of Act V; also the greater part of the opening scene in its approved form (from about I. i 100), and of II. ii (from about line 64), as well as the latter half of II. iv (from about line 110) and part of III. ii (lines 36–128).

SOURCES. Essentially the plot of *Philaster* is the invention of the authors, who were, however, strongly influenced by themes that Shakespeare had made popular: the melancholy and sensitive prince, deprived of his heritage and prone to suspicion; the amorous girl disguised as a boy; the falsely suspected heroine, etc. *Cymbeline* is the play that most resembles *Philaster* in tone as in date. Professor T. P. Harrison has suggested (PMLA, June, 1926) that the continuation of Montemayor's *Diana* by Alonso Perez may have provided numerous hints for the plot.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT (1584–1616) AND JOHN FLETCHER (1579–1625)

PHILASTER OR LOVE LIES A-BLEEDING

THE ACTORS' NAMES

KING of Sicily [and Calabria]
PHILASTER, Heir to the Crown [of Sicily]
PHARAMOND, a Spanish Prince
DION, a Lord
CLEREMONT, } Noble Gentlemen,
THRASILINE, } his Associates

ARETHUSA, the King's Daughter
EUPHRASIA, Daughter of Dion, but disguised like
a page and called Bellario
GALATEA, a wise modest Lady attending the
Princess
MEGRA, a lascivious Lady

An old Captain; five Citizens; a Country Fellow; two Woodmen; the King's Guard and Train;
Messenger; two Ladies

SCENE: Sicily. The Court and a neighboring Forest.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

[*The Palace.*]

Enter Dion, Cleremont, and Thrasiline

Cle. Here 's nor lords nor ladies.

Dion. Credit me, gentlemen, I wonder at it. They receiv'd strict charge from the King to attend here, besides, it was boldly published that no officer should forbid any gentleman [5 that desired to attend and hear.

Cle. Can you guess the cause?

Dion. Sir, it is plain, about the Spanish Prince that 's come to marry our kingdom's heir and be our sovereign. 10

Thra. Many that will seem to know much say she looks not on him like a maid in love.

Dion. Faith, sir, the multitude, that seldom know anything but their own opinions, speak that they would have; but the prince, be- [15 fore his own approach, receiv'd so many confident messages from the state, that I think she 's resolv'd to be rul'd.

Cle. Sir, it is thought, with her he shall enjoy both these kingdoms of Sicily and Calabria.

Dion. Sir, it is without controversy so [21 meant. But 't will be a troublesome labour for him to enjoy both these kingdoms with safety, the right heir to one of them living, and living so virtuously: especially, the people admir- [23

ing the bravery of his mind and lamenting his injuries.

Cle. Who? Philaster?

Dion. Yes; whose father, we all know, was by our late King of Calabria unrighteously [30 deposed from his fruitful Sicily. Myself drew some blood in those wars, which I would give my hand to be washed from.

Cle. Sir, my ignorance in state-policy will not let me know why, Philaster being heir to one [35 of these kingdoms, the King should suffer him to walk abroad with such free liberty.

Dion. Sir, it seems your nature is more constant than to inquire after state-news. But the King, of late, made a hazard of both the [40 kingdoms, of Sicily and his own, with offering but to imprison Philaster; at which the city was in arms, not to be charm'd down by any state-order or proclamation, till they saw Philaster ride through the streets pleas'd and [45 without a guard: at which they threw their hats and their arms from them; some to make bonfires, some to drink, all for his deliverance: which wise men say is the cause the King labours to bring in the power of a foreign nation to awe his own with. 51

Enter Galatea, Megra, and a Lady

Thra. See, the ladies! What 's the first?

Dion. A wise and modest gentlewoman that attends the princess.

1–120 (Q 1 offers a very different and inferior version of these lines.)

²¹ controversy: doubt

²² washed: cleansed

Cle. The second? 55

Dion. She is one that may stand still dis-
creetly enough and ill-favour'dly dance her
measure; simpler when she is courted by her
friend, and slight her husband.

Cle. The last? 60

Dion. Faith, I think she is one whom the
state keeps for the agents of our confederate
princes; she'll cog and lie with a whole army,
before the league shall break. Her name is
common through the kingdom, and the tro- 65
phies of her dishonour advanced beyond Her-
cules' Pillars. She loves to try the several con-
stitutions of men's bodies; and, indeed, has
destroyed the worth of her own body by making
experiment upon it for the good of the com- 70
monwealth.

Cle. She's a profitable member.

La. Peace, if you love me! You shall see these
gentlemen stand their ground and not court us.

Gal. What if they should? 75

Meg. What if they should!

La. Nay, let her alone. — What if they
should! Why, if they should, I say they were
never abroad. What foreigner would do so? 79
It writes them directly untravell'd.

Gal. Why, what if they be?

Meg. What if they be!

La. Good madam, let her go on. — What if
they be! Why, if they be, I will justify, 84
they cannot maintain discourse with a judicious
lady, nor make a leg nor say "Excuse me"

Gal. Ha, ha, ha!

La. Do you laugh, madam?

Dion. Your desires upon you, ladies!

La. Then you must sit beside us 90

Dion. I shall sit near you then, lady.

La. Near me, perhaps; but there's a lady
endures no stranger; and to me you appear a
very strange fellow. 94

Meg. Methinks he's not so strange; he
would quickly be acquainted.

Thra. Peace, the King!

Enter King, Pharamond, Arethusa, and Train

King. To give a stronger testimony of love
Than sickly promises (which commonly
In princes find both birth and burial 100
In one breath) we have drawn you, worthy
sir,

To make your fair endearments to our daugh-
ter

And worthy services known to our subjects,
Now lov'd and wondered at; next, our intent
To plant you deeply our immediate heir 105
Both to our blood and kingdoms. For this lady,
(The best part of your life, as you confirm me,

And I believe,) though her few years and sex
Yet teach her nothing but her fears and
blushes,

Desires without desire, discourse and knowl-
edge 110

Only of what herself is to herself,

Make her feel moderate health; and when she
sleeps,

In making no ill day, knows no ill dreams.

Think not, dear sir, these undivided parts,
That must mould up a virgin, are put on 115

To show her so, as borrow'd ornaments

To speak her perfect love to you, or add

An artificial shadow to her nature, —

No, sir; I boldly dare proclaim her yet

No woman But woo her still, and think her
modesty 120

A sweeter mistress than the offer'd language

Of any dame, were she a queen, whose eye

Speaks common loves and comforts to her serv-
ants.

Last, noble son (for so I now must call you),
What I have done thus public, is not only 125

To add a comfort in particular

To you or me, but all; and to confirm

The nobles and the gentry of these kingdoms

By oath to your succession, which shall be

Within this month at most. 130

Thra. This will be hardly done

Cle. It must be ill done, if it be done.

Dion. When 't is at best, 't will be but half
done, whilst

So brave a gentleman's wrong'd and flung off.

Thra. I fear. 135

Cle. Who does not?

Dion. I fear not for myself, and yet I fear
too.

Well, we shall see, we shall see No more.

Pha. Kissing your white hand, mistress, I
take leave

To thank your royal father; and thus far 140

To be my own free trumpet. Understand,

Great King, and these your subjects, mine that
must be,

(For so deserving you have spoke me, sir,

And so deserving I dare speak myself.)

To what a person, of what eminence, 145

Ripe expectation, of what faculties,

Manners and virtues, you would wed your king-
doms:

You in me have your wishes Oh, this country!

By more than all the gods, I hold it happy; 149

Happy in their dear memories that have been

Kings great and good; happy in yours that is;

And from you (as a chronicle to keep

Your noble name from eating age) do I

Opine myself most happy. Gentlemen,

⁵⁵ The last: Megra ⁵⁸ cog: cheat ⁶⁰ leg: bow ¹¹⁰ servants: suitors ¹⁴⁰ You: ('And' Q 1)
¹⁴⁰ all . . . gods: ('all my hopes' Q 4-F) ¹⁴⁵ eating: ('rotting' Q 1) ¹⁴⁶ Opine: ('Open' Qq.)

Believe me in a word, a prince's word, 155
 There shall be nothing to make up a kingdom
 Mighty and flourishing, defenced, fear'd,
 Equal to be commanded and obeyed,
 But through the travails of my life I 'll find it,
 And tie it to this country. By all the gods, 160
 My reign shall be so easy to the subject,
 That every man shall be his prince himself,
 And his own law — yet I his prince and law.
 And, dearest lady, to your dearest self
 (Dear in the choice of him whose name and
 lustre 165

Must make you more and mightier) let me say,
 You are the blessed'st living; for, sweet prin-
 cess,

You shall enjoy a man of men to be
 Your servant; you shall make him yours, for
 whom

Great queens must die. 170
Thra. Miraculous!

Cle. This speech calls him Spaniard, being
 nothing but a large inventory of his own com-
 mendations.

Dion. I wonder what 's his price; for cer-
 tainly 175
 He 'll sell himself, he has so prais'd his shape.

Enter Philaster

But here comes one more worthy those large
 speeches

Than the large speaker of them
 Let me be swallow'd quick, if I can find,
 In all the anatomy of yon man's virtues, 180
 One sinew sound enough to promise for him,
 He shall be constable. By this sun,
 He 'll ne'er make king unless it be of trifles,
 In my poor judgment.

Phi. [*knelling*] Right noble sir, as low as
 my obedience, 185
 And with a heart as loyal as my knee,
 I beg your favour.

King Rise; you have it, sir.
 [*Philaster rises*]

Dion. Mark but the king, how pale he looks
 with fear!
 Oh, this same whoreson conscience, how it jades
 us!

King. Speak your intents, sir.

Phi. Shall I speak 'em freely? 190
 Be still my royal sovereign.

King. As a subject,
 We give you freedom.

Dion. Now it heats.

Phi. Then thus I turn

My language to you, prince, you foreign man!
 Ne'er stare nor put on wonder, for you must
 Endure me, and you shall. This earth you
 tread upon 195

(A dowry, as you hope, with this fair princess),
 By my dead father (oh, I had a father,
 Whose memory I bow to!) was not left
 To your inheritance, and I up and living —
 Having myself about me and my sword, 200
 The souls of all my name and memories,
 These arms and some few friends besides the
 gods —

To part so calmly with it, and sit still
 And say, "I might have been." I tell thee,
 Pharamond, 204

When thou art king, look I be dead and rotten,
 And my name ashes for, hear me, Pharamond!
 This very ground thou goest on, this fat earth,
 My father's friends made fertile with their
 faiths,

Before that day of shame shall gape and swallow
 Thee and thy nation, like a hungry grave, 210
 Into her hidden bowels Prince, it shall:
 By the just gods, it shall!

Pha. He 's mad beyond cure, mad.
Dion. Here is a fellow has some fire in 's
 veins:

The outlandish prince looks like a tooth-drawer.
Phi. Sir Prince of popinjays, I 'll make it
 well 215

Appear to you I am not mad.

King. You displease us:
 You are too bold.

Phi. No, sir, I am too tame,
 Too much a turtle, a thing born without pas-
 sion,

A faint shadow, that every drunken cloud
 Sails over, and makes nothing.

King I do not fancy this. 220
 Call our physicians; sure, he 's somewhat
 tainted.

Thra. I do not think 't will prove so.

Dion. He 's given him a general purge al-
 ready,

For all the right he has; and now he means
 To let him bleed. Be constant, gentlemen: 225
 By heaven, I 'll run his hazard, although I run
 My name out of the kingdom!

Cle. Peace, we are all one soul.

Pha. What you have seen in me to stir offence
 I cannot find, unless it be this lady,
 Offer'd into mine arms with the succession; 230
 Which I must keep, (though it hath pleas'd
 your fury

¹⁸⁰ By . . . gods: ('And I vow' Q 4-F)
 ('praises' Q 1) ¹⁸⁰⁻¹⁸¹ (Misprinted in Q 1)
 ('he fears' Q 1-3) ¹⁸⁷⁻¹⁸⁸ (Lines transposed in
 ('Nemesis' Q 4-F) ²¹⁴ outlandish: foreign
 ('this choller' Q 1) ²²¹ tainted: insane

¹⁷¹ Miraculous: ('Miracles' Q 1) ¹⁷⁷ speeches:
¹⁸² shall be: will make an adequate ¹⁸⁸ with fear:
 Qq., F) ²⁰⁰ My: which my ²¹² the . . . gods:
²¹³ turtle: i.e., dove ²²⁰⁻²²¹ this . . . physicians:

To mutiny within you,) without disputing
Your genealogies, or taking knowledge
Whose branch you are. The king will leave it
me,

And I dare make it mine. You have your answer. 235

Phi. If thou wert sole inheritor to him
That made the world his, and couldst see no
sun

Shine upon anything but thine; were Pharamond

As truly valiant as I feel him cold, 239
And ring'd among the choicest of his friends,
(Such as would blush to talk such serious follies,
Or back such bellied commendations),
And from this presence, spite of all these bugs,
You should hear further from me.

King. Sir, you wrong the prince; I gave
you not this freedom 245

To brave our best friends. You deserve our
frown.

Go to; be better temper'd.

Phi. It must be, sir, when I am nobler us'd.

Gal. Ladies, 249

This would have been a pattern of succession,
Had he ne'er met this mischief By my life,
He is the worthiest the true name of man
This day within my knowledge.

Meg. I cannot tell what you may call your
knowledge;

But the other is the man set in mine eye. 255
Oh, 't is a prince of wax!

Gal. A dog it is.

King. Philaster, tell me

The injuries you aim at in your riddles.

Phi. If you had my eyes, sir, and sufferance,
My griefs upon you, and my broken fortunes,
My wants great, and now-nothing hopes and
fears, 261

My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laugh'd
at.

Dare you be still my king, and right me not?

King. Give me your wrongs in private.

Phi. Take them, 264
And ease me of a load would bow strong Atlas.

They whisper.

Cle. He dares not stand the shock.

Dion. I cannot blame him; there's danger
in 't. Every man in this age has not a soul of
crystal, for all men to read their actions 269
through men's hearts and faces are so far asunder,
that they hold no intelligence. Do but view
yon stranger well, and you shall see a fever
through all his bravery, and feel him shake
like a true tyrant. If he give not back his 274

crown again upon the report of an elder-gun, I
have no augury.

King. Go to;

Be more yourself, as you respect our favour; 278
You 'll stir us else. Sir, I must have you know,
That y' are and shall be, at our pleasure, what
Fashion we will put upon you. Smooth your
brow,

Or by the gods —

Phi. I am dead, sir; y' are my fate. It was
not I

Said I was wrong'd: I carry all about me
My weak stars lead me to, all my weak for-
tunes. 285

Who dares in all this presence speak, (that is
But man of flesh, and may be mortal,) tell me
I do not most entirely love this prince,
And honour his full virtues!

King. Sure, he's possess'd.

Phi. Yes, with my father's spirit. It's here,
O King, 290

A dangerous spirit! Now he tells me, King,
I was a king's heir, bids me be a king,
And whispers to me, these are all my subjects
'T is strange he will not let me sleep, but dives
Into my fancy, and there gives me shapes 295
That kneel and do me service, cry me king
But I 'll suppress him; he's a factious spirit,
And will undo me — [To *Phar.*] Noble sir,
your hand;

I am your servant.

King. Away! I do not like this:

I 'll make you tamer, or I 'll dispossess you 300
Both of your life and spirit. For this time
I pardon your wild speech, without so much
As your imprisonment.

Exeunt King, Pharamond, Arethusa.

Dion. I thank you, sir; you dare not for the
people

Gal. Ladies, what think you now of this
brave fellow? 305

Meg. A pretty talking fellow, hot at hand.
But eye yon stranger. Is he not a fine complete
gentleman? Oh, these strangers, I do affect
them strangely! They do the rarest home- 309
things, and please the fullest! As I live, I could
love all the nation over and over for his sake
Gal. Gods comfort your poor head-piece,
lady! 'T is a weak one, and had need of a
night-cap. *Exeunt Ladies.* 314

Dion. See, how his fancy labours! Has he
not

Spoke home and bravely? What a dangerous
train

Did he give fire to! How he shook the king,

²⁴² bellied: inflated ²⁴³ bugs: bugbears ²⁴⁴ (Not in Q 1) ²⁴⁵ pattern of succession: model
heir ²⁴⁶ of wax: incomparable ²⁴⁷ sufferance: suffering ²⁴⁸ now-nothing: extinguished ('now
nought but' Q 4-F) ²⁴⁹ bravery: insolence ²⁵⁰ tyrant: ('truant' Q 1; 'tenant' Q 2-F) ²⁵¹ affect:
incline to ²⁵² Gods: ('Pride' Q 4-F)

Made his soul melt within him, and his blood
Run into whey! It stood upon his brow
Like a cold winter dew.

Phi. Gentlemen, 320
You have no suit to me? I am no minion.
You stand, methinks, like men that would be
courtiers,

If you could well be flatter'd at a price
Not to undo your children. Y' are all honest:
Go, get you home again, and make your coun-
try 325

A virtuous court, to which your great ones
may,

In their diseased age, retire and live recluse.

Cle. How do you, worthy sir?

Phi. Well, very well;
And so well that, if the king please, I find
I may live many years.

Dion. The king must please, 330
Whilst we know what you are and who you are,
Your wrongs and virtues Shrink not, worthy
sir,

But add your father to you; in whose name
We 'll waken all the gods, and conjure up
The rods of vengeance, the abused people, 335
Who, like to raging torrents, shall swell high,
And so begut the dens of these male-dragons,
That, through the strongest safety, they shall
beg

For mercy at your sword's point.

Phi. Friends, no more;
Our ears may be corrupted; 't is an age 340
We dare not trust our wills to Do you love
me?

Thra Do we love Heaven and honour?

Phi My Lord Dion, you had
A virtuous gentlewoman call'd you father.
Is she yet alive?

Dion Most honour'd sir, she is; 345
And, for the penance but of an idle dream
Has undertook a tedious pilgrimage.

Enter a Lady

Phi Is it to me, or any of these gentlemen,
you come?

La. To you, brave lord; the princess would
entreat

Your present company. 350

Phi. The princess send for me! Y' are mis-
taken

La If you be call'd Philaster, 't is to you.

Phi. Kiss her fair hand, and say I will attend
her. [*Exit Lady.*]

Dion. Do you know what you do?

Phi. Yes; go to see a woman. 355

Cle. But do you weigh the danger you are
in?

Phi Danger in a sweet face!

By Jupiter, I must not fear a woman!

Thra. But are you sure it was the princess
sent? 359

It may be some foul train to catch your life.

Phi I do not think it, gentlemen; she's noble.
Her eye may shoot me dead, or those true red
And white friends in her cheeks may steal my
soul out:

There 's all the danger in 't But, be what may,
Her single name hath arm'd me. *Exit.*

Dion Go on, 365
And be as truly happy as th' art fearless! —
Come, gentlemen, let 's make our friends ac-
quainted,

Lest the king prove false. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE II. — *Arethusa's Apartment.*]

Enter Arethusa and a Lady

Are. Comes he not?

La. Madam?

Are Will Philaster come?

La Dear madam, you were wont to credit
me

At first.

Are. But didst thou tell me so?
I am forgetful, and my woman's strength 5
Is so o'ercharg'd with dangers like to grow
About my marriage, that these under-things
Dare not abide in such a troubled sea
How look'd he when he told thee he would
come?

La Why, well. 10

Are. And not a little fearful?

La Fear, madam! Sure, he knows not
what it is.

Are. You all are of his faction, the whole
court

Is bold in praise of him; whilst I
May live neglected, and do noble things, 15
As fools in strife throw gold into the sea,
Drown'd in the doing But, I know he fears.

La. Fear, madam! Methought, his looks
hid more

Of love than fear.

Are Of love! To whom? To you?
Did you deliver those plain words I sent 20
With such a winning gesture and quick look
That you have caught him?

La. Madam, I mean to you.

Are. Of love to me! Alas, thy ignorance
Lets thee not see the crosses of our births!

³²¹ minion: king's favorite ³²³ virtues: ('injuries' Q 2-F) ³³³ add: ('call' Q 1) ³³⁷ begirt:
besiege ³³⁸ through . . . safety: however strongly entrenched ³⁴⁰ Friends: ('Friend' Q 1) ³⁴⁰ ears:
('years' Q 5-F) ³⁴⁰ train: plot ³⁴³ cheeks: ('face' Q 2-F) ³⁴⁵ single: mere Scene ii. s. d.
('Enter Princesse and her Gentle-woman' Q 1) ³⁵¹ winning: ('woing' Q 1)

Nature, that loves not to be questioned 25
 Why she did this or that, but has her ends,
 And knows she does well, never gave the world
 Two things so opposite, so contrary,
 As he and I am: if a bowl of blood
 Drawn from this arm of mine would poison
 thee, 30
 A draught of his would cure thee. Of love to me!
La. Madam, I think I hear him.
Are. Bring him in. [*Exit Lady.*]
 You gods, that would not have your dooms
 withstood,
 Whose holy wisdoms at this time it is
 To make the passion of a feeble maid 35
 The way unto your justice, I obey.

Enter Philaster [with Lady]

La. Here is my Lord Philaster.

Are. Oh, 't is well.
 Withdraw yourself. [*Exit Lady*]

Phi. Madam, your messenger
 Made me believe you wish'd to speak with me.

Are. 'T is true, Philaster; but the words are
 such 40

I have to say, and do so ill beseem
 The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,
 And yet am loath to speak them. Have you
 known

That I have aught detracted from your worth?
 Have I in person wrong'd you, or have set 45
 My baser instruments to throw disgrace
 Upon your virtues?

Phi. Never, madam, you

Are. Why, then, should you, in such a
 public place,

Injure a princess, and a scandal lay
 Upon my fortunes, fam'd to be so great, 50
 Calling a great part of my dowry in question?

Phi. Madam, this truth which I shall speak
 will be

Foolish: but, for your fair and virtuous self,
 I could afford myself to have no right
 To anything you wish'd

Are. Philaster, know, 55
 I must enjoy these kingdoms

Phi. Madam, both?

Are. Both, or I die: by heaven, I die, Phi-
 laster,

If I not calmly may enjoy them both.

Phi. I would do much to save that noble life;
 Yet would be loath to have posterity 60
 Find in our stories, that Philaster gave
 His right unto a sceptre and a crown
 To save a lady's longing.

Are. Nay, then, hear:
 I must and will have them, and more —

Phi. What more?

Are. Or lose that little life the gods prepared
 To trouble this poor piece of earth withal. 66

Phi. Madam, what more?

Are. Turn, then, away thy face.

Phi. No.

Are. Do.

Phi. I can endure it. Turn away my face! 70
 I never yet saw enemy that look'd
 So dreadfully, but that I thought myself
 As great a basilisk as he, or spake
 So horrible, but that I thought my tongue
 Bore thunder underneath as much as his; 75
 Nor beast that I could turn from. Shall I then
 Begin to fear sweet sounds? A lady's voice,
 Whom I do love? Say you would have my life;
 Why, I will give it you; for it is of me
 A thing so loath'd, and unto you that ask 80
 Of so poor use, that I shall make no price:
 If you entreat, I will unmov'dly hear.

Are. Yet, for my sake, a little bend thy
 looks

Phi. I do.

Are. Then know, I must have them and thee.

Phi. And me?

Are. Thy love; without which, all the land
 Discover'd yet will serve me for no use 86
 But to be buried in.

Phi. Is 't possible?

Are. With it, it were too little to bestow
 On thee. Now, though thy breath do strike
 me dead,
 (Which, now, it may,) I have unripp'd my
 breast 90

Phi. Madam, you are too full of noble
 thoughts,
 To lay a train for this contemned life,
 Which you may have for asking. To suspect
 Were base, where I deserve no ill. Love you!
 By all my hopes, I do, above my life! 95
 But how this passion should proceed from you
 So violently, would amaze a man
 That would be jealous.

Are. Another soul into my body shot
 Could not have fill'd me with more strength and
 spirit 100

Than this thy breath. But spend not hasty
 time

In seeking how I came thus: 't is the gods,
 The gods, that make me so; and, sure, our love
 Will be the nobler and the better blest,
 In that the secret justice of the gods 105
 Is mingled with it. Let us leave, and kiss;
 Lest some unwelcome guest should fall betwixt
 us,

And we should part without it.

Phi. 'T will be ill

I should abide here long.

³⁸ contrary: ('bound to put' Q 1) ⁵⁰ fam'd: ('found' Q 1) ⁷³ basilisk: fabled monster who killed by its eye ⁷⁷ lady's voice: ('woman's tongue' Q 1) ⁸⁰ ask: ('beg' Q 1) ¹⁰⁴ nobler: ('worthier' Q 1)

Are. 'T is true; and worse
You should come often. How shall we devise
To hold intelligence, that our true loves, 111
On any new occasion, may agree
What path is best to tread?

Phi. I have a boy,
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent, 114
Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck,
I found him sitting by a fountain's side,
Of which he borrow'd some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears.
A garland lay him by, made by himself
Of many several flowers bred in the vale, 120
Stuck in that mystic order that the rareness
Delighted me: but ever when he turn'd
His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep,
As if he meant to make 'em grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence 125
Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story.
He told me that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots; and of the crystal
springs, 129
Which did not stop their courses; and the sun,
Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his
light

Then took he up his garland, and did show
What every flower, as country-people hold,
Did signify, and how all, order'd thus,
Express'd his grief; and, to my thoughts, did
read 135

The prettiest lecture of his country-art
That could be wish'd: so that methought I
could

Have studied it I gladly entertain'd
Him, who was glad to follow; and have got
The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy 140
That ever master kept Him will I send
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love

Enter Lady

Are. 'T is well; no more

La. Madam, the prince is come to do his
service.

Are. What will you do, Philaster, with your-
self? 145

Phi. Why, that which all the gods have
pointed out for me.

Are. Dear, hide thyself. —

Bring in the prince. [*Exit Lady*]

Phi. Hide me from Pharamond!
When thunder speaks, which is the voice of
Jove,

Though I do reverence, yet I hide me not; 150
And shall a stranger-prince have leave to brag

Unto a foreign nation, that he made
Philaster hide himself?

Are. He cannot know it.

Phi. Though it should sleep for ever to the
world,

It is a simple sin to hide myself, 155
Which will for ever on my conscience lie.

Are. Then, good Philaster, give him scope
and way

In what he says; for he is apt to speak

What you are loath to hear. For my sake, do.

Phi. I will 160

Enter Pharamond

Phi. My princely mistress, as true lovers
ought,

I come to kiss these fair hands, and to show,
In outward ceremonies, the dear love

Writ in my heart. 164

Phi. If I shall have an answer no directlier,
I am gone.

Phi. To what would he have answer?

Are. To his claim unto the kingdom

Phi. Sirrah, I forbare you before the king —

Phi. Good sir, do so still, I would not talk
with you. 170

Phi. But now the time is fitter Do but offer
To make mention of right to any kingdom,

Though it be scarce habitable —

Phi. Good sir, let me go.

Phi. And by the gods —

Phi. Peace, Pharamond! if thou —

Are. Leave us, Philaster.

Phi. I have done [*Going*] 175

Phi. You are gone! by Heaven I'll fetch
you back.

Phi. You shall not need. [*Returning.*]

Phi. What now?

Phi. Know, Pharamond,

I loathe to brawl with such a blast as thou,
Who art nought but a valiant voice; but if
Thou shalt provoke me further, men shall say,
Thou wert, and not lament it.

Phi. Do you slight 181

My greatness so, and in the chamber of

The princess?

Phi. It is a place to which I must confess
I owe a reverence, but were 't the church, 185

Ay, at the altar, there 's no place so safe,

Where thou dar'st injure me, but I dare kill
thee.

And for your greatness, know, sir, I can grasp
You and your greatness thus, thus into nothing.

Give not a word, not a word back! Farewell.

Exit.

¹¹⁸ nymph: i.e., of the fountain ¹⁸⁰ vale: ('bay' Q 2-F) ¹⁸¹ in that: in such ¹⁸⁴ order'd:
arranged ¹⁴⁸ pointed: ('appointed' Qq, F) ¹⁴⁹ Jove: ('God' Q 1) ¹⁸⁴ Writ in: ('within' Q 1)
¹⁸⁹ forbore: spared ¹⁷⁸ blast: windbag ¹⁸¹ wert: s.e., hast died ¹⁸⁸ Ay . . . altar: ('at the high
altar' Q 1)

Pha. 'T is an odd fellow, madam; we must stop 191
His mouth with some office when we are married.

Are. You were best make him your controller.

Pha. I think he would discharge it well.

But, madam,

I hope our hearts are knit; but yet so slow 195
The ceremonies of state are, that 't will be long

Before our hands be so. If then you please,
Being agreed in heart, let us not wait
For dreaming form, but take a little stolen
Delights, and so prevent our joys to come. 200

Are. If you dare speak such thoughts,
I must withdraw in honour. *Exit.*

Pha. The constitution of my body will
never hold out till the wedding; I must seek
elsewhere. *Exit.* 205

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

[Philaster's Lodging]

Enter Philaster and his boy, called Bellario

Phi. And thou shalt find her honourable,
boy;

Full of regard unto thy tender youth
For thine own modesty; and, for my sake,
Apter to give than thou wilt be to ask,
Ay, or deserve

Bel. Sir, you did take me up 5
When I was nothing; and only yet am something

By being yours. You trusted me unknown;
And that which you were apt to conster
A simple innocence in me, perhaps
Might have been craft, the cunning of a boy 10
Harden'd in lies and theft. yet ventur'd you
To part my miseries and me. for which,
I never can expect to serve a lady
That bears more honour in her breast than you.

Phi. But, boy, it will prefer thee. Thou
art young, 15
And bear'st a childish overflowing love
To them that clap thy cheeks and speak thee
fair yet;

But when thy judgment comes to rule those
passions,
Thou wilt remember best those careful friends
That plac'd thee in the noblest way of life. 20
She is a princess I prefer thee to.

Bel. In that small time that I have seen the
world,

I never knew a man hasty to part
With a servant he thought trusty. I remember,

My father would prefer the boys he kept 25
To greater men than he; but did it not
Till they were grown too saucy for himself.

Phi. Why, gentle boy, I find no fault at all
In thy behaviour.

Bel. Sir, if I have made
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth: 30
I shall be willing, if not apt, to learn;
Age and experience will adorn my mind
With larger knowledge; and if I have done
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope
For once. What master holds so strict a hand
Over his boy, that he will part with him 36
Without one warning? Let me be corrected
To break my stubbornness, if it be so,
Rather than turn me off; and I shall mend. 39

Phi. Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,
That (trust me) I could weep to part with
thee.

Alas, I do not turn thee off! Thou knowest
It is my business that doth call thee hence;
And when thou art with her, thou dwell'st
with me,

Think so, and 't is so; and when time is full, 45
That thou hast well discharg'd this heavy trust,
Laid on so weak a one, I will again
With joy receive thee; as I live, I will!
Nay, weep not, gentle boy. 'T is more than
time

Thou didst attend the princess.

Bel. I am gone. 50
But since I am to part with you, my lord,
And none knows whether I shall live to do
More service for you, take this little prayer:
Heaven bless your loves, your sighs, all your
designs! 54

May sick men, if they have your wish, be
well;
And Heaven hate those you curse, though I be
one! *Exit.*

Phi. The love of boys unto their lords is
strange;

I have read wonders of it: yet this boy
For my sake (if a man may judge by looks
And speech) would out-do story. I may see 60
A day to pay him for his loyalty. *Exit.*

[SCENE II. — Lobby of the Court.]

Enter Pharamond

Pha. Why should these ladies stay so long?
They must come this way. I know the queen
employs 'em not; for the reverend mother
sent me word, they would all be for the garden.
If they should all prove honest now, I were 15
in a fair taking. I was never so long without

¹⁹⁹ dreaming: insubstantial ²⁰⁰ prevent: anticipate ¹ only . . . am: ('I am onely yet' Q 1)
² were: ('are' F) ³ conster: construe ⁴ prefer: advance ⁵ yet: (not in Q 1) ⁶ apt: quick
⁷ sighs: ('fights' Q 2, etc.) ⁸ mother: chaperon ⁹ for: bound for ¹⁰ taking: quandary

sport in my life, and, in my conscience, 't is not my fault. Oh, for our country ladies!

Enter Galatea

Here's one bolted; I'll hound at her. — Madam!

Gal. Your grace!

Pha. Shall I not be a trouble?

Gal. Not to me, sir. [*Going.*] 11

Pha. Nay, nay, you are too quick. By this sweet hand —

Gal. You'll be forsworn, sir; 't is but an old glove.

If you will talk at distance, I am for you:

But, good prince, be not bawdy, nor do not brag. 15

These two I only bar;

And then, I think, I shall have sense enough

To answer all the weighty apophthegms

Your royal blood shall manage.

Pha. Dear lady, can you love? 20

Gal. Dear prince! how dear? I ne'er cost you a coach yet, nor put you to the dear repentance of a banquet. Here's no scarlet, sir, to blush the sin out it was given for. This wire mine own hair covers; and this face has 25 been so far from being dear to any, that it ne'er cost penny painting; and, for the rest of my poor wardrobe, such as you see, it leaves no hand behind it, to make the jealous mercer's wife curse our good doings. 30

Pha. You mistake me, lady.

Gal. Lord, I do so; would you or I could help it!

Pha. Y' are very dangerous bitter, like a potion.

Gal. No, sir, I do not mean to purge you, though

I mean to purge a little time on you. 35

Pha. Do ladies of this country use to give No more respect to men of my full being?

Gal. Full being! I understand you not, unless your grace means growing to fatness; and then your only remedy (upon my knowledge, 40 prince) is, in a morning, a cup of neat white wine brewed with carduus, then fast till supper; about eight you may eat. Use exercise, and keep a sparrow-hawk; you can shoot in a tiller. but, of all, your grace must fly phle- 45 botomy, fresh pork, conger, and clarified whey; they are all dullers of the vital spirits.

Pha. Lady, you talk of nothing all this while.

Gal. 'T is very true, sir; I talk of you. 49

Pha. [*Aside.*] This is a crafty wench. I like her wit well, 't will be rare to stir up a leaden appetite. She's a Danae, and must be courted in a shower of gold. — Madam, look here; all these, and more than — 54

Gal. What have you there, my lord? Gold! now, as I live, 't is fair gold! You would have silver for it, to play with the pages. You could not have taken me in a worse time; but, if you have present use, my lord, I'll send my man with silver and keep your gold safe for you. [*Takes the gold.*] 61

Pha. Lady, lady!

Gal. She's coming, sir, behind, will take white money —

[*Aside*] Yet for all this I'll match ye.

She slips behind the arras.

Pha. If there be but two such more in this kingdom, and near the court, we may even 65 hang up our harps. Ten such camphor constitutions as this would call the golden age again in question, and teach the old way for every ill-fac'd husband to get his own children; and what a mischief that would breed, let all consider! 71

Enter Megra

Here's another: if she be of the same last, the devil shall pluck her on. — Many fair mornings, lady! 76

Meg. As many mornings bring as many days, Fair, sweet and hopeful to your grace!

Pha. [*Aside*] She gives good words yet; sure this wench is free. —

If your more serious business do not call you, Let me hold quarter with you, we will talk An hour out quickly

Meg. What would your grace talk of? 80

Pha. Of some such pretty subject as yourself: I'll go no further than your eye, or lip;

There's theme enough for one man for an age.

Meg. Sir, they stand right, and my lips are yet even,

Smooth, young enough, ripe enough, and red enough, 85

Or my glass wrongs me.

Pha. Oh, they are two twinn'd cherries dy'd in blushes,

Which those fair suns above with their bright beams

⁸ country: native (i.e., Spanish) ⁹ bolted: broken cover ¹⁶ only: (not in Q 2-F) ²² of: ('of a play and' Q 1) ²⁴⁻²⁵ blush . . . covers: ('to make you blush, this is my owne hayre' Q 1)

²⁶ wire: support for coiffure ²⁷ painting: to have it painted ²⁸ hand: note of hand, evidence of an unpaid bill ²⁹ mercer's: ('silke-mans' Q 1) ³² do so: (pun on "mistake," take amiss) ³³⁻³⁴ (In Q 1 only) ³⁷ full being: dignity ³⁸ carduus: carduus benedictus, a thistle used in medicine ⁴⁰ eight: ('five' Q 1) ⁴¹ tiller: part of cross-bow in which the arrow lay ⁴²⁻⁴³ phlebotomy: blood-letting ⁴⁴ conger: eel ⁴⁵ safe: (not in Q 2-F) ⁴⁶ white: silver ⁴⁸ camphor: frigid ⁷⁰ would: ('will' Q 2-F) ⁷⁹ quarter: friendly intercourse

Reflect upon and ripen. Sweetest beauty,
Bow down those branches, that the longing
taste ⁹⁰

Of the faint looker-on may meet those blessings,
And taste and live. *They kiss.*

Meg. [Aside] Oh, delicate sweet prince!
She that hath snow enough about her heart
To take the wanton spring of ten such lines off,
May be a nun without probation. — Sir, ⁹⁵
You have in such neat poetry gather'd a kiss,
That if I had but five lines of that number,
Such pretty begging blanks, I should commend

Your forehead or your cheeks, and kiss you
too.

Pha. Do it in prose; you cannot miss it,
madam. ¹⁰⁰

Meg. I shall, I shall.

Pha. By my life, but you shall not;
I'll prompt you first. [*Kisses her.*] Can you
do it now?

Meg. Methinks 't is easy, now you ha' done
't before me;

But yet I should stick at it. [*Kisses him.*]

Pha. Stick till to-morrow;
I'll ne'er part you, sweetest. But we lose time:
Can you love me? ¹⁰⁶

Meg. Love you, my lord! How would you
have me love you?

Pha. I'll teach you in a short sentence,
'cause I will not load your memory, this is all:
love me, and lie with me. ¹¹⁰

Meg. Was it "he with you" that you said?
'T is impossible.

Pha. Not to a willing mind, that will endeavour.
If I do not teach you to do it as easily
in one night as you 'll go to bed, I 'll lose my
royal blood for 't. ¹¹⁶

Meg. Why, prince, you have a lady of your
own

That yet wants teaching.

Pha. I 'll sooner teach a mare the old measures
than teach her anything belonging to ¹²⁰
the function. She 's afraid to lie with herself
if she have but any masculine imaginations
about her. I know, when we are married, I
must ravish her.

Meg. By mine honour, that 's a foul fault,
indeed; ¹²⁵
But time and your good help will wear it out,
sir.

Pha. And for any other I see, excepting your
dear self, dearest lady, I had rather be Sir
Tim the schoolmaster, and leap a dairy-maid.

Meg. Has your grace seen the court-star, ¹³⁰
Galatea?

Pha. Out upon her! She 's as cold of her favour
as an apoplexy; she sail'd by but now.

Meg. And how do you hold her wit, sir?

Pha. I hold her wit? The strength of all ¹³⁵
the guard cannot hold it, if they were tied to it:
she would blow 'em out of the kingdom. They
talk of Jupiter; he 's but a squib-cracker to her.
Look well about you, and you may find a tongue-
bolt. But speak, sweet lady, shall I be ¹⁴⁰
freely welcome?

Meg. Whither?

Pha. To your bed. If you mistrust my faith,
you do me the unnoblest wrong.

Meg. I dare not, prince, I dare not. ¹⁴⁵

Pha. Make your own conditions: my purse
shall seal 'em, and what you dare imagine you
can want, I 'll furnish you withal. Give two
hours to your thoughts every morning about it.
Come, I know y' are bashful; ¹⁵⁰

Speak in my ear, will you be mine? Keep this,
And with it me: soon I will visit you.

Meg. My lord, my chamber 's most unsafe;
but when 't is night, ¹⁵³

I 'll find some means to slip into your lodging;
Till when — [*thee!*]

Pha. Till when, this and my heart go with
Exeunt several ways.

Enter Galatea from behind the hangings

Gal. Oh, thou pernicious petticoat prince!
are these thy virtues? Well, if I do not lay a
train to blow your sport up, I am no woman
and, Lady Dowsabel, I 'll fit you for 't. *Exit.* ¹⁶⁰

[SCENE III. — *Arethusa's Apartment.*]

Enter Arethusa and a Lady

Are. Where 's the boy?

La. Within, madam.

Are. Gave you him gold to buy him clothes?

La. I did

Are. And has he done 't? ⁵

La. Yes, madam.

Are. 'T is a pretty sad-talking boy, is it not?
Ask'd you his name?

La. No, madam. ⁹

Enter Galatea

Are. Oh, you are welcome. What good news?

Gal. As good as any one can tell your grace,
That says she has done that you would have
wish'd.

Are. Hast thou discovered?

Gal. Of modesty for you I have strain'd a
point.

Are. I prithee, how? ¹⁵

⁹⁷ number: metre ⁹⁸ blanks: blank verses ¹⁰¹ but: (not in Q2-F) ¹⁰³ you . . . me: ('I
ha' don' 't before' Q2-F) ¹¹⁰⁻¹³⁰ measures: formal dances ¹⁰⁸ squib-cracker: fire-cracker
¹²⁰⁻¹⁴⁰ tongue-bolt: verbal thunderbolt (this sentence not in Q1) ¹⁶⁰ Dowsabel: ('Towsabel' Q2-F)

Gal. In list'ning after bawdry. I see, let a lady live never so modestly, she shall be sure to find a lawful time to hearken after bawdry. Your prince, brave Pharamond, was so hot on 't! 20

Are. With whom?

Gal. Why, with the lady I suspected. I can tell the time and place.

Are. Oh, when, and where?

Gal. To-night, his lodging. 25

Are. Run thyself into the presence; mingle there again

With other ladies; leave the rest to me.

[*Exit Galatea*]

If destiny (to whom we dare not say, "Why didst thou this?") have not decreed it so, In lasting leaves (whose smallest characters 30 Were never alter'd yet), this match shall break. —

Where 's the boy?

La. Here, madam.

Enter Bellario

Are. Sir, you are sad to change your service. is 't not so?

Bel. Madam, I have not chang'd; I wait on you, 35

To do him service.

Are. Thou disclaim'st in me

Tell me thy name.

Bel. Bellario

Are. Thou canst sing and play?

Bel. If grief will give me leave, madam, I can. 40

Are. Alas, what kind of grief can thy years know?

Hadst thou a curst master when thou went'st to school?

Thou art not capable of other grief, Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be When no breath troubles them. Believe me, boy, 45

Care seeks out wrinkled brows and hollow eyes, And builds himself caves, to abide in them.

Come, sir, tell me truly, does your lord love me?

Bel. Love, madam! I know not what it is.

Are. Canst thou know grief, and never yet knew'st love? 50

Thou art deceiv'd, boy. Does he speak of me As if he wish'd me well?

Bel. If it be love

To forget all respect of his own friends With thinking of your face; if it be love To sit cross-arm'd and sigh away the day, 55

Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud

And hastily as men i' the streets do fire; If it be love to weep himself away When he but hears of any lady dead Or kill'd, because it might have been your chance; 60

If, when he goes to rest (which will not be), 'Twixt every prayer he says, to name you once, As others drop a bead, be to be in love, Then, madam, I dare swear he loves you.

Are. Oh y' are a cunning boy, and taught to lie 65

For your lord's credit! But thou know'st a lie That bears this sound is welcomer to me Than any truth that says he loves me not.

Lead the way, boy. — [*To Lady.*] Do you attend me too — 69

'T is thy lord's business hastes me thus. Away! *Exeunt.*

[SCENE IV — *Before Pharamond's Lodging.*]

Enter Dion, Cleremont, Thrasilme, Megra, Galatea

Dion. Come, ladies, shall we talk a round? As men

Do walk a mile, women should talk an hour After supper 't is their exercise.

Gal. 'T is late.

Meg. 'T is all 5

My eyes will do to lead me to my bed.

Gal. I fear, they are so heavy, you 'll scarce find

The way to your own lodging with 'em to-night.

Enter Pharamond

Thra. The prince!

Pha. Not a-bed, ladies? Y' are good sisters-up 10

What think you of a pleasant dream, to last Till morning?

Meg. I should choose, my lord, a pleasing wake before it

Enter Arethusa and Bellario

Are. 'T is well, my lord; y' are courting of these ladies. —

Is 't not late, gentlemen? 15

Cle. Yes, madam.

Are. Wait you there. *Exit.*

Meg. [*Aside*] She 's jealous, as I live. — Look you, my lord,

The princess has a Hylas, an Adonis.

Pha. His form is angel-like. 20

Meg. Why this is he that must, when you are wed,

¹ didst thou: ('thou didst' Qq, F) ² disclaim'st: (supply "interest") ³ curst: ill-natured ('crosse' Q 1) ⁴ respect: consideration ⁵ sigh: ('thinke' Q 1-3) ⁶ lady: ('woman' Q 1) ⁷ pleasant: ('pleasing' Q 1) ⁸ Hylas: the beautiful boy whom Hercules loved ⁹ he . . . must: ('that must' Q 1, 'he must' Q 2-F)

Sit by your pillow, like young Apollo, with
His hand and voice binding your thoughts in
sleep.

The princess does provide him for you and for
herself

Pha. I find no music in these boys.

Meg. Nor I: 25

They can do little, and that small they do,
They have not wit to hide.

Dion. Serves he the princess?

Thra. Yes. [keeps him!]

Dion. 'T is a sweet boy: how brave she

Pha. Ladies all, good rest; I mean to kill a
buck

To-morrow morning ere y' have done your
dreams. 30

Meg. All happiness attend your grace! [*Exit*

Pharamond] Gentlemen, good rest —

Come, shall we to bed?

Gal. Yes — All, good night.

Dion. May your dreams be true to you! —

Exeunt Galatea and Megra.

What shall we do, gallants? 't is late. The
king

Is up still: see, he comes; a guard along 35
With him.

Enter King, Arethusa, and Guard

King. Look your intelligence be true

Are. Upon my life, it is, and I do hope
Your highness will not tie me to a man
That in the heat of wooing throws me off,
And takes another.

Dion. What should this mean? 40

King. If it be true,

That lady had been better have embrac'd
Careless diseases Get you to your rest:
You shall be righted.

Exeunt Arethusa, Bellario.

— Gentlemen, draw near;

We shall employ you. Is young Pharamond 45
Come to his lodging?

Dion. I saw him enter there

King. Haste, some of you, and cunningly
discover

If Megra be in her lodging. [*Exit Dion.*]

Cle. Sir,

She parted hence but now, with other ladies. 50

King. If she be there, we shall not need to
make

A vain discovery of our suspicion.

[*Aside.*] You gods, I see that who unrighteously
Holds wealth or state from others shall be curs'd
In that which meaner men are blest withal: 55
Ages to come shall know no male of him
Left to inherit, and his name shall be

Blotted from earth. If he have any child,
It shall be crossly match'd; the gods themselves
Shall sow wild strife betwixt her lord and her.
Yet, if it be your wills, forgive the sin 61
I have committed, let it not fall
Upon this undeserving child of mine!
She has not broke your laws. But how can I
Look to be heard of gods that must be just, 65
Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?

Enter Dion

Dion. Sir, I have asked, and her women swear
she is within; but they, I think, are bawds.
I told 'em, I must speak with her; they laugh'd,
and said, their lady lay speechless. I said, 70
my business was important; they said, their
lady was about it. I grew hot, and cried, my
business was a matter that concern'd life and
death; they answered, so was sleeping, at which
their lady was. I urg'd again, she had scarce 75
time to be so since last I saw her: they smil'd
again, and seem'd to instruct me that sleep-
ing was nothing but lying down and winking.
Answers more direct I could not get: in short,
sir, I think she is not there. 80

King. 'T is then no time to dally — You o'
the guard,

Wait at the back door of the prince's lodging,
And see that none pass thence, upon your lives.

[*Exeunt Guards*]

Knock, gentlemen; knock loud, — louder yet.

[*Dion, Cle, &c knock at the door
of Pharamond's Lodging.*]

What, has their pleasure taken off their hear-
ing? — 85

I 'll break your meditations. — Knock again —
Not yet? I do not think he sleeps, having this
'Larum by him. — Once more — Pharamond!
prince! *Pharamond* [*appears*] above.

Pha. What saucy groom knocks at this dead
of night?

Where be our waiters? By my vexed soul, 90
He meets his death that meets me, for his bold-
ness.

King. Prince, prince, you wrong your
thoughts; we are your friends:

Come down.

Pha. The king!

King. The same, sir. Come down:
We have cause of present counsel with you.

Pha. If your grace please 95
To use me, I 'll attend you to your chamber.

Enter Pharamond below

King. No, 't is too late, prince; I 'll make
bold with yours.

²⁸ brave: well-dressed ²⁹ child: daughter ³⁰ crossly match'd: ill married ³¹ undeserving:
guiltless ('understanding' Q 2-F) ³² winking: shutting the eyes ³³ their . . . their: ('your . . .
your' Q 1) ³⁴ s. d. above: appearing on upper stage ³⁵ wrong your: indulge unworthy

Pha. I have some private reasons to myself
Makes me unmannerly, and say you cannot. —

They press to come in.
Nay, press not forward, gentlemen; he must 100
Come through my life that comes here.

King. Sir, be resolv'd I must and will come.
— Enter.

Pha. I will not be dishonour'd
He that enters, enters upon his death.
Sir, 't is a sign you make no stranger of me, 105
To bring these renegadoes to my chamber
At these unseason'd hours.

King. Why do you
Chafe yourself so? You are not wrong'd nor
shall be;

Only I'll search your lodging, for some cause
To myself known. — Enter, I say.

Pha. I say, no. 110

[Enter] *Megra* above

Meg. Let 'em enter, prince, let 'em enter,
I am up and ready: I know their business;
'T is the poor breaking of a lady's honour
They hunt so hotly after. let 'em enjoy it —
You have your business, gentlemen, I lay
here. 115

Oh, my lord the king, this is not noble in you
To make public the weakness of a woman!

King Come down.

Meg I dare, my lord. Your hootings and
your clamours, 119
Your private whispers and your broad fleerings,
Can no more vex my soul than this base carriage

But I have vengeance yet in store for some
Shall, in the most contempt you can have of me,
Be joy and nourishment.

King. Will you come down?

Meg Yes, to laugh at your worst; but I shall
wring you, 125

If my skill fail me not [Exit above]

King. Sir, I must dearly chide you for this
looseness,

You have wrong'd a worthy lady, but, no
more. — Conduct him to my lodging and to bed

[Exeunt *Pharamond* and *Attendants*.]

Cle. Get him another wench, and you bring
him to bed indeed. 131

Dion 'T is strange a man cannot ride a stage
Or two, to breathe himself, without a warrant.
If his gear hold, that lodgings be search'd thus,
Pray God we may lie with our own wives in
safety, 135

That they be not by some trick of state mis-
taken!

Enter [Attendants] with *Megra* [below]

King. Now, lady of honour, where 's your
honour now?

No man can fit your palate but the prince.
Thou most ill-shrouded rottenness, thou piece
Made by a painter and a 'pothecary, 140
Thou troubled sea of lust, thou wilderness
Inhabited by wild thoughts, thou swoln cloud
Of infection, thou ripe mine of all diseases,
Thou all-sin, all-hell, and last, all-devils, tell me,
Had you none to pull on with your courtesies
But he that must be mine, and wrong my
daughter? 146

By all the gods, all these, and all the pages,
And all the court, shall hoot thee through the
court,

Fling rotten oranges, make ribald rhymes,
And sear thy name with candles upon walls! 150
Do you laugh, Lady Venus?

Meg. Faith, sir, you must pardon me;
I cannot choose but laugh to see you merry.
If you do thus, O King! nay, if you dare do it,
By all those gods you swore by, and as many 155
More of my own, I will have fellows, and such
Fellows in it, as shall make noble mirth!
The princess, your dear daughter, shall stand
by me

On walls, and sung in ballads, anything 159
Urge me no more; I know her and her haunts,
Her lays, leaps, and outlays, and will discover
all;

Nay, will dishonour her I know the boy
She keeps, a handsome boy, about eighteen;
Know what she does with him, where, and
when. 164

Come, sir, you put me to a woman's madness,
The glory of a fury; and if I do not
Do 't to the height —

King. What boy is this she raves at?

Meg Alas! good-minded prince, you know
not these things!

I am loath to reveal 'em. Keep this fault,
As you would keep your health from the hot
air 170

Of the corrupted people, or, by Heaven,
I will not fall alone. What I have known
Shall be as public as a print, all tongues
Shall speak it as they do the language they
Are born in, as free and commonly; I'll set it,
Like a prodigious star, for all to gaze at, 176
And so high and glowing, that other kingdoms
far and foreign
Shall read it there, nay, travel with it, till they
find

⁹⁹ S. D. (In Q 1 only) ¹⁰² be resolv'd: understand ¹⁰⁶ renegadoes: ('runagates' Q 1)
¹¹⁸ ready: dressed ¹²¹ carriage: behavior ¹²² Shall: which shall ¹²⁴ gear: business ¹²⁶ God:
('heaven' Q 2-F) ¹⁴¹ Her . . . outlays: ('her fayre leaps And out-lying' Q 1) ¹⁴⁵ lays: lodging places
outlays: remote lairs ¹⁷² fall: ('sinke' Q 1) ¹⁷³ a print: printed ballad ('in print' Q 1)

No tongue to make it more, nor no more people;

And then behold the fall of your fair princess!

King. Has she a boy? 181

Cle. So please your grace, I have seen a boy wait

On her, a fair boy.

King. Go, get you to your quarter:

For this time I will study to forget you.

Meg. Do you study to forget me, and I'll study 185

To forget you.

Exeunt King, Megra, Guard.

Cle. Why, here 's a male spirit fit for Hercules. If ever there be Nine Worthies of women, this wench shall ride astride and be their captain. 190

Dion. Sure, she has a garrison of devils in her tongue, she uttered such balls of wild-fire She has so nettled the king, that all the doctors in the country will scarce cure him That boy was a strange-found-out antidote to cure her 195 infection: that boy, that princess' boy; that brave, chaste, virtuous lady's boy; and a fair boy, a well-spoken boy! All these considered, can make nothing else — but there I leave you, gentlemen. 200

Thra. Nay, we'll go wander with you.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

[*The Court.*]

Enter Cleremont, Dion, and Thrasilene

Cle. Nay, doubtless, 't is true.

Dion. Ay; and 't is the gods

That rais'd this punishment, to scourge the king

With his own issue. Is it not a shame For us that should write noble in the land, 5

For us that should be freemen, to behold

A man that is the bravery of his age,

Philaster, press'd down from his royal right

By this regardless king? and only look

And see the sceptre ready to be cast 10

Into the hands of that lascivious lady,

That lives in lust with a smooth boy, now to be married

To yon strange prince, who, but that people please

To let him be a prince, is born a slave

In that which should be his most noble part, 15

His mind?

Thra. That man that would not stir with you

To aid Philaster, let the gods forget

That such a creature walks upon the earth!

Cle. Philaster is too backward in 't himself.

The gentry do await it, and the people, 20

Against their nature, are all bent for him,

And like a field of standing corn, that 's mov'd

With a stiff gale, their heads bow all one way.

Dion. The only cause that draws Philaster back

From this attempt is the fair princess' love, 25

Which he admires, and we can now confute.

Thra. Perhaps he'll not believe it.

Dion. Why, gentlemen, 't is without question so.

Cle. Ay, 't is past speech she lives dishon-estly.

But how shall we, if he be curious, work 30

Upon his faith?

Thra. We all are satisfied within ourselves.

Dion. Since it is true, and tends to his own

good,

I'll make this new report to be my knowl- edge.

I'll say I know it; nay, I'll swear I saw it. 35

Cle. It will be best.

Thra. 'T will move him.

Enter Philaster

Dion. Here he comes.

Good morrow to your honour: we have spent Some time in seeking you.

Phi. My worthy friends,

You that can keep your memories to know

Your friend in miseries, and cannot frown 40

On men disgrac'd for virtue, a good day

Attend you all! What service may I do

Worthy your acceptance?

Dion. My good lord,

We come to urge that virtue, which we know Lives in your breast, forth. Rise, and make a

head; 45

The nobles and the people are all dull'd

With this usurping king, and not a man,

That ever heard the word, knows such a thing

As virtue, but will second your attempts.

Phi. How honourable is this love in you 50

To me that have deserv'd none! Know, my

friends,

(You, that were born to shame your poor Phi- laster

With too much courtesy,) I could afford

To melt myself in thanks: but my designs

Are not yet ripe. Suffice it, that ere long 55

I shall employ your loves; but yet the time

Is short of what I would.

¹ write noble: rank as nobles

¹¹ prince: ('thing' Q 1)

¹⁹ (Not in Q 1)

²⁶ Which: whom

³⁹ past speech: fact, not rumor

³⁰ curious: skeptical

³¹ Upon . . . faith: ('on his beleefe' Q 1)

⁴⁶ make a head: gather an army

⁴⁸ knows: (as in Q 1; 'or knowne' Q 2; 'or knew' Q 3, etc.)

Dion. The time is fuller, sir, than you expect;
That which hereafter will not, perhaps, be reach'd
By violence, may now be caught. As for the king,
You know the people have long hated him;
But now the princess, whom they lov'd —

Phi. Why, what of her?

Dion. Is loath'd as much as he.

Phi. By what strange means?

Dion. She 's known a whore.

Phi. Thou liest.

Dion. My lord — 65

Phi. Thou liest,

Offers to draw and is held.

And thou shalt feel it! I had thought thy mind

Had been of honour. Thus to rob a lady

Of her good name is an infectious sin

Not to be pardon'd Be it false as hell, 70

'T will never be redeem'd, if it be sown

Amongst the people, fruitful to increase

All evil they shall hear Let me alone

That I may cut off falsehood whilst it springs!

Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man 75

That utters this, and I will scale them all,

And from the utmost top fall on his neck,

Like thunder from a cloud.

Dion. This is most strange:
Sure, he does love her.

Phi. I do love fair truth.

She is my mistress, and who injures her 80

Draws vengeance from me. Sirs, let go my arms.

Thra. Nay, good my lord, be patient.

Cle. Sir, remember,

This is your honour'd friend,

That comes to do his service, and will show you

Why he utter'd this.

Phi. I ask you pardon, sir; 85

My zeal to truth made me unmannerly

Should I have heard dishonour spoke of you,

Behind your back, untruly, I had been

As much distemper'd and enrag'd as now.

Dion. But this, my lord, is truth.

Phi. Oh, say not so! 90
Good sir, forbear to say so: 't is then truth,

That womankind is false: urge it no more;

It is impossible. Why should you think

The princess light?

Dion. Why, she was taken at it. 94

Phi. 'T is false! by Heaven, 't is false! It cannot be!

Can it? Speak, gentlemen; for God's love, speak!

Is 't possible? Can women all be damn'd?

Dion. Why, no, my lord

Phi. Why, then, it cannot be.

Dion. And she was taken with her boy.

Phi. What boy? 99

Dion. A page, a boy that serves her

Phi. Oh, good gods!

A little boy?

Dion. Ay; know you him, my lord?

Phi. [Aside.] Hell and sin know him! — Sir, you are deceiv'd;

I 'll reason it a little coldly with you.

If she were lustful, would she take a boy,

That knows not yet desire? She would have one 105

Should meet her thoughts and know the sin he acts,

Which is the great delight of wickedness.

You are abus'd, and so is she, and I.

Dion. How you, my lord?

Phi. Why, all the world 's abus'd 109

In an unjust report

Dion. Oh, noble sir, your virtues

Cannot look into the subtle thoughts of woman!

In short, my lord, I took them, I myself

Phi. Now, all the devils, thou didst! Fly from my rage!

Would thou hadst ta'en devils engend'ring plagues,

When thou didst take them! Hide thee from mine eyes! 115

Would thou hadst taken thunder on thy breast, When thou didst take them; or been stricken dumb

For ever; that this foul deed might have slept In silence!

Thra. Have you known him so ill-temper'd?

Cle. Never before.

Phi. The winds that are let loose 120

From the four several corners of the earth,

And spread themselves all over sea and land,

Kiss not a chaste one. What friend bears a sword

To run me through?

Dion. Why, my lord, are you So mov'd at this?

Phi. When any fall from virtue, 125 I am distracted; I have an interest in 't.

Dion. But, good my lord, recall yourself, and think

What 's best to be done.

Phi. I thank you; I will do it.

⁷³ fruitful: ('faithfull' Q 1) ⁷⁴ off . . . springs: ('out falsehood where it grows' Q 1) ⁸⁵ you: ('your' Q 1) ⁸⁶ made: ('makes' Q 1) ⁹² womankind is: ('women all are' Q 1) ¹⁰³ coldly: ('milder' Q 1) ¹⁰⁶ abus'd: deceived ¹¹⁶ thunder on: ('daggers in' Q 1) ¹²⁶ distracted: ('distract' Q 4-F)

Please you to leave me; I 'll consider of it.
To-morrow I will find your lodging forth, 130
And give you answer.

Dion. All the gods direct you
The readiest way!

Thra. He was extreme impatient
Cle. It was his virtue and his noble mind.
Exeunt Dion, Clevermont, and Thrasiline.

Phi. I had forgot to ask him where he took them;

I 'll follow him. Oh that I had a sea 135
Within my breast, to quench the fire I feel!
More circumstances will but fan this fire:
It more afflicts me now, to know by whom
This deed is done, than simply that 't is done;
And he that tells me thus is honourable, 140
As far from lies as she is far from truth.

Oh, that, like beasts, we could not grieve ourselves

With that we see not! Bulls and rams will fight

To keep their females, standing in their sight;
But take 'em from them, and you take at once 145

Their spleens away; and they will fall again
Unto their pastures, growing fresh and fat,
And taste the waters of the springs as sweet
As 't was before, finding no start in sleep; 149
But miserable man —

Enter Bellario

See, see, you gods,
He walks still; and the face you let him wear
When he was innocent is still the same,
Not blasted! Is this justice? Do you mean
To intrap mortality, that you allow
Treason so smooth a brow? I cannot now 155
Think he is guilty.

Bel. Health to you, my lord!
The princess doth commend her love, her life,
And this, unto you. *He gives him a letter.*

Phi. Oh, Bellario,
Now I perceive she loves me: she does show it
In loving thee, my boy. She has made thee
brave. 160

Bel. My lord, she has attir'd me past my wish,
Past my desert; more fit for her attendant,
Though far unfit for me who do attend.

Phi. Thou art grown courtly, boy. — Oh,
let all women, 164
That love black deeds, learn to dissemble here,
Here, by this paper! She does write to me
As if her heart were mines of adamant

To all the world besides; but, unto me,
A maiden-snow that melted with my looks. —
Tell me, my boy, how doth the princess use
thee? 170

For I shall guess her love to me by that.

Bel. Scarce like her servant, but as if I were
Something allied to her, or had preserv'd
Her life three times by my fidelity:

As mothers fond do use their only sons, 175
As I 'd use one that 's left unto my trust,
For whom my life should pay if he met harm,
So she does use me.

Phi. Why, this is wondrous well:
But what kind language does she feed thee
with?

Bel. Why, she does tell me she will trust my
youth 180

With all her loving secrets, and does call me
Her pretty servant; bids me weep no more
For leaving you; she 'll see my services
Regarded: and such words of that soft strain
That I am nearer weeping when she ends 185
Than ere she spake.

Phi. This is much better still.

Bel. Are you not ill, my lord?

Phi. Ill? No, Bellario.

Bel. Methinks your words

Fall not from off your tongue so evenly,
Nor is there in your looks that quietness 190
That I was wont to see

Phi. Thou art deceiv'd, boy:
And she strokes thy head?

Bel. Yes.

Phi. And she does clap thy cheeks?

Bel. She does, my lord.

Phi. And she does kiss thee, boy? ha!

Bel. How, my lord? 194

Phi. She kisses thee?

Bel. Never, my lord, by heaven.

Phi. That 's strange, I know she does.

Bel. No, by my life

Phi. Why then she does not love me. Come,
she does.

I bade her do it; I charg'd her, by all charms
Of love between us, by the hope of peace
We should enjoy, to yield thee all delights 200
Naked as to her bed; I took her oath
Thou shouldst enjoy her. Tell me, gentle boy,
Is she not parallelless? Is not her breath
Sweet as Arabian winds when fruits are ripe?
Are not her breasts two liquid ivory balls? 205
Is she not all a lasting mine of joy?

Bel. Ay, now I see why my disturbed
thoughts

133-138 He . . . mind: (not in Q 1) 137 circumstances: details 171 (Not in Q 1) 181 loving secrets: ('maiden store' Q 1) 184 Regarded: rewarded (which Q 1 prints) 186 spake: ('speakes' Q 1) 187 not ill: ('not well' Q 1) 189 quietness: ('quickness' Q 1) 193 Never . . . heaven: ('Not so, my Lord' Q 4-F) 196 That 's strange: ('Come, come' Q 4-F) 201 bed: ('Lord' Q 1) 203 parallelless: ('paradise' Q 1) 207 disturbed: ('discurled' Q 1)

Were so perplex'd. When first I went to her,
My heart held augury. You are abus'd,
Some villain has abus'd you; I do see 210
Whereto you tend. Fall rocks upon his head
That put this to you! 'T is some subtle train
To bring that noble frame of yours to nought.

Phi. Thou think'st I will be angry with thee. Come, 214

Thou shalt know all my drift. I hate her more
Than I love happiness, and plac'd thee there
To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds.
Hast thou discover'd? Is she fall'n to lust,
As I would wish her? Speak some comfort to me.

Bel. My lord, you did mistake the boy you sent. 220

Had she the lust of sparrows or of goats,
Had she a sin that way, hid from the world,
Beyond the name of lust, I would not aid
Her base desires; but what I came to know
As servant to her, I would not reveal, 225
To make my life last ages.

Phi. Oh, my heart!
This is a salve worse than the main disease. —
Tell me thy thoughts; for I will know the least

That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart
To know it. I will see thy thoughts as plain 230
As I do now thy face.

Bel. Why, so you do
She is (for aught I know) by all the gods,
As chaste as ice! But were she foul as hell,
And I did know it thus, the breath of kings,
The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls of
brass, 235
Should draw it from me.

Phi. Then it is no time
To dally with thee; I will take thy life,
For I do hate thee. I could curse thee now.

Bel. If you do hate, you could not curse me worse;

The gods have not a punishment in store 240
Greater for me than is your hate.

Phi. Fie, fie,
So young and so dissembling! Tell me when
And where thou didst enjoy her, or let plagues
Fall on me, if I destroy thee not!

Draws his sword.

Bel. Heaven knows, I never did; and when I lie 245

To save my life, may I live long and loath'd!
Hew me asunder, and, whilst I can think,
I'll love those pieces you have cut away
Better than those that grow, and kiss those
limbs 249

Because you made 'em so.

Phi. Fear'st thou not death?
Can boys condemn that?

Bel. Oh, what boy is he
Can be content to live to be a man,
That sees the best of men thus passionate,
Thus without reason?

Phi. Oh, but thou dost not know
What 't is to die.

Bel. Yes, I do know, my lord: 255
'T is less than to be born; a lasting sleep;
A quiet resting from all jealousy,
A thing we all pursue. I know, besides,
It is but giving over of a game 259
That must be lost.

Phi. But there are pains, false boy,
For perjurd souls. Think but on those, and then
Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.

Bel. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,
If I be perjurd, or have ever thought
Of that you charge me with! If I be false, 265
Send me to suffer in those punishments
You speak of; kill me!

Phi. Oh, what should I do?
Why, who can but believe him? He does swear

So earnestly, that if it were not true,
The gods would not endure him. Rise, Bel-
lano: 270

Thy protestations are so deep, and thou
Dost look so truly when thou utter'st them,
That, though I know 'em false as were my
hopes,

I cannot urge thee further. But thou wert
To blame to injure me, for I must love 275
Thy honest looks, and take no revenge upon
Thy tender youth. A love from me to thee
Is firm, whate'er thou dost; it troubles me
That I have call'd the blood out of thy cheeks,
That did so well become thee. But, good boy,
Let me not see thee more: something is
done 281

That will distract me, that will make me mad,
If I behold thee. If thou tender'st me,
Let me not see thee.

Bel. I will fly as far
As there is morning, ere I give distaste 285
To that most honour'd mind. But through
these tears,

Shed at my hopeless parting, I can see
A world of treason practis'd upon you,
And her, and me. Farewell for evermore! 289
If you shall hear that sorrow struck me dead,
And after find me loyal, let there be
A tear shed from you in my memory,
And I shall rest in peace. *Exit.*

²¹⁷ narrow: ('sparrowes' Q 1)

²⁴¹ Heaven knows: ('By heaven' Q 1)

less: ('haplesse' Q 1)

²²² way, hid: ('weighed' Q 1)

²³⁸ Can: ('Could' Q 1)

²³⁹ draw: ('wreck' Q 1)

²⁵⁶ mind: ('frame' Q 1)

²⁵⁷ hope-

Phi. [*Aside*] Oh, my heart! 70
Would he had broken thee, that made thee
know

This lady was not loyal! — Mistress,
Forget the boy; I 'll get thee a far better.

Are. Oh, never, never such a boy again
As my Bellario!

Phi. 'T is but your fond affection. 75
Are. With thee, my boy, farewell for ever
All secrecy in servants! Farewell, faith,
And all desire to do well for itself!

Let all that shall succeed thee for thy wrongs
Sell and betray chaste love! 80

Phi. And all this passion for a boy?

Are. He was your boy, and you put him to me,
And the loss of such must have a mourning for.

Phi. Oh, thou forgetful woman!

Are. How, my lord?

Phi. False Arethusa! 85
Hast thou a medicine to restore my wits,
When I have lost 'em? If not, leave to talk,
And do thus

Are. Do what, sir? Would you sleep?

Phi. For ever, Arethusa Oh, you gods
Give me a worthy patience! Have I stood, 90
Naked, alone, the shock of many fortunes?

Have I seen mischiefs numberless and mighty
Grow like a sea upon me? Have I taken
Danger as stern as death into my bosom,
And laugh'd upon it, made it but a mirth, 95

And flung it by? Do I live now like him,
Under this tyrant king, that languishing
Hears his sad bell and sees his mourners? Do I
Bear all this bravely, and must sink at length
Under a woman's falsehood? Oh, that boy, 100
That cursed boy! None but a villain boy
To ease your lust?

Are. Nay, then, I am betray'd:
I feel the plot cast for my overthrow.
Oh, I am wretched!

Phi. Now you may take that little right I
have 105

To this poor kingdom. Give it to your joy;
For I have no joy in it Some far place,
Where never womankind durst set her foot
For bursting with her poisons, must I seek,
And live to curse you; 110

There dig a cave, and preach to birds and beasts
What woman is, and help to save them from you:
How heaven is in your eyes, but in your hearts
More hell than hell has: how your tongues, like
scorpions,

Both heal and poison; how your thoughts are
woven 115

With thousand changes in one subtle web,
And worn so by you; how that foolish man,
That reads the story of a woman's face
And dies believing it, is lost for ever;
How all the good you have is but a shadow, 120
I' th' morning with you, and at night behind
you,

Past and forgotten; how your vows are frosts,
Fast for a night, and with the next sun gone;
How you are, being taken all together,
A mere confusion, and so dead a chaos, 125
That love cannot distinguish. These sad texts,
Till my last hour, I am bound to utter of you.
So, farewell all my woe, all my delight! *Exit.*

Are. Be merciful, ye gods, and strike me
dead!

What way have I deserv'd this? Make my
breast 130

Transparent as pure crystal, that the world,
Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought
My heart holds Where shall a woman turn her
eyes,

To find out constancy?

Enter Bellario

Save me, how black
And guiltily, methinks, that boy looks now! 135
Oh, thou dissembler, that, before thou spak'st,
Wert in thy cradle false, sent to make lies
And betray innocents! Thy lord and thou
May glory in the ashes of a maid
Fool'd by her passion; but the conquest is 140
Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away!
Let my command force thee to that which
shame

Would do without it. If thou understood'st
The loathed office thou hast undergone,
Why, thou wouldst hide thee under heaps of
hills, 145

Lest men should dig and find thee.

Bel. Oh, what god,
Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease
Into the noblest minds! Madam, this grief
You add unto me is no more than drops 149
To seas, for which they are not seen to swell.
My lord hath struck his anger through my
heart,

And let out all the hope of future joys.
You need not bid me fly; I came to part,
To take my latest leave. Farewell for ever!
I durst not run away in honesty 155
From such a lady, like a boy that stole
Or made some grievous fault. The power of
gods

⁷⁰ thee: ('you' Q 1) ⁷⁸ desire . . . itself: ('desires . . . thy sake' Q 1) ⁸¹ alone: ('above' Q 1) ⁸⁴ stern: ('deepe' Q 1) ¹⁰⁰ For: for fear of ¹¹⁵ heal: (Scorpion bites were thought to be cured by applying the scorpion to them.) ¹²⁸ a . . . her: ('women . . . their' Q 1) ¹²⁹ guiltily: ('vile' Q 1; 'guilty' Q 3-F) ¹⁴¹ Nothing: by no means ¹⁴⁴ undergone: ('undertooke' Q 1) ¹⁴⁷ men: ('me' Q 1) ¹⁴⁷ grievous: ('greater' Q 1)

Assist you in your sufferings! Hasty time
Reveal the truth to your abused lord
And mine, that he may know your worth;
whilst I 160

Go seek out some forgotten place to die! *Exit.*
Are. Peace guide thee! Thou hast overthrown
me once;

Yet, if I had another Troy to lose,
Thou, or another villain with thy looks, 164
Might talk me out of it, and send me naked,
My hair dishevell'd, through the fiery streets.

Enter a Lady

La. Madam, the king would hunt, and
calls for you
With earnestness.

Are. I am in tune to hunt!
Diana, if thou canst rage with a maid
As with a man, let me discover thee 170
Bathing, and turn me to a fearful hind,
That I may die pursued by cruel hounds,
And have my story written in my wounds!
Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

[*The Court*]

*Enter King, Pharamond, Arethusa, Galatea,
Megra, Dion, Cleremoni, Thrastine, and
Attendants*

King. What, are the hounds before and all
the woodmen?

Our horses ready and our bows bent?

Dion. All, sir.

King. [*to Pharamond.*] Y' are cloudy, sir.
Come, we have forgotten

Your venial trespass; let not that sit heavy
Upon your spirit; here 's none dare utter it 5

Dion. He looks like an old surfeited stallion
after his leaping, dull as a dormouse. See how
he sinks! The wench has shot him between wind
and water, and I hope, sprung a leak.

Thra. He needs no teaching, he strikes 10
sure enough His greatest fault is, he hunts too
much in the purlieus; would he would leave off
poaching!

Dion. And for his horn, h'as left it at the
lodge where he lay late. Oh, he 's a precious 15
limehound! Turn him loose upon the pursuit
of a lady, and if he lose her, hang him up i' the

slip. When my fox-bitch, Beauty, grows proud,
I 'll borrow him.

King. Is your boy turn'd away? 20

Are. You did command, sir, and I obey'd
you.

King. 'T is well done. Hark ye further.
[*They talk apart.*]

Cle. Is 't possible this fellow should repent?
Methinks, that were not noble in him; and 25
yet he looks like a mortified member, as if he
had a "Sick Man's Salve" in 's mouth. If a
worse man had done this fault now, some
physical justice or other would presently
(without the help of an almanac) have 30
opened the obstructions of his liver, and let
him blood with a dog-whip.

Dion. See, see how modestly yon lady looks,
as if she came from churching with her neigh-
bours! Why, what a devil can a man see in 35
her face but that she 's honest!

Thra. Faith, no great matter to speak of: a
foolish twinkling with the eye, that spoils her
coat; but he must be a cunning herald that
finds it. 40

Dion. See how they muster one another! Oh,
there 's a rank regiment where the devil carries
the colours and his dam drum-major! Now the
world and the flesh come behind with the car-
riage. 45

Cle. Sure this lady has a good turn done her
against her will, before she was common talk,
now none dare say cantharides can stir her.
Her face looks like a warrant, willing and com-
manding all tongues, as they will answer it, 50
to be tied up and bolted when this lady means
to let herself loose As I live, she has got her a
goodly protection and a gracious; and may use
her body discreetly for her health's sake, once
a week, excepting Lent and dog-days Oh, 55
if they were to be got for money, what a great
sum would come out of the city for these
licences!

King. To horse, to horse! we lose the morn-
ing, gentlemen. *Exeunt.* 60

[*SCENE II. — The Forest*]

Enter two Woodmen

1 *Wood.* What, have you lodged the deer?

2 *Wood.* Yes, they are ready for the bow.

1 *Wood.* Who shoots?

¹⁶⁰ Yet . . . Troy: ('But . . . time' Q 1) ¹⁶⁵ talk: ('take' Q 1) The allusion in lines 163-165 is to the story of Simon ¹ cloudy: moody ² here 's: (not in Q 4-F) ³ purlieus: open ground near a forest ⁴ precious: ('pernitous' Q 1) ⁵ limehound: dog on leash, blood-hound ⁶ slip: dog-leash proud: heated sexually ⁷ "Sick Man's Salve": a popular work of devotion, by Thomas Becon ⁸ worse: inferior in rank ⁹ physical: curative ¹⁰ almanac: used to determine the time for blood-letting ¹¹ you: ('your' F) ¹² coat: coat of arms (stars inserted in them marked an inferior branch of the family) ¹³ his dam: the devil's dam acts as ¹⁴ carriage: baggage ¹⁵ cantharides: Spanish flies, used as a stimulant ¹⁶ lodged: brought within reach of the shooting stands

2 *Wood.* The princess.

1 *Wood.* No, she 'll hunt.

2 *Wood.* She 'll take a stand, I say.

1 *Wood.* Who else?

2 *Wood.* Why, the young stranger-prince.

1 *Wood.* He shall shoot in a stone-bow for me. I never lov'd his beyond-sea-ship since (10) he forsook the say, for paying ten shillings. He was there at the fall of a deer, and would needs (out of his mightiness) give ten groats for the dowcets; marry, his steward would have the velvet-head into the bargain, to (15) turf his hat withal. I think he should love ventry; he is an old Sir Tristram; for, if you be rememb'ring, he forsook the stag once to strike a rascal miching in a meadow, and her he kill'd in the eye. Who shoots else? 20

2 *Wood.* The Lady Galatea.

1 *Wood.* That 's a good wench, and she would not chide us for tumbling of her women in the brakes. She 's liberal, and by the gods, they say she 's honest, and whether that be a (25) fault, I have nothing to do. There 's all?

2 *Wood.* No, one more; Megra.

1 *Wood.* That 's a firker, i' faith, boy. There 's a wench will ride her haunches as hard after a kennel of hounds as a hunting (30) saddle, and when she comes home, get 'em clapp'd, and all is well again. I have known her lose herself three times in one afternoon (if the woods have been answerable), and it has been work enough for one man to find her, and (35) he has sweat for it. She rides well and she pays well. Hark! let 's go. *Exeunt.*

Enter Philaster

Phi. Oh, that I had been nourish'd in these woods

With mulk of goats and acorns, and not known The right of crowns nor the dissembling trains Of women's looks; but digg'd myself a cave (41) Where I, my fire, my cattle, and my bed Might have been shut together in one shed; And then had taken me some mountain-girl, Beaten with winds, chaste as the harden'd rocks 45

Whereon she dwelt, that might have strew'd my bed

With leaves and reeds, and with the skins of beasts, Our neighbours, and have borne at her big breasts

My large coarse issue! This had been a life Free from vexation.

Enter Bellario

Bel. Oh, wicked men! 50

An innocent may walk safe among beasts; Nothing assaults me here. See, my griev'd lord Sits as his soul were searching out a way To leave his body! — Pardon me, that must Break thy last commandment; for I must speak. 55

You that are griev'd can pity; hear, my lord!

Phi. Is there a creature yet so miserable, That I can pity?

Bel. Oh, my noble lord, View my strange fortune, and bestow on me, According to your bounty (if my service (60) Can merit nothing), so much as may serve To keep that little piece I hold of life From cold and hunger!

Phi. Is it thou? Be gone! Go, sell those misbeseming clothes thou wear'st, And feed thyself with them 65

Bel. Alas, my lord, I can get nothing for them!

The silly country-people think 't is treason To touch such gay things

Phi. Now, by the gods, this is Unkindly done, to vex me with thy sight. Th' art fallen again to thy dissembling trade; How shouldst thou think to cozen me again? (71) Remains there yet a plague untried for me? Even so thou wept'st, and look'd'st, and spok'st when first

I took thee up.

Curse on the time! If thy commanding tears (75) Can work on any other, use thy art; I'll not betray it. Which way wilt thou take, That I may shun thee, for thine eyes are poison

To mine, and I am loath to grow in rage?

This way, or that way? 80

Bel. Any will serve; but I will choose to have

That path in chase that leads unto my grave.

Exeunt severally.

Enter [on one side] Dion, and [on the other] the Woodmen

Dion. This is the strangest sudden chance! — You, woodmen!

1 *Wood.* My lord Dion?

¹ hunt: pursue on horseback ² stone-bow: child's weapon, projecting stones ³ say: assay, test of fatness of a slain deer for: to avoid ⁴ groats: four-penny pieces ⁵ velvet-head: head with new, velvety horns ⁶ turf: cover ⁷ rascal: unseasonable, lean deer ⁸ miching: skulking ('milking' in Qq., F) ⁹ and: an, if ¹⁰ the gods: ('my Bowe' Q 4-F) ¹¹ firker: frisker ¹² kennel: pack ¹³ women's looks: ('cruell love' Q 1) ¹⁴ dwelt: ('dwells' Q 2-F) ¹⁵ may: ('man may' F) ¹⁶⁻¹⁸ Phil. . . . gay things: (not in Q 1) ¹⁹ the gods: ('my life' Q 4-F) ²⁰ and look'd'st: (not in Q 4-F)

Dion. Saw you a lady come this way on a sable horse studded with stars of white? as
2 *Wood.* Was she not young and tall?

Dion. Yes. Rode she to the wood or to the plain?

2 *Wood.* Faith, my lord, we saw none.

Exeunt Woodmen.

Dion. Pox of your questions then!

Enter Cleremont

What, is she found?

Cle. Nor will be, I think. 90

Dion. Let him seek his daughter himself. She cannot stray about a little necessary natural business, but the whole court must be in arms. When she has done, we shall have peace.

Cle. There 's already a thousand father- 95
less tales amongst us. Some say, her horse ran away with her; some, a wolf pursued her; others, 't was a plot to kill her, and that arm'd men were seen in the wood: but questionless she rode away willingly. 100

Enter King and Thrasiline

King. Where is she?

Cle. Sir, I cannot tell.

King. How 's that?

Answer me so again!

Cle. Sir, shall I lie?

King. Yes, lie and damn, rather than tell me that.

I say again, where is she? Mutter not! —

Sir, speak you; where is she?

Dion. Sir, I do not know. 105

King. Speak that again so boldly, and, by Heaven,

It is thy last! — You, fellows, answer me;

Where is she? Mark me, all; I am your king:

I wish to see my daughter; show her me; I do command you all, as you are subjects, 110

To show her me! What! am I not your king?

If ay, then am I not to be obeyed?

Dion. Yes, if you command things possible and honest.

King. Things possible and honest! Hear me, thou, —

Thou traitor, that dar'st confine thy king to things 115

Possible and honest! Show her me,

Or, let me perish, if I cover not

All Sicily with blood!

Dion. Faith, I cannot,

Unless you tell me where she is.

King. You have betray'd me; you have let me lose 120

The jewel of my life. Go, bring her me, And set her here before me. 'T is the king

⁹⁵⁻⁹⁶ fatherless: untraceable to their source

Will have it so; whose breath can still the winds,

Uncloud the sun, charm down the swelling sea, And stop the floods of heaven. Speak, can it not? 125

Dion. No.

King. No! cannot the breath of kings do thus?

Dion. No; nor smell sweet itself, if once the lungs

Be but corrupted.

King. Is it so? Take heed!

Dion. Sir, take you heed how you dare the powers

That must be just.

King. Alas! what are we kings? 130

Why do you gods place us above the rest, To be serv'd, flatter'd, and ador'd, till we Believe we hold within our hands your thunder?

And when we come to try the power we have, There 's not a leaf shakes at our threatenings. I have sinn'd, 't is true, and here stand to be punish'd, 136

Yet would not thus be punish'd Let me choose My way, and lay it on!

Dion. [Aside] He articles with the gods. Would somebody would draw bonds for the performance of covenants betwixt them! 141

Enter Pharamond, Galatea, and Megra

King. What, is she found?

Pha. No; we have ta'en her horse; He gallop'd empty by. There is some treason. You, Galatea, rode with her into The wood. Why left you her?

Gal. She did command me. 145

King. Command! you should not.

Gal. 'T would ill become my fortunes and my birth

To disobey the daughter of my king.

King. Y' are all cunning to obey us for our hurt;

But I will have her.

Pha. If I have her not, 150

By this hand, there shall be no more Sicily.

Dion. [Aside.] What, will he carry it to Spain in 's pocket?

Pha. I will not leave one man alive, but the king,

A cook, and a tailor. 154

Dion. [Aside.] Yes; you may do well to spare your lady-bedfellow; and her you may keep for a spawner.

King. [Aside.] I see the injuries I have done must be reveng'd.

Dion. Sir, this is not the way to find her out.

¹³⁴ thou: ('then' Q 1) ¹³⁶ articles: bargains

King. Run all, disperse yourselves. The man that finds her, 160
 Or (if she be kill'd) the traitor, I 'll make him great.
Dion. I know some would give five thousand pounds to find her.
Pha. Come, let us seek.
King. Each man a several way; here I myself.
Dion. Come, gentlemen, we here. 165
Cle. Lady, you must go search too.
Meg. I had rather be search'd myself.
Exeunt omnes.

[SCENE III. — *Another part of the Forest.*]

Enter Arethusa

Are. Where am I now? Feet, find me out a way,
 Without the counsel of my troubled head.
 I 'll follow you boldly about these woods,
 O'er mountains, thorough brambles, pits, and floods.
 Heaven, I hope, will ease me: I am sick. 5
Sits down.

Enter Bellario

Bel. [*Aside*] Yonder 's my lady. God knows I want nothing,
 Because I do not wish to live; yet I
 Will try her charity. — Oh hear, you that have plenty!
 From that flowing store drop some on dry ground — See,
 The lively red is gone to guard her heart! 10
 I fear she faints. — Madam, look up! — She breathes not. —
 Open once more those rosy twins, and send
 Unto my lord your latest farewell! — Oh, she stirs —
 How is it, Madam? Speak comfort
Are. 'T is not gently done,
 To put me in a miserable life, 15
 And hold me there. I prithee, let me go;
 I shall do best without thee; I am well.

Enter Philaster

Phi. I am to blame to be so much in rage.
 I 'll tell her coolly when and where I heard
 This killing truth. I will be temperate 20
 In speaking, and as just in hearing. —
 Oh, monstrous! Tempt me not, you gods' good gods,
 Tempt not a frail man! What's he, that has a heart,
 But he must ease it here!

Bel. My lord, help, help! The princess' 25

¹² twins: lips ²⁴ here: ('with his tongue' Q 1)
 inga: ('meeting' Q 2-F) ²⁶ fortune: ('fortunes' Q 1, F)

Are. I am well: forbear.
Phi. [*Aside.*] Let me love lightning, let me be embrac'd
 And kiss'd by scorpions, or adore the eyes
 Of basilisks, rather than trust the tongues
 Of hell-bred women! Some good good look
 down, 30
 And shrink these veins up! Stick me here a stone,
 Lasting to ages in the memory
 Of this damn'd act! — Hear me, you wicked ones!
 You have put hills of fire into this breast,
 Not to be quench'd with tears, for which may
 guilt 35
 Sit on your bosoms! At your meals and beds
 Despair await you! What, before my face?
 Poison of asps between your lips! Diseases
 Be your best issues! Nature make a curse,
 And throw it on you!
Are. Dear Philaster, leave 40
 To be enrag'd, and hear me.
Phi. I have done;
 Forgive my passion. Not the calmed sea,
 When Æolus locks up his windy brood,
 Is less disturb'd than I. I 'll make you
 know 't
 Dear Arethusa, do but take this sword, 45
Offers his drawn sword.
 And search how temperate a heart I have;
 Then you and this your boy may live and reign
 In lust without control. — Wilt thou, Bellario?
 I prithee kill me; thou art poor, and may'st 49
 Nourish ambitious thoughts; when I am dead,
 Thy way were freer. Am I raging now?
 If I were mad, I should desire to live.
 Sirs, feel my pulse, whether you have known
 A man in a more equal tune to die.
Bel. Alas, my lord, your pulse keeps mad-
 man's time! 55
 So does your tongue.

Phi. You will not kill me, then?

Are. Kill you!

Bel. Not for the world.

Phi. I blame not thee,
 Bellario; thou hast done but that which gods
 Would have transform'd themselves to do. Be
 gone,
 Leave me without reply; this is the last 60
 Of all our meetings — (*Exit Bellario*) Kill
 me with this sword;
 Be wise, or worse will follow: we are two
 Earth cannot bear at once. Resolve to do,
 Or suffer. 64

Are. If my fortune be so good to let me
 fall

²⁸ Sirs: (occasionally used of women) ³¹ meet-
 ings: ('meeting' Q 2-F)

Upon thy hand, I shall have peace in death.
Yet tell me this, will there be no slanders,
No jealousy in the other world; no ill there?

Phi. No.

Are. Show me, then, the way. 70

Phi. Then guide my feeble hand,
You that have power to do it, for I must
Perform a piece of justice! — If your youth
Have any way offended Heaven, let prayers
Short and effectual reconcile you to it. 75

Are. I am prepared.

Enter a Country Fellow

C. Fell. I'll see the king, if he be in the
forest; I have hunted him these two hours. If
I should come home and not see him, my sisters
would laugh at me. I can see nothing 80
but people better hors'd than myself, that out-
ride me; I can hear nothing but shouting.
These kings had need of good brains; this
whooping is able to put a mean man out of
his wits. There's a courtier with his sword 85
drawn; by this hand, upon a woman, I think!

Phi. Are you at peace?

Are. With heaven and earth.

Phi. May they divide thy soul and body!

Phylaster wounds her.

C. Fell. Hold, dastard! strike a woman!
Th'art a craven. I warrant thee, thou 90
wouldest be loath to play half a dozen venies at
wasters with a good fellow for a broken head.

Phi. Leave us, good friend,

Are. What ill-bred man art thou, to intrude
thyself

Upon our private sports, our recreations? 95

C. Fell. God 'uds me, I understand you not;
but

I know the rogue has hurt you.

Phi. Pursue thy own affairs: it will be ill
To multiply blood upon my head; which
thou

Wilt force me to. 100

C. Fell. I know not your rhetoric; but I
can lay it on, if you touch the woman.

Phi. Slave, take what thou deservest!

They fight.

Are. Heaven guard my lord!

C. Fell. Oh, do you breathe? 104

Phi. I hear the tread of people. I am hurt.
The gods take part against me: could this
boor

Have held me thus else? I must shift for
life,

Though I do loathe it. I would find a course
To lose it rather by my will than force.

Exit

C. Fell. I cannot follow the rogue. I pray
thee, wench, come and kiss me now. 111

*Enter Pharamond, Dion, Cleremont, Thrassilene,
and Woodmen*

Phi. What art thou?

C. Fell. Almost kill'd I am for a foolish
woman; a knave has hurt her. 114

Phi. The princess, gentlemen! — Where's
the wound, madam? Is it dangerous?

Are. He has not hurt me.

C. Fell. By God, she lies; h'as hurt her in
the breast;

Look else.

Phi. O sacred spring of innocent blood!

Dion. 'Tis above wonder! Who should dare
this? 120

Are. I felt it not

Phi. Speak, villain, who has hurt the prin-
cess?

C. Fell. Is it the princess?

Dion. Ay.

C. Fell. Then I have seen something yet. 125

Phi. But who has hurt her?

C. Fell. I told you, a rogue; I ne'er saw him
before, I

Phi. Madam, who did it?

Are. Some dishonest wretch;

Alas, I know him not, and do forgive him!

C. Fell. He's hurt too, he cannot go far, 130
I made my father's old fox fly about his ears.

Phi. How will you have me kill him?

Are. Not at all; 't is some distracted fellow.

Phi. By this hand, I'll leave ne'er a piece
of him bigger than a nut, and bring him 135
all to you in my hat.

Are. Nay, good sir,

If you do take him, bring him quick to me,

And I will study for a punishment

Great as his fault. 140

Phi. I will.

Are. But swear.

Phi. By all my love, I will. —

Woodmen, conduct the princess to the king.

And bear that wounded fellow to dressing. —

Come, gentlemen, we'll follow the chase close.

Exeunt [on one side] Pharamond,

Dion, Cleremont, and Thrassilene,

[exit on the other] Arethusa [attended

by] 1 Woodman

C. Fell. I pray you, friend, let me see 145
the king.

2 *Wood.* That you shall, and receive
thanks.

C. Fell. If I get clear of this, I'll go see no
more gay sights. *Exeunt.* 150

⁶⁶ Upon: at ⁷⁰ then, the way: ('the way to ioy' Q 1) ⁹¹⁻⁹² venies . . . wasters: cudgel-bouts
⁹³ God . . . me: ('God iudge me' Q 1) ¹¹⁸ By God: ('I' faith' Q 3-F) ¹¹⁹ sacred: ('secret' Q 1)
¹²⁸ hurt her: ('done it' Q 1) ¹³¹ fox: sword ¹³⁴ hand: ('ayre' Q 1) ¹³⁸ quick: alive

[SCENE IV. — *Another part of the Forest.*]

Enter Bellario

Bel. A heaviness near death sits on my brow,
And I must sleep. Bear me, thou gentle bank,
For ever, if thou wilt. You sweet ones all,

[*Lies down*]

Let me unworthy press you; I could wish
I rather were a corse strew'd o'er with you
Than quick above you. Dulness shuts mine
eyes,

And I am giddy: oh, that I could take
So sound a sleep that I might never wake!

[*Sleeps.*]

Enter Philaster

Phi I have done ill; my conscience calls
me false

To strike at her that would not strike at me
When I did fight, methought I heard her pray
The gods to guard me. She may be abus'd,
And I a loathed villain, if she be,

She will conceal who hurt her He has wounds
And cannot follow, neither knows he me
Who's this? Bellario sleeping! If thou be'st
Guilty, there is no justice that thy sleep

Should be so sound, and mine, whom thou hast
wrong'd,
So broken. [*Cry within*] Hark! I am pursued

You gods,
I'll take this offer'd means of my escape

They have no mark to know me by my blood,
If she be true, if false, let mischief light
On all the world at once! Sword, print my
wounds

Upon this sleeping boy! I ha' none, I think,
Are mortal, nor would I lay greater on thee

He wounds him

Bel. Oh, death, I hope, is come! Blest be
that hand!

It meant me well Again, for pity's sake!

Phi I have caught myself; *Falls.*
The loss of blood hath stay'd my flight. Here,
here,

Is he that struck thee: take thy full revenge;
Use me, as I did mean thee, worse than death;
I'll teach thee to revenge This luckless hand
Wounded the princess; tell my followers
Thou didst receive these hurts in staying me,
And I will second thee; get a reward

Bel. Fly, fly, my lord, and save yourself!

Phi. How's this?

Wouldst thou I should be safe?

Bel. Else were it vain
For me to live. These little wounds I have
Ha' not bled much. Reach me that noble
hand;

I'll help to cover you.

¹ sweet ones: flowers ² second: confirm ³ Fly, fly: ('Hide, hide' Q 1) ⁴ true: ('then true' Q 1) ⁵ strid: strode

Phi. Art thou true to me? ⁴⁰

Bel. Or let me perish loath'd! Come, my
good lord,

Creep in amongst those bushes; who does
know

But that the gods may save your much-lov'd
breath?

Phi Then I shall die for grief, if not for
this,

That I have wounded thee. What wilt thou
do? ⁴⁵

Bel. Shift for myself well Peace! I hear 'em
come [*Philaster creeps into a bush.*]

[*Voices*] *within.* Follow, follow, follow! that
way they went.

Bel. With my own wounds I'll bloody my
own sword

I need not counterfeit to fall; Heaven knows
That I can stand no longer. *Falls.* ⁵⁰

Enter Pharamond, Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline

Pha To this place we have track'd him by
his blood

Cle. Yonder, my lord, creeps one away.

Dion Stay, sir! what are you?

Bel. A wretched creature, wounded in these
woods ⁵⁴

By beasts. Relieve me, if your names be men,
Or I shall perish.

Dion. This is he, my lord,

Upon my soul, that hurt her 'T is the boy,
That wicked boy, that serv'd her.

Pha Oh, thou damn'd
In thy creation! What cause couldst thou shape

To hurt the princess?

Bel. Then I am betray'd. ⁶⁰

Dion Betray'd! No, apprehended.

Bel. I confess
(Urge it no more) that, big with evil thoughts,

I set upon her, and did make my aim

Her death. For charity let fall at once
The punishment you mean, and do not load ⁶⁵

This weary flesh with tortures

Pha. I will know

Who hir'd thee to this deed.

Bel. Mine own revenge.

Pha. Revenge! for what?

Bel. It pleas'd her to receive
Me as her page and, when my fortunes ebb'd,

That men strid o'er them careless, she did
shower ⁷⁰

Her welcome graces on me, and did swell

My fortunes till they overflow'd their banks,
Threat'n'g the men that cross'd 'em; when, as

swift

As storms arise at sea, she turn'd her eyes

To burning suns upon me, and did dry ⁷⁵

The streams she had bestow'd, leaving me worse

And more condemn'd than other little brooks,
Because I had been great. In short, I knew
I could not live, and therefore did desire
To die reveng'd.

Pha. If tortures can be found 80
Long as thy natural life, resolve to feel
The utmost rigour

Philaster creeps out of a bush.

Cle. Help to lead him hence.

Phi. Turn back, you ravishers of innocence!
Know ye the price of that you bear away
So rudely?

Pha. Who 's that?

Dion. 'T is the Lord Philaster. 85

Phi. 'T is not the treasure of all kings in one,
The wealth of Tagus, nor the rocks of pearl
That pave the court of Neptune, can weigh
down

That virtue. It was I that hurt the princess.
Place me, some god, upon a pyramis 90
Higher than hills of earth, and lend a voice
Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence
I may discourse to all the under-world
The worth that dwells in him!

Pha. How 's this?

Bel. My lord, some man

Weary of life, that would be glad to die. 95

Phi. Leave these untimely courtesies, Bel-
lario.

Bel. Alas, he 's mad! Come, will you lead
me on?

Phi. By all the oaths that men ought most
to keep,

And gods to punish most when men do break,
He touch'd her not — Take heed, Bellario, 100
How thou dost drown the virtues thou hast
shown

With perjury. — By all that 's good, 't was I!
You know she stood betwixt me and my right.

Pha. Thy own tongue be thy judge!

Cle. It was Philaster.

Dion. Is 't not a brave boy? 105

Well, sirs, I fear me we were all deceived.

Phi. Have I no friend here?

Dion. Yes.

Phi. Then show it: some

Good body lend a hand to draw us nearer.
Would you have tears shed for you when you
die?

Then lay me gently on his neck, that there 110
I may weep floods and breathe forth my spirit.

'T is not the wealth of Plutus, nor the gold

[*Embraces Bel.*]

Lock'd in the heart of earth, can buy away
This arm-full from me; this had been a ran-
som 114

To have redeem'd the great Augustus Cæsar,
Had he been taken. You hard-hearted men,
More stony than these mountains, can you
see

Such clear pure blood drop, and not cut your
flesh

To stop his life, to bind whose bitter wounds,
Queens ought to tear their hair, and with their
tears 120

Bathe 'em? — Forgive me, thou that art the
wealth

Of poor Philaster!

Enter King, Arethusa, and Guard

King. Is the villain ta'en?

Pha. Sir, here be two confess the deed; but
sure

It was Philaster.

Phi. Question it no more;

It was.

King The fellow that did fight with him 125
Will tell us that.

Are. Aye me! I know he will.

King Did not you know him?

Are. Sir, if it was he,

He was disguis'd

Phi I was so. — Oh, my stars,

That I should live still. *Aside.*

King Thou ambitious fool,

Thou that hast laid a train for thy own life! —

Now I do mean to do, I 'll leave to talk. 131

Bear them to prison.

Are Sir, they did plot together to take
hence

This harmless life; should it pass unreveng'd,
I should to earth go weeping. Grant me, then,

By all the love a father bears his child, 136

Their custodies, and that I may appoint

Their tortures and their deaths.

Dion. Death! Soft; our law will not reach
that for this fault.

King. 'T is granted; take 'em to you with
a guard. — 140

Come, princely Pharamond, this business past,
We may with more security go on

To your intended match.

[*Exeunt all except Dion, Cleremont,
and Thrasiline.*]

Cle. I pray that this action lose not Philaster
the hearts of the people. 145

Dion. Fear it not; their over-wise heads will
think it but a trick; *Exeunt.*

⁹⁰ pyramis: obelisk ('pyramades' Q 1) ⁹⁷ lead . . . on: ('bears me hence' Q 1) ⁹⁹ to: ('do'
Q 2-F) ¹¹¹ forth: ('out' Q 3-F) ¹¹⁸ 'T is not . . . Plutus: ('Not all . . . Pluto' Q 1) ¹²⁸ sure:
'aute' Q 1, 'say' Q 2-F) ¹³⁸ that: (not in Q 4-F) ¹³⁹ so: (Quibbling on one sense of "disguis'd," in-
toxicated, out of my wits) ¹⁴¹ leave: cease ¹⁴⁸ them: ('him' Q 2-F) ¹⁴⁹ To your: ('With our' Q 1)

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

[Front Stage. Location indefinite.]

*Enter Dion, Cleremont, and Thrasiline**Thra.* Has the king sent for him to death?*Dion.* Yes; but the king must know 't is not in his power to war with Heaven.*Cle.* We linger time; the king sent for Philaster and the headsman an hour ago. 5*Thra.* Are all his wounds well?*Dion.* All; they were but scratches; but the loss of blood made him faint.*Cle.* We dally, gentlemen.*Thra.* Away! 10*Dion.* We 'll scuffle hard before he perish.*Exeunt.*[SCENE II. — *A prison*]*Enter Philaster, Arethusa, Bellario**Are.* Nay, faith, Philaster, grieve not; we are well.*Bel.* Nay, good my lord, forbear; we're wondrous well.*Phi.* Oh, Arethusa, oh, Bellario,

Leave to be kind!

I shall be shut from Heaven, as now from earth,

If you continue so I am a man 6

False to a pair of the most trusty ones

That ever earth bore, can it bear us all?

Forgive, and leave me. But the king hath sent

To call me to my death: oh, show it me, 10

And then forget me! And for thee, my boy,

I shall deliver words will mollify

The hearts of beasts to spare thy innocence.

Bel. Alas, my lord, my life is not a thing

Worthy your noble thoughts! 'T is not a life, 15

'T is but a piece of childhood thrown away.

Should I outlive you, I should then outlive

Virtue and honour; and when that day comes,

If ever I shall close these eyes but once,

May I live spotted for my perjury, 20

And waste by time to nothing!

Are. And I (the woful'st maid that ever was,

Forc'd with my hands to bring my lord to death)

Do by the honour of a virgin swear

To tell no hours beyond it!

Phi. Make me not hated so. 25*Are.* Come from this prison all joyful to our deaths!*Phi.* People will tear me, when they find you true

To such a wretch as I; I shall die loath'd.

Enjoy your kingdoms peaceably, whilst I
For ever sleep forgotten with my faults. 30

Every just servant, every maid in love,

Will have a piece of me, if you be true.

Are. My dear lord, say not so.*Bel.*A piece of you!
He was not born of woman that can cut

It and look on 35

Phi. Take me in tears betwixt you, for my heart

Will break with shame and sorrow.

*Are.*Why, 't is well.
Bel. Lament no more.*Phi.* Why, what would you have done

If you had wrong'd me basely, and had found

My life no price compar'd to yours? For

love, sirs, 40

Deal with me truly.

Bel.

'T was mistaken, sir.

Phi. Why, if it were?*Bel.*

Then, sir, we would have ask'd

You pardon.

Phi.

And have hope to enjoy it?

Are.

Enjoy it! ay

Phi.

Would you indeed? Be plain.

Bel.

We would, my lord.

Phi.

Forgive me, then.

Are.

So, so. 45

Bel.

'T is as it should be now.

*Phi.*Lead to my death. *Exeunt.*[SCENE III. — *The Palace.*]*Enter King, Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline [with a guard]**King.* Gentlemen, who saw the prince?*Cle.* So please you, sir, he's gone to see the city

And the new platform, with some gentlemen

Attending on him

King.

Is the princess ready

To bring her prisoner out?

Thra.

She waits your grace. 5

King. Tell her we stay [*Exit Thrasiline.*]*Dion.* [*Aside*] King, you may be deceiv'd

yet.

The head you aim at cost more setting on

Than to be lost so lightly. If it must off, —

Like a wild overflow, that swoops before him

A golden stack, and with it shakes down

bridges, 10

Cracks the strong hearts of pines, whose cable-

roots

Held out a thousand storms, a thousand thun-

ders,

^s shut: ('shot' Q 2-F) ^u by time: ('by limbs' Q 2; 'my limbs' Q 3-F) ^{ss} that: ('as' F) was: ('liv'd' Q 1) ^{ss} tell: count ^{ss} servant: lover ^{ss} dear lord: ('dearest' Q 1) ^{ss} look: (Perhaps 'I look' should be read.) ^{ss} no price: invaluable ('no whit' Q 1) ^s stay: wait ^s swoops: ('swoops' Qq., F)

And, so made mightier, takes whole villages
Upon his back, and in that heat of pride 14
Charges strong towns, towers, castles, palaces,
And lays them desolate; so shall thy head,
Thy noble head, bury the lives of thousands,
That must bleed with thee like a sacrifice,
In thy red ruins.

*Enter Philaster, Arethusa, Bellario in a robe
and garland [and Thrasiline]*

King. How now? What masque is this? 20

Bel. Right royal sir, I should
Sing you an epithalamium of these lovers,
But having lost my best airs with my fortunes,
And wanting a celestial harp to strike
This blessed union on, thus in glad story 25
I give you all. These two fair cedar-branches,
The noblest of the mountain where they grew,
Straightest and tallest, under whose still shades
The worthier beasts have made their lairs, and
slept

Free from the fervour of the Sirian star 30
And the fell thunder-stroke, free from the
clouds

When they were big with humour and deliver'd
In thousand spouts their issues to the earth:
Oh, there was none but silent quiet there!
Till never-pleased Fortune shot up shrubs, 35
Base under-brambles, to divorce these branches;
And for a while they did so, and did reign
Over the mountain, and choke up his beauty
With brakes, rude thorns and thistles, till the
sun

Scorch'd them even to the roots and dried them
there. 40

And now a gentle gale hath blown again,
That made these branches meet and twine to-
gether,

Never to be unarm'd. The god that sings
His holy numbers over marriage-beds
Hath knit their noble hearts: and here they
stand 45

Your children, mighty King, and I have done.

King. How, how?

Are. Sir, if you love it in plain truth,
(For now there is no masquing in 't,) this gen-
tleman,

The prisoner that you gave me, is become
My keeper, and through all the bitter throes 50
Your jealousies and his ill fate have wrought
him,

Thus nobly hath he struggled, and at length
Arriv'd here my dear husband.

King. Your dear husband! —
Call in the captain of the citadel —
There you shall keep your wedding. I 'll pro-
vide 55

A masque shall make your Hymen turn his saf-
fron

Into a sullen coat, and sing sad requiems
To your departing souls.

Blood shall put out your torches; and, instead
Of gaudy flowers about your wanton necks, 60
An axe shall hang, like a prodigious meteor,
Ready to crop your loves' sweets. Hear, you
gods!

From this time do I shake all title off
Of father to this woman, this base woman;
And what there is of vengeance in a lion 65
Chaf'd among dogs or robb'd of his dear young,
The same, enforc'd more terrible, more mighty,
Expect from me!

Are. Sir, by that little life I have left to
swear by, 69

There 's nothing that can stir me from myself
What I have done, I have done without repent-
ance,

For death can be no bugbear unto me,
So long as Pharamond is not my headsman.

Dion. [Aside] Sweet peace upon thy soul,
thou worthy maid,

Whene'er thou diest! For this time I 'll excuse
thee, 75

Or be thy prologue

Phi. Sir, let me speak next;
And let my dying words be better with you
Than my dull living actions. If you am
At the dear life of this sweet innocent,
You are a tyrant and a savage monster, 80
That feeds upon the blood you gave a life to;
Your memory shall be as foul behind you,
As you are living; all your better deeds
Shall be in water writ, but this in marble; 84
No chronicle shall speak you, though your own,
But for the shame of men. No monument,
Though high and big as Pelion, shall be able
To cover this base murder: make it rich
With brass, with purest gold, and shining jas-
per.

Like the Pyramides; lay on epitaphs 90
Such as make great men gods; my little marble,
That only clothes my ashes, not my faults,
Shall far outshine it. And for after-issues,
Think not so madly of the heavenly wisdoms,
That they will give you more for your mad
rage 95

¹⁰ S D Bellario . . . garland: ('Boy, with a garland of flowers on's head' Q 1) ³⁰ the . . . of: (only in Q 1) ³² humour: moisture ³³ divorce: ('devour' Q 1) ⁴⁴ unarm'd: out of each other's arms ('divided' Q 2-F) ⁴⁶ mighty: ('worthy' Q 1) ⁵⁰ throes: ('threats' Q 1) ⁵⁴ saffron: orange-color, symbolic of weddings ⁵⁵ prodigious: ominous ⁵⁶ Chaf'd: heated by chasing ('Chast' or 'Cast' Q 2-F) ⁷⁵ excuse: absolve ⁷⁶ be thy prologue: precede thee (in death) ⁸¹ That . . . to: (only in Q 1) ⁸² after-issues: prospective children

To cut off, unless it be some snake, or something
Like yourself, that in his birth shall strangle
you.

Remember my father, King! There was a fault.
But I forgive it. Let that sin persuade you
To love this lady; if you have a soul, 100
Think, save her, and be saved. For myself,
I have so long expected this glad hour,
So languish'd under you, and daily wither'd,
That, Heaven knows, it is a joy to die:
I find a recreation in 't. 105

Enter a Messenger

Mess. Where 's the king?

King. Here.

Mess. Get to your strength,
And rescue the Prince Pharamond from danger;
He 's taken prisoner by the citizens,
Fearing the Lord Philaster.

Dion. [*Aside.*] Oh, brave fellows!
Mutiny, my fine dear countrymen, mutiny! 110
Now, my brave valiant foremen, show your
weapons
In honour of your mistresses!

Enter another Messenger

2 *Mess.* Arm, arm, arm, arm!

King. A thousand devils take these citizens!

Dion. [*Aside.*] A thousand blessings on 'em!

2 *Mess.* Arm, O King! The city is in mu-
tuny, 116
Led by an old gray ruffian, who comes on
In rescue of the Lord Philaster.

King. Away to the citadel! I 'll see them
safe,
And then cope with these burghers Let the
guard 120
And all the gentlemen give strong attendance

*Exeunt all except Dion, Cleremont,
and Thrasiline*

Cle. The city up! This was above our wishes

Dion. Ay, and the marriage too. By my life,
This noble lady has deceiv'd us all.
A plague upon myself, a thousand plagues, 125
For having such unworthy thoughts of her dear
honour!

Oh, I could beat myself! Or do you beat me,
And I 'll beat you; for we had all one thought.

Cle. No no, 't will but lose time 129

Dion. You say true. Are your swords sharp?
— Well, my dear countrymen What-ye-lacks,

if you continue, and fall not back upon the first
broken shin, I 'll have ye chronickled and
chronickled, and cut and chronickled, and all-to
be-praus'd and sung in sonnets, and bawled 135
in new brave ballads, that all tongues shall troll
you in *sæcula sæculorum*, my kind can-carriers.

Thra. What, if a toy take 'em i' th' heels
now, and they run all away, and cry, "the
devil take the hindmost"? 140

Dion. Then the same devil take the foremost
too, and souse him for his breakfast! If they
all prove cowards, my curses fly among them,
and be speeding! May they have murrains
reign to keep the gentlemen at home un- 145
bound in easy frieze! May the moths branch
their velvets, and their silks only be worn be-
fore sore eyes! May their false lights undo
'em, and discover presses, holes, stains, and
oldness in their stuffs, and make them shop- 150
rid! May they keep whores and horses, and
break, and live mew'd up with necks of beef
and turnips! May they have many children,
and none like the father! May they know no
language but that gibberish they prattle to 155
their parcels, unless it be the goatish Latin they
write in their bonds — and may they write that
false, and lose their debts!

Enter the King

King. Now the vengeance of all the gods con-
found them! How they swarm together! 160
What a hum they raise! — Devils choke your
wide throats! — If a man had need to use their
valours, he must pay a brokerage for it; and then
bring 'em on, and they will fight like sheep.
'T is Philaster, none but Philaster, must allay
this heat They will not hear me speak, but 166
fling dirt at me and call me tyrant. Oh, run,
dear friend, and bring the Lord Philaster! Speak
him fair; call him prince; do him all the cour-
tesy you can; commend me to him Oh, my 170
wits, my wits! *Exit Cleremont.*

Dion. [*Aside.*] Oh, my brave citizens!
as I live, I will not buy a pin out of your walls
for this Nay, you shall cozen me, and I 'll
thank you, and send you brawn and bacon, and
soil you every long vacation a brace of fore- 176
men, that at Michaelmas shall come up fat
and kicking

King. What they will do with this poor
prince, the gods know, and I fear. 180

100 Get: ('Get you' Q 2-F) strength: fortress 109 Fearing: anxious about fellows: ('fol-
lowers' Q 2-F) 114 these citizens: ('em' Q 2-F) 123 my life: ('all the gods' Q 1) 131 What-
ye-lacks: shopkeepers 133 shin: ('skin' Q 1) have ye: ('see you' Q 1) 144 cut: pictured
145 bawled (Heath's conjecture, 'bath'd' Qq.-F) 148 toy: whim 149 souse: pickle 154 speeding:
effective murrains: plagues 156 branch: work patterns in 149 presses: creases 158 break: go
bankrupt 162 wide: ('wild' Q 2-F) 164 brokerage: broker's fee, i. e., press-money 172 citizens: ('coun-
trymen' Q 2-F) 174 cozen: cheat 176 soil: fatten foremen: geese (?) 176-178 a brace . . . kick-
ing: ('and foule shall come up fat And in brave hking' Q 1)

Dion. [*Aside.*] Why, sir, they 'll flay him, and make church-buckets on 's skin, to quench rebellion; then clap a rivet in 's sconce, and hang him up for a sign.

Enter Cleremont with Philaster

King. Oh, worthy sir, forgive me! Do not make 185

Your miseries and my faults meet together, To bring a greater danger. Be yourself, Still sound amongst diseases. I have wrong'd you;

And though I find it last, and beaten to it, Let first your goodness know it. Calm the people, 190

And be what you were born to. Take your love, And with her my repentance, all my wishes, And all my prayers. By the gods, my heart speaks this;

And if the least fall from me not perform'd, May I be struck with thunder!

Phi. Mighty sir, 195 I will not do your greatness so much wrong, As not to make your word truth. Free the princess

And the poor boy, and let me stand the shock Of this mad sea-breach, which I 'll either turn, Or perish with it.

King. Let your own word free them. 200

Phi. Then thus I take my leave, kissing your hand,

And hanging on your royal word. Be kingly, And be not mov'd, sir I shall bring you peace Or never bring myself back.

King. All the gods go with thee. 205
Exeunt omnes.

[SCENE IV — A Public Place]

Enter an old Captain and Citizens with Pharamond

Cap. Come, my brave myrmidons, let us fall on.

Let your caps swarm, my boys, and your nimble tongues

Forget your mother-gibberish of "What do you lack?"

And set your mouths ope, children, till your palates

Fall frightened half a fathom past the cure 5
Of bay-salt and gross pepper, and then cry
"Philaster, brave Philaster!" Let Philaster
Be deeper in request, my ding-dongs,
My pairs of dear indentures, kings of clubs, 9
Than your cold water-camlets, or your paintings
Spitted with copper. Let not your hasty silks,
Or your branch'd cloth of bodkin, or your
tissues,

Dearly belov'd of spiced cake and custards,
Your Robin Hoods, Scarlets, and Johns, tie
your affections

In darkness to your shops. No, dainty duckers,
Up with your three-pil'd spirits, your wrought
valours; 16

And let your uncut cholers make the king feel
The measure of your mightiness. Philaster!
Cry, my rose-nobles, cry!

All. Philaster! Philaster!

Cap. How do you like this, my Lord Prince?
These are mad boys, I tell you; these are
things 21

That will not strike their top-sails to a foist,
And let a man of war, an argosy,
Hull and cry cockles.

Pha. Why, you rude slave, do you know
what you do? 25

Cap. My pretty prince of puppets, we do
know;

And give your greatness warning that you talk
No more such bug's-words, or that solder'd
crown

Shall be scratch'd with a musket. Dear prince
Pippin,

Down with your noble blood, or, as I live, 30
I 'll have you coddled. — Let him loose, my
spirits:

Make us a round ring with your bills, my Hec-
tors,

And let us see what this trim man dares do.
Now, sir, have at you! here I lie;

And with this swashing blow (do you see,
sweet prince?) 35

I could hulk your grace, and hang you up
cross-legg'd,

Like a hare at a poulter's, and do this with
this wiper

Pha. You will not see me murder'd, wicked
villains?

¹⁸⁵ church-buckets: fire-buckets (stored in the church) ¹⁹⁰ Let . . . it: ('Let me your goodness know.' Q 1) ¹⁹⁴ the . . . perform'd: my slightest promise is not fulfilled ²⁰⁰ mov'd: excited you: ('your' Q 2-F) ¹ mother-gibberish: native language ² ding-dongs: cockneys ³ indentures: bonds of apprenticeship ⁴ clubs: the apprentices' weapons ⁵ cold: ('cut' Q 1) ⁶ water-camlets: wool-and-silk cloth with a wavy surface ⁷ branch'd . . . bodkin: figured cloth ⁸ (Q 1 has 'Deerly belov'd of Custards & Cheescakes') ⁹ darkness: ('durance' Q 1) ¹⁰ duckers: ingratiating salesmen ¹¹ three-pil'd: superlative valours (pun on "velours") ¹² cholers: (pun on "collars") ¹³ rose-nobles: (1) coins, (2) noble insurgents ¹⁴ foist: small boat ¹⁵ Hull: drift ¹⁶ cry cockles: waste his time ¹⁷ bug's-words: braggadocio ¹⁸ coddled: boiled ¹⁹ swashing: slashing ²⁰ hulk: disembowel ²¹ poulter's: poultryman's ²² wiper: slang for "weapon" ²³ (From this point to the end of the play Q 1 diverges entirely from the standard text)

1 *Cit.* Yes, indeed, will we, sir; we have not seen one
For a great while.

Cap. He would have weapons, would he? 40
Give him a broadside, my brave boys, with
your pikes;
Branch me his skin in flowers like a satin,
And between every flower a mortal cut —
Your royalty shall ravel! — Jag him, gentlemen;
I 'll have him cut to the kell, then down the
seams. 45

O for a whip to make him galloon-laces!
I 'll have a coach-whip.

Pha. Oh, spare me, gentlemen!

Cap. Hold, hold;
The man begins to fear and know himself.
He shall for this time only be seel'd up, 50
With a feather through his nose, that he may
only

See heaven, and think whither he is going.
Nay, my beyond-sea sir, we will proclaim you:
You would be king!
Thou tender heir apparent to a church-ale, 55
Thou slight prince of single sarcenet,
Thou royal ring-tail, fit to fly at nothing
But poor men's poultry, and have every boy
Beat thee from that too with his bread and
butter!

Pha. Gods keep me from these hell-hounds!

1 *Cit.* Shall 's geld him, captain? 61

Cap. No, you shall spare his dowcets, my
dear donsels,

As you respect the ladies, let them flourish.

The curses of a longing woman kill

As speedy as a plague, boys. 65

1 *Cit.* I 'll have a leg, that 's certain.

2 *Cit.* I 'll have an arm.

3 *Cit.* I 'll have his nose, and at mine own
charge build

A college and clap 't upon the gate

4 *Cit.* I 'll have his little gut to string a kit
with;

For certainly a royal gut will sound like silver.

Pha. Would they were in thy belly, and I
past 71

My pain once!

5 *Cit.* Good captain, let me have his liver
to feed ferrets.

Cap. Who will have parcels else? Speak.

Pha. Good gods, consider me! I shall be
tortur'd. 75

1 *Cit.* Captain, I 'll give you the trimming
of your two-hand sword,
And let me have his skin to make false scab-
bards.

2 *Cit.* He had no horns, sir, had he?

Cap. No, sir, he 's a pollard.

What wouldst thou do with horns?

2 *Cit.* Oh, if he had had, 80

I would have made rare hafts and whistles of
'em;
But his shin-bones, if they be sound, shall serve
me.

Enter Philaster

All Long live Philaster, the brave Prince
Philaster!

Pha. I thank you, gentlemen. But why are
these

Rude weapons brought abroad, to teach your
hands 85

Uncivil trades?

Cap. My royal Rosicleer,

We are thy myrmidons, thy guard, thy roarers;
And when thy noble body is in durance,

Thus do we clap our musty morions on,

And trace the streets in terror. Is it peace, 90

Thou Mars of men? Is the king sociable,

And bids thee live? Art thou above thy foe-
men,

And free as Phœbus? Speak. If not, this
stand

Of royal blood shall be abroach, a-tilt,

And run even to the lees of honour. 95

Pha. Hold, and be satisfied I am myself,
Free as my thoughts are; by the gods, I am!

Cap. Art thou the dainty darling of the
king?

Art thou the Hylas to our Hercules?

Do the lords bow, and the regarded scarlets

Kiss their gumm'd golls, and cry, "We are
your servants"? 101

Is the court navigable and the presence stuck
With flags of friendship? If not, we are thy
castle,

And this man sleeps.

Pha. I am what I desire to be, your friend;
I am what I was born to be, your prince. 106

Pha. Sir, there is some humanity in you;

You have a noble soul. Forget my name,
And know my misery; set me safe aboard

From these wild cannibals, and as I live, 110

I 'll quit this land for ever. There is nothing,—

⁴³ Branch me: figure ⁴⁴ kell: caul seams: layers of fat ⁴⁵ galloon-laces: ribbons ⁴⁶ seel'd up: have his eyelids sewn together ⁴⁷ church-ale: parish supper ⁴⁸ single sarcenet: thin silk ⁴⁹ ring-tail: buzzard ⁵⁰ donsels: young gentlemen ⁵¹⁻⁵² (Alluding to Brasenose College, Oxford) ⁵³ kit: lute ⁵⁴ parcels: portions ⁵⁵ pollard: dehorned beast ⁵⁶ Rosicleer: hero of a popular Spanish romance, *The Mirror of Knighthood* ⁵⁷ morions: open-faced helmets ⁵⁸ stand: tub ⁵⁹ a-tilt: tilted up ⁶⁰ regarded scarlets: dignitaries, judges ⁶¹ gumm'd golls: perfumed hands ⁶² presence: king's chamber

Perpetual imprisonment, cold, hunger, sickness
Of all sorts, of all dangers, and all together,
The worst company of the worst men, madness,
age,

To be as many creatures as a woman, 115
And do as all they do, nay, to despair, —
But I would rather make it a new nature,
And live with all these, than endure one hour
Amongst these wild dogs.

Phi. I do pity you. — Friends, discharge
your fears; 120

Deliver me the prince I 'll warrant you
I shall be old enough to find my safety.

3 *Cit.* Good sir, take heed he does not hurt
you;
He is a fierce man, I can tell you, sir.

He strives.

Cap. Prince, by your leave, I 'll have a sur-
cingle, 125

And mail you like a hawk.

Phi. Away, away, there is no danger in
him:

Alas, he had rather sleep to shake his fit off!
Look you, friends, how gently he leads! Upon
my word,

He 's tame enough, he needs no further watch-
ing. 130

Good my friends, go to your houses,
And by me have your pardons and my love;
And know there shall be nothing in my power
You may deserve, but you shall have your
wishes.

To give you more thanks, were to flatter you:
Continue still your love; and for an earnest, 136
Drink this. [*Gives money.*]

All. Long mayst thou live, brave prince,
brave prince, brave prince!

Exeunt Phi. and Pha.

Cap. Go thy ways, thou art the king of
courtesy!

Fall off again, my sweet youths. Come, 140
And every man trace to his house again,
And hang his pewter up; then to the tavern,
And bring your wives in muffs. We will have
music;

And the red grape shall make us dance and
rise, boys. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE V. — *The Palace.*]

*Enter King, Arethusa, Galatea, Megra, Dion,
Cleremont, Thrasiline, Bellario, and At-
tendants*

King. Is it appeas'd?

Dion. Sir, all is quiet as this dead of
night,

As peaceable as sleep. My lord Philaster
Brings on the prince himself.

King.

Kind gentleman!

I will not break the least word I have given 5
In promise to him. I have heap'd a world
Of grief upon his head, which yet I hope
To wash away.

Enter Philaster and Pharamond

Cle

My lord is come.

King.

My son!

Blest be the time that I have leave to call
Such virtue mine! Now thou art in mine arms,
Methinks I have a salve unto my breast 11
For all the stings that dwell there. Streams of
grief

That I have wrong'd thee, and as much of joy
That I repent it, issue from mine eyes;
Let them appease thee. Take thy right; take
her; 15

She is thy right too; and forget to urge
My vexed soul with that I did before.

Phi Sir, it is blotted from my memory,
Past and forgotten — For you, prince of Spain,
Whom I have thus redeem'd, you have full leave
To make an honourable voyage home 21
And if you would go furnish'd to your realm
With fair provision, I do see a lady,
Methinks, would gladly bear you company.
How like you this piece?

Meg

Sir, he likes it well, 25
For he hath tried it, and hath found it worth
His princely liking We were ta'en abed;
I know your meaning. I am not the first
That nature taught to seek a fellow forth.
Can shame remain perpetually in me, 30
And not in others? Or have princes salves
To cure ill names, that meaner people want?

Phi. What mean you?

Meg

You must get another ship,
To bear the princess and her boy together.

Dion.

How now! 35

Meg. Others took me, and I took her and him
At that all women may be ta'en sometime.
Ship us all four, my lord; we can endure
Weather and wind alike

King.

Clear thou thyself, or know not me
for father 40

Are.

This earth, how false it is! What
means is left for me

To clear myself? It lies in your belief.

My lords, believe me, and let all things else
Struggle together to dishonour me

Bel.

Oh, stop your ears, great King, that I
may speak 45

As freedom would! Then I will call this lady

¹²⁴ s D *He:* i.e., Pharamond

¹²⁵ surcingle: girdle

¹²⁶ mail: wrap

¹⁴⁰ Fall off: disband

¹⁴¹ trace: move on ¹⁴² pewter: arms ⁴ gentleman: ('gentlemen' Qq., F) ¹² wrong'd: ('wrought'

Qq., F)

As base as are her actions. Hear me, sir;
Believe your heated blood when it rebels
Against your reason, sooner than this lady.

Meg. By this good light, he bears it handsomely. 50

Phi. This lady! I will sooner trust the wind
With feathers, or the troubled sea with pearl,
Than her with anything. Believe her not.
Why, think you, if I did believe her words,
I would outlive 'em? Honour cannot take 55
Revenge on you; then what were to be known
But death?

King. Forget her, sir, since all is knit
Between us But I must request of you
One favour, and will sadly be denied.

Phi. Command, whate'er it be.

King. Swear to be true 60
To what you promise.

Phi. By the powers above,
Let it not be the death of her or him,
And it is granted!

King. Bear away that boy
To torture; I will have her clear'd or buried.

Phi. Oh, let me call my word back, worthy
sir! 65

Ask something else: bury my life and right
In one poor grave, but do not take away
My life and fame at once

King. Away with him! It stands irrevocable.

Phi. Turn all your eyes on me Here stands
a man, 70

The falsest and the basest of this world.
Set swords against this breast, some honest man,
For I have liv'd till I am pitied!
My former deeds were hateful; but this last
Is pitiful, for I unwillingly 75
Have given the dear preserver of my life
Unto his torture Is it in the power
Of flesh and blood to carry this, and live?

Offers to kill himself

Are. Dear sir, be patient yet! Oh, stay
that hand!

King. Sirs, strip that boy.

Dion. Come, sir; your tender flesh so
Will try your constancy

Bel. Oh, kill me, gentlemen!

Dion. No. — Help, sirs

Bel. Will you torture me?

King. Haste there;
Why stay you?

Bel. Then I shall not break my vow,
You know, just gods, though I discover all

King. How 's that? Will he confess?

Dion. Sir, so he says. 85

King. Speak then.

Bel. Great King, if you command
This lord to talk with me alone, my tongue

Urg'd by my heart, shall utter all the thoughts
My youth hath known; and stranger things
than these

You hear not often.

King. Walk aside with him. 90

[*Dion and Bellario walk apart.*]

Dion. Why speak'st thou not?

Bel. Know you this face, my lord?

Dion. No.

Bel. Have you not seen it, nor the like?

Dion. Yes, I have seen the like, but readily
I know not where

Bel. I have been often told
In court of one Euphrasia, a lady, 95
And daughter to you; betwixt whom and me
(They that would flatter my bad face would
swear)

There was such strange resemblance, that we two
Could not be known asunder, dress'd alike.

Dion. By Heaven, and so there is!

Bel. For her fair sake, 100
Who now doth spend the spring-time of her life
In holy pilgrimage, move to the king,
That I may scape this torture

Dion. But thou speak'st
As like Euphrasia as thou dost look.

How came it to thy knowledge that she lives 105
In pilgrimage?

Bel. I know it not, my lord;

But I have heard it, and do scarce believe it.

Dion. Oh, my shame! is 't possible? Draw
near,

That I may gaze upon thee. Art thou she, 109
Or else her murderer? Where wert thou born?

Bel. In Syracusa.

Dion. What 's thy name?

Bel. Euphrasia.

Dion. Oh, 't is just, 't is she!

Now I do know thee Oh, that thou hadst died,
And I had never seen thee nor my shame!

How shall I own thee? Shall this tongue of
mine 115

E'er call thee daughter more?

Bel. Would I had died indeed! I wish it too;
And so I must have done by vow, ere publish'd

What I have told, but that there was no means
To hide it longer. Yet I joy in this, 120

The princess is all clear

King. What, have you done?

Dion. All is discover'd.

Phi. Why then hold you me?
All is discover'd! Pray you, let me go.

He offers to stab himself.

King. Stay him.

Are. What is discover'd?

Dion. Why, my shame.
It is a woman; let her speak the rest. 125

⁹⁹ *sadly*: (perhaps misprint for 'hardly') ¹¹⁰ *murderer*: (alluding to the savage belief that a slayer acquired the characteristics of his victim)

Phi. How? That again!

Dion. It is a woman.

Phi. Blest be you powers that favour innocence!

King. Lay hold upon that lady.

[*Megara is seized.*]

Phi. It is a woman, sir! — Hark, gentlemen,
It is a woman! — Arethusa, take 130
My soul into thy breast, that would be gone
With joy. It is a woman! Thou art fair,
And virtuous still to ages, in despite
Of malice.

King. Speak you, where lies his shame?

Bel. I am his daughter. 135

Phi. The gods are just.

Dion. I dare accuse none; but, before you
two,

The virtue of our age, I bend my knee
For mercy. [Kneels]

Phi. Take it freely; for I know,
Though what thou didst were undiscreetly
done, 140

'T was meant well

Arc. And for me,
I have a power to pardon sins, as oft
As any man has power to wrong me.

Cle. Noble and worthy!

Phi. But, Bellario,
(For I must call thee still so,) tell me why 145
Thou didst conceal thy sex. It was a fault,
A fault, Bellario, though thy other deeds
Of truth outweigh'd it. all these jealousies
Had flown to nothing if thou hadst discover'd
What now we know.

Bel. My father oft would speak 150
Your worth and virtue; and, as I did grow
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
To see the man so prais'd. But yet all this
Was but a maiden-longing, to be lost
As soon as found; till, sitting in my window, 155
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,
I thought, (but it was you,) enter our gates
My blood flew out and back again, as fast
As I had puff'd it forth and suck'd it in 159
Like breath. Then was I call'd away in haste
To entertain you. Never was a man,
Heav'd from a sheep-cote to a sceptre, rais'd
So high in thoughts as I. You left a kiss
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever. I did hear you talk, 165
Far above singing. After you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd
What stirr'd it so: alas, I found it love!
Yet far from lust; for, could I but have liv'd
In presence of you, I had had my end. 170
For this I did delude my noble father
With a feign'd pilgrimage, and dress'd myself

In habit of a boy; and, for I knew
My birth no match for you, I was past hope
Of having you; and, understanding well 175
That when I made discovery of my sex
I could not stay with you, I made a vow,
By all the most religious things a maid
Could call together, never to be known,
Whilst there was hope to hide me from men's
eyes, 180

For other than I seem'd, that I might ever
Abide with you Then sat I by the fount,
Where first you took me up.

King. Search out a match
Within our kingdom, where and when thou
wilt,

And I will pay thy dowry; and thyself 185
Wilt well deserve him

Bel. Never, sir, will I
Marry; it is a thing within my vow.
But, if I may have leave to serve the prin-
cess,

To see the virtues of her lord and her,
I shall have hope to live

Arc. I, Philaster, 190
Cannot be jealous, though you had a lady
Dress'd like a page to serve you; nor will I
Suspect her living here — Come, live with me;
Live free as I do She that loves my lord,
Curs'd be the wife that hates her! 195

Phi. I grieve such virtue should be laid in
earth

Without an heir — Hear me, my royal father:
Wrong not the freedom of our souls so much,
To think to take revenge of that base woman;
Her malice cannot hurt us Set her free 200
As she was born, saving from shame and sin.

King. Set her at liberty — But leave the
court,

This is no place for such. — You, Pharamond,
Shall have free passage, and a conduct home
Worthy so great a prince. When you come
there, 205

Remember 't was your faults that lost you her,
And not my purpos'd will

Phi. I do confess,

Renowned sir.

King. Last, join your hands in one Enjoy,
Philaster,

This kingdom, which is yours, and, after me, 210
Whatever I call mine. My blessing on you!
All happy hours be at your marriage-joys,
That you may grow yourselves over all lands,
And live to see your plenteous branches spring
Wherever there is sun! Let princes learn 215
By this to rule the passions of their blood;
For what Heaven wills can never be withstood.

Exeunt omnes.

¹⁸² apprehensive: understanding
brodering

¹⁸⁸ prais'd: ('rais'd' Qq., F)

¹⁸⁶ Printing . . . lawn: em-

The Maids Tragedie.

AS IT HATH BEENE

diuers times Acted at the *Black-Friers* by
the Kings Maiesties Seruants.

Newly perused, augmented, and enlarged, This second Impression.



LONDON,

Printed for *Francis Constable*, and are
to be sold at the White LION in
Pauls Church-yard. 1622.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL RECORD. *The Maid's Tragedy*, like *Philaster*, was not printed till about a decade after its production on the stage, but was thereafter deservedly popular with the reading public. It was registered at Stationers' Hall by Richard Higgenbotham and Francis Constable, the entry reading: — 28^o Aprilis 1619. *Master Higgenbotham, Master Constable Entred for their copie vnder the handes of Sir George Buck and both the wardens A play Called The maides tragedy.* *vsq.*

The First Quarto was accordingly published in 1619 by Constable, who in 1622 brought out the second, described as *Newly perused, augmented, and enlarged*. The chief difficulty about the text concerns the differences between these two editions. The second introduces nearly a hundred new lines, together with phrasal variants so numerous and often so debatable that only a very elaborate critical apparatus can handle them. Q 2 is in general the most trustworthy text of the play, but it was issued six years after the death of the chief author and cannot claim to give in all respects his authentic final revision. We have included some genuine lines in Q 1 which it omits and have frequently substituted Q 1 readings where Q 2 shows signs of theatrical manipulation.

The Third Quarto was prepared for by the following notice of transfer in the Stationers' Register: — 27^o Octobris, 1629 *Master Hawkins. Assigned ouer unto him by Master Heggbenbotham and Master Constable All their and either of their estate right title and Interest in the Copie Called The Maides Tragedie, done by Consent of master Bill warden vnder his hand.* *vsq.* Richard Hawkins consequently published in 1630 "The Third Impression, Revised and Refined," which for the first time specified the names of the authors, but made only three or four significant changes in the text of Q 2. The Fourth Quarto appeared in 1638, the fifth in 1641, the sixth (claiming falsely to be "Revised and Corrected exactly by the Original") in 1650 and, in a reissue, in 1661. *The Maid's Tragedy* (like the other plays which had already been printed separately) was omitted from the Beaumont-Fletcher Folio of 1647, but in the second Folio of 1679 (referred to as F in our notes) it is given the place of honor as the first play in the volume.

DATE AND STAGE PERFORMANCE. All the quarto editions state that *The Maid's Tragedy* had been acted at the Blackfriars Theatre by the King's Company (Shakespeare's) — which would point to a period not earlier than the autumn of 1609, when the King's men first began using the Blackfriars private theatre. The fact that Sir George Buck, who licensed this play at some unrecorded time, nicknamed another work, presented to him without title in October, 1611, "*The Second Maiden's Tragedy*," implies that our play was then familiar to him. The two years covered by these limits pretty certainly saw the first performance, and the possible dates are still further restricted by the fact that during much of 1609 and 1610 the theatres were closed by plague. With Burbage in the part of Melantius it was performed at Court during the season 1612-1613. It was produced at Hampton Court, Nov. 29, 1636, and revived at the Red Bull playhouse by the King's Company, Nov. 17, 1660, becoming one of the most popular pieces of the Restoration age. "Of all our elder Plays," wrote Edmund Waller of it, "This and *Philaster* have the loudest fame." For Waller's revision of the last act, eliminating the killing of the king, and the general history of the play after 1660, see A. C. Sprague, *Beaumont and Fletcher on the Restoration Stage*.

AUTHORSHIP. *The Maid's Tragedy* is mainly the work of Beaumont. Fletcher's recognizable style appears in only about five hundred lines (Act II. ii, Act IV. i, Act V. i [to Evadne's exit] and ii). One casual inconsistency arising from double authorship is seen in the fact that whereas Beaumont has in III. ii made Amintor reveal to Melantius the king's connection with Evadne, Fletcher makes the next scene (IV. i) focus upon Melantius's effort to secure just this information. It is Beaumont who passionately avows the divinity that doth hedge a king (II. ii. 308 ff., etc.), and Fletcher who asserts (V. ii. 37 ff.) the regal rights of the outraged subject.

SOURCES. The plot is the free invention of the dramatists, who may be suspected to have written into the effective characters of the two heroes some reflection of their own famous friendship and of their dissimilar but complementary personalities. One sees much of Beaumont in Amintor and of Fletcher in Melantius. The great quarrel scene in III. ii is no mere copy of the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius in *Julius Caesar*, but was probably written with a conscious eye upon it. Professor W. D. Briggs has shown (*Modern Language Notes*, Dec., 1916) that the episode of Melantius, Calianax, and the King in IV. ii has a close analogue in Valerius Maximus.

STRUCTURE. The acts, but not scenes, are divided in the old copies. The action occurs in three or four parts of the city of Rhodes, and is limited to two nights and a day. There are few better built plays, whether one considers the variety and vividness of the characters, the skilful meshing and compression of the intricate plot, or the histrionic opportunity offered by the greater scenes. The introduction of a complete court masque, with its social background, at the close of Act I is a *tour de force* that must have added to the novelty of the play.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT AND JOHN FLETCHER

THE MAID'S TRAGEDY

PERSONS REPRESENTED IN THE PLAY

KING
 LYSIPPUS, brother to the King
 AMINTOR, a noble Gentleman
 MELANTIUS, } brothers to Evadne
 DIPHILUS, }
 CALIANAX, an old humorous Lord, and father to
 Aspatia
 CLEON, } Gentlemen
 STRATO, }
 DIAGORAS, a servant

EVADNE, wife to Amintor
 ASPATIA, troth-plight wife to Amintor
 ANTIPHILA, } waiting gentlewomen to Aspatia
 OLYMPIAS, }
 DULA, a Lady, [attendant on Evadne]

MASQUERS

Night, Cynthia, Neptune, Æolus, [Sea Gods,
 Winds]

SCENE: The City of Rhodes

Actus Primus. Scena Prima

[*The King's Palace.*]

Enter Cleon, Strato, Lysippus, Diphilus

Cle. The rest are making ready, sir.

Lys. So let them;

There 's time enough.

Diph. You are the brother to the king, my lord,

We 'll take your word

Lys. Strato, thou hast some skill in poetry; s
 What think'st thou of the masque? Will it be well?

Stra. As well as masques can be.

Lys. As masques can be!

Stra. Yes; they must commend their king,
 and speak in praise

Of the assembly, bless the bride and bride-
 groom

In person of some god; they 're tied to rules 10
 Of flattery.

Cle. See, good my lord, who is return'd!

Enter Melantius

Lys. Noble Melantius, the land by me
 Welcomes thy virtues home to Rhodes;
 Thou that with blood abroad buyest us our
 peace!

The breath of kings is like the breath of gods;
 My brother wish'd thee here, and thou art
 here. 16

He will be too too kind, and weary thee

With often welcomes, but the time doth give
 thee

A welcome above his or all the world's

Mel. My lord, my thanks; but these
 scratch'd limbs of mine 20

Have spoke my love and truth unto my friends,
 More than my tongue e'er could My mind 's
 the same

It ever was to you: where I find worth,
 I love the keeper till he let it go,
 And then I follow it.

Diph. Hail, worthy brother! 25
 He that rejoices not at your return
 In safety is mine enemy for ever.

Mel. I thank thee, Diphilus. But thou art
 faulty:

I sent for thee to exercise thine arms
 With me at Patria, thou cam'st not, Diphilus;
 'T was ill

Diph. My noble brother, my excuse 31
 Is my king's straight command, which you, my
 lord,

Can witness with me.

Lys. 'T is most true, Melantius;
 He might not come till the solemnities
 Of this great match were past

Diph. Have you heard of it? 35

Mel. Yes, and have given cause to those that
 here

Envy my deeds abroad to call me gamesome:
 I have no other business here at Rhodes.

Lys. We have a masque to-night, and you
 must tread

A soldier's measure 40

¹ *Lys.* : (speech assigned to Strato Q 2-F) ¹³ to Rhodes: (not in Q 1) ¹⁴ blood . . . peace:
 ('blows abroad bringst us our peace at home' Q 1) ¹⁷ too too: very ²⁰ Patria: Patara, seaport of
 Asia Minor, 60 miles east of Rhodes ²⁶ (Altered in Q 2-F)

Mel. These soft and silken wars are not for me:

The music must be shrill and all confus'd
That stirs my blood; and then I dance with arms.

But is Amintor wed?

Diph. This day.

Mel. All joys upon him! for he is my friend.
Wonder not that I call a man so young my friend: 46

His worth is great; valiant he is and temperate;

And one that never thinks his life his own,
If his friend need it. When he was a boy,
As oft as I return'd (as, without boast, 50
I brought home conquest), he would gaze upon me

And view me round, to find in what one limb
The virtue lay to do those things he heard,
Then would he wish to see my sword, and feel
The quickness of the edge, and in his hand 55
Weigh it. He oft would make me smile at this.
His youth did promise much, and his ripe years
Will see it all perform'd.

Enter Aspatia, passing by

Hail, maid and wife!

Thou fair Aspatia, may the holy knot
That thou hast tied to-day last till the hand 60
Of age undo 't! May'st thou bring a race
Unto Amintor, that may fill the world
Successively with soldiers!

Asp. My hard fortunes
Deserve not scorn, for I was never proud

When they were good *Exit Aspatia.*

Mel. How 's this?

Lys. You are mistaken, sir; 65
She is not married.

Mel. You said Amintor was.

Diph. 'T is true, but —

Mel. Pardon me; I did receive
Letters at Patria from my Amintor,
That he should marry her.

Diph. And so it stood
In all opinion long; but your arrival 70
Made me imagine you had heard the change.

Mel. Who has he taken then?

Lys. A lady, sir,
That bears the light above her, and strikes dead
With flashes of her eye: the fair Evadne,
Your virtuous sister.

Mel. Peace of heart betwixt them! 75
But this is strange

Lys. The king, my brother, did it
To honour you; and these solemnities
Are at his charge.

Mel. 'T is royal, like himself. But I am sad
My speech bears so unfortunate a sound 80
To beautiful Aspatia. There is rage
Hid in her father's breast, Calanax,
Bent long against me; and he should not think,
Could I but call it back, that I would take
So base revenges, as to scorn the state 85
Of his neglected daughter. Holds he still
His greatness with the king?

Lys. Yes. But this lady
Walks discontented, with her watery eyes
Bent on the earth. The unfrequented woods
Are her delight; where, when she sees a bank
Stuck full of flowers, she with a sigh will tell 91
Her servants what a pretty place it were
To bury lovers in, and make her maids
Pluck 'em, and strow her over like a corse.

She carries with her an infectious grief, 95
That strikes all her beholders. she will sing
The mournful'st things that ever ear hath heard,
And sigh, and sing again; and when the rest
Of our young ladies, in their wanton blood,
Tell mirthful tales in course, that fill the room
With laughter, she will, with so sad a look, 101
Bring forth a story of the silent death
Of some forsaken virgin, which her grief
Will put in such a phrase that, ere she end,
She 'll send them weeping one by one away. 105

Mel. She has a brother under my command,
Like her; a face as womanish as hers;
But with a spirit that hath much outgrown
The number of his years

Enter Amintor

Cle. My lord the bridegroom!

Mel. I might run fiercely, not more hastily,
Upon my foe I love thee well, Amintor; 111
My mouth is much too narrow for my heart;
I joy to look upon those eyes of thine,
Thou art my friend, but my disorder'd speech
Cuts off my love

Amin. Thou art Melantius: 115
All love is spoke in that. A sacrifice,
To thank the gods Melantius is return'd
In safety! Victory sits on his sword,
As she was wont. May she build there and
dwell;

And may thy armour be, as it hath been, 120
Only thy valour and thine innocence!
What endless treasures would our enemies give,
That I might hold thee still thus!

Mel. I am poor
In words; but credit me, young man, thy
mother 124

Could do no more but weep for joy to see thee
After long absence. All the wounds I have

⁴⁶ with arms: (not in Q 1) ⁴⁸ my friend: (not in Q 1) ⁴⁹ and temperate: (not in Q 1) ⁷² has: ('hath' Q 2-F) ⁷³ bears . . . light: shines ⁸⁴ Could I but: ('If I could' Q 2-F) ⁸⁵ So: ('Such' Q 1) ⁸⁶⁻⁸⁷ Holds . . . king: (not in Q 1) ¹⁰⁰ in course: one by one

Fetch'd not so much away, nor all the cries
Of widowed mothers. But this is peace,
And that was war.

Amin. Pardon, thou holy god
Of marriage-bed, and frown not, I am forc'd,
In answer of such noble tears as those, 131
To weep upon my wedding-day!

Mel. I fear thou art grown too fickle, for I
hear

A lady mourns for thee, men say, to death;
Forsaken of thee, on what terms I know not.

Amin. She had my promise; but the king
forbade it, 136

And made me make this worthy change, thy
sister,

Accompanied with graces above her,
With whom I long to lose my lusty youth
And grow old in her arms.

Mel. Be prosperous! 140

Enter Messenger

Mess. My lord, the masquers rage for you

Lys We are gone. Cleon, Strato, Diphilus!

Amin. We 'll all attend you —

Exeunt Lysippus, Cleon, Strato,

Diphilus [and Messenger]

We shall trouble you

With our solemnities

Mel Not so, Amintor,
But if you laugh at my rude carriage 145

In peace I 'll do as much for you in war,

When you come thither Yet I have a mistress

To bring to your delights; rough though I am,

I have a mistress, and she has a heart, 149

She says, but, trust me, it is stone, no better,

There is no place that I can challenge in 't.

But you stand still, and here my way lies

Exeunt [severally]

[SCENE II — *The Banqueting Hall.*]

Enter Calianax with Diagoras

Cal. Diagoras, look to the doors better, for
shame! You let in all the world, and anon the
king will rail at me. Why, very well said By
Jove, the king will have the show i' th' court!

Diag. Why do you swear so, my lord? You
know he 'll have it here 6

Cal. By this light, if he be wise, he will not.

Diag. And if he will not be wise, you are for-
sworn.

Cal. One must sweat out his heart with swear-
ing, and get thanks on no side. I 'll be gone, 11
look to 't who will

Diag. My lord, I shall never keep them out.
Pray, stay; your looks will terrify them.

Cal My looks terrify them, you coxcomb- 15

¹¹ fickle: ('cruell' Q 1; 'sick' Q 3-F) ¹⁵ above: ('about' Qq 1, 2) ¹ well said: well done
² humorous: touchy ²⁸ codes: a vulgarnism ³⁰ above: in the gallery ³¹ a': he

blly ass, you! I 'll be judged by all the company
whether thou hast not a worse face than I.

Diag. I mean, because they know you and
your office.

Cal. Office! I would I could put it off! I 20
am sure I sweat quite through my office. I
might have made room at my daughter's wed-
ding; — they ha' near kill'd her among them; —
and now I must do service for him that hath
forsaken her. Serve that will! *Exu.* 25

Diag He 's so humorous since his daughter
was forsaken! (*Knock within.*) Hark, hark!
there, there! so, so! codes, codes! What now?

Mel. Open the door. *Withn.*

Diag. Who 's there? 30

Mel [within] Melantius.

Diag I hope your lordship brings no troop
with you; for, if you do, I must return them.

[*Opens the door.*]

Enter Melantius and a Lady

Mel. None but this lady, sir.

Diag The ladies are all placed above, save 35
those that come in the king's troop; the best of
Rhodes sit there, and there 's room.

Mel I thank you, sir — When I have seen you
placed, madam, I must attend the king, but,
the masque done, I 'll wait on you again 40

Diag [opening another door.] Stand back

there! — Room for my Lord Melantius! (*Ex-*

eunt Melantius and Lady) — Pray, bear

back — this is no place for such youth and

their trulls — let the doors shut again. — No!

— do your heads itch? I 'll scratch them for 46

you [*Shuts the door*] — So, now thrust and hang.

[*Knocking within*] — Again! who is 't now? —

I cannot blame my Lord Calianax for going

away, would he were here! He would run 50

raging amongst them, and break a dozen wiser

heads than his own in the twinkling of an eye.

— What 's the news now?

[*Voice*] *within.* I pray you, can you help me
to the speech of the master-cook? 55

Diag If I open the door, I 'll cook some of
your calves-heads Peace, rogues! [*Knocking*
within] — Again! who is 't?

Mel Melantius *Within.*

Enter Calianax

Cal. Let him not in 60

Diag O, my lord, a' must. [*Opening the door.*]

— Make room there for my lord. Is your lady
plac'd?

Enter Melantius

Mel Yes, sir. I thank you. —

My Lord Calianax, well met. 65

Your causeless hate to me I hope is buried.

¹¹ fickle: ('cruell' Q 1; 'sick' Q 3-F) ¹⁵ above: ('about' Qq 1, 2) ¹ well said: well done
² humorous: touchy ²⁸ codes: a vulgarnism ³⁰ above: in the gallery ³¹ a': he

Cal. Yes, I do service for your sister here,
That brings mine own poor child to timeless
death.

She loves your friend Amintor; such another
False-hearted lord as you.

Mel. You do me wrong, 70
A most unmanly one, and I am slow
In taking vengeance: but be well advis'd.

Cal. It may be so. — Who plac'd the lady
there

So near the presence of the king?

Mel. I did.

Cal. My lord, she must not sit there.

Mel. Why? 75

Cal. The place is kept for women of more
worth.

Mel. More worth than she! It misbecomes
your age

And place to be thus womanish: forbear!
What you have spoke, I am content to think
The palsy shook your tongue to.

Cal. Why, 't is well, 80
If I stand here to place men's wenches.

Mel. I
Shall quite forget this place, thy age, my safety,
And, through all, cut that poor sickly week
Thou hast to live away from thee.

Cal. Nay, I know you can fight for your
whore 85

Mel. Bate me the king, and, be he flesh and
blood,

A' lies that says it! Thy mother at fifteen
Was black and sinful to her.

Diag. Good my lord —

Mel. Some god pluck threescore years from
that fond man, 89

That I may kill him, and not stain mine honour!
It is the curse of soldiers, that in peace
They shall be brav'd by such ignoble men
As, if the land were troubled, would with tears
And knees beg succour from 'em. Would the
blood,

That sea of blood, that I have lost in fight, 95
Were running in thy veins, that it might make
thee

Apt to say less, or able to maintain,
Should'st thou say more! This Rhodes, I see, is
nought

But a place privileg'd to do men wrong.

Cal. Ay, you may say your pleasure.

Enter Amintor

Amin. What vild wrong 100
Has stirr'd my worthy friend, who is as slow
To fight with words as he is quick of hands?

Mel. That heap of age, which I should rever-
ence

If it were temperate, but testy years
Are most contemptible.

Amin. Good sir, forbear. 105

Cal. There is just such another as yourself.

Amin. He will wrong you, or me, or any man,
And talk as if he had no life to lose,
Since thus our match. The king is coming in;
I would not for more wealth than I enjoy 110
He should perceive you raging He did hear
You were at difference now, which hasten'd him.

Haulboys play within.

Cal. Make room there!

Enter King, Evadne, Aspatia, Lords and Ladies

King Melantius, thou art welcome, and my
love

Is with thee still, but this is not a place 115
To brabble in. — Calianax, join hands.

Cal. He shall not have mine hand.

King This is no time
To force you to 't I do love you both: —

Calianax, you look well to your office; —
And you, Melantius, are welcome home. 120
Begin the masque

Mel. Sister, I joy to see you and your choice;
You look'd with my eyes when you took that
man.

Be happy in him! *Recorders [play].*

Evad O, my dearest brother,
Your presence is more joyful than this day 125
Can be unto me

THE MASQUE

Night rises in mists

Night. Our reign is come, for in the quenching
sea

The sun is drown'd, and with him fell the Day.
Bright Cynthia, hear my voice! I am the Night,
For whom thou bear'st about thy borrow'd light.

Appear! no longer thy pale visage shroud, 5
But strike thy silver horns quite through a cloud,
And send a beam upon my swarthy face,
By which I may discover all the place
And persons, and how many longing eyes
Are come to wait on our solemnities. 10

Enter Cynthia

How dull and black am I! I could not find
This beauty without thee, I am so blind:
Methinks they show like to those eastern streaks,
That warn us hence before the morning breaks.
Back, my pale servant! for these eyes know how 15
To shoot far more and quicker rays than thou.

Cynth. Great queen, they be a troop for
whom alone

One of my clearest moons I have put on;

* Bate me: except * fond: foolish 100 vild: vile 115 brabble: squabble 124 S. D. Re-
corders: small flutes

*A troop that looks as if thyself and I
Had pluck'd our reins in and our whips laid
by,* 20

*To gaze upon these mortals, that appear
Brighter than we.*

*Night. Then let us keep 'em here,
And never more our chariots drive away,
But hold our places and outshine the Day.*

*Cynth. Great queen of shadows, you are
pleas'd to speak* 25

*Of more than may be done. We may not break
The gods' decrees, but, when our time is come,
Must drive away, and give the Day our room.*

*Yet, whilst our reign lasts, let us stretch our
power*

To give our servants one contented hour, 30
*With such unwonted solemn grace and state,
As may forever after force them hale
Our brother's glorious beams, and wish the Night
Crown'd with a thousand stars and our cold
light*

For almost all the world their service bend 35
*To Phæbus, and in vain my light I lend,
Gaz'd on unto my setting from my rise
Almost of none but of unquiet eyes.*

*Night. Then shine at full, fair queen, and by
thy power*

Produce a birth, to crown this happy hour, 40
*Of nymphs and shepherds, let their songs dis-
cover,*

*Easy and sweet, who is a happy lover,
Or, if thou woo 't, thine own Endymion
From the sweet flowery bank he lies upon,
On Latmus' brow, thy pale beams drawn away,* 45
And of his long night let him make thy day

*Cynth. Thou dream'st, dark queen, that fair
boy was not mine,*

*Nor went I down to kiss him. Ease and wine
Have bred these bold tales poets, when they rage,
Turn gods to men, and make an hour an age* 50
*But I will give a greater state and glory,
And raise to time a nobler memory
Of what these lovers are — Rise, rise, I say,
Thou power of deeps, thy surges laid away,
Neptune, great king of waters, and by me* 55
Be proud to be commanded!

Neptune rises

*Nept. Cynthia, see
Thy word hath fetch'd me hither: let me know
Why I ascend.*

*Cynth. Doth this majestic show
Give thee no knowledge yet?*

*Nept. Yes, now I see
Something intended, Cynthia, worthy thee* 60
Go on; I'll be a helper

*Cynth. Hie thee, then,
And charge the Wind fly from his rocky den,
Let loose his subjects, only Boreas,
Too foul for our intention as he was,
Still keep him fast chain'd: we must have none
here* 65

*But vernal blasts and gentle winds appear,
Such as blow flowers, and through the glad boughs
sing*

*Many soft welcomes to the lusty spring;
These are our music. Next, thy watery race
Bring on in couples we are pleas'd to grace* 70
*This noble night, each in their richest things
Your own deeps or the broken vessels brings.
Be prodigal, and I shall be as kind
And shine at full upon you.*

*Nept. See! the Wind-
Commanding Æolus!*

Enter Æolus out of a Rock

Æol. Great Neptune! *He.* 75

Æol. What is thy will?
*Nept. We do command thee free
Favonius and thy milder winds, to wait
Upon our Cynthia, but the Boreas straight,
He's too rebellious.*

Æol. I shall do it.
Nept. Do.

[Exit Æolus.]

*Æol. [within] Great master of the flood and
all below,* 80

*Thy full command has taken. — Ho, the Main!
Neptune!*

Nept. Here

[Re-enter Æolus, followed by Favonius and
other Winds]

*Æol. Boreas has broke his chain,
And, struggling with the rest, has got away.*

*Nept. Let him alone, I'll take him up at sea,
He will not long be thence. Go once again,* 85
*And call out of the bottoms of the main
Blue Proteus and the rest, charge them put on
Their greatest pearls, and the most sparkling
stone*

*The beaten rock breeds Tell this night is done
By me a solemn honour to the Moon* 90

Fly, like a full sail

Æol. I am gone [Exit.]

*Cynth. Dark Night,
Strike a full silence, do a thorough right
To this great chorus, that our music may
Touch high as Heaven, and make the east break
day*

At midnight. *Music.* 95

²⁹⁻³¹ (Not in Q 1) ⁴⁸ woo 't: desire ⁵⁴ power of deeps: sea-god ⁷⁰ we: whom we ⁷² (I.e.,
jewels either created by the sea or collected from sunken ships) ⁷³ straight: straightway ⁸¹ He:
(I' Q 1) ⁸⁹ beaten: wave-worn ⁹⁰ Tell: say that

SONG

[During which Proteus and other Sea-deities enter]

*Cynthia, to thy power and thee
We obey.*

*Joy to this great company!
And no day*

*Come to steal this night away, 100
Till the rules of love are ended,
And the lusty bridegroom say,
Welcome, light, of all befriended!*

*Pace out, you watery powers below;
Let your feet, 105*

*Like the galleys when they row,
Even beat.*

*Let your unknown measures, set
To the still winds, tell to all,
That gods are come, immortal, great, 110
To honour this great nuptial.*

The Measure.

SECOND SONG

*Hold back thy hours, dark Night, till we have done;
The Day will come too soon:*

*Young maids will curse thee, if thou steal'st away,
And leav'st their losses open to the day: 115
Stay, stay, and hide
The blushes of the bride.*

*Stay, gentle Night, and with thy darkness cover
The kisses of her lover;*

*Stay, and confound her tears and her shrill cryings,
Her weak denials, vows, and often-dyings, 121
Stay, and hide all:
But help not, though she call.*

*Nept. Great queen of us and Heaven, hear
what I bring*

To make this hour a full one.

Cynth. Speak, sea's king. 125

*Nept. The tunes my Amphitrite joys to
have,*

*When she will dance upon the rising wave,
And court me as she sails. My Trilons, play
Music to lay a storm! I'll lead the way.*

A Measure, Neptune leads it.

SONG

*To bed, to bed! Come, Hymen, lead the bride, 130
And lay her by her husband's side;
Bring in the virgins every one,
That grieve to be alone,
That they may kiss while they may say a maid;*

*To-morrow 't will be other kiss'd and said. 135
Hesperus, be long a-shining,
Whilst these lovers are a-twining.*

*Æol. [within.] Ho, Neptune!
Nept. Æolus!*

[Re-enter Æolus]

*Æol The sea goes high,
Boreas hath rais'd a storm: go and apply
Thy trident, else, I prophesy, ere day 140
Many a tall ship will be cast away.
Descend with all the gods and all their power,
To strike a calm.*

*Cynth. We thank you for this hour:
My favour to you all. To gratulate 145
So great a service, done at my desire,
Ye shall have many floods, fuller and higher
Than you have wish'd for, and no ebb shall
dare*

*To let the Day see where your dwellings are.
Now back unto your governments in haste, 150
Lest your proud charge should swell above the
waste,*

And win upon the island.

Nept. We obey.

*Neptune descends and the Sea-Gods.
[Exeunt Favonius and other
Winds.]*

*Cynth. Hold up thy head, dead Night, see'st
thou not Day?*

*The east begins to lighten. I must down,
And give my brother place.*

*Night. Oh, I could frown 155
To see the Day, the Day that flings his light
Upon my kingdom and contemns old Night!
Let him go on and flame! I hope to see
Another wild-fire in his axle-tree,
And all fall drench'd But I forget, — speak,
queen' 160*

The Day grows on, I must no more be seen.

*Cynth. Heave up thy drowsy head and see
A greater light, a greater majesty,
Between our set and us! Whip up thy team' 164
The Day breaks here, and yon sun-flaring stream
Shot from the south. Which way wilt thou go?
Say.*

Night. I'll vanish into mists.

Cynth. I into Day.

Exeunt. Finis Masque.

*King Take lights there! — Ladies, get the
bride to bed. —*

*We will not see you laid; good night, Amintor;
We'll ease you of that tedious ceremony. 170
Were it my case, I should think time run slow.*

¹¹¹ S. D. **Measure**: formal dance ¹²⁴⁻¹²⁷ (Not in Q 1) ¹²⁸ **Hesperus**: the evening star ¹²⁹ (*I.e.*, the sun's chariot burned again, as when Phaethon drove it) ¹³⁴ **set**: setting, the west ('sect' in early editions) ¹³⁶ **Which . . . go?** **Say**: ('Say, which . . . go' Qq., F) ¹³⁷ **I . . . Day**: ('Adew' Q 1)

If thou be'st noble, youth, get me a boy,
That may defend my kingdom from my foes.

Amin. All happiness to you!

King. Good night, Melantius. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus

[SCENE I. — *Evadne's Apartment.*]

Enter Evadne, Aspatia, Dula, and other Ladies

Dula. Madam, shall we undress you for this fight?

The wars are nak'd that you must make to-night.

Evad. You are very merry, Dula.

Dula. I should be
Far merrier, madam, if it were with me
As it is with you.

Evad. How 's that?

Dula. That I might go
To bed with him wi' th' credit that you do.

Evad. Why, how now, wench?

Dula. Come, ladies, will you help?

Evad. I am soon undone.

Dula. And as soon done:
Good store of clothes will trouble you at both.

Evad. Art thou drunk, Dula?

Dula. Why, here 's none but we. 10

Evad. Thou think'st belike there is no modesty

When we're alone

Dula. Ay, by my troth, you hit my thoughts
aright.

Evad. You prick me, lady.

1 *Lady.* 'T is against my will.

Dula. Anon you must endure more and lie
still; 15

You're best to practise.

Evad. Sure, this wench is mad.

Dula. No, faith, this is a trick that I have
had

Since I was fourteen.

Evad. 'T is high time to leave it.

Dula. Nay, now I'll keep it till the trick
leave me.

A dozen wanton words put in your head 20
Will make you livelier in your husband's bed.

Evad. Nay, faith, then take it.

Dula. Take it, madam! Where?

We all, I hope, will take it that are here.

Evad. Nay, then I'll give thee o'er.

Dula. So will I make
The ablest man in Rhodes, or his heart ache. 25

Evad. Will take my place to-night?

Dula. I'll hold your cards
Against any two I know.

Evad.

What wilt thou do?

Dula. Madam, we'll do 't, and make 'em
leave play too.

Evad. Aspatia, take her part.

Dula. I will refuse it:
She will pluck down a side; she does not use
it. 30

Evad. Why, do, I prithee.

Dula. You will find the play
Quickly, because your head lies well that way.

Evad. I thank thee, Dula. Would thou
couldst instil

Some of thy mirth into Aspatia!

Nothing but sad thoughts in her breast do
dwell: 35

Methinks, a mean betwixt you would do well.

Dula. She is in love: hang me, if I were so,
But I could run my country. I love too
To do those things that people in love do.

Asp. It were a timeless smile should prove
my cheek. 40

It were a fitter hour for me to laugh,

When at the altar the religious priest

Were pacifying the offended powers

With sacrifice, than now. This should have
been

My rite, and all your hands have been em-
ploy'd 45

In giving me a spotless offering

To young Amintor's bed, as we are now

For you Pardon, Evadne. would my worth

Were great as yours, or that the king, or he,
Or both, thought so! Perhaps he found me
worthless. 50

But till he did so, in these ears of mine,

These credulous ears, he pour'd the sweetest
words

That art or love could frame. If he were false,

Pardon it, Heaven! and if I did want

Virtue, you safely may forgive that too; 55
For I have lost none that I had from you.

Evad. Nay, leave this sad talk, madam.

Asp. Would I could!

Then I should leave the cause.

Evad. Lo, if you have not spoil'd all Dula's
mirth!

Asp. Thou think'st thy heart hard; but, if
thou be'st caught, 60

Remember me; thou shalt perceive a fire

Shot suddenly into thee.

Dula. That 's not so good;
Let 'em shoot anything but fire, and I fear 'em
not.

Asp. Well, wench, thou may'st be taken.

Evad. Ladies, good night; I'll do the rest
myself. 65

¹⁷³ kingdom: ('kingdomes' Q 1) ¹⁻² How 's . . . do: (in Q 1 only) ³⁰ a side: pair of partners
at cards ³¹ I prithee: (in Q 1 only. The speech refers to Evadne's question, line 26.) ⁴⁰ timeless:
untimely ⁴¹ prove: make trial of

Dula. Nay, let your lord do some.

Asp. [*singing.*]

Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew —

Evad. That's one of your sad songs, madam.

Asp. Believe me, 't is a very pretty one. 70

Evad. How is it, madam?

SONG

Asp. Lay a garland on my hearse

Of the dismal yew,

Maidens, willow-branches bear;

Say I died true. 75

My love was false, but I was firm

From my hour of birth:

Upon my buried body lie

Lightly, gentle earth!

Evad. Fie on 't, madam! The words are so
strange, they 80

Are able to make one dream of hobgoblins. —

"I could never have the power" — sing that,
Dula.

Dula. I could never have the power

To love one above an hour,

But my heart would prompt mine eye 85

On some other man to fly

Venus, fix mine eyes fast,

Or, if not, give me all that I shall see at
last!

Evad. So, leave me now

Dula. Nay, we must see you laid 90

Asp. Madam, good night May all the mar-
riage-joys

That longing maids imagine in their beds
Prove so unto you! May no discontent

Grow 'twixt your love and you! but, if there do,
Inquire of me, and I will guide your moan; 95

Teach you an artificial way to grieve,
To keep your sorrow waking Love your lord

No worse than I; but, if you love so well,

Alas, you may displease him! so did I.

This is the last time you shall look on me. — 100

Ladies, farewell. As soon as I am dead,

Come all and watch one night about my hearse;

Bring each a mournful story and a tear,

To offer at it when I go to earth;

With flattering ivy clasp my coffin round; 105

Write on my brow my fortune; let my bier

Be borne by virgins, that shall sing by course

The truth of maids and perjuries of men.

Evad. Alas, I pity thee.

Omnes. Madam, good night. *Exit Evadne.*

1 *Lady.* Come, we 'll let in the bridegroom.

Dula. Where 's my lord? 110

⁸⁷⁻⁹⁰ (Not in Q 1)

⁷⁸ He ('lay' Qq, F)

¹⁰⁴ my: (not in Q 1-2)

¹⁰⁵ sensible: sensitive

Enter Aminor

1 *Lady.* Here, take this light.

Dula. He 'll find her in the dark.

1 *Lady.* Your lady's scarce a-bed yet; you
must help her.

Asp. Go, and be happy in your lady's love.
May all the wrongs that you have done to me
Be utterly forgotten in my death! 115

I 'll trouble you no more, yet I will take
A parting kiss, and will not be denied.

[*Kisses Aminor*]

You 'll come, my lord, and see the virgins
weep

When I am laid in earth, though you yourself
Can know no pity. Thus I wind myself 120

Into this willow-garland, and am prouder

That I was once your love, though now refus'd,

Than to have had another true to me.

So with my prayers I leave you, and must try

Some yet unpractis'd way to grieve and die. 125

Exit Aspatha.

Dula. Come, ladies, will you go?

Omnes. Good night, my lord.

Amin. Much happiness unto you all!

Exeunt Ladies.

I did that lady wrong. Methinks, I feel

A grief shoot suddenly through all my veins;
Mine eyes rain. this is strange at such a
time 130

It was the king first mov'd me to 't; but he

Has not my will in keeping Why do I

Perplex myself thus? Something whispers me,

Go not to bed. My guilt is not so great

As mine own conscience, too sensible, 135

Would make me think I only brake a promise,

And 't was the king enforc'd me. Timorous
flesh,

Why shak'st thou so? Away, my idle fears!

Enter Evadne

Yonder she is, the lustre of whose eye

Can blot away the sad remembrance 140

Of all these things. — Oh, my Evadne, spare

That tender body; let it not take cold!

The vapours of the night shall not fall here.

To bed, my love: Hymen will punish us

For being slack performers of his rites. 145

Cam'st thou to call me?

Evad. No.

Amin. Come, come, my love,

And let us lose ourselves to one another.

Why art thou up so long?

Evad. I am not well.

Amin. To bed then; let me wind thee in
these arms

Till I have banish'd sickness.

artificial: artful 111 He 'll: ('Youle' Q 2, etc.)

Evad. Good my lord, 150 Why, it is thou that wrong'st me; I hate thee;
 I cannot sleep. Thou should'st have kill'd thyself. 155
Amin. Evadne, we will watch;
 I mean no sleeping. *Amin.* If I should know that, I should quickly kill
Evad. I'll not go to bed. The man you hated.
Amin. I prithee, do. *Evad.* Know it, then, and do 't.
Evad. I will not for the world. *Amin.* Oh, no! what look see'st thou shalt put on
Amin. Why, my dear love? To try my faith, I shall not think thee false;
Evad. Why! I have sworn I will not. I cannot find one blemish in thy face, 190
Amin. Sworn! Where falsehood should abide. Leave, and to bed
Evad. Ay. If you have sworn to any of the virgins
Amin. How? Sworn, Evadne! 155 That were your old companions, to preserve
Evad. Yes, sworn, Amintor; and will swear again, Your maidenhead a night, it may be done
 If you will wish to hear me. Without this means.
Amin. To whom have you sworn this? *Evad.* A maidenhead, Amintor, 195
Evad. If I should name him, the matter were not great
Amin. Come, this is but the coyness of a bride. 160
Evad. The coyness of a bride!
Amin. How prettily
 That frown becomes thee!
Evad. Do you like it so?
Amin. Thou canst not dress thy face in such a look
 But I shall like it
Evad. What look likes you best?
Amin. Why do you ask? 165
Evad. That I may show you one less pleasing to you
Amin. How's that?
Evad. That I may show you one less pleasing to you
Amin. I prithee, put thy jests in milder looks;
 It shows as thou wert angry.
Evad. So perhaps 170
 I am indeed.
Amin. Why, who has done thee wrong?
 Name me the man, and by thyself I swear,
 Thy yet unconquer'd self, I will revenge thee!
Evad. Now I shall try thy truth. If thou dost love me,
 Thou weigh'st not anything compar'd with me 175
 Life, honour, joys eternal, all delights
 This world can yield, or hopeful people feign,
 Or in the life to come, are light as air
 To a true lover when his lady frowns,
 And bids him, "Do this." Wilt thou kill this man? 180
 Swear, my Amintor, and I'll kiss the sin
 Off from thy lips.
Amin. I wo' not swear, sweet love,
 Till I do know the cause.
Evad. I would thou wouldst.

¹⁶⁴ likes: pleases ('will like' Q 1) ¹⁹⁷ Her: ('Thy' Q 1) ²⁰¹ Is . . . truth: (in Q 1 only)
²⁰² you thought: (in Q 1 only) ²⁰⁴ deceiv'd: mistaken ²¹⁶ to: as to

If we do lust, we 'll take the next we meet,
 Serving ourselves as other creatures do;
 And never take note of the female more,
 Nor of her issue. — I do rage in vain;
 She can but jest. — Oh, pardon me, my love! 230
 So dear the thoughts are that I hold of thee,
 That I must break forth. Satisfy my fear;
 It is a pain, beyond the hand of death,
 To be in doubt. Confirm it with an oath,
 If this be true.

Evad. Do you invent the form; 235
 Let there be in it all the binding words
 Devils and conjurers can put together,
 And I will take it. I have sworn before,
 And here by all things holy do again,
 Never to be acquainted with thy bed! 240
 Is your doubt over now?

Amin. I know too much; would I had
 doubted still!

Was ever such a marriage-night as this!
 You powers above, if you did ever mean
 Man should be us'd thus, you have thought a
 way 245
 How he may bear himself, and save his honour:
 Instruct me in it, for to my dull eyes
 There is no mean, no moderate course to run,
 I must live scorn'd, or be a murderer.
 Is there a third? Why is this night so calm? 250
 Why does not Heaven speak in thunder to us,
 And drown her voice?

Evad. This rage will do no good.

Amin. Evadne, hear me Thou hast ta'en
 an oath,

But such a rash one, that to keep it were
 Worse than to swear it. Call it back to thee; 255
 Such vows as that never ascend the Heaven;
 A tear or two will wash it quite away
 Have mercy on my youth, my hopeful youth,
 If thou be pitiful! for, without boast,
 This land was proud of me. What lady was
 there, 260
 That men call'd fair and virtuous in this isle,
 That would have shunn'd my love? It is in
 thee

To make me hold this worth — Oh, we vain
 men,

That trust out all our reputation
 To rest upon the weak and yielding hand 265
 Of feeble woman! But thou art not stone;
 Thy flesh is soft, and in thine eyes doth dwell
 The spirit of love; thy heart cannot be hard.
 Come, lead me from the bottom of despair
 To all the joys thou hast; I know thou wilt; 270
 And make me careful lest the sudden change
 O'ercome my spirits.

Evad. When I call back this oath,
 The pains of hell environ me!

Amin. I sleep, and am too temperate. Come
 to bed!

Or by those hairs, which, if thou hadst a soul 275
 Like to thy locks, were threads for kings to
 wear

About their arms —

Evad. Why, so perhaps they are.

Amin. I 'll drag thee to my bed, and make
 thy tongue

Undo this wicked oath, or on thy flesh
 I 'll print a thousand wounds to let out life! 280

Evad. I fear thee not: do what thou darest
 to me!

Every ill-sounding word or threatening look
 Thou shew'st to me will be reveng'd at full.

Amin. It will not, sure, Evadne?

Evad. Do not you hazard that.

Amin. Ha' ye your champions? 285

Evad. Alas, Amintor, think'st thou I for-
 bear

To sleep with thee, because I have put on
 A maiden's strictness? Look upon these cheeks,
 And thou shalt find the hot and rising blood
 Unapt for such a vow. No; in this heart 290
 There dwells as much desire and as much will
 To put that wished act in practice as ever yet
 Was known to woman; and they have been
 shewn

Both. But it was the folly of thy youth
 To think this beauty, to what hand soe'er 295
 It shall be call'd, shall stoop to any second.
 I do enjoy the best, and in that height
 Have sworn to stand or die You guess the
 man.

Amin. No; let me know the man that
 wrongs me so,
 That I may cut his body into motes, 300
 And scatter it before the northern wind.

Evad. You dare not strike him.

Amin. Do not wrong me so.
 Yes, if his body were a poisonous plant
 That it were death to touch, I have a soul
 Will throw me on him.

Evad. Why, 't is the King.

Amin. The King! 305

Evad. What will you do now?

Amin. It is not the King!

Evad. What did he make this match for,
 dull Amintor?

Amin. Oh, thou hast nam'd a word, that
 wipes away
 All thoughts revengeful! In that sacred name,
 "The King," there lies a terror. What frail
 man 310

Dares lift his hand against it? Let the gods
 Speak to him when they please: till when, let us
 Suffer and wait.

²⁸⁸ that: ("those" Q 2, etc.) ²⁸⁹ out: (not in Q 1-2) ²⁹⁰ hand: falconer's hand (Bullen's conjecture; 'land' in Q, F)

Evad. Why should you fill yourself so full of heat,
And haste so to my bed? I am no virgin. 315

Amin. What devil put it in thy fancy, then,
To marry me?

Evad. Alas, I must have one
To father children, and to bear the name
Of husband to me, that my sin may be
More honourable!

Amin. What strange thing am I! 320

Evad. A miserable one; one that myself
Am sorry for.

Amin. Why, show it then in this:
If thou hast pity, though thy love be none,
Kill me; and all true lovers, that shall live
In after ages cross'd in their desires, 325
Shall bless thy memory, and call thee good,
Because such mercy in thy heart was found,
To rid a lingering wretch.

Evad. I must have one
To fill thy room again, if thou wert dead;
Else, by this night, I would! I pity thee. 330

Amin. These strange and sudden injuries
have fallen

So thick upon me, that I lose all sense
Of what they are. Methinks, I am not wrong'd;
Nor is it aught, if from the censuring world
I can but hide it Reputation, 335
Thou art a word, no more! — But thou hast
shown

An impudence so high, that to the world
I fear thou wilt betray or shame thyself

Evad. To cover shame I took thee; never
fear

That I would blaze myself.

Amin. Nor let the king 340
Know I conceive he wrongs me; then mine
honour

Will thrust me into action, that my flesh
Could bear with patience. And it is some ease
To me in these extremes, that I know this
Before I touch'd thee; else, had all the sins 345
Of mankind stood betwixt me and the king,
I had gone through 'em to his heart and thine.
I have left one desire: 't is not his crown
Shall buy me to thy bed, now I resolve
He has dishonour'd thee. Give me thy hand:
Be careful of thy credit, and sin close, 351
'T is all I wish. Upon thy chamber-floor
I'll rest to-night, that morning visitors
May think we did as married people use: 354
And prithee, smile upon me when they come,
And seem to toy, as if thou hadst been pleased
With what we did.

Evad. Fear not; I will do this.

Amin. Come, let us practise; and, as wantonly
As ever longing bride and bridegroom met,
Let 's laugh and enter here.

Evad. I am content. 360
Amin. Down all the swellings of my troubled
heart!

When we walk thus intwin'd, let all eyes see
If ever lovers better did agree. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE II — *House of Cahanax.*]

Enter Aspatia, Antiphila, Olympias

Asp. Away, you are not sad! force it no further.

Good gods, how well you look! Such a full
colour

Young bashful brides put on: sure, you are
new married!

Ant. Yes, madam, to your grief

Asp. Alas, poor wenches!

Go learn to love first; learn to lose yourselves; s
Learn to be flattered, and believe and bless

The double tongue that did it; make a faith
Out of the miracles of ancient lovers,

Such as spake truth and died in 't; and, like
me,

Believe all faithful, and be miserable 10

Did you ne'er love yet, wenches? Speak,
Olympias:

Thou hast an easy temper, fit for stamp.

Olym. Never.

Asp. Nor you, Antiphila?

Ant. Nor I.

Asp. Then, my good girls, be more than
women, wise,

At least be more than I was; and be sure 15
You credit anything the light gives life to,

Before a man. Rather believe the sea
Weeps for the ruin'd merchant, when he roars;

Rather, the wind courts but the pregnant sails,
When the strong cordage cracks; rather, the
sun 20

Comes but to kiss the fruit in wealthy autumn,
When all falls blasted If you needs must love,

(Forc'd by ill fate,) take to your maiden-bosoms
Two dead-cold aspicks, and of them make lovers.

They cannot flatter nor forswear; one kiss 25
Makes a long peace for all. But man —

Oh, that beast man! Come, let 's be sad, my
girls.

That down-cast of thine eye, Olympias,
Shows a fine sorrow. — Mark, Antiphila;

Just such another was the nymph Ceanone's, 30
When Paris brought home Helen. — Now, a
tear,

³⁴⁰ blaze: expose ³⁴² that: (modern editors alter to 'though') ³⁴⁴ extremes: extremities ³⁴⁶ left: abandoned ('lost' in Q 2, etc.) ³⁴⁸ resolve: am assured ³⁵¹ close: in private ³⁵³ longing: ('lounging' in Q 2, etc.) ³⁵⁵ (Follows line 8 in Q 2, etc. Q 1 reduces 7-12 to three lines.) ³⁵⁷ easy: ('metled' Q 1) ³⁵⁹⁻³⁶¹ and be sure . . . beast man: (not in Q 1) ³⁶³ cordage: rigging ³⁶⁵ aspicks: asps

And then thou art a piece expressing fully
The Carthage queen, when from a cold sea-
rock,

Full with her sorrow, she tied fast her eyes 34
To the fair Trojan ships; and, having lost
them,

Just as thine does, down stole a tear. — An-
tiphila,

What would this wench do, if she were Aspatia?
Here she would stand, till some more pitying
god

Turn'd her to marble! — 'T is enough, my
wench!

Show me the piece of needlework you wrought.

Ant. Of Ariadne, madam?

Asp. Yes, that piece. — 41

This should be Theseus; h'as a cozening face. —
You meant him for a man?

Ant. He was so, madam.

Asp. Why, then, 't is well enough — Never
look back,

You have a full wind and a false heart, The-
seus — 45

Does not the story say, his keel was split,
Or his masts spent, or some kind rock or
other

Met with his vessel?

Ant. Not as I remember.

Asp. It should ha' been so. Could the gods
know this,

And not, of all their number, raise a storm? 50
But they are all as evil This false smile
Was well express'd; just such another caught
me. —

You shall not go so —

Antiphila, in this place work a quicksand,
And over it a shallow smiling water, 55
And his ship ploughing it; and then a Fear:
Do that Fear bravely, wench

Ant. 'T will wrong the story.

Asp. 'T will make the story, wrong'd by
wanton poets,

Live long and be believ'd But where's the
lady?

Ant. There, madam. 60

Asp. Fie, you have miss'd it here, Antiph-
ila;

You are much mistaken, wench.

These colours are not dull and pale enough
To show a soul so full of misery
As this sad lady's was. Do it by me, 65
Do it again by me, the lost Aspatia;
And you shall find all true but the wild island.
Suppose I stand upon the sea-breach now,

Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the
wind,

Wild as that desert; and let all about me 70
Tell that I am forsaken. Do my face
(If thou had'st ever feeling of a sorrow)

Thus, now, Antiphila: strive to make me look
Like Sorrow's monument; and the trees about
me,

Let them be dry and leafless; let the rocks 75
Groan with continual surges; and behind me,
Make all a desolation. See, see, wenches,

A miserable life of this poor picture!

Olym Dear madam!

Asp. I have done. Sit down; and let us
Upon that point fix all our eyes, that point

there. 80

Make a dull silence, till you feel a sudden sad-
ness

Give us new souls

Enter Calianax

Cal. The king may do this, and he may not
do it.

My child is wrong'd, disgrac'd — Well, how
now, huswives? 84

What, at your ease! Is this time to sit still?
Up, you young lazy whores, up, or I 'll swinge
you!

Olym. Nay, good my lord —

Cal. You 'll lie down shortly Get you in,
and work!

What, are you grown so resty you want heats?
We shall have some of the court-boys heat you
shortly. 90

Ant. My lord, we do no more than we are
charg'd

It is the lady's pleasure we be thus
In grief she is forsaken.

Cal. There 's a rogue too,
A young dissembling slave! — Well, get you
in —

I 'll have a bout with that boy 'T is high time
Now to be valiant: I confess my youth 96
Was never prone that way. What, made an
ass!

A court-stale! Well, I will be valiant,
And beat some dozen of these whelps; I will!

And there's another of 'em, a trim cheating
soldier; 100

I 'll maul that rascal; h'as out-brav'd me
twice;

But now, I thank the gods, I am valiant. —
Go, get you in — I 'll take a course withal.

Exeunt omnes.

^a cozening: beguiling ^b evil: (so Dyce; 'ill' in Qq., F) ^c You: (i.e. Theseus) ^d bravely: finely (Q 2, etc., substitute 'to the life') ^e by: on the model of ^f ('I stand upon the sea-breach now, and think' Q 2-F) ^g Tell . . . forsaken: ('Be teares of my story' Q 1) ^h life: living image ⁱ dull: ('dumbe' Q 1-2) ^j resty: restive ('rusty' Q 1) ^k heat . . . shortly: ('do that office' Q 2-F) ^l charg'd: commanded ^m she: because she ⁿ -stale: laughing-stock

Actus Tertius[SCENE I. — *Evadne's Apartment.*]*Enter Cleon, Strato, Diphilus**Cle.* Your sister is not up yet.*Diph.* Oh, brides must take their morning's rest; the night is troublesome.*Stra.* But not tedious.*Diph.* What odds, he has not my sister's [5 maidenhead to-night?*Stra.* None; it's odds against any bridegroom living, he ne'er gets it while he lives.*Diph.* Y^e are merry with my sister; you 'll please to allow me the same freedom with [10 your mother.*Stra.* She's at your service*Diph.* Then she's merry enough of herself; she needs no tickling. Knock at the door.*Stra.* We shall interrupt them. 15*Diph.* No matter; they have the year before them. [*Strato knocks at the door.*]

Good morrow, sister. Spare yourself to-day; The night will come again.

*Enter Amintor**Amin.* Who's there? My brother! I'm no readier yet. 20

Your sister is but now up.

Diph. You look as you had lost your eyes to-night:

I think you ha' not slept.

Amin. I' faith I have not.*Diph.* You have done better, then.*Amin.* We ventur'd for a boy; when he is twelve, 25

'A shall command against the foes of Rhodes. Shall we be merry?

Stra. You cannot; you want sleep.*Amin.* 'Tis true. — (*Aside*) But she, As if she had drunk Lethe, or had made Even with Heaven, did fetch so still a sleep, 30 So sweet and sound —*Diph.* What's that?*Amin.* Your sister frets This morning; and does turn her eyes upon me, As people on the headsman. She does chafe, And kiss, and chafe again, and clap my cheeks: She's in another world. 35*Diph.* Then I had lost: I was about to lay You had not got her maidenhead to-night.*Amin.* [*Aside.*] Ha! does he not mock me? — Y^e'd lost indeed;

I do not use to bungle.

Cle. You do deserve her.*Amin.* (*Aside.*) I laid my lips to hers, and that wild breath, 40 That was so rude and rough to me last night, Was sweet as April. I 'll be guilty too, If these be the effects.*Enter Melantius**Mel.* Good day, Amintor; for to me the name Of brother is too distant. we are friends, 45 And that is nearer.*Amin.* Dear Melantius!

Let me behold thee. Is it possible?

Mel. What sudden gaze is this?*Amin.* 'Tis wondrous strange!*Mel.* Why does thine eye desire so strict a view

Of that it knows so well? There's nothing here 50

That is not thine.

Amin. I wonder much, Melantius,

To see those noble looks, that make me think How virtuous thou art and, on this sudden,

'Tis strange to me thou shouldst have worth and honour;

Or not be base, and false, and treacherous, 55 And every ill. But —

Mel. Stay, stay, my friend;

I fear this sound will not become our loves.

No more; embrace me.

Amin. Oh, mistake me not!

I know thee to be full of all those deeds 59 That we frail men call good; but by the course Of nature thou shouldst be as quickly chang'd

As are the winds; dissembling as the sea, That now wears brows as smooth as virgins' be,

Tempting the merchant to invade his face, And in an hour calls his billows up, 65

And shoots 'em at the sun, destroying all A' carries on him. — (*Aside*) Oh, how near

am I

To utter my sick thoughts

Mel. But why, my friend, should I be so by nature?*Amin.* I have wed thy sister, who hath virtuous thoughts 70

Enough for one whole family; and it is strange That you should feel no want.

Mel. Believe me, this is compliment too cunning for me.*Diph.* What should I be then by the course of nature, 74They having both robb'd me of so much virtue? *Stra.* Oh, call the bride, my Lord Amintor,

That we may see her blush, and turn her eyes down

It is the prettiest sport!

' None: ('No' Q 2-F) 50 readier: more completely dressed 55 to-night: last night 59 the: ('ther' Q 2) headsman: state executioner 65 on this sudden: abruptly, at this moment (Q 2, etc., weakened by altering 'this' to 'the')

Amin. Evadne!

Evad. My lord? *Within.*

Amin. Come forth, my love;

Your brothers do attend to wish you joy. 80

Evad. [*within.*] I am not ready yet.

Amin. Enough, enough.

Evad. [*within.*] They 'll mock me

Amin. Faith, thou shalt come in.

Enter Evadne

Mel. Good morrow, sister. He that under-stands

Whom you have wed, need not to wish you joy;
You have enough: take heed you be not proud.

Diph. Oh, sister, what have you done? 86

Evad. I done! why, what have I done?

Stra. My Lord Amintor swears you are no maid now.

Evad. Fish!

Stra. I' faith, he does.

Evad. I knew I should be mock'd. 90

Diph. With a truth.

Evad. If 't were to do again,

In faith I would not marry.

Amin. Nor I, by Heaven! *Aside.*

Diph. Sister, Dula swears

She heard you cry two rooms off.

Evad. Fie, how you talk!

Diph. Let 's see you walk, Evadne. By my troth, 95

Y' are spoil'd.

Mel. Amintor. —

Amin. Ha!

Mel. Thou art sad.

Amin. Who, I? I thank you for that.

Shall Diphilus, thou, and I, sing a catch?

Mel. How! 100

Amin. Prithee, let 's.

Mel. Nay, that 's too much the other way.

Amin. I am so lighten'd with my happiness!

How dost thou, love? Kiss me.

Evad. I cannot love you, you tell tales of me. 105

Amin. Nothing but what becomes us. — Gentlemen,

Would you had all such wives! — [*Aside*] and all the world,

That I might be no wonder! — Y' are all sad:

What, do you envy me? I walk, methinks,

On water, and ne'er sink, I am so light. 110

Mel. 'T is well you are so.

Amin. Well! how can I be other,
When she looks thus? — Is there no music there?

Let 's dance.

Mel. Why, this is strange, Amintor!

Amin. I do not know myself; yet I could wish

My joy were less. 115

Diph. I 'll marry too, if it will make one thus.

Evad. Amintor, hark

Amin. What says my love? I must obey.

Evad. [*Aside*] You do it scurvily, 't will be perceiv'd.

Cle. My lord, the king is here. 120

Amin. Where?

Stra. And his brother.

Enter King and Lysippus

King. Good morrow, all! —

Amintor, joy on joy fall thick upon thee! —

And, madam, you are alter'd since I saw you. —

I must salute you [*Kisses her*] — You are now another's. 126

How lik'd you your night's rest?

Evad. Ill, sir.

Amin. Indeed,

She took but little.

Lys. You 'll let her take more,

And thank her too, shortly.

King. Amintor, wert thou truly honest till

Thou wert married?

Amin. Yes, sir.

King. Tell me how, then, shows 131

The sport to thee?

Amin. Why, well.

King. What did you do?

Amin. No more, nor less, than other couples use;

You know what 't is; it has but a coarse name.

King. But, prithee, I should think, by her black eye, 135

And her red cheek, she should be quick and stirring

In this same business; ha?

Amin. I cannot tell;

I ne'er tried other, sir; but I perceive

She is as quick as you delivered.

King. Well, you 'll trust me then, Amintor, to choose 140

A wife for you again?

Amin. No, never, sir.

King. Why, like you this so ill?

Amin. So well I like her.

For this I bow my knee in thanks to you,

And unto Heaven will pay my grateful tribute

Hourly; and do hope we shall draw out 145

A long contented life together here,

And die both, full of grey hairs, in one day:

For which the thanks is yours. But if the powers

That rule us please to call her first away,

⁸⁶ *Evadne*: (printed as speaker's name in Qq, F, and the words "By . . . spoul'd" given to her)

¹⁰⁵ *lighten'd*: ('heighned' Q 1) ¹²⁶ *honest*: chaste ¹³¹ *shows*: appears

Without pride spoke, this world holds not a
wife 150

Worthy to take her room.

King. [*Aside.*] I do not like this. —

All forbear the room, but you, Amintor,
And your lady. I have some speech with you,
That may concern your after living well. 155

[*Exeunt all but the King, Amintor,
and Eoadne.*]

Amin. [*Aside.*] A' will not tell me that he
lies with her!

If he do, something heavenly stay my heart,
For it is apt to thrust this arm of mine
To acts unlawful!

King. You will suffer me
To talk with her, Amintor, and not have 160
A jealous pang?

Amin. Sir, I dare trust my wife
With whom she dares to talk, and not be jeal-
ous. [*Returns*]

King. How do you like Amintor?

Eoad. As I did, sir.

King. How 's that?

Eoad. As one that, to fulfil your pleasure, 165
I have given leave to call me wife and love.

King. I see there is no lasting faith in sin,
They that break word with Heaven will break
again

With all the world, and so dost thou with me.

Eoad. How, sir?

King. This subtle woman's ignorance 170
Will not excuse you thou hast taken oaths,
So great that, methought, they did misbecome
A woman's mouth, that thou wouldst ne'er en-
joy

A man but me.

Eoad. I never did swear so;
You do me wrong.

King. Day and night have heard it 175

Eoad. I swore indeed that I would never
love

A man of lower place; but, if your fortune
Should throw you from this height, I bade you
trust

I would forsake you, and would bend to him
That won your throne. I love with my ambi-
tion, 180

Not with my eyes. But, if I ever yet
Touch'd any other, leprosy light here
Upon my face! which for your royalty
I would not stain!

King. Why, thou dissemblest, and it is in
me 185

To punish thee.

Eoad. Why, it is in me, then,

Not to love you, which will more afflict
Your body than your punishment can mine.

King. But thou hast let Amintor lie with
thee.

Eoad. I ha' not.

King. Impudence! he says himself so.

Eoad. A' lies.

King. A' does not.

Eoad. By this light, he does, 191

Strangely and basely! and I'll prove it so.

I did not only shun him for a night,

But told him I would never close with him.

King. Speak lower; 't is false.

Eoad. I am no man

To answer with a blow; or, if I were, 196

You are the king. But urge me not; 't is most
true.

King. Do not I know the uncontrolled
thoughts

That youth brings with him, when his blood is
high

With expectation and desire of that 200

He long hath waited for? Is not his spirit,

Though he be temperate, of a valiant strain

As this our age hath known? What could he do,

If such a sudden speech had met his blood,

But run thee for ever, if he had not kill'd
thee?

He could not bear it thus: he is as we, 206

Or any other wrong'd man

Eoad. This is dissembling.

King. Take him! farewell: henceforth I am
thy foe;

And what disgraces I can blot thee with, look
for.

Eoad. Stay, sir! — Amintor! — You shall
hear. — Amintor! 210

Amin. [*coming forward*] What, my love.

Eoad. Amintor, thou hast an ingenious
look,

And shouldst be virtuous: it amazeth me

That thou canst make such base malicious lies!

Amin. What, my dear wife?

Eoad. Dear wife! I do despise thee.

Why, nothing can be baser than to sow 216
Disension amongst lovers.

Amin. Lovers! Who?

Eoad. The king and me —

Amin. Oh, God!

Eoad. Who should live long, and love with-
out distaste,

Were it not for such pickthanks as thyself. 220
Did you lie with me? Swear now, and be pun-
ish'd

In hell for this!

¹⁵⁷ something . . . heart: (not in Q 1) ¹⁸⁸ it is: ('I shall be' Q 2, etc) ¹⁶¹ A . . . pang:
('jealous pangs' Q 1) ¹⁶² With whom: ('When' Q 1) ¹⁶⁵ pleasure: ('will and pleasure' Q 2, etc)
²⁰⁷ This: ('It' Q 2, etc.) ²⁰⁹⁻²¹¹ (Not in Q 1) ²¹⁰ with: (not in Q 4-F) ²¹² ingenious: simple, in-
genious ²¹⁴ canst: ('shouldst' Q 1) ²²⁰ pickthanks: sycophants

Amin. The faithless sin I made
To fair Aspatia is not yet reveng'd;
It follows me. — I will not lose a word
To this vile woman: but to you, my King, 225
The anguish of my soul thrusts out this truth:
Y' are a tyrant! and not so much to wrong
An honest man thus, as to take a pride
In talking with him of it.

Evad. Now, sir, see
How loud this fellow lied! 230

Amin. You that can know to wrong, should
know how men

Must right themselves. What punishment is due
From me to him that shall abuse my bed?
Is it not death? Nor can that satisfy,
Unless I send your limbs through all the land,
To show how nobly I have freed myself. 236

King Draw not thy sword; thou know'st I
cannot fear

A subject's hand; but thou shalt feel the
weight

Of this, if thou dost rage.

Amin. The weight of that!
If you have any worth, for Heaven's sake, think
I fear not swords; for, as you are mere man, 241
I dare as easily kill you for this deed,
As you dare think to do it But there is
Divinity about you that strikes dead
My rising passions as you are my king, 245
I fall before you, and present my sword
To cut mine own flesh, if it be your will.
Alas, I am nothing but a multitude
Of walking griefs! Yet, should I murder you,
I might before the world take the excuse 250
Of madness: for, compare my injuries,
And they will well appear too sad a weight
For reason to endure. But, fall I first
Amongst my sorrows, ere my treacherous sword
Touch holy things! But why (I know not what
I have to say), why did you choose out me 256
To make thus wretched? There were thousands,
fools

Easy to work on, and of state enough,
Within the island

Evad. I would not have a fool;
It were no credit for me.

Amin Worse and worse! 260
Thou, that dar'st talk unto thy husband thus,
Profess thyself a whore, and, more than so,
Resolve to be so still! — It is my fate
To bear and bow beneath a thousand griefs,
To keep that little credit with the world! —
But there were wise ones too; you might have
ta'en 266
Another.

King. No: for I believ'd thee honest,
As thou wert valiant.

Amin All the happiness
Bestow'd upon me turns into disgrace. 270
Gods, take your honesty again, for I
Am laden with it! — Good my lord the King,
Be private in it.

King. Thou mayst live, Amintor,
Free as thy king, if thou wilt wink at this,
And be a means that we may meet in secret.

Amin. A bawd! Hold, hold, my breast! A
bitter curse 276

Seize me, if I forget not all respects
That are religious, on another word
Sounded like that; and through a sea of sins
Will wade to my revenge, though I should call
Pains here and after life upon my soul! 281

King. Well, I am resolute you lay not with
her;

And so I leave you *Exit King.*

Evad You must needs be prating,
And see what follows!

Amin. Prithce, vex me not.
Leave me; I am afraid some sudden start
Will pull a murder on me

Evad I am gone, 286
I love my life well. *Exit Evadne.*

Amin. I hate mine as much
This 't is to break a troth! I should be glad,
If all this tide of grief would make me mad.

Exit.

[SCENE II. — *The Palace.*]

Enter Melantius

Mel I 'll know the cause of all Amintor's
griefs,
Or friendship shall be idle

Enter Calanax

Cal Oh, Melantius,
My daughter will die!

Mel Trust me, I am sorry:
Would thou hadst ta'en her room!

Cal Thou art a slave,
A cut-throat slave, a bloody treacherous slave!

Mel. Take heed, old man; thou wilt be
heard to rave, 6
And lose thine offices.

Cal. I am valiant grown
At all these years, and thou art but a slave!

Mel Leave!
Some company will come, and I respect 10
Thy years, not thee, so much, that I could wish
To laugh at thee alone.

Cal. I 'll spoil your mirth:

²²² faithless sin: sin of infidelity ²²⁵ vile: ('wild' Qq, F) ²²⁴ Is it: ('It is' Qq, F) ²²³⁻²²⁶ send
... To: (not in Q 1) ^{limbs}: ('lives' Q 2, etc) ²³⁴ sword: ('hand' Q 2, etc) ²³⁰ island:
(Land' Q 1) ²³⁵ fate: ('fault' Q 1) ²³⁸ resolute: certain ³ idle: vain ⁴ ta'en ... room: died
in her place

I mean to fight with thee. There lie, my cloak.
This was my father's sword, and he durst fight.
Are you prepar'd?

Mel. Why wilt thou dote thyself 15
Out of thy life? Hence, get thee to bed,
Have careful looking-to, and eat warm things,
And trouble not me: my head is full of thoughts
More weighty than thy life or death can be.

Cal. You have a name in war, where you
stand safe 20

Amongst a multitude; but I will try
What you dare do unto a weak old man
In single fight. You will give ground, I fear.
Come, draw.

Mel. I will not draw, unless thou pull'st thy
death 25
Upon thee with a stroke. There's no one blow,
That thou canst give hath strength enough to
kill me.

Tempt me not so far, then: the power of earth
Shall not redeem thee.

Cal [*Aside*.] I must let him alone;
He's stout and able; and, to say the truth, 30
However I may set a face and talk,
I am not valiant. When I was a youth,
I kept my credit with a testy trick
I had 'mongst cowards, but durst never fight.

Mel. I will not promise to preserve your life,
If you do stay

Cal [*Aside*.] I would give half my land 36
That I durst fight with that proud man a
little

If I had men to hold him, I would beat him
Till he ask'd me mercy

Mel. Sir, will you be gone?

Cal [*Aside*.] I dare not stay; but I will go
home, and beat 40

My servants all over for this. *Exit.*

Mel. This old fellow haunts me.
But the distracted carriage of mine Amintor
Takes deeply on me. I will find the cause. 44
I fear his conscience cries, he wrong'd Aspatia.

Enter Amintor

Amin. [*Aside*.] Men's eyes are not so subtle
to perceive

My inward misery: I bear my grief
Hid from the world. How art thou wretched
then?

For aught I know, all husbands are like me;
And every one I talk with of his wife 50
Is but a well-dissembler of his woes,
As I am. Would I knew it! for the rareness
Afflicts me now.

Mel. Amintor, we have not enjoy'd our 54
friendship of late, for we were wont to change
our souls in talk.

Amin. Melantius, I can tell thee a good jest
of Strato and a lady the last day.

Mel. How was 't?

Amin. Why, such an odd one! 60

Mel. I have long'd to speak with you; not of
an idle jest that's forc'd, but of matter you are
bound to utter to me.

Amin. What is that, my friend?

Mel. I have observ'd your words fall from
your tongue 65

Wildly; and all your carriage
Like one that strives to show his merry mood,
When he were ill dispos'd. You were not wont
To put such scorn into your speech, or wear
Upon your face ridiculous jollity. 70

Some sadness sits here, which your cunning
would

Cover o'er with smiles, and 't will not be. What
is it?

Amin. A sadness here! What cause
Can fate provide for me to make me so? 74
Am I not lov'd through all this isle? The king
Rains greatness on me. Have I not received
A lady to my bed, that in her eye
Keeps mounting fire, and on her tender cheeks
Inevitable colour, in her heart

A prison for all virtue? Are not you, 80
Which is above all joys, my constant friend?
What sadness can I have? No, I am light,
And feel the courses of my blood more warm
And stirring than they were. Faith, marry too;
And you will feel so unexpress'd a joy 85
In chaste embraces, that you will indeed
Appear another.

Mel. You may shape, Amintor,
Causes to cozen the whole world withal,
And yourself too, but 't is not like a friend
To hide your soul from me. 'T is not your
nature 90

To be thus idle. I have seen you stand
As you were blasted 'midst of all your mirth;
Call thrice aloud, and then start, feigning joy
So coldly! — World, what do I here? A friend
Is nothing. Heaven, I would ha' told that man
My secret sins! I'll search an unknown land, 96
And there plant friendship, all is wither'd here.
Come with a compliment! I would have fought,
Or told my friend a' lied, ere sooth'd him so. —
Out of my bosom! 100

Amin. But there is nothing.

Mel. Worse and worse! farewell:
From this time have acquaintance, but no
friend.

Amin. Melantius, stay: you shall know what
that is

Mel. See how you play'd with friendship! Be
advis'd

⁴⁴ Takes: impresses itself ⁵⁵ change: ('charge' Qq., F) ⁵⁷ strives: ('stroue' Q 2, etc) ⁷⁸ In-
evitable: irresistible ('Immutable' Q 1) ⁸⁶ unexpress'd: inexpressible

How you give cause unto yourself to say 105
You ha' lost a friend.

Amin. Forgive what I ha' done;
For I am so o'ergone with miseries
Unheard of, that I lose consideration
Of what I ought to do. Oh, oh!

Mel. Do not weep.
What is 't? May I once but know the man 110
Hath turn'd my friend thus!

Amin. I had spoke at first,
But that —

Mel. But what?
Amin. I held it most unfit
For you to know. Faith, do not know it yet.

Mel. Thou see'st my love, that will keep
company 114

With thee in tears; hide nothing, then, from me;
For when I know the cause of thy distemper,
With mine old armour I 'll adorn myself,
My resolution, and cut through thy foes,
Unto thy quiet, till I place thy heart
As peaceable as spotless innocence. 120

What is it?
Amin. Why, 't is this — it is too big
To get out — let my tears make way awhile.

Mel. Punish me strangely, Heaven, if he
'scape

Of life or fame, that brought this youth to this!

Amin. Your sister —

Mel. Well said

Amin. You 'll wish 't unknown, 125
When you have heard it.

Mel. No.

Amin. Is much to blame,
And to the king has given her honour up,
And lives in whoredom with him.

Mel. How 's this?
Thou art run mad with injury indeed;
Thou couldst not utter this else Speak again;
For I forgive it freely; tell thy griefs. 131

Amin. She 's wanton: I am loath to say, a
whore,
Though it be true.

Mel. Speak yet again, before mine anger grow
Up beyond throwing down. What are thy
griefs? 135

Amin. By all our friendship, these.

Mel. What, am I tame?
After mine actions, shall the name of friend
Blot all our family, and strike the brand
Of whore upon my sister, unrevenged?
My shaking flesh, be thou a witness for me, 140
With what unwillingness I go to scourge
This railer, whom my folly hath call'd friend!
I will not take thee basely: thy sword 143

[*Draws his sword.*]

Hangs near thy hand: draw it, that I may
whip

Thy rashness to repentance; draw thy sword!
Amin. Not on thee, did thine anger go as high
As troubled waters. Thou shouldst do me ease
Here and eternally, if thy noble hand
Would cut me from my sorrows.

Mel. This is base
And fearful They that use to utter lies 150
Provide not blows but words to qualify
The men they wrong'd. Thou hast a guilty
cause

Amin. Thou pleasest me: for so much more
like this

Will raise my anger up above my griefs,
(Which is a passion easier to be borne,) 155
And I shall then be happy.

Mel. Take, then, more
To raise thine anger: 't is mere cowardice
Makes thee not draw; and I will leave thee
dead,

However. But if thou art so much press'd
With guilt and fear as not to dare to fight, 160
I 'll make thy memory loath'd, and fix a scandal
Upon thy name forever.

Amin. [*drawing his sword.*] Then I draw,
As justly as our magistrates their swords
To cut offenders off. I knew before
'T would grate your ears; but it was base in you
To urge a weighty secret from your friend, 166
And then rage at it I shall be at ease,
If I be kill'd; and if you fall by me,
I shall not long outlive you

Mel. Stay awhile. —
The name of friend is more than family, 170
Or all the world besides: I was a fool.

Thou searching human nature, that didst wake
To do me wrong, thou art inquisitive, 173
And thrusts me upon questions that will take
My sleep away! Would I had died, ere known
This sad dishonour! — Pardon me, my friend!
[*Sheaths his sword.*]

If thou wilt strike, here is a faithful heart;
Pierce it, for I will never heave my hand
To thine Behold the power thou hast in me!
I do believe my sister is a whore, 180
A leprous one. Put up thy sword, young man.

Amin. How should I bear it, then, she being
so?

I fear, my friend, that you will lose me shortly;
[*Sheaths his sword.*]

And I shall do a foul act on myself,
Through these disgraces.

Mel. Better half the land 185
Were buried quick together. No, Amintor;
Thou shalt have ease. Oh, this adulterous king,

¹⁰⁷ miseries: ('injuries' Q2, etc) ¹⁰⁸ consideration: power to discriminate ¹¹⁷ old: ('own' Q3-F)
¹²⁶ strike: ('stick' Q1) ¹⁴⁶⁻¹⁴⁷ go . . . waters: ('swell as hie As the wilde surges' Q2, etc) ¹⁵¹ qualify:
appease ¹⁷² searching: spying ¹⁷⁴ thrusts: thrustest ¹⁸⁰ quick: alive ¹⁸⁷ ease. Oh: ('ease of' Q1)

That drew her to 't! Where got he the spirit
To wrong me so?

Amin. What is it, then, to me,
If it be wrong to you?

Mel. Why, not so much. 190
The credit of our house is thrown away.
But from his iron den I'll waken Death,
And hurl him on this kung. My honesty
Shall steel my sword, and on its horrid point
I'll wear my cause, that shall amaze the eyes
Of this proud man, and be too glittering 196
For him to look on.

Amin. I have quite undone my fame.

Mel. Dry up thy watery eyes,
And cast a manly look upon my face; 200
For nothing is so wild as I, thy friend,
Till I have freed thee. Still this swelling breast.
I go thus from thee, and will never cease
My vengeance till I find thy heart at peace.

Amin. It must not be so. Stay. Mine eyes
would tell 205

How loath I am to this, but, love and tears,
Leave me awhile! for I have hazarded
All that this world calls happy. — Thou hast
wrought

A secret from me, under name of friend,
Which art could ne'er have found, nor torture
wring 210

From out this bosom. Give it me again;

For I will find it, wheresoe'er it lies,
Hid in the mortal'st part. Invent a way
To give it back.

Mel. Why would you have it back?
I will to death pursue him with revenge. 215

Amin. Therefore I call it back from thee; for
I know

Thy blood so high, that thou wilt stir in this,
And shame me to posterity. Take to thy
weapon! [*Draws his sword.*]

Mel. Hear thy friend, that bears more years
than thou.

Amin. I will not hear: but draw, or I —

Mel. Amintor! 220

Amin. Draw, then; for I am full as resolute
As fame and honour can enforce me be:
I cannot linger. Draw!

Mel. I do. But is not
My share of credit equal with thine,
If I do stir?

Amin. No; for it will be call'd 225
Honour in thee to spill thy sister's blood,
If she her birth abuse; and on the king
A brave revenge: but on me, that have walk'd
With patience in it, it will fix the name
Of fearful cuckold. Oh, that word! Be quick.

Mel. Then, join with me.

Amin. I dare not do a sin. 231

Or else I would. Be speedy.

Mel. Then, dare not fight with me; for that 's
a sin —

His grief distracts him. — Call thy thoughts
again, 234

And to thyself pronounce the name of friend,
And see what that will work. I will not fight.

Amin. You must.

Mel. [*Sheathing his sword.*] I will be kill'd
first. Though my passions

Offer'd the like to you, 't is not this earth
Shall buy my reason to it. Think awhile, 240

For you are (I must weep when I speak that)
Almost besides yourself

Amin. [*Sheathing his sword.*] Oh, my soft
temper!

So many sweet words from thy sister's mouth,
I am afraid, would make me take her to 245

Embrace, and pardon her. I am mad indeed,
And know not what I do. Yet, have a care

Of me in what thou dost.

Mel. Why, thinks my friend
I will forget his honour? or, to save

The bravery of our house, will lose his fame, 250
And fear to touch the throne of majesty?

Amin. A curse will follow that; but rather
live

And suffer with me.

Mel. I will do what worth
Shall bid me, and no more.

Amin. Faith, I am sick,
And desperately, I hope; yet, leaning thus, 255
I feel a kind of ease.

Mel. Come, take again
Your mirth about you.

Amin. I shall never do 't.

Mel. I warrant you, look up, we'll walk to-
gether,

Put thine arm here, all shall be well again.

Amin. Thy love (oh, wretched!) ay, thy love,
Melantus, 260

Why, I have nothing else

Mel. Be merry, then. *Exeunt.*

Enter Melantus again

Mel. This worthy young man may do violence
Upon himself, but I have cherish'd him
To my best power, and sent him smiling from
me,

To counterfeit again. Sword, hold thine edge;
My heart will never fail me.

Enter Diphilus

Thou com'st as sent. Diphilus! 266

Diph. Yonder has been such laughing.

Mel. Betwixt whom?

²¹¹ this: ('my' Q 2, etc) ²¹⁸ And . . . posterity: (not in Q 1) ²⁴¹ that: ('it' Q 1) ²⁴⁷ Yet:
('But' Q 1) ²⁴⁴ and no more: (not in Q 1) ²⁴⁶ To . . . power: ('As well as I could' Q 1) ²⁴⁷ as
sent: as if providentially sent

Diph. Why, our sister and the king.
I thought their spleens would break; they
laugh'd us all
Out of the room. 270

Mel. They must weep, Diphilus

Diph. Must they?

Mel. They must.

Thou art my brother; and, if I did believe
Thou hadst a base thought, I would rip it out,
Lie where it durst

Diph. You should not; I would first
Mangle myself and find it.

Mel. That was spoke 275
According to our strain. Come, join thy hands,
And swear a firmness to what project I
Shall lay before thee.

Diph. You do wrong us both.
People hereafter shall not say there pass'd
A bond, more than our loves, to tie our lives
And deaths together. 281

Mel. It is as nobly said as I would wish.
Anon I'll tell you wonders: we are wrong'd.

Diph. But I will tell you now, we'll right
ourselves.

Mel. Stay not: prepare the armour in my
house; 285

And what friends you can draw unto our side,
Not knowing of the cause, make ready too.
Haste, Diphilus, the time requires it, haste! —

Exit Diphilus.

I hope my cause is just; I know my blood
Tells me it is; and I will credit it 290
To take revenge, and lose myself withal,
Were idle; and to 'scape impossible,
Without I had the fort, which (misery!)
Remaining in the hands of my old enemy
Calianax — but I must have it See 295

Enter Calianax

Where he comes shaking by me! — Good my
lord,

Forget your spleen to me I never wrong'd you,
But would have peace with every man.

Cal. 'Tis well;
If I durst fight, your tongue would lie at quiet.

Mel. Y' are touchy without all cause

Cal. Do! mock me. 300

Mel. By mine honour, I speak truth.

Cal. Honour! where is 't?

Mel. See, what starts you make
Into your idle hatred, to my love
And freedom to you. I come with resolution
To obtain a suit of you.

Cal. A suit of me! 305

'Tis very like it should be granted, sir.

Mel. Nay, go not hence.

'Tis this; you have the keeping of the fort,
And I would wish you, by the love you ought
To bear unto me, to deliver it 310
Into my hands.

Cal. I am in hope thou art mad,
To talk to me thus.

Mel. But there is a reason
To move you to it: I would kill the king,
That wrong'd you and your daughter.

Cal. Out, traitor!

Mel. Nay, but stay: I cannot 'scape, the
deed once done, 315
Without I have this fort

Cal. And should I help thee?
Now thy treacherous mind betrays itself.

Mel. Come, delay me not;
Give me a sudden answer, or already
Thy last is spoke! Refuse not offer'd love 320
When it comes clad in secrets.

Cal. [*Aside*] If I say
I will not, he will kill me, I do see 't
Writ in his looks, and should I say I will,
He'll run and tell the king. — I do not shun
Your friendship, dear Melantius; but this cause
Is weighty give me but an hour to think. 326

Mel. Take it. — [*Aside.*] I know this goes
unto the king;

But I am arm'd. *Exit Melantius.*

Cal. Methinks I feel myself
But twenty now again This fighting fool
Wants policy. I shall revenge my girl, 330
And make her red again I pray my legs
Will last that pace that I will carry them:
I shall want breath before I find the king.

Exit.

Actus Quartus

[SCENE I — *Evadne's Apartment*]

Enter Melantius, Evadne, and Ladies

Mel. Save you!

Evad. Save you, sweet brother.

Mel. In my blunt eye, methinks, you look
Evadne —

Evad. Come, you would make me blush.

Mel. I would, Evadne;
I shall displease my ends else.

Evad. You shall, if you commend me; I am
bashful. 5

Come, sir, how do I look?

Mel. I would not have your women hear me
break

Into commendation of you; 't is not seemly.

Evad. Go wait me in the gallery.

Exeunt Ladies.

Now speak.

²⁷⁰ strain: breed hands: ('hands to mine' Q 2, etc) ³⁰⁰ starts: sudden flights ³⁰³ idle: (in Q 1 only) to: to escape ³⁰³⁻³⁰⁴ to . . . you: (not in Q 1) ³ look: look like ⁵ commend: ('command' Q 4, F)

Mel. I 'll lock the door first.

Evad. Why? 10

Mel. I will not have your gilded things, that dance

In visitation with their Milan skins,

Choke up my business

Evad. You are strangely dispos'd, sir.

Mel. Good madam, not to make you merry.

Evad. No; if you praise me, 't will make me sad. 15

Mel. Such a sad commendation I have for you.

Evad. Brother,

The court has made you witty, and learn to riddle.

Mel. I praise the court for 't. has it learn'd you nothing?

Evad. Me!

Mel. Ay, Evadne; thou art young and handsome,

A lady of a sweet complexion, 20

And such a flowing carriage, that it cannot

Choose but inflame a kingdom.

Evad. Gentle brother!

Mel. 'T is yet in thy repentance, foolish woman,

To make me gentle.

Evad. How is this?

Mel. 'T is base; 24

And I could blush, at these years, through all My honour'd scars, to come to such a parley.

Evad. I understand ye not

Mel. You dare not, fool!

They that commit thy faults fly the remembrance.

Evad. My faults, sir! I would have you know, I care not 29

If they were written here, here in my forehead.

Mel. Thy body is too little for the story;

The lusts of which would fill another woman, Though she had twins within her.

Evad. This is saucy:

Look you intrude no more! There lies your way.

Mel. Thou art my way, and I will tread upon thee, 35

Till I find truth out.

Evad. What truth is that you look for?

Mel. Thy long-lost honour. Would the gods had set me

Rather to grapple with the plague, or stand One of their loudest bolts! Come, tell me

quickly,

Do it without enforcement, and take heed 40
You swell me not above my temper.

Evad. How, sir!

Where got you this report?

Mel. Where there was people,

In every place.

Evad. They and the seconds of it
Are base people. believe them not, they lied. 44

Mel. Do not play with mine anger; do not, wretch! [Seizes her.]

I come to know that desperate fool that drew thee

From thy fair life. Be wise, and lay him open.

Evad. Unhand me, and learn manners! Such another

Forgetfulness forfeits your life.

Mel. Quench me this mighty humour, and then tell me 50

Whose whore you are; for you are one, I know it.

Let all mine honours perish but I 'll find him, Though he lie lock'd up in thy blood! Be sudden;

There is no facing it, and be not flatter'd.

The burnt air, when the Dog reigns, is not fouler 55

Than thy contagious name, till thy repentance (If the gods grant thee any) purge thy sickness.

Evad. Begone! you are my brother; that's your safety.

Mel. I 'll be a wolf first 'T is, to be thy brother,

An infamy below the sin of coward 60

I am as far from being part of thee

As thou art from thy virtue. Seek a kindred 'Mongst sensual beasts, and make a goat thy brother,

A goat is cooler Will you tell me yet?

Evad. If you stay here and rail thus, I shall tell you 65

I 'll ha' you whipp'd! Get you to your command,

And there preach to your sentinels, and tell them

What a brave man you are. I shall laugh at you.

Mel. Y' are grown a glorious whore! Where be your fighters? 69

What mortal fool durst raise thee to this daring, And I alive! By my just sword, he 'd safer

Bestrid a billow when the angry North Ploughs up the sea, or made Heaven's fire his

foe!

Work me no higher. Will you discover yet?

Evad. The fellow's mad Sleep, and speak sense. 75

Mel. Force my swell'n heart no further; I would save thee.

Your great maintainers are not here, they dare not

Would they were all, and arm'd! I would speak loud;

¹⁵ Milan skins: milliners' gloves ¹⁸ learn'd: taught ²⁴ There lies: ('theres' Q 1) ²⁸ stand: withstand ³⁰ seconds: supporters ³⁵ Dog: Sirius, the dog-star ³⁸ brother: ('father' Q 1) ⁴⁰ glorious: bragging ⁵⁵ foe: ('food' Q 2, etc)

Here 's one should thunder to 'em! Will you tell me? —

Thou hast no hope to 'scape. He that dares most, ⁸⁰

And damns away his soul to do thee service,
Will sooner snatch meat from a hungry lion
Than come to rescue thee. Thou hast death about thee; —

H'as undone thine honour, poison'd thy virtue,
And, of a lovely rose, left thee a canker. ⁸⁵

Evad. Let me consider.

Mel. Do, whose child thou wert,
Whose honour thou hast murder'd, whose grave open'd,

And so pull'd on the gods that in their justice
They must restore him flesh again and life, ⁸⁹
And raise his dry bones to revenge this scandal.

Evad. The gods are not of my mind, they had better

Let 'em lie sweet still in the earth; they 'll stink here

Mel. Do you raise mirth out of my easiness?
Forsake me, then, all weaknesses of nature,

[*Draws his sword*]

That make men women! Speak, you whore, speak truth, ⁹⁵

Or, by the dear soul of thy sleeping father,
This sword shall be thy lover! Tell, or I 'll kill thee;

And, when thou hast told all, thou wilt deserve it.

Evad. You will not murder me?

Mel. No; 't is a justice, and a noble one, ¹⁰⁰
To put the light out of such base offenders

Evad. Help!

Mel. By thy foul self, no human help shall help thee,

If thou criest! When I have kill'd thee, as I
Have vow'd to do, if thou confess not, naked ¹⁰⁵

As thou hast left thine honour will I leave thee,
That on thy branded flesh the world may read
Thy black shame and my justice Wilt thou bend yet?

Evad. Yes.

Mel. Up, and begin your story ¹¹⁰

Evad. Oh, I am miserable!

Mel. 'T is true, thou art. Speak truth still.

Evad. I have offended: noble sir, forgive me!

Mel. With what secure slave?

Evad. Do not ask me, sir;

Mine own remembrance is a misery ¹¹⁵
Too mighty for me

Mel. Do not fall back again;

My sword 's unsheathed yet
Evad. What shall I do?

Mel. Be true, and make your fault less.

Evad. I dare not tell.

Mel. Tell, or I 'll be this day a-killing thee.

Evad. Will you forgive me, then? ¹²⁰

Mel. Stay; I must ask mine honour first.

I have too much foolish nature in me: speak.

Evad. Is there none else here?

Mel. None but a fearful conscience; that 's too many.

Who is 't?

Evad. Oh, hear me gently! It was the king.

Mel. No more My worthy father's and my services ¹²⁶

Are liberally rewarded! King, I thank thee!
For all my dangers and my wounds thou hast paid me

In my own metal these are soldiers' thanks! —
How long have you liv'd thus, Evadne?

Evad. Too long ¹³⁰

Mel. Too late you find it Can you be sorry?

Evad. Would I were half as blameless!

Mel. Evadne, thou wilt to thy trade again.

Evad. First to my grave.

Mel. Would gods th'adst been so blest!

Dost thou not hate this king now? Prithee, hate him. ¹³⁵

H'as sunk thy fair soul. I command thee, curse him;

Curse till the gods hear, and deliver him

To thy just wishes. Yet I fear, Evadne,

You had rather play your game out.

Evad. No, I feel

Too many sad confusions here, to let in ¹⁴⁰
Any loose flame hereafter

Mel. Dost thou not feel, 'mongst all those, one brave anger,

That breaks out nobly, and directs thine arm
To kill this base king?

Evad. All the gods forbid it!

Mel. No, all the gods require it, ¹⁴⁵
They are dishonour'd in him.

Evad. 'T is too fearful.

Mel. Y' are valiant in his bed, and bold enough

To be a stale whore, and have your madam's name

Discourse for grooms and pages; and hereafter,
When his cool majesty hath laid you by, ¹⁵⁰

To be at pension with some needy sir

For meat and coarser clothes; thus far you knew

No fear. Come, you shall kill him.

Evad. Good sir!

Mel. An 't were to kiss him dead, thou 'dst smother him.

⁸⁰⁻⁸⁵ (Not in Q 1)

⁸⁵ canker: weed

⁸⁸ pull'd on: provoked

¹¹⁴ secure: self-confident

¹²⁶ none else: ('no more' Q 1) ¹²⁸ Oh . . . was: (not in Q 1) ¹²⁹ No more: (not in Q 1) ¹³¹ (As in Q 2, etc.; Q 1 differs.) ¹³³ Evadne . . . wilt: ('Woman, thou wilt not' Q 1) ¹³⁶ H'as . . . soul: ('Could'st thou not curse him' Q 2, etc.) ¹⁴² knew: ('had' Q 1)

Be wise, and kill him. Canst thou live, and know ¹⁵⁵

What noble minds shall make thee, see thyself

Found out with every finger, made the shame

Of all successions, and in this great run

Thy brother and thy noble husband broken?

Thou shalt not live thus. Kneel, and swear to help me, ¹⁶⁰

When I shall call thee to it; or, by all

Holy in Heaven and earth, thou shalt not live

To breathe a full hour longer; not a thought!

Come, 't is a righteous oath. Give me thy hands,

And, both to Heaven held up, swear, by that wealth ¹⁶⁵

This lustful thief stole from thee, when I say it,

To let his foul soul out

Evad. Here I swear it; [*Kneels.*]

And, all you spirits of abused ladies,

Help me in this performance!

Mel. [*Raising her.*] Enough. This must be known to none ¹⁷⁰

But you and I, Evadne; not to your lord,

Though he be wise and noble, and a fellow

Dares step as far into a worthy action

As the most daring, ay, as far as justice

Ask me not why. Farewell *Exit Mel* ¹⁷⁵

Evad. Would I could say so to my black disgrace!

Oh, where have I been all this time? How friended,

That I should lose myself thus desperately,

And none for pity show me how I wander'd?

There is not in the compass of the light ¹⁸⁰

A more unhappy creature: sure, I am monstrous,

For I have done those follies, those mad mischiefs,

Would dare a woman Oh, my loaden soul,

Be not so cruel to me; choke not up

The way to my repentance!

Enter Aminlor

Oh, my lord! ¹⁸⁵

Amin. How now?

Evad. My much abused lord! *Kneel.*

Amin. This cannot be!

Evad. I do not kneel to live; I dare not hope it;

The wrongs I did are greater. Look upon me, Though I appear with all my faults.

Amin. Stand up.

This is a new way to beget more sorrows; ¹⁹⁰ Heaven knows I have too many. Do not mock me:

Though I am tame, and bred up with my wrongs,

Which are my foster-brothers, I may leap, Like a hand-wolf, into my natural wildness, ¹⁹⁴

And do an outrage. Prithee, do not mock me.

Evad. My whole life is so leprous, it infects

All my repentance I would buy your pardon,

Though at the highest set, even with my life:

That 's slight contrition, that, no sacrifice ¹⁹⁹

For what I have committed.

Amin.

Sure, I dazzle;

There cannot be a faith in that foul woman,

That knows no god more mighty than her mischiefs

Thou dost still worse, still number on thy faults,

To press my poor heart thus. Can I believe

There 's any seed of virtue in that woman ²⁰⁵

Left to shoot up, that dares go on in sin

Known, and so known as thine is? Oh, Evadne!

Would there were any safety in thy sex,

That I might put a thousand sorrows off,

And credit thy repentance! but I must not ²¹⁰

Thou hast brought me to that dull calamity,

To that strange misbelief of all the world

And all things that are in it, that I fear

I shall fall like a tree, and find my grave,

Only rememb'ring that I grieve.

Evad.

My lord, ²¹⁵

Give me your griefs you are an innocent,

A soul as white as Heaven, let not my sins

Perish your noble youth. I do not fall here

To shadow my dissembling with my tears,

(As all say women can,) or to make less ²²⁰

What my hot will hath done, which Heaven and you

Knows to be tougher than the hand of time

Can cut from man's remembrance; no, I do not;

I do appear the same, the same Evadne,

Dress'd in the shames I liv'd in, the same monster. ²²⁵

But these are names of honour to what I am;

I do present myself the foulest creature,

Most poisonous, dangerous, and despis'd of men,

Lerna e'er bred or Nilus. I am hell, ²²⁹

Till you, my dear lord, shoot your light into me,

The beams of your forgiveness; I am soul-sick,

And wither with the fear of one condemn'd,

Till I have got your pardon.

Amin.

Rise, Evadne.

Those heavenly powers that put this good into thee

Grant a continuance of it! I forgive thee: ²³⁵

Make thyself worthy of it; and take heed,

Take heed, Evadne, this be serious

¹⁸⁴ hands: ('hand' Qq, F) ¹⁸⁵ dare: cow

¹⁸⁴ hand-: tame wildness: ('wilderness' F) ¹⁸⁸ set: stake ¹⁹⁰ That's . . . that: ('That . . . that' Q 1; 'That . . . that's' Q 2, etc.) ¹⁹⁸ number on: add to the count of ²¹⁰ my: ('by' in all previous texts) ²²⁷ present: declare ²²⁹ Lerna . . . Nilus: Lernaean hydra or Egyptian asp

Mock not the powers above, that can and dare
 Give thee a great example of their justice
 To all ensuing ages, if thou play'st 240
 With thy repentance, the best sacrifice.

Evad. I have done nothing good to win belief,
 My life hath been so faithless. All the creatures,
 Made for Heaven's honours, have their ends, and good ones, —
 All but the cozening crocodiles, false women.
 They reign here like those plagues, those killing sores, 246
 Men pray against; and when they die, like tales
 Ill told and unbeliev'd, they pass away,
 And go to dust forgotten But, my lord,
 Those short days I shall number to my rest 250
 (As many must not see me) shall, though too late,

Though in my evening, yet perceive a will, —
 Since I can do no good, because a woman, —
 Reach constantly at something that is near it.
 I will redeem one minute of my age, 255
 Or, like another Niobe, I 'll weep
 Till I am water

Amin. I am now dissolved.
 My frozen soul melts May each sin thou hast
 Find a new mercy! Rise, I am at peace.
 Hadst thou been thus, thus excellently good, 260
 Before that devil-king tempted thy frailty,
 Sure thou hadst made a star. Give me thy hand:

From this time I will know thee, and, as far
 As honour gives me leave, be thy Amintor.
 When we meet next, I will salute thee fairly, 265
 And pray the gods to give thee happy days:
 My charity shall go along with thee,
 Though my embraces must be far from thee
 I should ha' kill'd thee, but this sweet repentance

Licks up my vengeance: for which thus I kiss thee — 270
 The last kiss we must take: and would to Heaven

The holy priest that gave our hands together
 Had given us equal virtues! Go, *Evadne*;
 The gods thus part our bodies. Have a care
 My honour falls no farther: I am well, then.

Evad. All the dear joys here, and above hereafter, 276
 Crown thy fair soul! Thus I take leave, my lord;
 And never shall you see the foul *Evadne*,

Till she have tried all honour'd means, that may
 Set her in rest and wash her stains away. 280
Exeunt [severally]

[SCENE II. — *The Palace.*]

Banquet. Enter *King*, *Calianax*. Haulboys play within.

King. I cannot tell how I should credit this
 From you, that are his enemy.

Cal. I am sure
 He said it to me; and I 'll justify it
 What way he dares oppose — but with my sword

King. But did he break, without all circumstance, 5
 To you, his foe, that he would have the fort,
 To kill me, and then 'scape?

Cal. If he deny it,
 I 'll make him blush.

King. It sounds incredibly.
Cal. Ay, so does everything I say of late.

King. Not so, *Calianax*.
Cal. Yes, I should sit 10
 Mute, whilst a rogue with strong arms cuts your throat

King. Well, I will try him; and, if this be true,

I 'll pawn my life I 'll find it, if 't be false,
 And that you clothe your hate in such a lie,
 You shall hereafter dote in your own house, 15
 Not in the court.

Cal. Why, if it be a lie,
 Mine ears are false, for I 'll be sworn I heard it.

Old men are good for nothing; you were best
 Put me to death for hearing, and free him
 For meaning it You would ha' trusted me 20
 Once, but the time is alter'd.

King. And will still,
 Where I may do with justice to the world.
 You have no witness.

Cal. Yes, myself.
King. No more,

I mean, there were that heard it
Cal. How? no more!
 Would you have more? Why, am not I enough 25

To hang a thousand rogues?
King. But so you may
 Hang honest men too, if you please.

Cal. I may!
 'T is like I will do so: there are a hundred
 Will swear it for a need too, if I say it —

King. Such witnesses we need not.

²²⁰ Give: render ²⁴⁰ ages: ('eyes' Qq, F)
²⁶⁴ Reach: to reach ²⁷⁷ now: (not in Q 1) ² break: impart
²⁸ do: do so

²²⁰ win: ('get' Q 1) ²⁸¹ many: many days
 circumstance: explanatory detail

Cal. And 't is hard 30

If my word cannot hang a boisterous knave.

King. Enough. — Where 's Strato?

Enter Strato

Strato. Sir?

King. Why, where 's all the company? Call

Amintor in;

Evadne. Where 's my brother, and Melantius?

Bid him come too; and Diphilus. Call all 35

That are without there. *Exit Strato.*

If he should desire

The combat of you, 't is not in the power

Of all our laws to hinder it, unless

We mean to quit 'em.

Cal. Why, if you do think

'T is fit an old man and a councillor 40

To fight for what he says, then you may grant it.

Enter Amintor, Evadne, Melantius, Diphilus, Lysippus, Cleon, Strato, Diagoras

King. Come, sirs! — Amintor, thou art yet a bridegroom,

And I will use thee so, thou shalt sit down —

Evadne, sit, — and you, Amintor, too;

This banquet is for you, sir. — Who has brought

A merry tale about him, to raise laughter 46

Amongst our wine? Why, Strato, where art thou?

Thou wilt chop out with them unseasonably,

When I desire 'em not

Stra. 'T is my ill luck, sir, so to spend them, then 50

King. Reach me a bowl of wine. — Melantius, thou

Art sad

Mel. I should be, sir, the merriest here,

But I ha' ne'er a story of mine own

Worth telling at this time.

King. Give me the wine. — 55

Melantius, I am now considering

How easy 't were for any man we trust

To poison one of us in such a bowl.

Mel. I think it were not hard, sir, for a knave.

Cal. [*Aside*] Such as you are. 60

King. I' faith, 't were easy. It becomes us well

To get plain-dealing men about ourselves,

Such as you all are here — Amintor, to thee;

And to thy fair Evadne [*Drinks.*]

Mel. Have you thought

Of this, Calianax? *Aside.*

Cal. Yes, marry, have I. 65

Mel. And what 's your resolution?

Cal. Ye shall have it, —

[*Aside.*] Soundly, I warrant you.

King. Reach to Amintor, Strato.

Amin. Here, my love;

[*Drinks and then hands the cup to Evadne.*]

This wine will do thee wrong, for it will set
Blushes upon thy cheeks; and, till thou dost 70
A fault, 't were pity.

King. Yet I wonder much

Of the strange desperation of these men,

That dare attempt such acts here in our state:

He could not 'scape that did it.

Mel. Were he known,

Impossible

King. It would be known, Melantius. 75

Mel. It ought to be If he got then away,

He must wear all our lives upon his sword:

He need not fly the island; he must leave

No one alive

King. No; I should think no man

Could kill me, and 'scape clear, but that old man 80

Cal. But I! Heaven bless me! I! should I, my liege?

King. I do not think thou wouldst; but yet thou mightst,

For thou hast in thy hands the means to 'scape,

By keeping of the fort. — He has, Melantius,

And he has kept it well.

Mel. From cobwebs, sir, 85

'T is clean swept; I can find no other art

In keeping of it now. 'T was ne'er besieg'd

Since he commanded

Cal. I shall be sure

Of your good word, but I have kept it safe

From such as you.

Mel. Keep your ill temper in: 90

I speak no malice; had my brother kept it,

I should ha' said as much

King. You are not merry.

Brother, drink wine. Sit you all still. — [*Aside.*]

Calianax,

I cannot trust this. I have thrown out words,

That would have fetch'd warm blood upon the

cheeks 95

Of guilty men, and he is never mov'd;

He knows no such thing.

Cal. Impudence may 'scape,

When feeble virtue is accus'd.

King. A' must,

If he were guilty, feel an alteration

At this our whisper, whilst we point at him:

You see he does not.

Cal. Let him hang himself; 101

What care I what he does? This he did say.

King. Melantius, you can easily conceive

What I have meant; for men that are in fault

Can subtly apprehend when others aim 105

At what they do amiss: but I forgive

" quit: prorogue " Reach: pass the cup " Of: at " this: ('thus' Qq., F)

Freely before this man, — Heaven do so too!
I will not touch thee, so much as with shame
Of telling it. Let it be so no more.

Cal. Why, this is very fine!

Mel. I cannot tell 110
What 't is you mean; but I am apt enough
Rudely to thrust into an ignorant fault.
But let me know it. Happily 't is nought
But misconception; and, where I am clear,
I will not take forgiveness of the gods, 115
Much less of you.

King. Nay, if you stand so stiff,
I shall call back my mercy.

Mel. I want smoothness
To thank a man for pardoning of a crime
I never knew.

King. Not to instruct your knowledge, but
to show you 120
My ears are everywhere: you meant to kill me,
And get the fort to 'scape.

Mel. Pardon me, sir;
My bluntness will be pardon'd. You preserve
A race of idle people here about you,
Facers and talkers, to defame the worth 125
Of those that do things worthy. The man that
utter'd this

Had perish'd without food, be 't who it will,
But for this arm, that fenc'd him from the foe;
And if I thought you gave a faith to this,
The plainness of my nature would speak more.
Give me a pardon (for you ought to do 't) 131
To kill him that spake this.

Cal. [*Aside.*] Ay, that will be
The end of all; then I am fairly paid
For all my care and service.

Mel. That old man,
Who calls me enemy, and of whom I 135
(Though I will never match my hate so low)
Have no good thought, would yet, I think, ex-
cuse me,
And swear he thought me wrong'd in this,

Cal. Who, I?
Thou shameless fellow! didst thou not speak
to me
Of it thyself?

Mel. Oh, then it came from him! 140

Cal. From me! who should it come from but
from me?

Mel. Nay, I believe your malice is enough;
But I ha' lost my anger. — Sir, I hope
You are well satisfied.

King. Lysippus, cheer
Amintor and his lady. — There 's no sound 145
Comes from [you; I will come and do 't my-
self.

Amin. [*Aside.*] You have done already, sir,
for me, I thank you.

King. Melantius, I do credit this from him,
How slight soe'er you make 't.

Mel. 'T is strange you should.

Cal. 'T is strange a' should believe an old
man's word 150

That never lied in 's life!

Mel. I talk not to thee. —
Shall the wild words of this distemper'd man,
Frantic with age and sorrow, make a breach
Betwixt your majesty and me? 'T was wrong
To hearken to him; but to credit him, 155
As much at least as I have power to bear.
But pardon me — whilst I speak only truth,
I may commend myself — I have bestow'd
My careless blood with you, and should be loath
To think an action that would make me lose
That and my thanks too. When I was a boy,
I thrust myself into my country's cause, 162
And did a deed that pluck'd five years from
time,

And styl'd me man then. And for you, my
King,
Your subjects all have fed by virtue of 165
My arm This sword of mine hath plough'd
the ground,

And reap'd the fruit in peace;
And you yourself have liv'd at home in ease.
So terrible I grew, that without swords
My name hath fetch'd you conquest: and my
heart 170

And limbs are still the same; my will as great
To do you service Let me not be paid
With such a strange distrust.

King. Melantius,
I held it great injustice to believe
Thine enemy, and did not; if I did, 175
I do not, let that satisfy. — What, struck
With sadness all? More wine!

Cal. A few fine words
Have overthrown my truth. Ah, th' art a
villan!

Mel. Why, thou wert better *Aside.*
let me have the fort:
Dotard, I will disgrace thee thus for ever; 180
There shall no credit lie upon thy words.
Think better, and deliver it.

Cal. My liege,
He 's at me now again to do it. — Speak;
Deny it, if thou canst. — Examine him
Whilst he is hot; for, if he cool again, 185
He will forswear it.

King. This is lunacy,
I hope, Melantius.

Mel. He hath lost himself
Much, since his daughter miss'd the happiness
My sister gain'd: and, though he call me foe,
I pity him.

¹¹⁵ Happily: perhaps ¹¹⁴ misconception: slander ¹²⁵ Facers: impudent hypocrites ('Eaters'
Q 2, etc.) worth: ('world' Q 1) ¹⁴⁰ As much: Is as much ¹⁶⁰⁻¹⁶⁷ This . . . peace: (not in Q 1)

Cal. Pity! A pox upon you! 190

Mel. Mark his disorder'd words: and at the masque

Diagoras knows he rag'd and rail'd at me,
And call'd a lady "whore," so innocent
She understood him not. But it becomes
Both you and me too to forgive distraction: 195
Pardon him, as I do.

Cal. I'll not speak for thee,
For all thy cunning. — If you will be safe,
Chop off his head, for there was never known
So impudent a rascal.

King. Some, that love him,
Get him to bed. Why, pity should not let 200
Age make itself contemptible; we must be
All old. Have him away.

Mel. Calianax,
The king believes you; come, you shall go
home,
And rest; you ha' done well. [*Aside.*] You'll
give it up,

When I have us'd you thus a month, I hope. 205

Cal. Now, now, 't is plain, sir, he does
move me still.

He says, he knows I'll give him up the fort,
When he has us'd me thus a month. I am mad,
Am I not, still?

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Cal. I shall be mad indeed, if you do thus
Why should you trust a sturdy fellow there, 211
That has no virtue in him, (all 's in his sword)
Before me? Do but take his weapons from him,
And he's an ass; and I am a very fool.
Both with 'em and without 'em, as you use
me. 215

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

King. 'T is well, Calianax: but if you use
This once again, I shall entreat some other
To see your offices be well discharg'd. —
Be merry, gentlemen — It grows somewhat
late. — 220

Amuntor, thou wouldst be a-bed again.

Amin. Yes, sir.

King. And you, Evadne — Let me take
Thee in my arms, Melantius, and believe
Thou art, as thou deserv'st to be, my friend
Still and for ever. — Good Calianax, 225
Sleep soundly; it will bring thee to thyself

Exeunt omnes. Manent Mel. and Cal.

Cal. Sleep soundly! I sleep soundly now, I
hope;
I could not be thus else — How dar'st thou
stay
Alone with me, knowing how thou hast us'd
me?

Mel. You cannot blast me with your tongue,
and that 's 230

The strongest part you have about you.

Cal. I
Do look for some great punishment for this;

For I begin to forget all my hate,
And take 't unkindly that mine enemy
Should use me so extremely scurvily. 235

Mel. I shall melt too, if you begin to take
Unkindnesses I never meant you hurt.

Cal. Thou 'lt anger me again Thou wretched
rogue,

Meant me no hurt! Disgrace me with the
king!

Lose all my offices! This is no hurt, 240
Is it? I prithee, what dost thou call hurt?

Mel. To poison men, because they love me
not;

To call the credit of men's wives in question;
To murder children betwixt me and land: 244
This I call hurt

Cal. All this thou think'st is sport,
For mine is worse: but use thy will with me;
For betwixt grief and anger I could cry.

Mel. Be wise, then, and be safe, thou may'st
revenge.

Cal. Ay, o' the king: I would revenge of
thee

Mel. That you must plot yourself.

Cal. I'm a fine plotter!

Mel. The short is, I will hold thee with the
king 251

In this perplexity, till peevishness
And thy disgrace have laid thee in thy grave.
But if thou wilt deliver up the fort,
I'll take thy trembling body in my arms, 255
And bear thee over dangers Thou shalt hold
Thy wonted state

Cal. If I should tell the king,
Canst thou deny 't again?

Mel. Try, and believe.

Cal. Nay, then, thou canst bring anything
about.

Melantius, thou shalt have the fort.

Mel. Why, well.
Here let our hate be buried; and this hand 261
Shall right us both. Give me thy aged breast
To compass.

Cal. Nay, I do not love thee yet;
I cannot well endure to look on thee,
And if I thought it were a courtesy, 265
Thou shouldst not have it. But I am disgrac'd;
My offices are to be ta'en away;
And, if I did but hold this fort a day,
I do believe the king would take it from me,

²¹¹ 'em . . . 'em: ('him . . . him' Qq., F) ²²² and believe: (not in Q 1) ²³⁰ s. d. Manent: re-
main on the stage ²³¹⁻²³² I . . . look: ('Dost not thou look' Q 1) ²⁴¹ For I: ('I feele myself' Q 1)
²⁴³ extremely: ('extraordinarily' Q 2, etc.) ²⁴⁴ land: s.e., an inheritance ²⁴⁶ I call: ('is all' Q 2,
etc.) ²⁴⁸ compass: embrace

And give it thee, things are so strangely carried. 270

Ne'er thank me for't; but yet the king shall know

There was some such thing in 't I told him of, And that I was an honest man.

Mel. He 'll buy That knowledge very dearly.

Enter Diphilus

Diphilus,

What news with thee?

Diph. This were a night indeed To do it in: the king hath sent for her. 276

Mel. She shall perform it, then — Go, Diphilus,

And take from this good man, my worthy friend,

The fort; he 'll give it thee.

Diph. Ha' you got that?

Cal. Art thou of the same breed? Canst thou deny 280

This to the king too?

Diph. With a confidence

As great as his.

Cal. Faith, like enough.

Mel. Away, and use him kindly.

Cal. Touch not me;

I hate the whole strain. If thou follow me

A great way off, I 'll give thee up the fort; 285 And hang yourselves.

Mel. Begone

Diph. He 's finely wrought.

Exeunt Calvanax, Diphilus.

Mel. This is a night, spite of astronomers, To do the deed in I will wash the stain That rests upon our house off with his blood.

Enter Amintor

Amin. Melantius, now assist me: if thou be'st 290

That which thou say'st, assist me. I have lost All my distempers, and have found a rage So pleasing! Help me.

Mel. [*Aside.*] Who can see him thus, And not swear vengeance? — What 's the matter, friend?

Amin. Out with thy sword; and, hand in hand with me, 295

Rush to the chamber of this hated king, And sink him with the weight of all his sins To hell for ever.

Mel. 'T were a rash attempt, Not to be done with safety. Let your reason Plot your revenge, and not your passion. 300

Amin. If thou refuseth me in these extremes, Thou art no friend. He sent for her to me; By Heaven, to me, myself! and, I must tell ye,

I love her as a stranger: there is worth In that vild woman, worthy things, Melantius; And she repents. I 'll do 't myself alone, 306 Though I be slain. Farewell.

Mel. [*Aside.*] He 'll overthrow

My whole design with madness. — Amintor, Think what thou dost: I dare as much as valour;

But 't is the King, the King, the King, Amintor, 310

With whom thou fightest! — I know he 's honest, *Aside.*

And this will work with him.

Amin. I cannot tell

What thou hast said; but thou hast charm'd my sword

Out of my hand, and left me shaking here, Defenceless.

Mel. I will take it up for thee. 315

Amin. What a wild beast is uncollected man!

The thing that we call honour bears us all Headlong unto sin, and yet itself is nothing.

Mel. Alas, how variable are thy thoughts!

Amin. Just like my fortunes I was run to that 320

I purpos'd to have chid thee for. Some plot, I did distrust, thou hadst against the king, By that old fellow's carriage But take heed; There 's not the least limb growing to a king But carries thunder in it.

Mel. I have none 325

Against him

Amin. Why, come, then; and still remember

We may not think revenge

Mel. I will remember. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus

[SCENE I — *The Palace.*]

Enter Eadne and a Gentleman [of the Bed-chamber]

Evad. Sir, is the king a-bed?

Gentl. Madam, an hour ago.

Evad. Give me the key, then, and let none be near;

'T is the king's pleasure.

Gentl. I understand you, madam; would 't were mine!

I must not wish good rest unto your ladyship. s

Evad. You talk, you talk.

Gentl. 'T is all I dare do, madam; but the king

Will wake, and then, methinks —

Evad. Saving your imagination, pray, good night, sir.

Gent. A good night be it, then, and a long
one, madam

I am gone.

Exit.

Evad. The night grows horrible; and all
about me

King abed.

Like my black purpose. Oh, the conscience
Of a lost virtue, whither wilt thou pull me?

To what things dismal as the depth of hell
Wilt thou provoke me? Let no woman dare
From this hour be disloyal, if her heart be flesh,
If she have blood, and can fear 'T is a daring
Above that desperate fool's that left his peace,
And went to sea to fight: 't is so many sins, 20
An age cannot repent 'em; and so great,
The gods want mercy for. Yet I must through
em:

I have begun a slaughter on my honour,
And I must end it there. — A' sleeps. O God! 24
Why give you peace to this untemperate beast,
That has so long transgress'd you? I must kill
him,

And I will do it bravely the mere joy
Tells me, I merit in it Yet I must not
Thus tamely do it as he sleeps — that were 29
To rock him to another world: my vengeance
Shall take him waking, and then lay before
him

The number of his wrongs and punishments
I'll shape his sins like Furies, till I waken
His evil angel, his sick conscience,
And then I'll strike him dead. — King, by
your leave, — 35

Ties his arms to the bed

I dare not trust your strength, your grace and I
Must grapple upon even terms no more
So, if he rail me not from my resolution,
I shall be strong enough — My lord the King!
My lord! — A' sleeps, as if he meant to wake 40
No more — My lord! — Is he not dead al-
ready? —

Sir! My lord!

King Who's that?

Evad Oh, you sleep soundly sir!

King My dear Evadne,

I have been dreaming of thee; come to bed

Evad. I am come at length, sir; but how
welcome? 45

King. What pretty new device is this,
Evadne?

What, do you tie me to you? By my love,
This is a quaint one. Come, my dear, and kiss
me;

I'll be thy Mars; to bed, my queen of love.
Let us be caught together, that the gods 50
May see and envy our embraces

Evad.

Stay, sir, stay;

You are too hot, and I have brought you physic
To temper your high veins.

King. Prithee, to bed, then; let me take it
warm;

There thou shalt know the state of my body
better. 55

Evad. I know you have a surfeited foul
body,

And you must bleed [Draws a knife.]

King. Bleed!

Evad. Ay, you shall bleed. Lie still; and, if
the devil,

Your lust, will give you leave, repent. This
steel

Comes to redeem the honour that you stole, 60
King, my fair name; which nothing but thy
death

Can answer to the world.

King How's this, Evadne?

Evad. I am not she, nor bear I in this breast
So much cold spirit to be call'd a woman:

I am a tiger; I am anything 65
That knows not pity. Stir not! If thou dost,
I'll take thee unprepar'd, thy fears upon thee,
That make thy sins look double, and so send
thee

(By my revenge, I will!) to look those torments
Prepar'd for such black souls. 70

King Thou dost not mean this; 't is impos-
sible;

Thou art too sweet and gentle.

Evad.

No, I am not:

I am as foul as thou art, and can number
As many such hells here. I was once fair,
Once I was lovely; not a blowing rose 75
More chastely sweet, till thou, thou, thou, foul
canker,

(Stir not!) didst poison me. I was a world of
virtue,

Till your curs'd court and you (Hell bless you
for 't!)

With your temptations on temptations
Made me give up mine honour; for which,
King, 80

I am come to kill thee.

King

No!

Evad

I am.

King.

Thou art not!

I prithee speak not these things. Thou art
gentle,

And wert not meant thus rugged.

Evad.

Peace, and hear me.

Stir nothing but your tongue, and that for
mercy

¹² S D *King abed:* (Prompter's note. The king's bed on rear stage is discovered when Evadne draws the curtain at line 24) ¹⁴ *virtue:* ('virgin' Q 2, etc.) ¹⁶ *daring:* ('madness' Q 1) ²¹ *repent:* ('prevent' Q 2, etc.) ²⁴ O God: ('Good Heavens' Q 2, etc.) ²⁹ I . . . enough: ('As I believe he shall not, I shall fit him' Q 1) ³⁰ *look:* look for ³⁸ *canker:* caterpillar

To those above us; by whose lights I vow, 85
Those blessed fires that shot to see our sin,
If thy hot soul had substance with thy blood,
I would kill that too; which, being past my
steel,

My tongue shall reach. Thou art a shameless
villain;

A thing out of the overcharge of nature 90
Sent, like a thick cloud, to disperse a plague
Upon weak catching women; such a tyrant,
That for his lust would sell away his subjects,
Ay, all his Heaven hereafter!

King. Hear, Evadne,
Thou soul of sweetness, hear! I am thy king.

Evad. Thou art my shame! Lie still; there's
none about you, 96

Within your cries; all promises of safety
Are but deluding dreams. Thus, thus, thou
foul man,

Thus I begin my vengeance! *Stabs him.*

King. Hold, Evadne!

I do command thee hold.

Evad. I do not mean, sir, 100
To part so fairly with you; we must change
More of these love-tricks yet.

King. What bloody villain
Provok'd thee to this murder?

Evad. Thou, thou monster!

King. Oh!

Evad. Thou kept'st me brave at court, and
whor'd me, King; 105

Then married me to a young noble gentleman,
And whor'd me still.

King. Evadne, pity me!

Evad. Hell take me, then! This for my lord
Amintor.

This for my noble brother! And this stroke
For the most wrong'd of women! *Kills him.*

King. Oh! I die. 110

Evad. Die all our faults together! I forgive
thee. *Exit.*

Enter two [Gentlemen] of the bed-chamber

1 *Gent.* Come, now she's gone, let's enter;
the king expects it, and will be angry.

2 *Gent.* 'T is a fine wench; we'll have a snap
at her one of these nights, as she goes from 115
him.

1 *Gent.* Content. How quickly he had done
with her! I see kings can do no more that way
than other mortal people.

2 *Gent.* How fast he is! I cannot hear him
breathe. 120

1 *Gent.* Either the tapers give a feeble light,
Or he looks very pale.

2 *Gent.* And so he does:
Pray Heaven he be well; let's look. — Alas!

⁸⁵ fires . . . shot: meteors ⁹⁰ overcharge: superfluity ⁹⁶ catching: susceptible ¹²⁰ fast:
fast asleep Scene II s. D. Walls: i.e., the upper stage

He's stiff, wounded, and dead! Treason,
treason!

1 *Gent.* Run forth and call. 125

2 *Gent.* Treason, treason! *Exit.*

1 *Gent.* This will be laid on us:
Who can believe a woman could do this?

Enter Cleon and Lysippus

Cleon. How now! where's the traitor?

1 *Gent.* Fled, fled away; but there her woe-
ful act

Lies still. 130

Cleon. Her act! a woman!

Lys. Where's the body?

1 *Gent.* There.

Lys. Farewell, thou worthy man! There were
two bonds

That tied our loves, a brother and a king,
The least of which might fetch a flood of tears;
But such the misery of greatness is, 136
They have no time to mourn; then, pardon me!

Enter Strato

Sirs, which way went she?

Strat. Never follow her;

For she, alas! was but the instrument.

News is now brought in that Melantius 140

Has got the fort, and stands upon the wall,

And with a loud voice calls those few that
pass

At this dead time of night, delivering

The innocence of this act.

Lys. Gentlemen,

I am your king.

Strat. We do acknowledge it. 145

Lys. I would I were not! Follow, all; for this
Must have a sudden stop. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE II. — Before the Fort]

*Enter Melantius, Diphilus, Calianax, on the
Walls*

Mel. If the dull people can believe I am
arm'd,

(Be constant, Diphilus) now we have time
Either to bring our banish'd honours home,
Or create new ones in our ends.

Diph. I fear not;

My spirit lies not that way. — Courage, Cali-
anax! 5

Cal. Would I had any! you should quickly
know it.

Mel. Speak to the people; thou art eloquent.

Cal. 'T is a fine eloquence to come to the gal-
lows:

You were born to be my end; the devil take
you!

Now must I hang for company. 'T is strange, 10
I should be old, and neither wise nor valiant.

Enter Lysippus, Diagoras, Cleon, Strato, Guard

Lys. See where he stands, as boldly confident
As if he had his full command about him.

Stra. He looks as if he had the better cause,
sir;

Under your gracious pardon, let me speak it! 15
Though he be mighty-spirited, and forward
To all great things, to all things of that danger

Worse men shake at the telling of, yet certainly
I do believe him noble, and this action
Rather pull'd on than sought: his mind was
ever 20

As worthy as his hand.

Lys. 'T is my fear, too.
Heaven forgive all! — Summon him, Lord
Cleon.

Cleon. Ho, from the walls there!

Mel. Worthy Cleon, welcome.
We could ha' wish'd you here, lord; you are
honest.

Cal. (Aside.) Well, thou art as flattering a
knave, though 25
I dare not tell thee so —

Lys. Melantius!

Mel. Sir?

Lys. I am sorry that we meet thus; our old
love

Never requir'd such distance. Pray to Heaven,
You have not left yourself, and sought this
safety

More out of fear than honour! You have lost 30
A noble master, which your faith, Melantius,
Some think might have preserv'd: yet you
know best.

Cal. [Aside.] When time was, I was mad:
some that dares fight,
I hope will pay this rascal

Mel. Royal young man, those tears look
lovely on thee: 35

Had they been shed for a deserving one,
They had been lasting monuments Thy
brother,

Whilst he was good, I call'd him King, and
serv'd him

With that strong faith, that most unwearied
valour,

Pull'd people from the farthest sun to seek
him, 40

And beg his friendship. I was then his soldier.
But since his hot pride drew him to disgrace
me,

And brand my noble actions with his lust,
(That never-cur'd dishonour of my sister,

Base stain of whore, and, which is worse, the
joy 45

To make it still so,) like myself, thus I
Have flung him off with my allegiance,
And stand here, mine own justice, to revenge
What I have suffer'd in him, and this old man
Wrong'd almost to lunacy.

Cal. Who, I? 50
You would draw me in. I have had no wrong;
I do disclaim ye all.

Mel. The short is this.

'T is no ambition to lift up myself
Urgeth me thus, I do desire again
To be a subject, so I may be free: 55
If not, I know my strength, and will unbuild
This goodly town. Be speedy, and be wise,
In a reply.

Stra. Be sudden, sir, to tie
All up again. What's done is past recall,
And past you to revenge, and there are
thousands 60

That wait for such a troubled hour as this.
Throw him the blank

Lys. Melantius, write in that
Thy choice: my seal is at it

[*Throws a paper to Melantius.*]

Mel. It was our honours drew us to this act,
Not gam; and we will only work our pardons 65

Cal. Put my name in too.

Diph. You disclaim'd us all
But now, Calianax.

Cal. That's all one;
I'll not be hang'd hereafter by a trick:
I'll have it in.

Mel. You shall, you shall. —
Come to the back gate, and we'll call you
King, 70

And give you up the fort.

Lys. Away, away. *Exeunt omnes.*

[SCENE III. — *Amintor's Apartment.*]

Enter Aspatia, in man's apparel [with artificial scars on her face]

Asp. This is my fatal hour. Heaven may
forgive

My rash attempt, that causelessly hath laid
Griefs on me that will never let me rest,
And put a woman's heart into my breast.
It is more honour for you that I die; 5
For she that can endure the misery
That I have on me, and be patient too,
May live and laugh at all that you can do.

Enter Servant

God save you, sir!

Ser. And you, sir! What's your business?

³⁰ pull'd on: forced on him ³² Some think: ('I'm sure' Q 1) yet . . . best: (not in Q 1)
³³⁻³⁴ (Not in Q 1) ⁴¹ beg: ('buy' Q 2, etc.) ⁴ you: s.e., heaven

Asp. With you, sir, now, to do me the fair office 10

To help me to your lord.

Ser. What, would you serve him?

Asp. I 'll do him any service; but, to haste, For my affairs are earnest, I desire To speak with him.

Ser. Sir, because you are in such haste, I would 15

Be loath delay you longer: you can not.

Asp. It shall become you, though, to tell your lord.

Ser. Sir, he will speak with nobody; But in particular, I have in charge, About no weighty matters.

Asp. This is most strange. 20 Art thou gold-proof? There 's for thee; help me to him. [*Gives money.*]

Ser. Pray be not angry, sir: I 'll do my best. *Exit.*

Asp. How stubbornly this fellow answer'd me!

There is a vild dishonest trick in man, More than in women. All the men I meet 25 Appear thus to me, are harsh and rude, And have a subtilty in everything, Which love could never know; but we fond women

Harbour the easiest and the smoothest thoughts, And think all shall go so It is unjust 30 That men and women should be match'd together.

Enter Amintor and his man

Amin. Where is he?

Ser. There, my lord.

Amin. What would you, sir?

Asp. Please it your lordship to command your man

Out of the room, I shall deliver things Worthy your hearing

Amin. Leave us [*Exit Servant.*]

Asp. Oh, that that shape 35 Should bury falsehood in it! *Aside*

Amin. Now your will, sir

Asp. When you know me, my lord, you needs must guess

My business; and I am not hard to know; For, till the chance of war mark'd this smooth face

With these few blemishes, people would call me 40

My sister's picture, and her mine. In short, I am the brother to the wrong'd Aspatia.

Amin. The wrong'd Aspatia! Would thou wert so too

Unto the wrong'd Amintor! Let me kiss

That hand of thine, in honour that I bear 45 Unto the wrong'd Aspatia. Here I stand That did it. Would he could not! Gentle youth, Leave me; for there is something in thy looks That calls my sins in a most hideous form Into my mind; and I have grief enough 50 Without thy help.

Asp. I would I could with credit! Since I was twelve years old, I had not seen My sister till this hour I now arriv'd: She sent for me to see her marriage, — A woeful one! but they that are above 55 Have ends in everything. She us'd few words, But yet enough to make me understand The baseness of the injuries you did her. That little training I have had is war: I may behave myself rudely in peace; 60 I would not, though. I shall not need to tell you

I am but young, and would be loath to lose Honour, that is not easily gain'd again. Fairly I mean to deal: the age is strict For single combats, and we shall be stopp'd, 65 If it be publish'd If you like your word, Use it; if mine appear a better to you, Change, for the ground is thus, and this the time,

To end our difference [*Draws*]

Amin Charitable youth, If thou be'st such, think not I will maintain 70 So strange a wrong; and, for thy sister's sake, Know, that I could not think that desperate thing

I durst not do, yet, to enjoy this world, I would not see her, for, beholding thee, I am I know not what If I have aught 75 That may content thee, take it, and begone, For death is not so terrible as thou: Thine eyes shoot guilt into me.

Asp. Thus, she swore, Thou wouldst behave thyself, and give me words

That would fetch tears into my eyes; and so 80 Thou dost indeed. But yet she bade me watch Lest I were cozen'd; and be sure to fight Ere I return'd.

Amin. That must not be with me. For her I 'll die directly, but against her Will never hazard it.

Asp. You must be urg'd. 85 I do not deal uncivilly with those That dare to fight; but such a one as you Must be us'd thus. *She strikes him.*

Amin. I prithee, youth, take heed. Thy sister is a thing to me so much 90 Above mine honour, that I can endure All this — Good gods! a blow I can endure. —

¹⁰⁻²⁰ But . . . matters: (not in Q2-F) " he: (perhaps a misprint for 'I') " hideous: ('odious' Q1)

But stay not, lest thou draw a timeless death
Upon thyself.

Asp. Thou art some prating fellow —
One that has studied out a trick to talk, 95
And move soft-hearted people — to be kick'd.

She kicks him.

Thus to be kick'd. — Why should he be so slow
In giving me my death? *Aside.*

Amin. A man can bear
No more, and keep his flesh. Forgive me,
then!

I would endure yet, if I could. Now show 100
[*Draws*]

The spirit thou pretend'st, and understand
Thou hast no hour to live.

They fight. [Aspatia is wounded]

What dost thou mean?

Thou canst not fight: the blows thou mak'st at
me

Are quite besides; and those I offer at thee
Thou spread'st thine arms, and tak'st upon thy
breast, 105

Alas, defenceless!

Asp. I have got enough,
And my desire There is no place so fit
For me to die as here [*Falls*]

Enter Evadne, her hands bloody, with a knife

Evad. Amintor, I am loaden with events,
That fly to make thee happy; I have joys, 110
That in a moment can call back thy wrongs,
And settle thee in thy free state again.
It is Evadne still that follows thee,
But not her mischiefs. 114

Amin. Thou canst not fool me to believe
again;

But thou hast looks and things so full of news,
That I am stay'd.

Evad. Noble Amintor, put off thy amaze,
Let thine eyes loose, and speak. Am I not fair?
Looks not Evadne beauteous with these rites
now? 120

Were those hours half so lovely in thine eyes
When our hands met before the holy man?
I was too foul within to look far then:
Since I knew ill, I was not free till now

Amin. There is presage of some important
thing 125

About thee, which, it seems, thy tongue hath
lost.

Thy hands are bloody, and thou hast a knife.

Evad. In this consists thy happiness and
mine

Joy to Amintor! for the king is dead

Amin. Those have most power to hurt us,
that we love; 130

We lay our sleeping lives within their arms.

¹⁰⁰ timeless: untimely ¹⁰⁴ besides: random
shed: (not in Q 1) ¹⁰⁶ sharper: ('crueller' Q 1)

Why, thou hast rais'd up mischief to his height,
And found one to out-name thy other faults;

Thou hast no intermission of thy sins

But all thy life is a continued ill 135

Black is thy colour now, disease thy nature.

Joy to Amintor! Thou hast touch'd a life,

The very name of which had power to chain

Up all my rage, and calm my wildest wrongs.

Evad. 'T is done; and, since I could not find
a way 140

To meet thy love so clear as through his life,

I cannot now repent it

Amin. Couldst thou procure the gods to
speak to me,

To bid me love this woman and forgive, 144

I think I should fall out with them. Behold,

Here lies a youth whose wounds bleed in my
breast,

Sent by his violent fate to fetch his death

From my slow hand! And, to augment my woe,

You now are present, stain'd with a king's
blood

Violently shed. This keeps night here, 150

And throws an unknown wilderness about me.

Asp. Oh, oh, oh!

Amin. No more; pursue me not.

Evad. Forgive me, then,
And take me to thy bed. we may not part.
[*Kneels.*]

Amin. Forbear, be wise, and let my rage go
this way. 155

Evad. 'T is you that I would stay, not it.

Amin. Take heed;

It will return with me

Evad. If it must be,

I shall not fear to meet it Take me home.

Amin. Thou monster of cruelty, forbear!

Evad. For Heaven's sake look more calm!

Thine eyes are sharper 160

Than thou canst make thy sword

Amin. Away, away!

Thy knees are more to me than violence.

I am worse than sick to see knees follow me

For that I must not grant. For God's sake,

stand.

Evad. Receive me, then.

Amin. I dare not stay thy language. 165

In midst of all my anger and my grief,

Thou dost awake something that troubles me,

And says, I lov'd thee once. I dare not stay;

There is no end of woman's reasoning.

Leaves her.

Evad. [*rising.*] Amintor, thou shalt love me
now again. 170

Go; I am calm. Farewell, and peace for ever!

Evadne, whom thou hat'st, will die for thee.

Stabs herself.

¹³⁵ out-name: excel in fame ¹⁴⁰⁻¹⁴⁵ And . . .

¹⁴⁵ stay: abide

Amin. I have a little human nature yet,
That's left for thee, that bids me stay thy
hand.

Returns.

Evad. Thy hand was welcome, but it came
too late.

175

Oh, I am lost! the heavy sleep makes haste.

She dies.

Asp. Oh, oh, oh!

Amin. This earth of mine doth tremble, and
I feel

A stark affrighted motion in my blood.

My soul grows weary of her house, and I 180
All over am a trouble to myself.

There is some hidden power in these dead things,
That calls my flesh unto 'em; I am cold.

Be resolute and bear 'em company.

There's something yet, which I am loath to
leave:

185

There's man enough in me to meet the fears
That death can bring; and yet would it were
done!

I can find nothing in the whole discourse
Of death, I durst not meet the boldest way;

Yet still, betwixt the reason and the act, 190

The wrong I to Aspatia did stands up;

I have not such another fault to answer.

Though she may justly arm herself with scorn
And hate of me, my soul will part less troubled,

When I have paid to her in tears my sorrow. 195
I will not leave this act unsatisfied,

If all that's left in me can answer it.

Asp. Was it a dream? There stands Amin-
tor still;

Or I dream still

Amin. How dost thou? speak; receive my
love and help 200

Thy blood climbs up to his old place again;

There's hope of thy recovery.

Asp. Did you not name Aspatia?

Amin. I did.

Asp. And talk'd of tears and sorrow unto
her?

Amin. 'T is true; and, till these happy signs
in thee 205

Stay'd my course, 't was thither I was going.

Asp. Thou art there already, and these
wounds are hers

Those threats I brought with me sought not re-
venge,

But came to fetch this blessing from thy hand:
I am Aspatia yet. 210

Amin. Dare my soul ever look abroad again?

Asp. I shall sure live, Amintor; I am well;

A kind of healthful joy wanders within me.

Amin. The world wants lives to excuse thy
loss; 214

Come, let me bear thee to some place of help.

Asp. Amintor, thou must stay; I must rest
here;

My strength begins to disobey my will.

How dost thou, my best soul? I would fain
live

Now, if I could. Wouldst thou have lov'd me,
then?

Amin. Alas, 220

All that I am's not worth a hair from thee!

Asp. Give me thy hand; mine hands grope
up and down,

And cannot find thee, I am wondrous sick.

Have I thy hand, Amintor?

Amin. Thou greatest blessing of the world,
thou hast 225

Asp. I do believe thee better than my sense.

Oh, I must go! farewell! *Dies.*

Amin. She sounds — Aspatia! — Help! for
God's sake, water,

Such as may chain life ever to this frame! —
Aspatia, speak! — What, no help yet? I fool!

I'll chafe her temples Yet there's nothing
stirs 231

Some hidden power tell her, Amintor calls,

And let her answer me! — Aspatia, speak! —

I have heard, if there be any life, but bow

The body thus, and it will show itself. 235

Oh, she is gone! I will not leave her yet.

Since out of justice we must challenge nothing,
I'll call it mercy, if you'll pity me,

You heavenly powers, and lend for some few
years

The blessed soul to this fair seat again! 240

No comfort comes; the gods deny me too

I'll bow the body once again. — Aspatia! —

The soul is fled for ever; and I wrong

Myself, so long to lose her company 244

Must I talk now? Here's to be with thee, love!

Kills himself.

Enter Servant

Ser. This is a great grace to my lord, to
have the new king come to him. I must tell
him he is entering — Oh, God! — Help, help!

*Enter Lysippus, Melantius, Calianax, Cleon,
Diphilus, Strato*

Lys. Where's Amintor?

Strato. Oh, there, there!

Lys. How strange is this!

Cal. What should we do here? 250

Mel. These deaths are such acquainted
things with me,

That yet my heart dissolves not. May I stand
Stiff here for ever! — Eyes, call up your
tears!

This is Amintor. Heart, he was my friend;

¹⁸⁰ flesh: ('selfe' Q 1) ¹⁸⁶ unsatisfied: unrecompensed ²⁰⁰ Stay'd: ('Did stay' F) ²⁰⁸ sounds:
swoons ²⁰⁰ for: ('forth' Q 1-2)

Melt! now it flows. — Amintor, give a word 255
To call me to thee.

Amin. Oh!

Mel. Melantius calls his friend Amintor. Oh,
Thy arms are kinder to me than thy tongue!
Speak, speak! 260

Amin. What?

Mel. That little word was worth all the
sounds

That ever I shall hear again

Diph. Oh, brother,
Here lies your sister slain! You lose yourself
In sorrow there.

Mel. Why, Diphilus, it is 265
A thing to laugh at, in respect of this.
Here was my sister, father, brother, son:
All that I had. — Speak once again; what
youth

Lies slain there by thee?

Amin. 'T is Aspatia.

My last is said. Let me give up my soul 270
Into thy bosom. [*Dies*]

Cal. What 's that? What 's that? Aspatia!

Mel. I never did
Repent the greatness of my heart till now,
It will not burst at need. 274

Cal. My daughter dead here too! And you
have all fine new tricks to grieve, but I ne'er
knew any but direct crying.

280 good: ('sharp' Q 1-3)

Mel. I am a prattler: but no more.

[*Offers to stab himself.*]

Diph.

Hold, brother!

Lys. Stop him.

Diph. Fie, how unmanly was this offer in
you! 280

Does this become our strain?

Cal. I know not what the matter is, but I am
grown very kind, and am friends with you
all now. You have given me that among you
will kill me quickly; but I 'll go home, and live
as long as I can *Exit.* 286

Mel. His spirit is but poor that can be kept
From death for want of weapons
Is not my hands a weapon good enough
To stop my breath? or, if you tie down
those,

I vow, Amintor, I will never eat, 291
Or drink, or sleep, or have to do with that
That may preserve life! This I swear to
keep.

Lys. Look to him, though, and bear those
bodies in

May this a fair example be to me 295
To rule with temper, for on lustful kings
Unlook'd-for sudden deaths from God are
sent,

But curs'd is he that is their instrument.

[*Exeunt.*]

296 temper: self-restraint

THE
ISLAND PRINCESS:
OR THE
Generous Portugal.

A Comedy.

As it is Acted at the *Theatre Royal* by
His *MAJESTIES* Servants.

With the Alterations and New
Additional Scenes.

Licensed May 31. 1669.

Roger L'Estrange.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *H. R.* and *A. M.* and are to be Sold by
William Cademan at the *Popes Head* in the Lower walk of the
New Exchange, and *Robert Pask* at the Stationers Arms
and Ink-bottle under *Pinner's Hall* in *Winchester-*
Street by *Greſham-Colledge*. 1669.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL RECORD. *The Island Princess* first appeared in print in the Folio edition of the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher in 1647, and was reprinted, with minor changes, in the second Folio in 1679. Its first separate publication was in 1669, when it was issued in a Quarto "with the Alterations and New Additional Scenes," both of which, however, were relatively slight (see facsimile of title-page). A further revision of the play by Nahum Tate was acted and printed in 1687, and an operatic version by Pierre Motteux, with music by Purcell and others, was issued in 1699. For interesting details see A. C. Sprague, *Beaumont and Fletcher on the Restoration Stage* (1926).

DATE AND STAGE PERFORMANCE. This play was acted at the court during the Christmas festivities in 1621 (December 26). The list of the principal actors indicates that the play belonged to the King's Men, in whose repertory it was listed in 1641. It was revived, in a revised form, as indicated above, shortly after the reopening of the theatres in 1660, and belongs to the group (which includes also *Philaster*, *The Maid's Tragedy*, and *Beggars' Bush*) of the ten Beaumont-Fletcher plays most popular on the Restoration stage.

SOURCES. *The Island Princess* may owe something to a French version of the story by De Bellan appended to a translation of the novels of Cervantes and published in 1614-1615, but it is much closer to a Spanish work by Bartolome Leonardo de Argensola, published in Madrid in 1609 under the title *La Conquista de las Islas Malucas*. Five pages in Argensola's book (ed. 1609, Book IV, pp. 148 ff.) give the story, which Fletcher follows closely in his first three acts. In the Spanish original Armusia, called Salama, is a native islander and a Mohammedan. The change in the hero's nationality and religion motivates Acts IV and V, which are the dramatist's free invention. Since Fletcher is not certainly known to have read Spanish, it has been suggested that there may have been a translation of the *Conquista* in French or English. If so, it no longer survives.

AUTHORSHIP. *The Island Princess* is by all the evidences Fletcher's unassisted work, done at the height of his powers and in the exotic style in which his fancy was at its best. As Mr. Oliphant has well said, "It is perhaps not possible to find a play that is more characteristically Fletcher's from start to finish." It would not be easy to find one that better illustrates that charm about the plays of the Beaumont-Fletcher canon which J. R. Lowell has expressed in a notable essay (*The Old English Dramatists*, 1892): "Of the later dramatists, I think Beaumont and Fletcher rank next to Shakespeare in the amount of pleasure they give, though not in the quality of it, and in fanciful charm of expression. In spite of all their coarseness, there is a delicacy, a sensibility, an air of romance, and above all a grace, in their best work that make them forever attractive to the young, and to all those who have learned to grow old amiably." Milton's allusion to the fleet,

"Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs," (*Par. Lost*, II. 636 ff.)

is doubtless reminiscent of this play and particularly of Armusia's languorous description (I. iii. 16 ff.)

"We are arriv'd among the blessed islands,
Where every wind that rises blows perfumes," etc.

JOHN FLETCHER (1579–1625)

THE ISLAND PRINCESS:

A Tragi-Comedy

The Persons represented in the Play

KING OF TIDORE, *an Island*
KING OF BAKAM, } *Suitors to the*
KING OF SYANA, } *Princess Quisara*
GOVERNOR OF TERNATA, *an Island* An ill man
RUY DIAS, *a Captain of Portugal, also suitor to*
the Princess
PYNIERO, *Nephew to Ruy Dias, a merry Captain*

CHRISTOPHERO, } *Soldiers and Friends*
PEDRO, } *to Pyniero*
ARMUSIA, *a noble daring Portuguese, in love with*
the Princess
SOZA, } *Companions to Armusia, and his*
EMANUEL, } *valiant followers*
Keeper, Moors, Guard, Captain, Citizens, Towns-
men

Women

QUISARA, *the Island Princess, Sister to the King of*
Tidore
QUISANA, *Aunt to the Princess*

PANURA, *Waiting-woman to the Princess Quisara*
Citizens' Wives

The Scene India

The Principal Actors were

John Lowin
John Underwood
William Egglestone
Rich Sharpe

Joseph Taylor
Robert Bensfield
George Birch
Tho Polard

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

[*Tidore.—The Ramparts of the Portuguese Fort*]
A Bell Rings

Enter Pyniero, Christophero, and Pedro

Pyniero. Open the ports, and see the watch
reliev'd,

And let the guards be careful of their business,
Their vigilant eyes fix'd on these islanders.
They are false and desperate people, when they
find

The least occasion open to encouragement, 5
Cruel, and crafty souls. Believe me, gentlemen,
Their late attempt, which is too fresh amongst
us,

In which, against all arms and honesty,
The Governor of Ternata made surprise
Of our confederate, the King of Tidore, 10

As for his recreation he was rowing
Between both lands, bids us be wise and cir-
cumspect.

Chr It was a mischief suddenly imagin'd,
And as soon done, that governor 's a fierce
knave,

Unfaithful as he is fierce, too: there 's no trust-
ing 15
But I wonder much, how such poor and base
pleasures,

As tugging at an oar, or skill in steerage,
Should become princes.

Py Base breedings love base pleasure;
They take as much delight in a baratto, 20
A little, scurvy boat to row her titly,
And have the art to turn and wind her nimbly,—
Think it as noble, too, though it be slavish,
And a dull labour that declines a gentleman,—
As we Portugals or the Spaniards do in riding,
In manag'ing a great-horse, which is princely, 25

Persons represented: (From F 2; not in F 1)
10 baratto: native boat 20 scurvy: mean
term in horsemanship) 22 declines: degrades

9-10 Ternata, Tidore: two of the Molucca Islands
titly: dexterously ('tightly' F 2) 21 wind: turn (a
great-horse: war-horse

The French in courtship, or the dancing English
In carrying a fair presence.

Ped. He was strangely taken;
But where no faith is, there 's no trust: he has
paid for 't.

His sister yet, the fair and great Quisara,
Has show'd a noble mind, and much love in 't 30
To her afflicted brother, and the nobler
Still it appears, and seasons of more tenderness,
Because his ruin styles her absolute
And his imprisonment adds to her profit
Feeling all this, which makes all men admire
her, 35

The warm beams of this fortune that fall on her,
Yet has she made divers and noble treaties,
And propositions for her brother's freedom,
If wealth or honour —

Py. Peace, peace, you are fool'd, sir;
Things of these natures have strange outsides,
Pedro, 40

And cunning shadows, set 'em far from us; —
Draw 'em but near, they are gross, — and they
abuse us;

They that observe her close, shall find her nature,

Which I doubt mainly will not prove so excellent,

She is a princess, and she must be fair, 45
That 's the prerogative of being royal:

Let her want eyes and nose, she must be beautiful,

And she must know it, too, and the use of it,
And people must believe it, they are damn'd
else:

Why, all our neighbour princes are mad for
her. 50

Chr. Is she not fair, then?

Py. But her hopes are fairer,
And there 's a haughty master, the King of
Bakam,

That lofty sir, that speaks far more and louder
In his own commendations, than a cannon
He is stricken dumb with her.

Ped. Beshrew me, she is a sweet one 55

Py. And there 's that hopeful man of Syana,
That sprightly fellow, he that 's wise and
temperate,

He is a lover, too.

Chr. Would I were worth her looking,
For, by my life, I hold her a complete one.
The very sun, I think, affects her sweetness, 60
And dares not, as he does to all else, dye it
Into his tawny livery.

Py.

She dares not see him,
But keeps herself at distance from his kisses,
And wears her complexion in a case; let him
but like it

A week, or two, or three, she would look like a
lion. 65

But the main sport on 't is, or rather wonder,
The Governor of Ternata, her mortal enemy,
He that has catch'd her brother-king, is struck,
too,

And is arriv'd under safe conduct also,
And hostages of worth deliver'd for him; 70

And he brought a letter from his prisoner,

Whether compell'd, or willingly deliver'd

From the poor king, or what else dare be in 't.

Chr. So it be honourable, anything, 't is all
one,

For I dare think she 'll do the best

Py. 'T is certain 75
He has admittance, and solicits hourly.

Now if he have the trick —

Ped.

What trick?

Py.

The true one,

To take her, too, if he be but skill'd in bat-
fowling,

And lime his bush right

Chr.

I 'll be hang'd when that hits,
For 't is not a compell'd, or forc'd affection 80

That must take her, I guess her stout and vir-
tuous

But where 's your uncle, sir, our valiant captain,
The brave Ruy Dias, all this while?

Py.

Ay, marry.

He is amongst 'em, too

Ped.

A lover?

Py.

Nay,

I know not that, but, sure, he stands in favour,
Or would stand stiffly, he is no Portugal else. 85

Chr.

The voice says in good favour, in the
list, too,

Of the privy wooers How cunningly of late,
I have observ'd him, and how privately

He has stol'n at all hours from us, and how
readily 90

He has feign'd a business to bid the fort fare-
well

For five or six days, or a month together.

Sure there is something —

Py.

Yes, yes, there is a thing in 't,

A thing would make the best on 's all dance
after it;

A dainty thing. Lord, how this uncle of mine 95
Has read to me, and rated me for wenching.

³⁰ courtship: courtly behavior ³² seasons: savors ³³ absolute: an absolute ruler ⁴¹ cunning . . .
us: beguiling appearances, when seen from a distance ⁴² abuse: deceive ⁴⁴ mainly: earnestly
⁴⁷ want: lack ⁵² Bakam, Syana: other Molucca Islands ⁶⁰ affects: loves ⁶⁴ wears: (not
in F 2) ^{case}: mask ⁷⁸ bat-fowling: bird-hunting at night ⁷⁹ lime: smear with cement (as
was done to catch birds) ⁸¹ stout: brave ⁸⁵ sure: ('since' F 2) ⁸⁷ voice: rumor ⁹⁶ read:
lectured

And told me in what desperate case 't would
leave me,

And how 't would stew my bones.

Ped. You car'd not for it.

Py. I' faith, not much; I ventur'd on still
easily,

And took my chance; danger is a soldier's
honour; 100

But that this man, this herb of grace, Ruy
Dias,

This father of our faculties, should slip thus!—
For sure he is a-ferretting; that he 103

That would drink nothing, to depress the spirit,
But milk and water, eat nothing but thin air
To make his blood obedient, that his youth,
In spite of all his temperance, should tickle,
And have a love-mange on him!

Chr 'T is in him, sir,
But honourable courtship, and becomes his
rank, too.

Py. In me 't were abominable lechery, or
would be, 110

For when our thoughts are on 't, and miss their
level,

We must hit something.

Ped. Well, he 's a noble gentleman,

And if he be a suitor, may he speed in 't

Py. Let him alone, our family ne'er fail'd
yet.

Chr Our mad lieutenant still, merry *Py-*
niero! 115

Thus would he do, if the surgeon were searching
of him.

Ped. Especially if a warm wench had shot
him

Py. But hark, Christophero, come hither,
Pedro;

When saw you our brave countryman, Ar-
musia?

He that 's arriv'd here lately, and his gallants?
A goodly fellow, and a brave companion 121
Methinks he is, and no doubt, truly valiant,
For he that dares come hither, dares fight any-
where.

Chr. I saw him not of late. A sober gentle-
man

I am sure he is, and no doubt bravely sprung, 125
And promises much nobleness.

Py. I love him,
And by my troth would fain be inward with
him;

Pray let 's go seek him.

Ped. We 'll attend you, sir.

Py. By that time we shall hear the burst of
business. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE II. — *The Same. The House
of Quisana*]

Enter Ruy Dias, Quisara, Quisana, and Panura

Quisar. Aunt, I much thank you for your
courtesy,

And the fair liberty you still allow me,
Both of your house and service. Though I be
A princess, and by that prerogative stand free
From the poor malice of opinion, 5

And no ways bound to render up my actions,
Because no power above me can examine me,
Yet, my dear brother being still a prisoner,
And many wand'ring eyes upon my ways,
Being left alone a sea-mark, it behooves me 10
To use a little caution, and be circumspect.

Quisan. You 're wise and noble, lady.

Quisar. Often, aunt,
I resort hither, and privately, to see you;

It may be to converse with some I favour; 14
I would not have it known as oft, nor constru'd:
It stands not with my care

Quisan. You speak most fairly,
For even our pure devotions are examin'd.

Quisar. So mad are men's minds now

Ruy. Or rather monstrous;
They are thick dreams, bred in fogs, that know
no fairness.

Quisan. Madam, the house is yours, I am
yours, pray use me, 20

And at your service all I have lies prostrate;
My care shall ever be to yield ye honour,
And when your fame falls here, 't is my fault,
lady,

A poor and simple banquet I have provided,
Which if you please to honour with your pres-
ence — 25

Quisar. I thank ye, aunt, I shall be with you
instantly:

A few words with this gentleman.

Quisan. I 'll leave ye,

And when you please retire, I 'll wait upon you.

Exeunt Quisana & Panura.

Quisar. Why, how now, captain, what,
afraid to speak to me?

A man of arms, and danted with a lady? 30
Commanders have the power to parle with
princes.

Ruy. Madam, the favours you have still
show'r'd on me,

Which are so high above my means of merit,
So infinite, that nought can value 'em
But their own goodness, no eyes look up to 'em
But those that are of equal light, and lustre, 36

103 a-ferretting: wenching 111 level: aim 116 searching: probing 125 bravely sprung: well
born 127 inward: intimate 6 render up: account for 10 sea-mark: *s e*, a conspicuous figure
11 constru'd: interpreted, discussed 18 stands: is consistent 25 please: please to 30 danted
with: daunted or frightened by 31 parle: converse 33 still: always

Strike me thus mute. You are my royal mistress,

And all my services that aim at honour
Take life from you, the saint of my devotions;
Pardon my wish, it is a fair ambition, 40
And well becomes the man that honours you;
I would I were of worth, of something near you,
Of such a royal piece, a king I would be, 43
A mighty king that might command affection,
And bring a youth upon me might bewitch ye,
And you a sweet soul'd Christian.

Quisar. Now you talk, sir!
You Portugals, though you be rugged soldiers,
Yet, when you list to flatter, you are plain courtiers;

And could you wish me Christian, brave Ruy Dias?

Ruy. At all the danger of my life, great lady, 50
At all my hopes, at all —

Quisar. Pray ye, stay a little.
To what end runs your wish?

Ruy. O glorious lady,
That I might — but I dare not speak.

Quisar. I dare, then. —
That you might hope to marry me; nay, blush not,

An honourable end needs no excuse; 55
And would you love me then?

Ruy. My soul not dearer.

Quisar. Do some brave thing that may entice me that way,

Something of such a meritorious goodness,
Of such an unmatch'd nobleness, that I may know

You have a power beyond ours that preserves you: 60

'Tis not the person, nor the royal title,
Nor wealth, nor glory, that I look upon;
That inward man I love that 's lin'd with virtue,
That well deserving soul works out a favour.
I have many princes suitors, many great ones,
Yet above these I love you; you are valiant, 66
An active man, able to build a fortune.
I do not say I dote, nor mean to marry,
Only the hope is, something may be done,
That may compel my faith, and ask my freedom, 70

And leave opinion fair.

Ruy. Command, dear lady,
And let the danger be as deep as hell,
As direful to attempt —

Quisar. Y' are too sudden:
I must be rul'd by you. Find out a fortune
Wisely, and handsomely; examine time 75
And court occasion that she may be ready;
A thousand uses for your forward spirit

Ye may find daily; be sure ye take a good one,

A brave and worthy one that may advance ye;
Forc'd smiles reward poor dangers. You are a soldier, 80

I would not talk so else, and I love a soldier,
And that that speaks him true and great, his valour.

Yet for all these, which are but women's follies,
You may do what you please; I shall still know ye,

And though ye wear no sword.

Ruy. Excellent lady, 85
When I grow so cold, and disgrace my nation,
That from their hardy nurses suck adventures,
'T were fit I wore a tombstone. You have read to me

The story of your favour; if I mistake it,
Or grow a truant in the study of it, 90
A great correction, lady —

Quisar. Let 's to th' banquet,
And have some merrier talk, and then to court,

Where I give audience to my general suitors;
Pray heaven my woman's wit hold! There, brave captain,

You may perchance meet something that may startle ye; 95

I 'll say no more, come, be not sad —
I love ye.

Exeunt.

[SCENE III. — *The Same. A Hall in the Palace*]

Enter Pyniero, Armusia, Soza, Christophero, and Emanuel

Py. You are welcome, gentlemen, most worthy welcome,

And know, there's nothing in our power may serve ye,

But you may freely challenge.

Arm. Sir, we thank ye,
And rest your servants, too.

Py. Ye are worthy Portugals.
You show the bravery of your minds and spirits, 5

The nature of our country, too, that brings forth

Stirring, unwearied souls to seek adventures,
Minds never satisfied with search of honour.

Where time is, and the sun gives light, brave countrymen,

Our names are known; new worlds disclose their riches, 10

Their beauties, and their prides to our embraces;

And we the first of nations find these wonders.

⁴⁰ royal piece: piece of royalty ⁴³ lin'd: fortified ⁴⁴ works out: which creates or forces ⁷¹ opinion: reputation ⁷⁷ forward: ardent, zealous ⁸⁰ truant: ('tenant' F 1)

Arm. These noble thoughts, sir, have entic'd us forward,
And minds unapt for ease, to see these miracles,
In which we find report a poor relater. 15
We are arriv'd among the blessed islands,
Where every wind that rises blows perfumes,
And every breath of air is like an incense.
The treasure of the sun dwells here, each tree,
As if it envied the old Paradise, 20
Strives to bring forth immortal fruit; the spices
Renewing nature, though not deifying,
And when that falls by time, scorning the
earth,
The sullen earth, should taint or suck their
beauties,
But as we dreamt, for ever so preserve us. 25
Nothing we see, but breeds an admiration;
The very rivers, as we float along,
Throw up their pearls, and curl their heads to
court us;
The bowels of the earth swell with the births
Of thousand unknown gems, and thousand
riches, 30
Nothing that bears a life, but brings a treasure.
The people they show brave, too, civil-
manner'd,
Proportion'd like the masters of great minds;
The women, which I wonder at —
Py Ye speak well.
Arm Of delicate aspects, fair, clearly beau-
teous, 35
And, to that admiration, sweet and courteous
Py And is not that a good thing? Brave
Armusia,
You never saw the court before?
Arm. No, certain;
But that I see a wonder, too, all excellent,
The government exact
Chr. Ye shall see, anon, 40
That that will make ye start indeed, such
beauties,
Such riches, and such form.

Enter Bakam, Syana, Governor

Soz. We are fire already;
The wealthy magazine of nature sure
Inhabits here.
Arm. These, sure, are all islanders.
Py. Yes, and great princes, too, and lusty
lovers. 45
Arm. They are goodly persons. What might
he be, signior,
That bears so proud a state?
Py. King of Bakam,
A fellow that farts terror.

Em. He looks highly;
Sure, he was begot o' th' top of a steeple.
Chr. It may well be,
For you shall hear him ring anon.
Py. That is Syana, 50
And a brave-temper'd fellow, and more valiant.
Soz. What rugged face is that?
Py. That 's the great governor,
The man surpris'd our friend; I told ye of
him.
Arm. 'Has dangerous eyes.
Py. A perilous thief, and subtle.
Chr. And to that subtilty a heart of iron. 55
Py. Yet the young lady makes it melt.
Arm. They start all,
And thunder in the eyes
Ba Away, ye poor ones!
Am I in competition with such bubbles?
My virtue and my name rank'd with such
trifles?
Sy Ye speak loud.
Ba. Young man, I will speak louder; 60
Can any man but I deserve her favour,
Princes fly at one another.
You petty princes.
Py. He will put 'em all in 's pocket.
Sy Thou proud mad thing, be not so full of
glory,
So full of vanity
Ba. How? I condemn thee,
And that fort-keeping fellow
Py How the dog looks, 65
The bandog governor!
Gov Ha! Why —
Ba. Away, thing,
And keep your rank with those that fit your
royalty.
Call out the princess.
Gov. Dost thou know me, bladder,
Thou insolent imposthume?
Ba. I despise thee;
Gov Art thou acquainted with my nature,
baby? 70
With my revenge for injuries? dar'st thou
hold me
So far behind thy file, I cannot reach thee?
What canst thou merit?
Ba. Merit? I am above it;
I am equal with all honours, all achievements,
And what is great and worthy; the best doer 75
I keep at my command, fortune 's my servant,
'T is in my power now to despise such wretches,
To look upon ye slightly, and neglect ye;
And, but she deigns at some hours to remember
ye,

³⁰ envied: vied with, emulated ³⁵ as: as if ³⁶ preserve: embalm ³⁸ admiration: wonder
⁴⁰ highly: arrogantly ⁴⁵ surpris'd: i.e., who captured ⁴⁶ to: in addition to ⁴⁷ thunder . . .
⁴⁸ eyes: look threateningly ⁵¹ s d . (not in F 2) ⁵² glory: boastful spirit ⁵³ bandog: mastiff-like
⁵⁴ imposthume: abscess ⁵⁵ With: ('Let' F 1) ⁵⁶ injuries: insults ⁵⁷ file: rank

And people have bestow'd some titles on ye, so
I should forget your names —

Sy. Mercy of me;
What a blown fool has self-affection
Made of this fellow! did not the queen your
mother

Long for bellows and bagpipes, when she was
great with ye,
She brought forth such a windy birth?

Gov. 'Tis ten to one 85
She eat a drum, and was deliver'd of a 'larum,
Or else he was swaddl'd in an old sail when he
was young.

Sy. He swells too mainly with his medita-
tions.

Faith, talk a little handsomer, ride softly
That we may be able to hold way with ye. We
are princes, 90

But those are but poor things to you: talk
wiser.

'T will well become your mightiness; talk less,
That men may think ye can do more.

Gov. Talk truth,
That men may think ye are honest, and be-
lieve ye,

Or talk yourself asleep, for I am weary of
you. 95

Ba. Why, I can talk and do.

Gov. That would do excellent.

Ba. And tell you, only I deserve the prin-
cess,
And make good "only I," if you dare, — you,
sir,

Or you, Syana's prince.

Py. Here 's a storm toward,
Methinks it sings already. To him, governor.

Gov. Here lies my proof.

Sy. And mine.

Gov. I 'll be short with ye, 101
For these long arguments I was never good
at.

Py. How white the boaster looks!

Enter Ruy Dias, Quisara, Quisana, Panura

Arm. I see he lacks faith

Ruy. For shame, forbear, great princes, rule
your angers

You violate the freedom of this place, 105
The state and royalty —

Gov. He 's well contented,
It seems, and so I have done.

Arm. Is this she, signior?

Py. This is the princess, sir.

Arm. She is sweet and goodly,
An admirable form; they have cause to justle
Quisara. Ye wrong me and my court, ye
forward princes! 110

Comes your love wrapp'd in violence to seek
us?

Is 't fit, though you be great, my presence
should be

Stain'd and polluted with your bloody rages?
My privacies affrighted with your swords?

He that loves me, loves my command; he
temper'd, 115

Or be no more what ye profess, my servants.

Omnes. We are calm as peace.

Arm. What command she carries!
And what a sparkling majesty flies from her!

Quisara. Is it ye love to do? Ye shall find
danger,

And danger that shall start your resolutions, 120
But not this way 'T is not contention,

Who loves me to my face best, or who can flatter
most

Can carry me: he that deserves my favour,
And will enjoy what I bring, love and majesty,

Must win me with his worth, must travail for
me; 125

Must put his hasty rage off, and put on

A well-confirm'd, a temperate, and true valour

Omnes. But show the way

Quisara. And will, and then show you
A will to tread the way, I 'll say ye are worthy.

Py. What task now will she turn 'em to?

These hot youths, 130

I fear, will find a cooling-card, I read in her
eyes

Something that has some swinge must fly
amongst 'em.

By this hand I love her a little now.

Quisara. 'T is not unknown to you

I had a royal brother, now miserable, 135
And prisoner to that man. If I were ambi-
tious,

Gap'd for that glory was ne'er born with me,
There he should lie, his miseries upon him;

If I were covetous, and my heart set
On riches, and those base effects that follow 140

On pleasures uncontroll'd, or safe revenges,
There he should die; his death would give me

all these;

For then stood I up absolute to do all;
Yet all these flattering shows of dignity,

These golden dreams of greatness, cannot force
me 145

⁸² blown: swollen (with pride) ⁸³ self-affection: self-love ⁸⁴ 'larum: loud noise, call to arms
⁸⁵ mainly: violently ⁸⁶ handsomer: more properly ⁸⁷ only I: I alone ⁸⁸ toward: forthcoming
⁸⁹ justice: quarrel ⁹⁰ temper'd: under control ⁹¹ Is . . . do: Is action what you desire? ⁹² carry: win
⁹³ travail: ('travel' Ff) ⁹⁴ show you: if or when you show ⁹⁵ cooling-card: something to cool their ardor
⁹⁶ swinge: power, driving force ⁹⁷ There . . . miseries: ('There they should lye as miseries' F 1) ⁹⁸ effects: results ⁹⁹ would: ('will' F 2) ¹⁰⁰ me: (not in Ff)

To forget nature and my fair affection.

Therefore that man that would be known my
lover,

Must be known his redeemer, and must bring
him,

Either alive or dead, to my embraces,
(For even his bones I scorn shall feel such
slavery.) 150

Or seek another mistress. 'T will be hard
To do this, wondrous hard, a great adventure,
Fit for a spirit of an equal greatness;
But, being done, the reward is worthy of it.

Chr. How they stand gaping all!

Quisar. [*Aside.*] Ruy Dias cold? 155
Not fly like fire into it?—May be you doubt me:
He that shall do this is my husband-prince;
By the bright heavens, he is, by whose justice
I openly proclaim it; if I lie,
Or seek to set you on with subtily, 160
Let that meet with me, and reward my false-
hood! — [*To Ruy Dias.*]

No stirring yet, no start into a bravery?

Ruy. Madam, it may be, but being a main
danger,

Your grace must give me leave to look about
me,

And take a little time: the cause will ask it 165
Great acts require great counsels

Quisar. Take your pleasure --
I fear the Portugal. [*Aside.*]

Ba. I 'll raise an army
That shall bring back his island, fort and all,
And fix it here.

Gov. How long will this be doing?
You should have begun in your grandfather's
days 170

Sy. What may be,
And what my power can promise, noblest lady,
My will, I am sure, stands fair

Quisar. Fair be your fortune,
Few promises are best, and fair performance.

Gov. These cannot do;
Their power and arts are weak ones. 175
'T is in my will, I have this king your brother,
He is my prisoner. I accept your proffer,
And bless the fair occasion that achiev'd him.
I love ye, and I honour ye; but speak,
Whether alive or dead he shall be render'd, 180
And see how readily, how in an instant,
Quick as your wishes, lady —

Quisar. No, I scorn ye,
You and your courtesy; I hate your love, sir;
And ere I would so basely win his liberty,
I would study to forget he was my brother. 185
By force he was taken; he that shall enjoy me,
Shall fetch him back by force, or never know me

Py. As I live, a rare wench.

Arm. She has a noble spirit.

Gov. By force?

Quisar. Yes, sir, by force, and make you
glad, too,

To let him go.

Gov. How? You may look nobler on me, 190
And think me no such boy: by force he must
not,

For your love much may be.

Quisar. Put up your passion,
And pack ye home; I say, by force, and sud-
denly.

He lies there till he rots else, although I love him
Most tenderly and dearly, as a brother, 195
And out of these respects would joy to see him;
Yet to receive him as thy courtesy,
With all the honour thou couldst add unto him,
From his hands that most hates him, I had
rather,

Though no condition were propounded for him,
See him far sunk i' th' earth, and there forget
him. 201

Py. Your hopes are gelt, good governor.

Arm. A rare woman.

Gov. Lady,

I 'll pull this pride, I 'll quench this bravery,
And turn your glorious scorn to tears and
howlings;

I will, proud princess; this neglect of me 205
Shall make thy brother-king most miserable;
Shall turn him into curses 'gainst thy cruelty;
For where before I us'd him like a king,
And did those royal offices unto him,
Now he shall lie a sad lump in a dungeon, 210
Loaden with chains and fetters; colds and hun-
ger,

Darkness, and ling'ring death for his com-
panions;

And let me see who dare attempt his rescue,
What desperate fool look toward it. Farewell,
And when thou know'st him thus, lament thy
follies! 215

Nay, I will make thee kneel to take my offer:
Once more farewell, and put thy trust in
puppets. *Exit.*

Quisar. If none dare undertake it, I 'll live a
mourner.

Ba. You cannot want.

Sy. You must not.

Ruy. 'T is most dangerous,
And wise men would proceed with care and
counsel, 220

Yet some way would I knew. — *Exeunt.*

Walk with me, gentlemen.
Manent Armusia and his Companions.

187 fear: doubt 188 his: ('this' F 2) 177 proffer: ('prisoner' F 1) 178 achiev'd: gained,
put in my power 180 render'd: returned 186 out . . . respects: for these reasons 189 hates:
('hate' Ff) 208 pull: humble 209 where: whereas 209 offices: services

Arm. How do you like her spirit?

Soz. 'T is a clear one,
Clogg'd with no dirty stuff, she is all pure
honour.

Em. The bravest wench I ever look'd upon,
And of the strongest parts: she is most fair, 225
Yet her mind such a mirror —

Arm. What an action
Would this be to put forward on, what a glory,
And what an everlasting wealth to end it!
Methinks my soul is strangely rais'd.

Soz. To step into it,
Just while they think, and ere they have
determin'd 230
To bring the king off.

Arm. Things have been done as dangerous.

Em. And prosper'd best when they were
least consider'd.

Arm. Bless me, my hopes, and you, my
friends, assist me.
None but our companions. —

Soz. You deal wisely,
And if we shrink, the name of slaves die with us.

Em. Stay not for second thoughts.

Arm. I am determin'd; 236
And though I lose, it shall be sung I was valiant,
And my brave offer shall be turn'd to story,
Worthy the princess' tongue. A boat, that 's
all

That 's unprovided, and habits like to mer-
chants, 240

The rest we 'll counsel as we go.

Soz. Away, then!
Fortune looks fair on those make haste to win
her. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

[*Ternata. — A Prison*]

Enter Keeper, and 2 or 3 Moors

Kee. I have kept many a man, and many a
great one,

Yet, I confess, I ne'er saw before

A man of such a sufferance: he lies now
Where I would not lay my dog, for sure 't would
kill him;

Where neither light or comfort can come near
him, 5

Nor air, nor earth that 's wholesome: it
grieves me

To see a mighty king, with all his glory,
Sunk o' th' sudden to the bottom of a dungeon.

Whether should we descend that are poor
rascals,

If we had our deserts?

1 Mo. 'T is a strange wonder, 10
Load him with irons, oppress him with con-
tempts,

Which are the governor's commands, give him
nothing,

Or so little, to sustain life, 't is next nothing,
They stir not him; he smiles upon his miseries,
And bears 'em with such strength, as if his
nature 15

Had been nurs'd up, and foster'd with calami-
ties.

2 Mo. He gives no ill words, curses, nor
repines not,

Blames nothing, hopes in nothing we can
hear of;

And in the midst of all these frights, fears
nothing.

Kee. I 'll be sworn 20

He fears not, for even when I shake for him,
As many times my pity will compel me,

When other souls, that bear not half his bur-
then,

Shrink in their powers, and burst with their
oppressions;

Then will he sing, woo his afflictions, 25
And court 'em in sad airs, as if he would wed
'em

1 Mo. That 's more than we have heard yet;
we are only

Appointed for his guard, but not so near him.
If we could hear that wonder —

Kee. Many times

I fear the governor should come to know it; 30
For his voice so affects me, so delights me,

That when I find his hour, I have music ready,
And it stirs me infinitely. Be but still and pri-
vate,

And you may chance to hear.

*King appears laden with chains, his head
and arms only above.*

2 Mo. We will not stir, sir;
This is a sudden change, but who dares blame
it? 35

Kee. Now hark and melt, for I am sure I
shall;

Stand silent. What stubborn weight of chains —

1 Mo. Yet he looks temperately.

2 Mo. His eyes not sunk, and his complexion
firm still,

No wildness, no distemper'd touch upon him. 40
How constantly he smiles, and how undaunted!

With what a majesty he heaves his head up!

Music.

Kee. Now mark, I know he will sing; do
not disturb him. — [To King.]

²²³ Clogg'd: ('Clod' F 1) ²²⁸ offer: attempt ²³⁰ habits: costumes ²³³ those: those who
²³ sufferance: suffering, endurance ²³ Whether: whither ²³⁴ S D above: (The dungeon was be-
low and at the back of the stage) ²³ S. D. Music: (A song was probably introduced at this point.)

Your allowance from the governor. Would it
were more, sir, [*Gives him food.*]

Or in my power to make it handsomer. 45

King. Do not transgress thy charge; I take
his bounty

And fortune, whilst I bear a mind contented,
Not leaven'd with the glory I am fallen from,
Nor hang upon vain hopes, that may corrupt me.

Enter Governor

Gov. Thou art my slave, and I appear above
thee. 50

Kee. The governor himself.

Gov. What, at your banquet?
And in such state, and with such change of
service?

King. Nature's no glutton, sir; a little
serves her

Gov. This diet's wholesome, then.

King. I beg no better.

Gov. A calm contented mind! Give him less
next; 55

These full meals will oppress his health. His
grace

Is of a tender and pure constitution,

And such repletions —

King. Mock, mock, it moves not me, sir,
Thy mirths, as do thy mischiefs, fly behind
me.

Gov. Ye carry it handsomely; but tell me,
patience, 60

Do not you curse the brave and royal lady,
Your gracious sister? Do not you damn her
pity,

Damn twenty times a day, and damn it seri-
ously?

Do not you swear aloud, too, cry and kick?
The very soul sweat in thee with the agony 65

Of her contempt of me? Couldst not thou eat
her

For being so injurious to thy fortune,

Thy fair and happy fortune? Couldst not thou
wish her

A bastard or a whore? Fame might proclaim
her,

Black, ugly fame? Or that thou hadst had no
sister, — 70

Spitting the general name out, and the nature;
Blaspheming heaven for making such a mis-
chief;

For giving power to pride, and will to woman?

King. No, tyrant, no, I bless and love her
for it;

And though her scorn of thee had laid up for me
As many plagues as the corrupted air breeds, 76
As many mischiefs as the hours have minutes,
As many forms of death, as doubt can figure;

Yet I should love her more still, and more
honour her.

All thou canst lay upon me, cannot bend me; 80
No, not the stroke of death, that I despise, too:
For if fear could possess me, thou hadst won me.
As little from this hour I prize thy flatteries,
And less than those thy prayers, though thou
wouldst kneel to me;

And if she be not mistress of this nature, 85
She is none of mine, no kin, and I condemn her.

Gov. Are you so valiant, sir?

King. Yes, and so fortunate;
For he that holds his constancy still conquers.
Hadst thou preserv'd me as a noble enemy,
And, as at first, made my restraint seem to me
But only as the shadow of captivity, 91
I had still spoke thee noble, still declar'd thee
A valiant, great, and worthy man, still lov'd
thee,

And still preferr'd thy fair love to my sister;
But to compel this from me with a misery, 95
A most inhuman and unhandsome slavery —

Gov. You will relent, for all this talk, I fear
not,

And put your wits a-work again.

King. You are cozen'd;
Or, if I were so weak to be wrought to it,
So fearful to give way to so much poverty, 100
How I should curse her heart if she consented!

Gov. You shall write and entreat, or —

King. Do thy utmost,
And e'en in all thy tortures I'll laugh at thee,
I'll think thee no more valiant, but a villain;
Nothing thou hast done brave, but like a thief,
Achiev'd by craft and kept by cruelty; 106
Nothing thou canst deserve, thou art dishonest;
Nor no way live to build a name, thou art
barbarous.

Gov. Down with him low enough! There
let him murmur,

And see his diet be so light and little, 110
He grow not thus high-hearted on't. I will
cool ye,

And make ye cry for mercy, and be ready
To work my ends, and willingly; and your
sister taken down,

Your scornful, cruel sister shall repent, too,
And sue to me for grace. — Give him no
liberty, 115

But let his bands be doubled, his ease lessen'd;
Nothing his heart desires, but vex and torture
him:

Let him not sleep; nothing that's dear to
nature

Let him enjoy; yet take heed that he die not;
Keep him as near death, and as willing to em-
brace it, 120

⁷⁶ figure: imagine ⁷⁹ her: (not in F 2) ⁸⁰ prize: regard ⁸⁸ his: ('my' F 1) ⁹⁴ preferr'd:
commended ⁹⁷ for: in spite of ¹⁰⁰ fearful: afraid ¹⁰⁶ to: as to ¹¹⁶ bands: bonds

But see he arrive not at it; I will humble him,
And her stout heart that stands on such defiance.

And let me see her champions that dare venture,
Her high and mighty wooers! Keep your
guards close,

And, as you love your lives, be diligent. 125
And what I charge, observe.

Omnes. We shall be dutiful.

Gov. I'll pull your courage, king, and all
your bravery. *Exit Governor*

[*King disappears.*]

1 *Mo.* Most certain he is resolv'd, nothing
can stir him;

For if he had but any part about him

Gave way to fear or hope, he durst not talk
thus, 130

And do thus stoutly, too. As willingly,
And quietly he sunk down to his sorrows,
As some men to their sleeps

Kee. Yes, and sleeps with 'em;
So little he regards them, there 's the wonder,
And often soundly sleeps Would I durst pity
him, 135

Or would it were in my will, but we are servants,
And tied unto command.

2 *Mo.* I wish him better,
But much I fear h'as found his tomb already.
We must observe our guards.

1 *Mo.* He cannot last long,
And when he is dead, he is free.

Kee. That 's the most cruelty, 140
That we must keep him living

2 *Mo.* That 's as he please;
For that man that resolves, needs no physician.
Exeunt

[SCENE II. — *The Same A Street*]

*Enter Armusia, Soza, Emanuel like Merchants,
arm'd underneath*

Arm. Our prosperous passage was an omen
to us,

A lucky and a fair omen.

Omnes. We believe it.

Arm. The sea and wind strove who should
most befriend us,

And as they favour'd our design, and lov'd us,
So led us forth. Where lies the boat that
brought us? 5

Soz. Safe lodg'd within the reeds, close by
the castle,

That no eye can suspect, nor thought come
near it.

Em. But where have you been, brave sir?

Arm. I have broke the ice, boys;

I have begun the game; fair fortune guide it!
Suspless have I travell'd all the town
through, 10

And in this merchant's shape won much acquaintance,

Survey'd each strength and place that may be-
friend us,

View'd all his magazines, got perfect knowledge
Of where the prison is, and what power guards
it.

Soz. These will be strong attempts.

Arm. Courage is strong 15

What we began with policy, my dear friends,
Let 's end with manly force; there 's no retiring.
Unless it be with shame.

Em. Shame his that hopes it!

Arm. Better a few, and clearer fame will
follow us,

However, lose or win, and speak our memories,
Than if we led our armies. Things done thus, 21

And of this noble weight, will style us worthies
Soz. Direct, and we have done; bring us to
execute,

And if we flinch or fail —

Arm. I am sure ye dare not.

Then farther know, and let no ear be near us, 25
That may be false —

Em. Speak boldly on, we are honest,
Our lives and fortunes yours

Arm. Hard by the place, then,

Where all his treasure lies, his arms, his women,
Close by the prison, too, where he keeps the
king,

I have hir'd a lodging, as a trading merchant, 30
A cellar to that, too, to stow my wares in,

The very wall of which, joins to his storehouse.
Soz. What of all this?

Arm. Ye are dull, if ye apprehend not:

Into that cellar, elected friends, I have con-
vey'd,

And unsuspected, too, that that will do it; 35
That that will make all shake, and smoke, too.

Em. Ha?

Arm. My thoughts have not been idle, nor
my practice

The fire I brought here with me shall do some-
thing,

Shall burst into material flames, and bright ones,
That all the island shall stand wond'ring at it,

As if they had been stricken with a comet. 41
Powder is ready, and enough, to work it,

The match is left afire, all, all hush'd, and lock'd
close,

No man suspecting what I am but merchant.

An hour hence, my brave friends, look for the
fury, 45

125 charge: command observe: do 135 to: ('do to' F 2) Sc. II s. d. underneath: (under-
neath their disguises) 10 Suspless: without incurring suspicion 35 that that: ('that' F 1) 45 close:
tight

The fire to light us to our honour'd purpose,
For by that time 't will take

Soz. What are our duties?

Arm. When all are full of fear and fright, the
governor

Out of his wits, to see the flames so imperious,
Ready to turn to ashes all he worships, 50
And all the people there to stop these ruins,
No man regarding any private office;
Then fly we to the prison suddenly,
Here 's one has found the way, and dares direct us.

Em. Then to our swords and good hearts!
I long for it 55

Arm. Certain we shall not find much opposition,

But what is must be forc'd

Soz. 'T is bravely cast, sir,
And surely, too, I hope.

Arm. If the fire fail not,
And powder hold his nature. Some must
presently,

Upon the first cry of th' amazed people, 60
(For nothing will be mark'd then but the
misery.)

Be ready with the boat upon an instant,
And then all 's right and fair.

Em. Bless us, dear Fortune!

Arm. Let us be worthy of it in our courage,
And fortune must befriend us. Come, all
sever, 65

But keep still within sight. When the flame
rises

Let 's meet, and either do or die

Soz. So be it.

Exeunt.

[SCENE III. — *The Same Another Street*]

Enter Governor and Captain

Gov. No, captain, for those troops, we need
'em not;

The town is strong enough to stand their furies,
I would see 'em come and offer to do something
They are high in words

Cap. 'T is safer, sir, than doing.

Gov. Dost think they dare attempt?

Cap. May be by treaty, 5
But sure by force they will not prove so froward.

Gov. No faith, I warrant thee, they know
me well enough

And know they have no child in hand to play
with:

They know my nature, too, I have bit some
of 'em,

And to the bones; they have reason to re-
member me. 10

It makes me laugh to think how glorious
The fools are in their promises, and how pre-
nant

Their wits and powers are to bring things to
pass

Am I not grown lean with loss of sleep and care
To prevent these threat'nings, captain?

Cap. You look well, sir: 15
Upon my conscience, you are not like to sicken
Upon any such conceit.

Gov. I hope I shall not:
Well, would I had this wench, for I must have
her,

She must be mine: and there 's another charge,
captain;

What betwixt love and brawling I get noth-
ing, 20

All goes in maintenance — *The train takes.*
Hark, what was that,

That noise there? it went with a violence.

Cap. Some old wall belike, sir,
That had no neighbour help to hold it up,
Is fallen suddenly.

Gov. I must discard these rascals, 25
That are not able to maintain their buildings.

They blur the beauty of the town
Within. Fire! Fire!

Gov. I hear another tune, good captain,
It comes on fresher still, 't is loud and fearful.

Look up into the town; how bright the air
shows! 30

Upon my life some sudden fire *Exit Captain.*

The bell, too? *Bell rings.*
I hear the noise more clear.

Enter Citizen

Cit. Fire! Fire!

Gov. Where? where?

Cit. Suddenly taken in a merchant's house,
sir,

Fearful and high it blazes, help, good people.
[*Exit.*]

Gov. Pox o' their paper-houses, how they
smother! 35

They light like candles! how the roar still rises!

Enter Captain

Cap. Your magazine 's afire, sir! help, help,
suddenly!

The castle, too, is in danger, in much danger:

All will be lost. Get the people presently,
And all that are your guard, and all help! all
hands, sir. 40

Your wealth, your strength, is burnt else, the
town perish'd;

The castle now begins to flame.

Gov. My soul shakes.

¹⁰ office: duty ⁵⁷ cast: contrived ⁶⁵ sever: separate ⁶⁷ and: ('or' Ff) ¹¹ glorious: boastful
¹⁷ conceit: fancy, idea ³⁰ get: ('got' Ff) ³¹ s. d. train takes: mine explodes

Cap. A merchant's house next joining?
 shame light on him,
 That ever such a neighbour, such a villain —
Gov. Raise all the garrison, and bring 'em
 up; 45

Enter other Citizens

And beat the people forward. — Oh, I have lost
 all:
 In one house, all my hopes. Good worthy
 citizens,
 Follow me all, and all your powers give to me.
 I will reward you all Oh, cursed fortune —
 The flame 's more violent: arise still, help, help,
 citizens, 50
 Freedom and wealth to him that helps: follow,
 oh, follow!
 Fling wine, or anything, I 'll see 't recompens'd.
 Buckets, more buckets! fire, fire, fire!

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Armusia, and his company

Arm. Let it flame on, a comely light it
 gives up
 To our discovery.

Soz. Hark, what a merry cry 55
 These hounds make! Forward fairly.
 We are not seen in the mist, we are not noted.
 Away, away! Now if we lose our fortune —

Exeunt.

[SCENE IV. — *The Same. Another Street*]

Enter Captain and Citizens

Cap. Up, soldiers, up, and deal like men.
Cit. More water, more water, all is con-
 sumed else.

Cap. All 's gone, unless you undertake it
 straight; your wealth, too,
 That must preserve and pay your labour
 bravely.
 Up, up, away!

Exeunt Captain and Citizens. Then,

[SCENE V. — *The Prison*]

*Enter Armusia and his company breaking open
 a door*

Arm. So, thou art open. — Keep the way
 clear behind still.
 Now for the place.

"mist: haze, smoke Sc. IV 1 deal: act Sc V 11 heat: action, quarrel Sc VI. This scene has been rewritten in the edition of 1669 to exploit the recent Fire of London (1666), such topical allusions as the following being added. — "*Sec. Neighbour.* . . . how many thousands were there that pretended to help people to remove their goods, and ran quite away with 'em If I had but Commission to search for those Rogues, and to hang 'em when I had done, I should make the Gallows groan more than forty Sessions would do *Third Neigh Neighbour*, there were Country Rogues that came in with their Carts, but were as bad Rogues as the others. *Sec. Neigh I* [Ay], for they pretended to come in Charity, but for all that would not carry a load of Goods under five or ten pound. Damn'd Rogues, the more distress people were in, the more they exacted, and the higher they set their price."

Sold. 'T is here, sir.
Arm. Sure, this is it.
 Force open the door. — A miserable creature!
 Yet by his manly face —

The king discover'd.
King. Why stare ye on me?
 You cannot put on faces to affright me: 5
 In death I am a king still, and condemn ye.
 Where is that governor? Methinks his man-
 hood

Should be well pleas'd to see my tragedy,
 And come to bathe his stern eyes in my sorrows:
 I dare him to the sight, bring his scorns with
 him, 10
 And all his rugged threats. Here 's a throat,
 soldiers;

Come, see who can strike deepest.

Em. Break the chain, there.

King. What does this mean?

Arm. Come, talk of no more governors,
 He has other business, sir. Put your legs for-
 ward,

And gather up your courage like a man, 15
 We 'll carry off your head else. We are friends,
 And come to give your sorrows ease.

Soz. On bravely;
 Delays may lose again.

Enter Guard

Arm. The guard.

Soz. Upon 'em.

Arm. Make speedy and sure work.

[*They fight*]

Em. They fly.

Arm. Up with him, and to the boat; stand
 fast, now be speedy; 20

When this heat 's past, we 'll sing our history.
 Away like thoughts, sudden as desires, friends;
 Now sacred chance be ours.

Soz. Pray when we have done, sir.
Exeunt.

[SCENE VI. — *The Same. A Street*]

Enter 3 or 4 Citizens severally

1 *Cit.* What, is the fire allay'd?

2 *Cit.* 'T is out, 't is out,

Or past the worst. I never did so stoutly,

I 'll assure you, neighbours, since I was a man.

I have been burnt at both ends like a squib;

I liv'd two hours in the fire. 'T was a hideous

matter; 5

But when men of understanding come about it,
Men that judge of things, — my wife gave me
over,

And took her leave a hundred times; I bore up
still,

And toss'd the buckets, boys.

3 *Cit.* We are all mere martins.

1 *Cit.* I heard a voice at latter end o' th'
hurry, ¹⁰

Or else I dreamt I heard it, that said "treason."

2 *Cit.* 'T is like enough, it might cry "mur-
der," too,

For there was many without a joint; but
what 's that to us?

Let 's home and fright our wives, for we look
like devils.

Enter 3 Women

3 *Cit.* Here come some of 'em to fright us ¹⁵

1 *Wo.* Mine 's alive, neighbour! — Oh, sweet
honey husband!

2 *Cit.* Thou liest, I think, abominably: and
thou hadst been

In my place, thou wouldst have stunk at both
ends.

Get me some drink, give me whole tuns of
drink,

Whole cisterns, for I have four dozen of fine
firebrands ²⁰

In my belly; I have more smoke in my mouth,
than would

Bloat a hundred herrings

2 *Wo.* Art thou come safe again?

3 *Wo.* I pray you, what became of my man,
is he well?

2 *Cit.* At heart's ease in a well; is very well,
neighbour.

We left him drinking of a new dozen of buck-
ets: ²⁵

Thy husband 's happy; he was thorough roasted,
And now he 's basting of himself at all points:

The clerk and he are cooling their pericraniums
Body o' me, neighbours, there 's fire in my cod-
piece

1 *Wo.* Bless my husband! ³⁰

2 *Cit.* Blow it out, wife! blow, blow! the
gable end o' th' store-house.

Women. Some water! water, water!

3 *Cit.* Peace, 't is but a sparkle;

Raise not the town again; 't will be a great
hindrance,

I 'm glad 't is out, and 't had ta'en in my hay-
loft —

What frights are these? marry, heaven bless thy
modicum. ³⁵

3 *Wo.* But is 'a drown'd outright? pray put
me out of fear, neighbour.

2 *Cit.* Thou wouldst have it so,
But, after a hundred fires more, he 'll live
To see thee hurt for brewing musty liquor.

1 *Cit.* Come, let 's go, neighbour, ⁴⁰
For I would very fain turn down this liquor.

2 *Cit.* Come, come, I fry like a burnt mary-
bone:

Women, get you afore, and draw upon us;
Run, wenches, run, and let your taps run with
ye;

Run as the fire were in your tails; cry "Ale,
Ale!" ⁴⁵

Wom. Away, let 's nourish the poor
wretches.

2 *Cit.* We 'll rally up the rest of the burnt
regiment. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE VII — *The Same. Before the
Governor's Castle*]

Enter Governor, Captain, Soldier, and Guard

Gov. The fire 's quench'd, captain, but the
mischief hangs still;

The king 's redeem'd and gone, too; a trick,
a damn'd one:

Oh, I am overtaken poorly, tamely.

Cap. Where were the guard that waited
upon the prison?

Sold. Most of 'em slain, yet some scap'd, sir,
and they deliver, ⁵

They saw a little boat ready to receive him
And those redeem'd him, making such haste
and fighting;

Fighting beyond the force of men.

Gov. I am lost, captain,
And all the world will laugh at this, and scorn
me,

Count me a heavy, sleepy fool, a coward, ¹⁰
A coward past recovery, a confirm'd coward,
One without carriage or common sense.

Sold. He 's gone, sir,
And put to sea amain, past our recovery,

Not a boat ready to pursue: if there were any,
The people stand amaz'd so at their valour, ¹⁶
And the sudden fright of fire, none knows to
execute.

Gov. Oh, I could tear my limbs, and knock
my boy's brains

'Gainst every post I meet! Fool'd with a fire?

Cap. It was a crafty trick.

Gov. No, I was lazy, ²⁰
Confident, sluggish, lazy. Had I but met 'em
And chang'd a dozen blows, I had forgiv'n 'em.

⁹ martins: i.e. chimney-swallows, which live amid smoke ¹⁷ and: an, if ²² Bloat: cure
²³ well: ('in a Well' Ff) ⁴¹ For . . . Liquor: (given to 2 Cit. Ff) ⁴⁴ mary-bone: marrow bone
³ overtaken: outwitted ⁶ deliver: report ¹² carriage: capacity ¹⁴ amain: without delay
¹⁷ to execute: how to act ²² chang'd: exchanged

By both these hands held up, and by that brightness

That gilds the world with light, by all our worships,

The hidden ebbs and flows of the blue ocean, 25
I will not rest; no mirth shall dwell upon me,
Wine touch my mouth, nor anything refresh me,

Till I be wholly quit of this dishonour!
Make ready my barratoes instantly,
And what I shall intend —

Cap. We are your servants. *Exeunt.* 30

[SCENE VIII. — *Tidore. Before the Palace*]

Enter Quisara, Ruy Dias

Quisar. Never tell me! You never car'd to win me;

Never for my sake to attempt a deed
Might draw me to a thought you sought my favour.

If not for love of me, for love of arms, sir,
For that cause you profess, for love of honour, s
Of which you style yourself the mighty master,
You might have stepp'd out nobly, and made an offer,

As if you had intended something excellent,
Put on a forward face —

Ruy. Dear lady, hold me —

Quisar. I hold ye, as I find ye, a faint servant. 10

Ruy. By heaven, I dare do —

Quisar. In a lady's chamber,
I dare believe ye; there's no mortal danger.
Give me the man that dares do to deserve that!
I thought you Portugals had been rare wonders,
Men of those haughty courages and credits, 15
That all things were confin'd within your promises;

The lords of fate and fortune I believ'd ye,
But well I see I am deceiv'd, Ruy Dias,
And blame, too late, my much belief.

Ruy. I am asham'd, lady, 20
I was so dull, so stupid to your offer:
Now you have once more school'd me, I am right,

And something shall be thought on suddenly,
And put in act as soon, some preparation —
Quisar. And give it out?

Ruy. Yes, lady, and so great, too; 25
In which the noise of all my countrymen —
Quisar. Those will do well, for they are all approv'd ones,

And though he be restor'd alive.

Ruy. I have ye.

Quisar. For then we are both servants.

Ruy. I conceive ye.

Good madam, give me leave to turn my fancies.

Quisar. Do, and make all things fit, and then I'll visit you. *Exit.* 31

Ruy. Myself, the cousin, and the garrison,
The neighbours of the out-isles of our nation,
Syana's strength, for I can humour him;
And proud Bakamus, I shall deceive his glory.

A shout.

What ringing sound of joy is this? whence comes it? 36

May be the princes are in sport.

Enter Pymero, Christophero

Py. Where are ye?

Ruy. Now, Pymero, what's the haste you seek me?

Py. Do you know this sign, sir?

Ruy. Ha!

Py. Do you know this emblem?
Your nose is bor'd.

Ruy. Bor'd? What's that?

Py. Y'are topp'd, sir: 40
The king's come home again, the king.

Ruy. The devil!

Py. Nay, sure, he came o' God's name home.

He's return'd, sir.

Chr. And all this joy ye hear —

Ruy. Who durst attempt him? The princes are all here

Chr. They are worthy princes, 44

They are special princes, all; they love by ounces

Believe it, sir, 't is done, and done most bravely
And easily What fortune have ye lost, sir?
What justice have ye now unto this lady?

Py. How stands your claim? That ever man should be fool'd so, 49

When he should do and prosper; stand protesting,

Kissing the hand, and farting for a favour,
When he should be about his business sweating.

She bid you go, and pick'd you out a purpose,
To make yourself a fortune by, a lady,

A lady, and a lusty one, a lovely, 55

That now you may go look; she pointed ye,
Knowing you were a man of worth and merit,

And bid you fly: you have made a fair flight on't,

You have caught a goose.

Ruy. How dare you thus molest me? *A shout.*
It cannot be.

Chr. Hark how the general joy rings! 61

¹⁴ worships: objects of worship ¹⁵ intended: intended to do ¹⁶ servant: lover ¹⁷ heaven: represented by a dash in Ff) ¹⁸ noise: report, fame ¹⁹ turn my fancies: turn over my thoughts
²⁰ topp'd: defeated ²¹ justice: claim ²² look: i.e., seek in vain ²³ pointed: appointed, chose
²⁴ molest: annoy

Py. Have you your hearing left? Is not that drunk, too?

For if you had been sober, you had been wise, sure.

Ruy. Done? Who dares do?

Py. It seems, an honest fellow, That has ended his market before you be up. 65
Chr. The shame on 't, 's a stranger, too.

Py. 'T is no shame; He took her at her word, and tied the bargain, Dealt like a man, indeed, stood not demurring, But clapp'd close to the cause, as he will do to the lady.

'Is a fellow of that speed and handsomeness, 70
He will get her with child, too, ere you shall come to know him.

Is it not brave, a gentleman scarce landed, Scarce eating of the air here, not acquainted, No circumstance of love depending on him, Nor no command to show him, must start forth, At the first sight, too —

Ruy. I am undone.

Py. Like an oyster! — 76
She neither taking view, nor value of him, Unto such deeds as these — Pox o' these, These wise delayings; they make men cowards You are undone as a man would undo an egg, 80
A hundred shames about ye

Enter Quisara, Panura, and train

Quisar. Can it be possible, A stranger that I have not known, not seen yet, A man I never grac'd, oh, captain, captain, What shall I do? I am betray'd by fortune. It cannot be, it must not be.

Py. It is, lady, 85
And, by my faith, a handsome gentleman, 'T is his poor scholar's prize.

Quisar Must I be given Unto a man I never saw, ne'er spoke with, I know not of what nation?

Py. 'Is a Portugal, And of as good a pitch — He will be giv'n to you, lady, 90
For he 's given much to handsome flesh.

Quisar. Oh, Ruy Dias, This was your sloth, your sloth, your sloth, Ruy Dias.

Py. Your love-sloth, uncle; do you find it now?

You should have done at first, and faithfully, A shout.

And then th' other had lied ready for ye; 95
Madam, the general joy comes.

Quisar. We must meet it — But with what comfort?

Enter Citizens carrying boughs, boys singing after 'em, then King, Armusia, Soza, Emanuel; the Princes and train following

Quisar. Oh, my dear brother, what a joy runs through me,
To see you safe again, yourself, and mighty, What a blest day is this!

King. Rise up, fair sister, 100
I am not welcome till you have embrac'd me.

Ruy. A general gladness, sir, flies through the city,
And mirth possesses all to see your grace arrive,

Thus happily arriv'd again, and fairly.
'T was a brave venture whose'er put for it, 105
A high and noble one, worthy much honour;
And had it fail'd, we had not fail'd, great sir,
And in short time, too, to have forc'd the governor,

In spite of all his threats, —

King. I thank ye, gentleman.

Ruy. And all his subtilities, to set you free,
With all his heart and will, too.

King. I know ye love me. 111

Py. [Aside.] This had been good with something done before it,
Something set off to beautify it.

Now it sounds empty, like a barber's basin;
Pox, there 's no metal in 't, no noble marrow.

Ba. I have an army, sir, (but that the governor, 116

The foolish fellow, was a little provident,
And wise in letting slip no time; became him, too.)

That would have scour'd him else, and all his confines;

That would have rung him such a peal —

Py. [Aside.] Yes, backward, 120
To make dogs howl. I know thee to a farthing.
Thy army 's good for hawks, there 's nothing
But sheep's hearts in it

Sy. I have done nothing, sir, therefore I think it

Convenient I say little what I purpos'd, 125
And what my love intended.

King. I like your modesty,
And thank ye, royal friends. I know it griev'd ye

To know my misery; but this man, princes, I must thank heartily, indeed, and truly,
For this man saw me in 't, and redeem'd me:
He look'd upon me sinking, and then caught me. 131

This, sister, this, this all-man, this all-valour, This pious man.

⁷⁸ eating: breathing ⁷⁴ circumstance: state, detail ⁸⁰ undo: break ⁸⁷ scholar's prize: one of the prizes offered at the fencing school ⁹⁰ pitch: degree ⁹⁵ giv'n: devoted ¹⁰⁵ put for: undertook ¹¹⁶ Convenient: fitting ¹²⁰ princes: ('Princess' F 2)

Ruy. [*Aside.*] My countenance! it shames me.

One scarce arriv'd, not harden'd yet, not read
In dangers and great deeds, seasick, not
season'd — 135

Oh, I have boy'd myself.

King. This noble bulwark,
This lance and honour of our age and kingdom,
This that I never can reward, nor hope
To be once worthy of the name of friend to:
This, this man from the bowels of my sorrows
Has new-begot my name, and once more made
me. 141

Oh, sister, if there may be thanks for this,
Or anything near recompense invented —

Arm. You are too noble, sir; there is reward,

Above my action, too, by millions; 145
A recompense so rich and glorious,
I durst not dream it mine, but that 't was
promis'd;

But that it was propounded, sworn, and seal'd
Before the face of heaven, I durst not hope it;
For nothing in the life of man or merit, 150
It is so truly great, can else embrace it.

King. O speak it, speak it, bless mine ears
to hear it,

Make me a happy man, to know it may be;
For still methinks I am a prisoner,
And feel no liberty before I find it. 155

Arm. Then know it is your sister; she is
mine, sir.

I claim her by her own word and her honour;
It was her open promise to that man
That durst redeem ye. Beauty set me on,
And fortune crowns me fair, if she receive me.

King. Receive ye, sir — why, sister — Ha!
so backward, 161

Stand as you knew me not? nor what he has
ventur'd?

My dearest sister —

Arm. Good sir, pardon me:
There is a blushing modesty becomes her,
That holds her back. Women are nice to woo,
sir; 165

I would not have her forc'd. Give her fair
liberty;

For things compell'd and frighted, of soft
natures.

Turn into fears, and fly from their own wishes.

King. Look on him, my Quisara, such
another,

Oh, all ye powers, so excellent in nature, 170
In honour so abundant! —

Quisar. I confess, sir;

Confess my word is pass'd, too, he has purchas'd;

Yet, good sir, give me leave to think; but time
To be acquainted with his worth and person,
To make me fit to know it. We are both
strangers, 175

And how we should believe so suddenly,
Or come to fasten our affections —
Alas, love has his complements.

King. Be sudden
And certain in your way, no woman's doubles,
Nor coy delays; you are his, and so assure it,
Or cast from me and my remembrance ever. 181
Ruy. Respect your word; I know you will: come,
sister,

Let's see what welcome you can give a prisoner,

And what fair looks a friend. — Oh, my most
noble

Princes, no discontents, but all be lusty! 185
He that frowns this day is an open enemy. —
Thus in my arms, my dear.

Arm. You make me blush, sir.
King. And now lead on, our whole court
crown'd with pleasure.

Ruy. [*To Quisara.*] Madam, despair not,
something shall be done yet,

And suddenly, and wisely.
Quisar. O, Ruy Dias! 190

Exeunt [*all except Pymero, Soza,
and Christophero.*]

Py. Well, he's a brave fellow, and he has
deserv'd her richly;

And you have had your hands full, I dare
swear, gentlemen.

Soz. We have done something, sir, if it hit
right

Chr. The woman has no eyes else, nor no
honesty:

So much I think.

Py. Come, let's go bounce amongst 'em,
To the king's health and my brave country-
man's 196

My uncle looks as though he were sick o' th'
worms, friends *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

[*Tidore — The Palace*]

Enter Pymiero

[*Py.*] Mine uncle haunts me up and down,
looks melancholy,

Wondrous proof-melancholy, sometimes swears,

¹³⁴ read: learned, experienced ¹³⁵ boy'd: disgraced by acting like a boy ¹³⁶ nice: difficult, fastidious ¹³⁷ him: (not in F 1) ¹³⁸ purchas'd: gained the prize ¹³⁹ complements: formal courtesies
¹⁴⁰ doubles: tricks ('woman doubles' F 2) ¹⁴¹ assure: feel certain of ¹⁴² cast: dismissed
¹⁴³ lusty: merry ¹⁴⁴ hit right: succeed ¹⁴⁵ proof-: strong

Then whistles, starts, cries, and groans, as if
 he had the bots,
 As, to say truth, I think h'as little better,
 And would fain speak; bids me good morrow
 at midnight,
 And good night when 't is noon, has something
 hovers
 About his brains, that would fain find an issue,
 But cannot out, or dares not. Still he follows.

Enter Ruy Dias

How he looks still, and how he beats about,
 Like an old dog at a dead scent! Ay, marry,
 There was a sigh would 'a set a ship a-sailing:
 These winds of love and honour blow at all
 ends.

Now speak and 't be thy will. Good morrow,
 uncle.

Ruy. Good morrow, sir.

Py. [*Aside*] This is a new salute:
 Sure h'as forgot me: — this is purblind Cupid.

Ruy. My nephew?

Py. Yes, sir, if I be not chang'd.

Ruy. I would fain speak with you

Py. I would fain have ye, sir,

For to that end I stay.

Ruy. You know I love ye,

And I have lov'd ye long, my dear Pyniero,
 Bred and supplied you

Py. [*Aside*] Whither walks this pre-
 amble?

Ruy. You may remember, though I am but
 your uncle,

I sure had a father's care, a father's tenderness.

Py. [*Aside*] Sure he would wrap me into
 something now suddenly

He doubts my nature in, for mine is honest,
 He winds about me so

Ruy. A father's diligence.

My private benefits I have forgot, sir,
 But those you might lay claim to as my fol-
 lower,

Yet some men would remember —

Py. I do daily.

Ruy. The place which I have put ye in,
 which is no weak one.

Next to myself you stand in all employments,
 Your counsels, cares, assignments with me
 equal;

So is my study still to plant your person:

These are small testimonies I have not forgot
 ye.

Nor would not be forgotten.

Py. Sure, you cannot.

Ruy. Oh, Pyniero —

Py. Sir, what hangs upon you,

What heavy weight oppresses ye? Ye have
 lost,

(I must confess) in those that understand ye,
 Some little of your credit, but time will cure
 that;

The best may slip sometimes.

Ruy. Oh, my best nephew —

Py. It may be ye fear her, too; that dis-
 turbs ye,

That she may fall herself, or be forc'd from ye.

Ruy. She is ever true, but I undone for ever.

Oh, that Armusia, that new thing, that
 stranger,

That flag stuck up to rob me of mine honour,
 That murd'ring chain-shot at me from my
 country;

That goodly plague that I must court to kill me.

Py. [*Aside*] Now it comes flowing from
 him. I fear'd this,

Knew, he that durst be idle, durst be ill, too. —
 Has he not done a brave thing?

Ruy. I must confess it, nephew, must allow
 it;

But that brave thing has undone me, has sunk
 me,

Has trod me like a name in sand, to nothing,
 Hangs betwixt hope and me, and threatens
 my ruin,

And if he rise and blaze, farewell my fortune;
 And when that 's set, where 's thy advance-
 ment, cousin?

That were a friend, that were a noble kinsman,
 That would consider these; that man were
 grateful,

And he that durst do something here, durst
 love me

Py. You say true. 'T is worth consideration;
 Your reasons are of weight, and, mark me,
 uncle,

For I 'll be sudden, and to th' purpose with you.
 Say this Armusia, then, were taken off,
 As it may be easily done, how stands the
 woman?

Ruy. She is mine for ever;

For she contemns his deed and him.

Py. [*Aside*] Pox on him.

Or if the single pox be not sufficient,
 The hog's, the dog's, the devil's pox possess
 him! —

'Faith, this Armusia stumbles me. 'T is a brave
 fellow;

And if he could be spar'd, uncle —

Ruy. I must perish.

Had he set up at any rest but this,

Done anything but what concern'd my credit,
 The everlasting losing of my worth —

¹ bots: a disease of horses ²⁰ Bred: brought up supplied: supported ²² wrap: involve, im-
 plicate ⁴⁰ ill: wicked ⁴² stumbles me: causes me to hesitate ⁷⁰ set . . . rest: played for any
 other stakes

Py. [*Aside.*] I understand you now, who set you on, too.

I had a reasonable good opinion of the devil Till this hour; and I see he is a knave, indeed, An arrant, stinking knave, for now I smell him. — 76

I'll see what may be done, then; you shall know You have a kinsman, — but no villain, uncle, Nor no betrayer of fair fame, I scorn it; I love and honour virtue. [*Aside.*] — I must have 80

Access unto the lady to know her mind, too; A good word from her mouth, you know, may stir me;

A lady's look at setting on —

Ruy. You say well, Here, cousin, here's a letter ready for you, [*Gives letter*]

And you shall see how nobly she'll receive you, 85

And with what care direct.

Py. Farewell, then, uncle. After I have talk'd with her, I am your servant, —

To make you honest if I can, else hate you [*Aside*] —

Pray ye, no more compliments, my head is busy. [*Exit Ruy Dias*]

Heaven bless me, 90

What a malicious soul does this man carry! And to what scurvy things this love converts us!

What stinking things, and how sweetly they become us!

Murder's a moral virtue with these lovers, A special piece of divinity, I take it. 95

I may be mad, or violently drunk, Which is a whelp of that litter, or I may be covetous,

And learn to murder men's estates, that's base, too;

Or proud, but that's a paradise to this; Or envious, and sit eating of myself 100

At others' fortunes, I may lie, and damnably, Beyond the patience of an honest hearer;

Cozen cutpurses, sit i' th' stocks for apples: But when I am a lover, Lord have mercy!

These are poor pelting sins, or rather plagues: Love and ambition draw the devil's coach. 106

Enter Quisana and Panura

How now! who are these? Oh, my great lady's followers,

Her riddle-founders, and her fortune-tellers. Her readers of her love-lectures, her inflamers:

These doors I must pass through, I hope they are wide. [*Aside.*] — 110

Good day to your beauties. — How they take it to 'em!

As if they were fair indeed. [*Aside.*]

Quisan. Good morrow to you, sir.

Py. [*Aside.*] That's the old hen, the brood-bird! how she bustles!

How like an inventory of lechery she looks! Many a good piece of iniquity 115

Has pass'd her hands, I warrant her. — I beseech you,

Is the fair princess stirring?

Pan. Yes, marry, is she, sir, But somewhat private: have you a business with her?

Py. Yes, forsooth, have I, and a serious business

Pan. May not we know?

Py. Yes, when you can keep counsel. 120

Pan. How prettily he looks! he's a soldier, sure,

His rudeness sits so handsomely upon him.

Quisan. A good, blunt gentleman.

Py. Yes, marry, am I: Yet for a push or two at sharp, and 't please you —

Pan. My honest friend, you know not who you speak to 125

This is the princess's aunt.

Py. I like her the better And she were her mother, lady, or her grandmother,

I am not so bashful, but I can buckle with her.

Pan. Of what size is your business?

Py. Of the long sixteens, And will make way, I warrant ye

Pan. How fine he talks! 130

Py. Nay, in troth, I talk but coarsely, lady, But I hold it comfortable for the understanding — [*Aside*]

How fain they would draw me into ribaldry! These wenches that live easily, live high,

And love these broad discourses, as they love possets, 135

These dry delights serve for preparatives.

Pan. Why do you look so on me?

Py. I am guessing By the cast of your face, what the property of your place should be,

For I presume you turn a key, sweet beauty, And you another, gravity, under the princess,

And by my soul I warrant ye good places, 141 Comely commodious seats.

⁸⁸ care: ('dare' F 2) ¹⁰⁸ for: for stealing ¹⁰⁵ pelting: paltry ¹¹⁸ have you: ('you have' F 2)
¹²⁴ push: thrust at sharp: with sharp weapons ¹²⁷ And: if ¹²⁸ buckle: cope ¹²⁹ long sixteens:
 large size (of shoes) ¹³⁰ make way: travel far ¹³⁵ possets: sweet drinks of milk, wine, etc. ¹³⁸ prop-
 erty: nature ¹⁴¹ soul: (represented by a dash in Ff) ¹⁴² seats: ('feates' F 1)

Quisan.

Prithee, let him talk still.
For methinks he talks handsomely.

Py.

And truly,
As near as my understanding shall enable me.
You look as if you kept my lady's secrets: 145
Nay, do not laugh, for I mean honestly. —
How these young things tattle, when they get
a toy by th' end!

And how their hearts go pit-a-pat, and look
for it!

Would it not dance, too, if it had a fiddle?

[Aside]—

Your gravity, I guess, to take the petitions, 150
And hear the ling'ring suits in love dispos'd,
Their sighs and sorrows in their proper place,
You keep the "Ay, me!" office

Quisan.

Prithee, suffer him,
For, as I live, he is a pretty fellow;
I love to hear sometimes what men think of
us: 155

And thus deliver'd freely, 't is no malice.

Proceed, good, honest man.

Py.

I will, good madam.
According to men's states and dignities,
Moneys and moveables, you rate their dreams,
And cast the nativity of their desires. 160
If he reward well, all he thinks is prosperous,
And if he promise place, his dreams are oracles,
Your ancient, practise art, too, in these discoveries, —

Who loves at such a length, who a span farther
And who draws home, — yields you no little
profit, 165

For these ye milk by circumstance.

Quisan

Ye are cunning

Py.

And as they oil ye, and advance your
spindle,
So you draw out the lines of love Your doors,
too,

The doors of destiny, that men must pass
through,

These are fair places.

Pan.

He knows all

Py.

Your trap-doors, 170
To pop fools in at, that have no providence;
Your little wickets, to work wise men, like
wires, through at,
And draw their states and bodies into cobwebs,
Your postern-doors, to catch those that are
cautious,
And would not have the world's eye find their
knaveries, 175
Your doors of danger, (some men hate a
pleasure,
Unless that may be full of fears); your hope-
doors,

And those are fine commodities, where fools
pay

For every new encouragement a new custom.
You have your doors of honour and of pleasure;
But those are for great princes, glorious
vanities, 181

That travail to be famous through diseases.
There be the doors of poverty and death, too:
But these you do the best you can to dam up,
For then your gain goes out.

Quisan.

This is a rare lecture. 185

Py.

Read to them that understand.

Pan

Beshrew me,

I dare not venture on ye; ye cut too keen, sir.

Quisan.

We thank you, sir, for your good
mirth,

You are a good companion.

Here comes the princess now, attend your busi-
ness. 190

Enter Quisara

Quisan. Is there no remedy, no hopes can
help me?

No wit to set me free? Who 's there, ho?

Quisan Troubled?

Her looks are almost wild: what ails the prin-
cess?

I know nothing she wants.

Quisan. Who 's that there with you? 195

Oh, Signior Pyniero? you are most welcome.

How does your noble uncle?

Py.

Sad as you are, madam:

But he commends his service, and this letter.

*[Gives letter.]**Quisan.* *[To Quisan. and Pan.]* Go off;

attend within. — Fair sir, I thank ye,

Pray be no stranger, for indeed you are wel-
come, 200

For your own virtues, welcome

Quisan.

We are mistaken,

This is some brave fellow, sure.

Pan.

I 'm sure he 's a bold fellow:
But if she hold him so, we must believe it.

*Exeunt [Quisara and Panura].**Quisan.* Do you know of this, fair sir?*Py.*

I guess it, madam,

And whither it intends. I had not brought it
else. 205

Quisan. It is a business of no common reck-
oning.

Py. The handsomer for him that goes about
it.

Slight actions are rewarded with slight thanks:
Give me a matter of some weight to wade in.

Quisan. And can you love your uncle so
directly, 210

¹⁴⁶ honestly: decently ¹⁴⁷ toy: trifle ¹⁵² suffer: allow freedom to ¹⁶⁰ nativity: horoscope

¹⁶⁸ practise: cunning ¹⁷¹ at: ('it' Ff) ¹⁷⁵ providence: foresight ¹⁷⁸ states: estates ¹⁷⁴ cautious:
cautious ¹⁸² travail: ('travel' Ff) ²⁰⁵ intends: tends

So seriously, and so full, to undertake this?
Can there be such a faith?

Py. Dare you say "ay" to it,
And set me on? 'Tis no matter for my uncle,
Or what I owe to him, dare you but wish it.

Quisar. I would fain —

Py. Have it done; say but so, lady. 215

Quisar. Conceive it so.

Py. I will, 't is that I am bound to:
Your will that must command me, and your
pleasure,
The fair aspects of those eyes that must direct
me.

I am no uncle's agent, I am mine own, lady;
I scorn my able youth should plough for others,
Or my ambition serve for pay. I am, 221
Although I never hit, as high as any man,
And the reward I reach at shall be equal,
And what love spurs me on to. This desire
Makes me forget an honest man, a brave man,
A valiant, and a virtuous man, my country-
man, 226

Armusia, the delight of all, the minion.
This love of you, doting upon your beauty,
The admiration of your excellence,
Make me but servant to the poorest smile, 230
Or the least grace you have bestow'd on others,
And see how suddenly I'll work your safety,
And set your thoughts at peace I am no
flatterer,

To promise infinitely, and out-dream dangers;
To lie abed, and swear men into fevers, 235
Like some of your trim suitors; when I
promise,

The light is not more constant to the world,
Than I am to my word — She turns, for mil-
lions [Aside.]

Quisar. [Aside] I have not seen a braver
confirm'd courage.

Py. [Aside.] For a tun of crowns she turns:
she is a woman, 240

And much I fear, a worse than I expected —
You are the object, lady, you are the eye
In which all excellence appears, all wonder,
From which all hearts take fire, all hands their
valour:

And when he stands disputing, when you bid
him, 245

Or but thinks of his estate, father, mother,
Friends, wife, and children, h' is a fool, and I
scorn him, —

And 't be but to make clean his sword, a
coward.

Men have forgot their fealty to beauty.
Had I the place in your affections 250
My most unworthy uncle is fit to fall from,
Liv'd in those blessed eyes, and read the stories

Of everlasting pleasures figur'd there,
I would find out your commands before you
thought 'em,
And bring 'em to you done, ere you dreamt of
'em. 255

Quisar. [Aside.] I admire his boldness.

Py. This, or anything;
Your brother's death, mine uncle's, any man's,
No state that stands secure, if you frown on it.
Look on my youth, I bring no blastings to you
The first flower of my strength, my faith.

Quisar. No more, sir. 260
I am too willing to believe; rest satisfi'd,
If you dare do for me, I shall be thankful.
You are a handsome gentleman, a fair one,
My servant, if you please; I seal it thus, sir.

[Kisses him.]

No more, till you deserve more

Py. I am rewarded. — 265

Exit [Quisara].

This woman's cunning, but she's bloody, too;
Although she pulls her talons in, she's mis-
chievous;

Form'd like the face of heaven, clear and trans-
parent

I must pretend still, bear 'em both in hopes,
For fear some bloody slave thrust in, indeed,
Fashion'd and flesh'd to what they wish.

Well, uncle, 271

What will become of this, and what dishonour
Follow this fatal shaft, if shot, let time tell.
I can but only fear, and strive to cross it. *Exit.*

[SCENE II. — *The Same. Another Room in the
Palace*]

Enter Armusia, Emanuel, and Soza

Em. Why are you thus sad? What can
grieve or vex you

That have the pleasures of the world, the
profits,

The honour, and the loves at your disposes?
Why should a man that wants nothing, want
his quiet?

Arm. I want what beggars are above me in,
content; 5

I want the grace I have merited, the favour,
The due respect.

Soz. Does not the king allow it?

Arm. Yes, and all honours else, all I can
ask,

That he has power to give; but from his sister,
The scornful cruelty, — forgive me, beauty, 10
That I transgress! — from her that should
look on me,

That should a little smile upon my service,
And foster my deserts for her own faith's sake;

²¹¹ aspects: look ²¹⁷ all, the minion: ('all the minions' Ff) ²⁴⁸ And 't be: i.e., though he delay
²⁶⁴ servant: lover ²⁷¹ flesh'd: initiated ² disposes: disposal

That should at least acknowledge me, speak to me.

Soz. And you go whining up and down for this, sir? ¹⁵

Lamenting and disputing of your grievances? Sighing and sobbing like a sullen schoolboy, And cursing good-wife fortune for this favour?

Arm. What would you have me do?

Soz. Do what you should do, What a man would do in this case, a wise man, An understanding man that knows a woman, ²¹ Knows her and all her tricks, her scorns, and all her trifles:

Go to her, and take her in your arms, and shake her,

Take her and toss her like a bar.

Em. But be sure you pitch her upon a feather-bed, ²⁵

Shake her between a pair of sheets, sir; there shake

These sullen fits out of her, spare her not there; There you may break her will, and bruise no bone, sir.

Soz. Go to her —

Em. That 's the way.

Soz. And tell her, and boldly, And do not mince the matter, nor mock yourself, ³⁰

With being too indulgent to her pride:

Let her hear roundly from ye what ye are, And what ye have deserv'd, and what she must be.

Em. And be not put off like a common fellow,

With "The princess would be private," ³⁵ Or that she has taken physic, and admits none: I would talk to her anywhere.

Arm. It makes me smile.

Em. Now you look handsomely.

Had I a wench to win, I would so flutter her! They love a man that crushes 'em to verjuice; ⁴⁰

A woman held at hard meat is your spaniel.

Soz. Pray take our council, sir

Arm. I shall do something,

But not your way; it shows too boisterous, For my affections are as fair and gentle, As her they serve.

Enter King

Soz. The king.

King. Why, how now, friend? ⁴⁵

Why do you rob me of the company I love so dearly, sir? I have been seeking you; For when I want you, I want you all my pleasure. Why sad? thus sad still, man? I will not have it; I must not see the face I love thus shadow'd. ⁵⁰

¹⁵ disputing of: discussing ²² trifles: whims
³⁰ pliment: formal politeness ⁴⁰ Because: so that

Em. And 't please your grace, methinks it ill becomes him:

A soldier should be jovial, high and lusty.

King. He shall be so. Come, come, I know your reason,

It shall be none to cross you, ye shall have her; Take my word, ('t is a king's word) ye shall have her; ⁵⁵

She shall be yours or nothing, pray be merry.

Arm. Your grace has given me cause; I shall be, sir,

And ever your poor servant

King. Me, myself, sir, My better self I shall find time, and suddenly, To gratify your loves, too, gentlemen, ⁶⁰ And make you know how much I stand bound to you

Nay, 't is not worth your thanks, no further compliment.

Will you go with me, friend?

Arm. I beseech your grace, Spare me an hour or two, I shall wait on you; Some little private business with myself, sir, ⁶⁵ For such a time.

King. I 'll hinder no devotion,

For I know you are regular. I 'll take you, gentlemen,

Because he shall have nothing to disturb him. I shall look for you, friend.

Arm. I dare not fail, sir. —

Exeunt Manet Armusia.

What shall I do to make her know my misery? ⁷⁰

Enter Panura

To make her sensible? This is her woman:

I have a toy come to me suddenly.

It may work for the best, she can but scorn me, And lower than I am, I cannot tumble

I 'll try, whate'er my fate be. [*Aside.*]

— Good even, fair one. ⁷⁵

Pan. [*Aside*] 'T is the brave stranger. — A good night to you, sir, —

Now by my lady's hand, a goodly gentleman! How happy shall she be in such a husband!

Would I were so provided, too [*Aside*]

Arm. Good pretty one,

Shall I keep you company for an hour or two? I want employment for this evening. ⁸¹

I am an honest man.

Pan. I dare believe ye;

Or if ye were not, sir, that 's no great matter; We take men's promises. Would ye stay with me, sir?

Arm. So it please you, pray let 's be better acquainted, ⁸⁵

I know you are the princess's gentlewoman, And wait upon her near.

²² roundly: plainly ⁴⁰ shows: seems ⁶⁰ com-
⁷⁰ you, friend: ('your friend' Ff) ⁷⁵ toy: fancy

Pan. 'T is like I do so.

Arm. And may befriend a man, do him fair courtesies,
If he have business your way.

Pan. I understand ye.

Arm. So kind an office, that you may bind a gentleman, 90

Hereafter to be yours, and your way, too;

And ye may bless the hour you did this benefit:

Sweet, handsome faces should have courteous minds,

And ready faculties.

Pan. Tell me your business,

Yet if I think it be to her, yourself, sir, — 95

For I know what you are, and what we hold ye,

And in what grace ye stand, — without a second,

For that but darkens, you would do it better.

The princess must be pleas'd with your accesses;

I'm sure I should.

Arm. I want a courtier's boldness, 100
And am yet but a stranger. I would fain speak with her.

Pan. 'T is very late, and upon her hour of sleep, sir.

Arm. Pray ye wear this, [*Gives a Jewel.*]
and believe my meaning civil,

My business of that fair respect and carriage
This for our more acquaintance. [*Kisses her.*]

Pan. [*Aside*] How close he kisses! And how sensible 106

The passings of his lips are! I must do it,
And I were to be hang'd now, and I will do it.

He may do as much for me, that 's all I am at;
And come what will on 't, life or death, I 'll do it, 110

For ten such kisses more, and 't were high treason.

Arm. I would be private with her

Pan. So you shall;

'T is not worth thanks else. You must dispatch quick

Arm. Suddenly.

Pan. And I must leave you in my chamber, sir, 115

Where you must lock yourself that none may see you;

'T is close to her, you cannot miss the entrance,
When she comes down to bed.

Arm. I understand ye,

And once more thank ye, lady.

Pan. Thank me but thus.

Arm. If I fail thee —

Come, close, then. *Exeunt.* 120

[SCENE III. — *The Same. A Bed-chamber in the Palace*]

Enter Quisara and Quisana

Quisar. 'T is late; good aunt, to bed; I am ev'n unready,

My woman will not be long away.

Quisana. I would have you A little merrier first. Let me sit by ye,
And read or discourse something that ye fancy,
Or take my instrument.

Quisar. No, no, I thank you, 5
I shall sleep without these. I wrong your age, aunt,

To make ye wait thus; pray let me intreat ye.

To-morrow I 'll see ye, I know y' are sleepy,
And rest will be a welcome guest You shall not,

Indeed, you shall not stay Oh, here's my woman. 10

Enter Panura

Good night, good night, and good rest, aunt, attend you

Quisan. Sleep dwell upon your eyes, and fair dreams court ye [*Exit*]

Quisar. Come, where have you been, wench? make me unready,

I slept but ill last night.

Pan. You 'll sleep the better I hope to-night, madam

Quisar. A little rest contents me, 15
Thou lovest thy bed, Panura

Pan. I am not in love, lady,
Nor seldom dream of devils, I sleep soundly

Quisar. I 'll swear thou dost. thy husband would not take it so well,

If thou wert married, wench

Pan. Let him take, madam,
The way to waken me, I am no dormouse 20
Husbands have 'larum bells, if they but ring once

Quisar. Thou art a merry wench.

Pan. I shall live the longer.

Quisar. Pristhee fetch my book

Pan. [*Aside*] I am glad of that.

Quisar. I 'll read awhile before I sleep.

Pan. I will, madam.

Quisar. And if Ruy Dias meet you, and be importunate, 25

He may come in.

Pan. [*Aside.*] I have a better fare for you;
Now least in sight play I. *Exit.*

Quisar. Why should I love him?

Why should I dote upon a man deserves not,

⁸⁷ like: probable ¹⁰⁴ respect: quality ^{carriage}: import ¹⁰⁶ sensible: capable of stirring
emotion ¹ unready: undressed ¹⁸ to-night: ('too night' F 1; 'no night' F 2)

Enter Armusia, locks the door

Nor has no will to work it? Who's there,
wench?

What are you? or whence come you?

Arm. Ye may know me, 30
I bring not such amazement, noble lady.

Quisar. Who let you in?

Arm. My restless love that serves ye.

Quisar. This is an impudence I have not
heard of,

A rudeness that becomes a thief or ruffian;
Nor shall my brother's love protect this bold-
ness, 35

You build so strongly on My rooms are
sanctuaries,

And with that reverence, they that seek my
favours,

And humble fears, shall render their approaches.

Arm. Mine are no less.

Quisar. I am mistress of myself, sir,
And will be so, I will not be thus visited. 40

These fears and dangers thrust into my privacy.
Stand further off, I'll cry out else

Arm. Oh, dear lady!

Quisar. I see dishonour in your eyes.

Arm. There is none:

By all that beauty, they are innocent!

Pray ye, tremble not, you have no cause 45

Quisar. I'll die first,
Before you have your will, be torn in pieces:

The little strength I have left me to resist
you,

The gods will give me more, before I am forc'd
To that I hate, or suffer —

Arm. You wrong my duty. 50

Quisar. So base a violation of my liberty?
I know you are bent unnobly, I'll take to me
The spirit of a man, borrow his boldness,
And force my woman's fears into a madness,
And ere you arrive at what you aim at —

Arm. Lady, [*Kneels*] 55
If there be in you any woman's pity,
And if your fears have not proclaim'd me mon-
strous;

Look on me, and believe me Is this violence?
Is it to fall thus prostrate to your beauty,
A ruffian's boldness? Is humility a rudeness? 60
The griefs and sorrows that grow here an im-
pudence?

These forcings, and these fears I bring along
with me,

These impudent abuses offer'd ye?
And thus high has your brother's favour
blown me:

Alas, dear lady of my life, I came not 65
With any purpose, rough or desperate,

With any thought that was not smooth and
gentle

As your fair hand, with any doubt or danger!
Far be it from my heart to fright your quiet;

A heavy curse light on it, when I intend it! 70
Quisar. Now I dare hear you.

Arm. If I had been mischievous,
As then I must be mad, or were a monster,
If any such base thought had harbour'd here,
Or any violence that became not man,
You have a thousand bulwarks to assure
you. 75

The holy powers bear shields to defend chastity;
Your honour and your virtues are such ar-
mours,

Your clear thoughts such defences. If you mis-
doubt still

And yet retain a fear I am not honest,
Come with impure thoughts to this place, 80
[*Offers his sword.*]

Take this, and sheath it here, be your own
safety,

Be wise, and rid your fears, and let me perish:
How willing shall I sleep to satisfy you!

Quisar. No, I believe now, you speak
worthily,

What came you, then, for?

Arm. To complain me, beauty, 85
But modestly.

Quisar. Of what?

Arm. Of your fierce cruelty,
For though I die, I will not blame the doer;
Humbly to tell your grace, ye had forgot me;
A little to have touch'd at, not accus'd,
For that I dare not do, your scorns, — pray
pardon me 90

And be not angry that I use the liberty
To urge that word; a little to have show'd you
What I have been, and what done to deserve ye;
If anything that love commands may reach
ye,

To have remember'd ye, but I am unworthy, 95
And to that misery falls all my fortunes,
To have told ye, and, by my life, ye may be-
lieve me,

That I am honest, and will only marry
You, or your memory: pray be not angry.

Quisar. I thank you, sir, and let me tell you
seriously, 100

Ye have taken now the right way to befriend ye,
And to beget a fair and clear opinion;
Yet, to try your obedience —

Arm. I stand ready, lady,
Without presuming to ask anything.

Quisar. Or at this time to hope for further
favour; 105

Or to remember services or smiles,

⁸⁰ duty: reverence ⁷⁴ any: (not in Ff)

⁹⁵ remember'd: reminded

⁸¹ here: i.e., in his breast ⁸² rid: remove, destroy

Dangers you have pass'd through, and rewards
due to 'em;
Loves or despairs, but leaving all to me,
Quit this place presently.

Arm. I shall obey ye.

Enter Ruy Dias

Ruy. Ha?

Arm. Who 's this? — What art thou?

Ruy. A gentleman. 110

Arm. Thou art no more, I 'm sure. — Oh,
't is Ruy Dias;

How high he looks, and harsh! [*Aside.*]

Ruy. Is there not door enough,
You take such elbow room?

Arm. If I take it, I 'll carry it.

Ruy. Does this become you, princess?

Arm. The captain 's jealous,
Jealous of that he never durst deserve yet. 115
Go freely, go; I 'll give thee leave.

Ruy. Your leave, sir?

Arm. Yes, my leave, sir. I 'll not be
troubled neither,

Nor shall my heart ache, or my head be jealous,
Nor strange suspicious thoughts reign in my
memory;

Go on, and do thy worst; I 'll smile at thee — 120
I kiss your fair hand first, then farewell, cap-
tain. *Exit.*

Quisar [*Aside*] What a pure soul inherits
here! what innocence!

Sure I was blind when I first lov'd this fellow,
And long'd to live in that fog still: how he
blusters!

Ruy. Am I your property? or those your
flatteries, 125

The banquets that ye bid me to, the trust
I build my goodly hopes on?

Quisar Be more temperate

Ruy. Are these the shows of your respect and
favour?

What did he here, what language had he with ye?
Did ye invite him? could ye stay no longer? 130
Is he so gracious in your eye?

Quisar. You are too forward.

Ruy. Why, at these private hours? —

Quisar. You are too saucy,

Too impudent. to task me with those errors
Do ye know what I am, sir, and my prerogative?
Though you be a thing I have call'd by th'
name of friend, 135

I never taught you to dispose my liberty;
How durst you touch mine honour? blot my
meanings?

And name an action, and of mine, but noble?
Thou poor unworthy thing, how have I grac'd
thee!

How have I nourish'd thee, and rais'd thee
hourly! 140

Are these the gratitudes you bring, Ruy Dias?
The thanks? the services? I am fairly paid.

Was 't not enough I saw thou wert a coward,
And shadow'd thee? no noble sparkle in thee?
Daily provok'd thee, and still found thee cow-
ard? 145

Rais'd noble causes for thee, strangers started at,
Yet still, still, still a coward, ever coward;

And with those tants, dost thou upbraid my
virtues?

Ruy. I was to blame, lady.

Quisar. So blindly bold to touch at my be-
haviour? 150

Durst thou but look amiss at my allowance?
If thou hadst been a brave fellow, thou hadst
had some license,

Some liberty I might have then allow'd thee
For thy good face, some scope to have argued
with me;

But being nothing but a sound, a shape, 155
The mere sign of a soldier, of a lover,

The dregs and draffy part, disgrace and jealousy,
I scorn thee, and condemn thee.

Ruy Dearest lady,

If I have been too free —

Quisar. Thou hast been too foolish,
And go on still; I 'll study to forget thee 160
I would I could, and yet I pity thee. *Exit*

Ruy. I am not worth it; if I were, that 's
misery.

The next door is but death, I must aim at it.
Exit.

Actus Quartus. — Scæna Prima.

[*The Same. — A Room in the Palace*]

Enter King and Governor, like a Moor-Priest

King. So far and truly you have discover'd
to me

The former currents of my life and fortune,
That I am bound to acknowledge ye most holy,
And certainly to credit your predictions,
Of what are yet to come

Gov I am no liar. — 5

'T is strange I should, and live so near a neigh-
bour;

But these are not my ends. [*Aside.*]

¹²⁴ long'd: ('long' Ff) ¹²⁸ respect: esteem ¹³⁰ him: (not in Ff) ^{stay}: wait ¹³⁸ task: tax
¹²⁶ dispose: control ¹²⁷ blot: tarnish ^{meanings}: intents, purposes ¹⁴⁴ shadow'd: protected
¹⁴⁶ provok'd: incited ¹⁵¹ allowance: approbation ¹⁵⁷ draffy part: lees ^{S D} Moor: Moor-
ish ¹ discover'd: revealed ⁶ 'T is . . . should: s e, it would be strange if I did not know these
facts

King. Pray ye, sit, good father. —
Certain a reverend man, and most religious.

[*Aside.*]

Gov. [*Aside.*] Ay, that belief's well now,
and let me work, then;
I'll make ye curse religion ere I leave ye. — 10
I have liv'd a long time, son, a mew'd-up man,
Sequester'd by the special hand of heaven
From the world's vanities, bid farewell to
follies,

And shook hands with all heats of youth and
pleasures.

As in a dream these twenty years I have
slumber'd, 15

Many a cold moon have I, in meditation
And searching out the hidden wills of heaven,
Lain shaking under, many a burning sun
Has sear'd my body, and boil'd up my blood,
Feeb'd my knees, and stamp'd a meagreness 20
Upon my figure, all to find out knowledge,
Which I have now attain'd to, thanks to
heaven,

All for my country's good, too: and many a
vision,

Many a mystic vision have I seen, son.
And many a sight from heaven, which has been
terrible, 25

Wherem the goods and evils of these islands
Were lively shadow'd, many a charge I have
had, too,

Still as the time grew ripe to reveal these,
To travel and discover. now I am come, son,
The hour is now appointed, my tongue is
touch'd, 30

And now I speak.

King Do, holy man, I'll hear ye.

Gov. Beware these Portugals; I say be-
ware 'em,

These smooth-fac'd strangers; have an eye
upon 'em.

The cause is now the God's; hear, and believe,
king

King. I do hear, but before I give rash
credit, 35

Or hang too light on belief, which is a sin,
father,

Know I have found 'em gentle, faithful, valiant,
And am in my particular bound to 'em,
I mean to some, for my most strange deliver-
ance.

Gov. Oh, son, the future aims of men, ob-
serve me, 40

Above their present actions, and their glory,
Are to be look'd at. The stars show many
turnings,

If you could see; mark but with my eyes, pupil.

11 mew'd-: shut 17 lively: vividly 18 in . . particular: personally 40 observe: give heed
to 40 to th' rate: according to the standard 51 pin: mark in centre of a target 51 when:
('then' F 1)

These men came hither, as my vision tells me,
Poor, weather-beaten, almost lost, starv'd,
feebled, 45

Their vessels like themselves, most miserable;
Made a long suit for traffic, and for comfort,
To vent their children's toys, cure their dis-
eases:

They had their suit, they landed, and to th' rate
Grew rich and powerful, suck'd the fat and
freedom 50

Of this most blessed isle, taught her to tremble.
Witness the castle here, the citadel,

They have clapp'd upon the neck of your Ti-
dore,

This happy town, till that she knew these
strangers,

To check her when she's jolly.

King. They have so, indeed, father. 55

Gov. Take heed, take heed, I find your fair
delivery,

Though you be pleas'd to glorify that fortune,
And think these strangers gods, take heed, I
say,

I find it but a handsome preparation,
A fair-fac'd prologue to a further mischief: 60

Mark but the end, good king, the pin he
shoots at,

That was the man deliver'd ye, the mirror!
Your sister is his due; what's she? your heir,
sir

And what's he akin, then, to the kingdom?
But hers are not ambitious; who then suffers?
What reverence shall the gods have? and what
justice 66

The miserable people? what shall they do?

King. [*Aside.*] He points at truth directly.

Gov. Think of these, son:
The person, nor the manner I mislike not

Of your preserver, nor the whole man to-
gether, 70

Were he but season'd in the faith we are,

In our devotions learn'd.

King You say right, father.

Gov. To change our worships now, and our
religion?

To be traitor to our God?

King. You have well advis'd me,
And I will seriously consider, father. 75

In the mean time you shall have your fair access
Unto my sister: advise her to your purpose,
And let me still know how the gods determine.

Gov. I will. — But my main end is to ad-
vise

The destruction of you all, a general ruin; 80
And when I am reveng'd, let the gods whistle.

[*Aside.*] *Exeunt.*

[SCENE II. — *The Same. Before the Palace*]*Enter Ruy Dias and Pyniero*

Ruy. Indeed, I am right glad ye were not greedy,
And sudden in performing what I will'd you
Upon the person of Armusia.
I was afraid, for I well knew your valour,
And love to me.

Py. 'T was not a fair thing, uncle, 5
It show'd not handsome, carried no man in it.

Ruy. I must confess 't was ill; and I abhor it;
Only this good has risen from this evil,
I have tried your honesty, and find it proof, 10
A constancy that will not be corrupted,
And I much honour it.

Py. This bell sounds better.
Ruy. My anger now, and that disgrace I
have suffer'd.

Shall be more manly vented, and wip'd off,
And my sick honour cur'd the right and straight
way;

My sword's in my hand now, nephew, my cause
upon it, 15

And man to man, one valour to another,
My hope to his.

Py. Why, this is like Ruy Dias!
This carries something of some substance in it;
Some mettle and some man, this sounds a
gentleman;

And now methinks ye utter what becomes
ye. 20

To kill men scurvily, 't is such a dog-trick,
Such a rat-catcher's occupation —

Ruy. It is no better. But, Pyniero, now —
Py. Now you do bravely.

Ruy. The difference of our states flung by,
forgotten,

The full opinion I have won in service, 25
And such respects that may not show us equal,
Laid handsomely aside, only our fortunes,
And single manhoods —

Py. In a service, sir,
Of this most noble nature, all I am,
If I had ten lives more, those and my for-
tunes 30

Are ready for ye. I had thought ye had
Forsworn fighting, or banish'd those brave
thoughts

Were wont to wait upon you; I am glad
To see 'em call'd home again.

Ruy. They are, nephew,
And thou shalt see what fire they carry in
them. 35

Here, you guess what this means?

Shows a challenge.

* man: manliness * it: (not in Ff) proof: of proved strength ** you: ('I' F 1) *** Curry:
cut up (a technical hunting term) 67 makes one: is present

Py. Yes, very well, sir;
A portion of Scripture that puzzles many an
interpreter.

Ruy. As soon as you can find him —

Py. That will not be long, uncle,
And o' my conscience he 'll be ready as quickly.

Ruy. I make no doubt, good nephew. Carry
it so, 40

If you can possible, that we may fight —

Py. Nay you shall fight, assure yourself.

Ruy. Pray ye, hear me —
In some such place where it may be possible
The princess may behold us.

Py. I conceive ye;
Upon the sand behind the castle, sir, 45
A place remote enough, and there be windows
Out of her lodgings, too, or I am mistaken.

Ruy. Y'are i' th' right If ye can work
that handsomely —

Py. Let me alone, and pray, be you pre-
par'd
Some three hours hence.

Ruy. I will not fail.

Py. Get you home, 50
And if you have any things to dispose of,
Or a few light prayers

That may befriend you, run 'em over quickly.
I warrant I 'll bring him on.

Ruy. Farewell, nephew,
And when we meet again —

Py. Ay, ay, fight handsomely; 55
Take a good draught or two of wine to settle ye.

[*Exit Ruy Dias*]
'T is an excellent armour for an ill conscience,
uncle

I am glad to see this man's conversion,
I was afraid fair honour had been bed-rid,
Or beaten out o' th' island, soldiers, and good
ones, 60

Intended such base courses He will fight now;
And, I believe, too, bravely; I have seen him
Curry a fellow's carcass handsomely;

And, in the head of a troop, stand as if he had
been rooted there,

Dealing large doles of death. What a rascal
was I, 65

I did not see his will drawn!

Enter Quisara

What does she here?
If there be any mischief towards, a woman
makes one still —

Now what new business is for me?

Quisara. I was sending for ye,
But since we have met so fair, you have sav'd
that labour:

I must intreat you, sir —

Py. Anything, madam, 70
Your wills are my commands.

Quisar. Y' are nobly courteous.
Upon my better thoughts, Signior Pyniero,
And my more peaceable considerations,
Which now I find the richer ornaments,
I would desire you to attempt no farther 75
Against the person of the noble stranger, —
In truth, I am asham'd of my share in 't;
Nor be incited farther by your uncle.
I see it will sit ill upon your person;
I have consider'd, and it will show ugly, 80
Carried at best, a most unheard-of cruelty;
Good sir, desist —

Py. You speak now like a woman,
And wondrous well this tenderness becomes ye,
But this you must remember, — your command
Was laid on with a kiss, and seriously 85
It must be taken off the same way, madam,
Or I stand bound still.

Quisar. That shall not endanger ye.
Look ye, fair sir, thus I take off that duty.

[*Kisses him.*]

Py. [*Aside*] By th' mass 't was soft and
sweet! Some bloods would bound now,
And run a-tit — Do not you think, bright
beauty, 90
You have done me in this kiss a mighty favour,
And that I stand bound, by virtue of this
honour,
To do whatever you command me?

Quisar. I think, sir,
From me these are unusual courtesies,
And ought to be respected so There are 95
some,
And men of no mean rank, would hold them-
selves

Not poorly bless'd to taste of such a bounty.

Py. I know there are, that would do many
unjust things

For such a kiss (and yet I hold this modest) —
All villainies, body and soul, dispense with, 100
For such a provocation, kill their kindred,
Demolish the fair credits of their parents,
Those kisses I am not acquainted with Most
certain, madam,

The appurtenance of this kiss would not pro-
voke me

To do a mischief; 't is the devil's own dance, 105
To be kiss'd into cruelty

Quisar. I am glad you make that use, sir.

Py. I am gladder
That you made me believe you were cruel,
For, by this hand, I know I am so honest,
However I deceiv'd ye, ('t was high time, too, 110
Some common slave might have been set upon
it else,)

That willingly I would not kill a dog
That could but fetch and carry for a woman.
She must be a good woman made me kick him,
And that will be hard to find, to kill a man, 115
If you will give me leave to get another,
Or any she that play'd the best game at it,
And 'fore a woman's anger, prefer her fancy.

Quisar. I take it in you well

Py. I thank ye, lady,
And I shall study to confirm it.

Quisar. Do, sir, 120
For this time, and this present cause, I allow it.
[*Exit Pyniero.*]

Enter Governor, Quisana, and Panura

Most holy sir.

Gov. Bless ye, my royal daughter,
And in you, bless this island, heaven.

Quisar. Good aunt,
What think ye of this man?

Quisar. Sure, h' is a wise man,
And a religious. He tells us things have
happen'd 125

So many years ago, almost forgotten,
As readily as if they were done this hour.

Quisar. Does he not meet with your sharp
tongue?

Pan. He tells me, madam,
Marriage, and mouldy cheese will make me
tamer.

Gov. A stubborn keeper, and worse fare, 130
An open stable, and cold care,
Will tame a jade, may be your share.

Pan. By 'r lady, a sharp prophet! When
this proves good,

I 'll bequeath you a skin to make ye a hood.

Gov. Lady, I would talk with you.

Quisar. Do, reverend sir. 135

Gov. And for your good, for that that must
concern ye;

And give ear wisely to me.

Quisar. I shall, father.

Gov. You are a princess of that excellence,
Sweetness, and grace, that angel-like fair fea-
ture, —

Nay, do not blush, I do not flatter you, 140
Nor do I dote in telling this, — I am amaz'd,
lady,

And as I think the gods bestow'd these on ye,
The gods that love ye.

Quisar. I confess their bounty.
Gov. Apply it, then, to their use, to their
honour.

To them and to their service give this sweet-
ness; 145

They have an instant great use of your good-
ness;

⁹² I stand: ('Island' F 2) ¹⁰⁰ dispense with: consent to ¹⁰⁷ use: interpretation ¹¹⁵⁻¹¹⁸ (These lines are apparently corrupt.)

You are a saint esteem'd here for your beauty,
And many a longing heart —

Quisar. I seek no fealty.
Nor will I blemish that heaven has seal'd on
me.

I know my worth. Indeed the Portugals 150
I have at those commands, and their last serv-
ices,

Nay, even their lives, so much I think my hand-
someness,

That what I shall enjoin —

Gov. Use it discreetly.
For I perceive ye understand me rightly,
For here the gods regard your help, and
suddenly; 155

The Portugals, like sharp thorns (mark me,
lady)

Stick in our sides, like razors wound religion,
Draw deep; they wound till the life-blood
follows.

Our gods they spurn at, and their worships
scorn,

A mighty hand they bear upon our govern-
ment: 160

These are the men your miracle must work on,
Your heavenly form, either to root them out,
(Which, as you may endeavour, will be easy;
Remember whose great cause you have to ex-
ecute.)

To nip their memory, that may not spring
more, 165

Or fairly bring 'em home to our devotions,
Which will be blessed, and, for which, you
sainted, —

But cannot be; and they go, let me bustle.
[*Aside.*]

Quisar. Go up with me,
Where we 'll converse more privately;
I 'll show ye shortly how I hold their temper;
And in what chain their souls.

Gov. Keep fast that hold still, 171
And either bring that chain, and those bound
in it,

And link it to our gods and their fair worships.
Or, daughter, pinch their hearts apieces with it.
I 'll wait upon your grace.

Quisar. Come, reverend father. — 175
Wait you below. *Exeunt Quisara and Governor.*

Pan. If this prophet were a young thing,
I should suspect him now, he cleaves so close
to her;

These holy coats are long, and hide iniquities.

Quisan. Away, away, fool, a poor wretch

Pan. These poor ones,

Warm but their stomachs once —

Quisan. Come in, thou art foolish. 180

Exeunt Quisana and Panura.

[SCENE III. — *The Same. The Beach*]

Enter Armusia, Emanuel, and Pyniero

Arm. I am sorry, sir, my fortune is so
stubborn,

To court my sword against my countryman.
I love my nation well, and where I find
A Portugal of noble name and virtue,
I am his humble servant. Signior Pyniero, 5
Your person, nor your uncle's, am I angry with;
You are both fair gentlemen in my opinion,
And, I protest, I had rather use my sword
In your defences than against your safeties.
'T is, methinks, a strange dearth of enemies, 10
When we seek foes among ourselves

Em. You are injur'd,
And you must make the best on 't now, and
readiest —

Arm. You see I am ready in the place, and
arm'd

To his desire that call'd me.

Py. Ye speak honestly,
And I could wish ye had met on terms more
friendly; 15

But it cannot now be so.

Enter Ruy Dias

Em. Turn, sir, and see.

Py. I have kept my word with ye, uncle;
The gentleman is ready.

Enter Governor and Quisara, above

Arm. Ye are welcome.

Ruy. Bid those fools welcome, that affect
your courtesies;

I come not to use compliment. Ye have
wrong'd me, 20
And ye shall feel, proud man, ere I part from ye,
The effects of that If fortune do not fool me,
Thy life is mine, and no hope shall redeem thee.

Arm. That 's a proud word,
More than your faith can justify.

Quisar. Sure, they will fight.
Ruy. [*Aside.*] She 's there, I am happy. 25

Gov. Let 'em alone; let 'em kill one an-
other. —

These are the main posts; if they fall, the
buildings

Will tumble quickly [*Aside.*]

Quisar. How temperate Armusia!
No more, be quiet yet.

Arm. I am not bloody,
Nor do not feel such mortal malice in me, 30
But since we cannot both enjoy the princess,
I am resolv'd to fight.

Ruy. Fight home, Armusia,
For if thou faint'st or fall'st —

¹⁴⁸ many: ('may' F 1) ¹⁷⁵ hide: ('hide in' F 1) ² court: demand the use of ¹⁹ affect: like
²² home: with vigor

Arm. Do ye make all vantages?

Ruy. Always, unto thy life; I will not spare thee,

Nor look not for thy mercy.

Arm. I am arm'd, then. 35

Ruy. Stand still, I charge ye, nephew, as ye honour me.

Arm. And, good Emanuel, stir not —

Py. Ye speak fitly,

For we had not stood idle else.

Gov. [*Aside.*] I am sorry for 't.

Em. But since you will have it so —

Ruy. Come, sir.

Arm. I wait ye.

[*They fight*]

Py. Ay, marry, this looks handsomely, 40
This is warm work!

Gov. [*Aside.*] Both fall, and 't be thy will.

Ruy falls

Py. My uncle dead? [*Draws.*]

Em. Stand still, or my sword 's in —

Arm. Now, brave Ruy Dias,
Now where 's your confidence, your prayers?

Quickly

Your own spite has condemn'd ye

Quisar. Hold, Armusia. 45

Arm. Most happy lady!

Quisar. Hold, and let him rise,

Spare him for me.

Arm. A long life may he enjoy, lady

Gov. What ha' you done? 't is better they
had all perish'd

Quisar. Peace, father; I work for the best.

Armusia,

Be in the garden an hour hence.

Exeunt Quisara and Governor.

Arm. I shall, madam 50

Py. Now, as I live, a gentleman at all
inches!

So brave a mingled temper saw I never

Arm. Why are ye sad, sir? how would this
have griev'd you,

If ye had fall'n under a profess'd enemy?

Under one had taken vantage of your shame,
too? 55

Pray ye, be at peace; I am so far from wrong-
ing ye,

Or glorying in the pride of such a victory,
That I desire to serve ye. Pray look cheerfully.

Py. Do you hear this, sir? this love, sir?
do you see this gentleman,

How he courts ye? why do you hold your head
down? 60

'T is no high treason, I take it, to be equall'd;
To have a slip i' th' field, no sin that 's mortal.

Come, come, thank fortune and your friend.

Arm. It may be

You think my tongue may prove your enemy;
And, though restrain'd, sometime, out of a
bravery, 65

May take a license to disable ye:

Believe me, sir, so much I hate that liberty,

That in a stranger's tongue 't will prove an
injury,

And I shall right you in 't.

Py. Can you have more, uncle?

Ruy. Sir, you have beat me both ways, yet
so nobly, 70

That I shall ever love the hand that did it.

Fortune may make me worthy of some title

That may be near your friend.

Arm. Sir, I must leave ye,

But with so hearty love — and, pray, be con-
fident,

I carry nothing from this place shall wrong
ye. 75

Exeunt Armusia & Emanuel.

Py. Come, come, you are right again, sir;
love your honour,

And love your friend; take heed of bloody pur-
poses,

And unjust ends; good heaven is angry with ye;
Make your fair virtues and your fame your
mistress,

And let these trinkets go.

Ruy. You teach well, nephew. 80

Now to be honourably even with this gentle-
man,

Shall be my business, and my ends his.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE IV. — *The Same. A Room in the
Palace*]

Enter Governor and King

Gov. Sir, sir, you must do something sud-
denly,

To stop his pride, so great and high he is shot up;
Upon his person, too; your state is sunk else.

You must not stand now upon terms of grati-
tude,

And let a simple tenderness besot ye. 5

I 'll bring ye suddenly where you shall see him
Attending your brave sister privately.

Mark but his high behaviour then.

King. I will, father.

Gov. And with scorn, I fear, contempt, too.

King. I hope not.

Gov. I will not name a lust, it may be that
also 10

A little force must be applied upon him,

Now, now applied, a little force to humble him.
These sweet entreaties do but make him wan-
ton

³⁵ make . . . vantages: take every advantage ⁴⁰ at all inches: in every respect ⁵⁵ So . . . tem-
per: so finely balanced a disposition ⁶⁰ disable: speak scornfully of ⁷⁰ honourably: ('honourable' F 1)

King. Take heed ye wrong him not.

Gov. Take heed to your safety,
I but forewarn ye, king, if you mistrust me, 15
Or think I come unsent —

King. No, I 'll go with you.
Exeunt.

[SCENE V. — *The Same. A Garden near the Palace*]

Enter Armusia, Quisara

Arm. Madam, you see there 's nothing I
can reach at,

Either in my obedience or my service,
That may deserve your love, or win a liking.
Not a poor thought, but I pursue it seriously,
Take pleasure in your will, even in your anger,
Which other men would grudge at, and grow
stormy. 6

I study new humility to please ye,
And take a kind of joy in my afflictions;
Because they come from ye, I love my sorrows:
Pray, madam, but consider —

Quisara. Yes, I do, sir, 10
And to that honest end I drew thee hither.
I know ye have deserv'd as much as man
can,

And know it is a justice to requite you:
I know ye love.

Arm. If ever love was mortal,
And dwelt in man, and for that love command
me, 15

So strong I find it, and so true, here, lady,
Something of such a greatness to allow me,
Those things I have done already may seem
foils to

'T is equity that man aspires to heaven
Should win it by his worth, and not sleep to
it. 20

Enter Governor, and King [behind]

Gov. Now stand close, king, and hear, and
as you find him,
Believe me right, or let religion suffer.

Quisara. I dare believe your worth without
additions,

But since you are so liberal of your love, sir,
And would be farther tried, I do intend it, 25
Because you shall not, or you would not, win
me

At such an easy rate.

Arm. I am prepar'd still,
And if I shrink —

Quisara. I know ye are no coward:
This is the utmost trial of your constancy,
And if you stand fast now, I am yours, your
wife, sir. 30

You hold there 's nothing dear that may
achieve me,
Doubted or dangerous.

Arm. There 's nothing, nothing:
Let me but know, that I may straight fly to it.

Quisara. I 'll tell you, then: change your
religion,
And be of one belief with me.

Arm. How?

Quisara. Mark. 35
Worship our gods, renounce that faith ye are
bred in

'T is easily done, I 'll teach ye suddenly,
And humbly on your knees —

Arm. Ha! I 'll be hang'd first.

Quisara. Offer as we do.

Arm. To the devil, lady?
Offer to him I hate? I know the devil. 40

To dogs and cats? you make offer to them;
To every bird that flies, and every worm.
How terribly I shake! Is this the venture,
The trial that you talk'd of? Where have I
been?

And how forgot myself? how lost my memory?
When did I pray, or look up steadfastly, 46
Had any goodness in my heart to guide me,
That I should give this vantage to mine enemy,
The enemy to my peace? Forsake my faith?

Quisara. Come, come, I know ye love me.

Arm. Love ye this way? 50
This most destroying way? sure, you but jest,
lady.

Quisara. My love and life are one way

Arm. Love alone then —
And mine another way I 'll love diseases first,
Dote on a villain that would cut my throat,
Woo all afflictions of all sorts, kiss cruelty! 55
Have mercy, heaven! how have I been wan-
d'ring!

Wand'ring the way of lust, and left my Maker!
How have I slept like cork upon a water,
And had no feeling of the storm that toss'd me!
Trod the blind paths of death! forsook assur-
ance, 60

Eternity of blessedness, for a woman!

For a young handsome face hazard my being!
Quisara. Are not our powers eternal, so their
comforts?

As great and full of hopes as yours?

Arm. They are puppets.
Gov. Now mark him, sir, and but observe
him nearly. 65

Arm. Their comforts like themselves, cold,
senseless outsides,

You make 'em sick, as we are, peevish, mad,
Subject to age; and how can they cure us,
That are not able to refine themselves?

⁴ Not: ('But' Ff) ⁶ grudge: grumble ¹⁷ allow: prove (me) worthy ²¹ close: hidden ²² ad-
ditions: marks of distinction ²³ Doubted: fearful, uncertain ⁴¹ offer: offerings ⁶⁵ nearly: closely

Quisar. The Sun and Moon we worship,
those are heavenly, 70
And their bright influences we believe.

Arm. Away, fool,
I adore the Maker of that sun and moon,
That gives those bodies light and influence,
That pointed out their paths, and taught their
motions;

They are not so great as we, they are our serv-
ants, 75
Plac'd there to teach us time, to give us knowl-
edge

Of when and how the swellings of the main are,
And their returns again; they are but our
stewards

To make the earth fat with their influence,
That she may bring forth her increase, and
feed us 80

Shall I fall from this faith to please a woman?
For her embraces bring my soul to ruin?

I look'd you should have said, "Make me a
Christian;

Work that great cure," for 't is a great one,
woman;

That labour truly to perform, that venture, 85
The crown of all great trial, and the fairest.
I look'd ye should have wept and kneel'd to
beg it,

Wash'd off your mist of ignorance with waters,
Pure and repentant, from those eyes, I look'd
You should have brought me your chief god
ye worship, 90

He that you offer human blood and life to,
And made a sacrifice of him to memory,
Beat down his altars, run'd his false temples

Gov. Now you may see.

Quisar. Take heed; you go too far, sir —
And yet I love to hear him. [*Aside*] — I must
have ye, 95

And to that end I let you storm a little
I know there must be some strife in your bosom
To cool and quiet ye, ere you can come back.
I know old friends cannot part suddenly, 99
There will be some let still; yet I must have ye,
Have ye of my faith, too, and so enjoy ye.

Arm. Now I condemn ye, and I hate my-
self

For looking on that face lasciviously;

And it looks ugly now, methinks

Quisar. How, Portugal?

Arm. It looks like death itself, to which
't would lead me; 103

Your eyes resemble pale despair; they fright
me,

And in their rounds a thousand horrid ruins
Methinks I see; and in your tongue hear fear-
fully

The hideous murmurs of weak souls have
suffer'd.

Get from me, I despise ye; and know, woman,
That for all this trap you have laid to catch
my life in, 111

To catch my immortal life, I hate and curse ye,
Contemn your deities, spurn at their powers,
And where I meet your Mahumet gods, I'll
swing 'em

Thus o'er my head, and kick 'em into puddles;
Nay, I will out of vengeance search your tem-
ples, 116

And with those hearts that serve my God
demolish

Your shambles of wild worships.

Gov. Now, now you hear, sir.

Arm. I will have my faith, since you are so
crafty,

The glorious Cross, although I love your
brother; 120

Let him frown, too, I will have my devotion,
And let your whole state storm.

King Enter and take him; [*Guards seize
Armussa*]

I am sorry, friend, that I am forc'd to do this.
Gov. Be sure you bind him fast.

Quisar. But use him nobly.

King Had it to me been done, I had for-
given it, 125

And still preserv'd you fair, but to our gods,
sir —

Quisar. [*Aside*] Methinks I hate 'em now.

King To our religion;

To these to be thus stubborn, thus rebellious,
To threaten them —

Arm Use all your violence.

I ask no mercy, nor repent my words: 130
I spit at your best powers. I serve One,

Will give me strength to scourge your gods —
Gov. Away with him.

Arm. To grind 'em into base dust, and dis-
perse 'em,

That never more their bloody memories —

Gov. Clap him close up

King. Good friend, be cooler.

Arm. Never; 135

Your painted sister I despise, too —

King Softly.

Arm. And all her devilish arts laugh and
scorn at,

Mock her blind purposes.

King. You must be temperate.

Offer him no violence, I command you strictly.
Gov. [*Aside.*] Now thou art up, I shall
have time to speak, too. — 140

Quisar. [*Aside*] Oh, how I love this man,
how truly honour him. *Exeunt.*

⁹⁹ made: ('make' Ff) ¹⁰⁰ let: hindrance ¹⁰⁷ rounds: orbs ¹⁰⁰ have suffer'd: which have
been damned ¹¹⁴ Mahumet: idolatrous ¹⁴⁰ up: imprisoned

*Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.**[Tidore. — Before the Portuguese Fort]**Enter Christophero and Pedro (at one door),
Emanuel and Soza (at another)**Chr.* Do you know the news, gentlemen?*Em.* Would we knew as well, sir,
How to prevent it.*Soz.* Is this the love they bear us
For our late benefit? taken so maliciously,
And clapp'd up close? Is that the thanks they
render? ⁵*Chr.* It must not be put up thus, another'd
slightly;*'T* is such a base, unnatural wrong!*Ped.* I know,
They may think to do wonders, aim at all,
And to blow us with a vengeance out o' th'
Islands;But if we be ourselves, honest and resolute, ¹⁰
And continue but masters of our ancient
courage,Stick close, and give no vantage to their vil-
lainies —*Soz.* Nay, if we faint or fall apieces now,
We are fools, and worthy to be mark'd for
misery.Begin to strike at him they are all bound to! ¹⁵
To cancel his deserts! what must we look for
If they can carry this?*Em.* I'll carry coals, then.
I have but one life and one fortune, gentlemen,
But I'll so husband it to vex these rascals,
These barbarous slaves —*Chr.* Shall we go charge 'em presently? ²⁰*Soz.* No, that will be too weak, and too fool-
hardy;We must have grounds that promise safety,
friends,And sure offence; we lose our angers else,
And, worse than that, venture our lives too
lightly.*Enter Pyniero**Py.* Did you see mine uncle? — Plague o'
these barbarians, ²⁵How the rogues stick in my teeth! — I know
ye are angry;

So I am, too, monstrous angry, gentlemen;

I am angry, that I choke again.

You hear Armusia's up, honest Armusia,
Clapp'd up in prison, friends, the brave
Armusia! ³⁰

Here are fine boys.

Em. We hope he shall not stay there.*Py.* Stay? No, he must not stay, no talk
of staying;These are no times to stay. Are not these ras-
cals?Speak, I beseech ye, speak, are they not
rogues?Think some abominable names — are they not
devils? ³⁵But the devil's a great deal too good for 'em
— fusty villains.*Chr.* They are a kind of hounds.*Py.* Hounds were their fathers;
Old, blear-ey'd, bob-tail'd hounds. — Lord,
where's my uncle?*Soz.* But what shall be done, sir?*Py.* Done?*Soz.* Yes, to relieve him?

If it be not sudden, they may take his life, too.

Py. They dare as soon take fire and swallow
it, ⁴¹Take stakes and thrust into their tails for
glisters.His life, why 't is a thing worth all the islands,
And they know will be rated at that value.His very imprisonment will make the town
stink, ⁴⁵And shake and stink. I have physic in my
hand for 'em

Shall give the goblins such a purge —

*Enter Ruy Dias**Ped.* Your uncle.*Ruy.* I hear strange news, and have been
seeking ye;

They say Armusia's prisoner

Py. 'T is most certain.*Ruy.* Upon what cause?*Py.* He has deserv'd too much, sir; ⁵⁰
The old heathen policy has light upon him,
And paid him home.*Ruy.* A most un noble dealing.*Py.* You are the next, if you can carry it
tamely.

He has deserv'd of all

Ruy. I must confess it,

Of me so nobly, too.

Py. I am glad to hear it. ⁵⁵You have a time now to make good your con-
fession,Your faith will show but cold else, and for
fashion.Now to redeem all, now to thank his courtesy,
Now to make those believe that held you back-
ward,And an ill instrument, you are a gentleman, ⁶⁰
An honest man, and you dare love your Nation,
Dare stick to virtue, though she be oppress'd,⁶ put up: endured ¹⁷ carry coals: be menial, submit to insult
⁴³ glisters: clysters ⁵¹ light: lit ⁵⁹ held: considered²⁰ presently: immediately

And, for her own fair sake, step to her rescue.
If you live ages, sir, and lose this hour,
Not now redeem and vindicate your honour, 65
Your life will be a murmur, and no man in 't.

Ruy. I thank ye, nephew. — Come along
with me, gentlemen,
We 'll make 'em dancing sport immediately:
We are masters of the fort yet; we shall see
What that can do.

Py. Let it but spit fire finely, 70
And play their turrets, and their painted
palaces,
A frisking round or two, that they may trip it,
And caper in the air.

Ruy. Come, we 'll do something
Shall make 'em look about; we 'll send 'em
plums,

If they be not too hard for their teeth.

Py. And fine potatoes 75
Roasted in gunpowder; such a banquet, sir,
Will prepare their unmannerly stomachs —

Ruy. They shall see
There is no safe retreat in villainy.
Come, be high-hearted all.

Omnes. We are all on fire, sir. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE II. — *The Same. A Hall in
the Palace*]

Enter King and Governor [with Attendants]

King. I am ungrateful, and a wretch, per-
suade me not;
Forgetful of the mercy he show'd me,
The timely noble pity. Why should I
See him fast bound and fetter'd, whose true
courtesy,
Whose manhood, and whose mighty hand set
me free? 5
Why should it come from me? why I command
this?
Shall not all tongues and truths call me un-
thankful?

Gov. Had the offence been thrown on you,
't is certain
It had been in your power and your discretion
To have turn'd it into mercy, and forgiven it,
And then it had show'd a virtuous point of
gratitude, 11
Timely and nobly taken; but since the cause
Concerns the honour of our gods and their
title,
And so transcends your power and your com-
passion, —
A little your own safety, if you saw it, too, 15
If your too-fond indulgence did not dazzle
you, —

It cannot now admit a private pity;
'T is in their wills, their mercies or revenges,
And these revolts in you show mere rebellions.
King. They are mild and pitiful.

Gov. To those repent. 20

King. Their nature 's soft and tender.
Gov. To true hearts,
That feel compunction for their trespasses.
This man defies 'em still, threatens destruc-
tion

And demolition of their arms and worship,
Spits at their powers. Take heed ye be not
found, sir, 25
And mark'd a favourer of their dishonour;
They use no common justice.

King. What shall I do
To deserve of this man?

Gov. If ye more bemoan him,
Or mitigate your power to preserve him,
I 'll curse ye from the gods, call up their ven-
geance, 30

*Enter Quisara with her hands bound, Quisana,
Panura*

And fling it on your land and you: I have
charge for 't —

I hope to wrack you all. [*Aside.*]
King. What ails my sister?
Why is she bound? why looks she so dis-
tractedly?

Who does do this?
Quisana. We did it, — pardon, sir, —
And for her preservation. She is grown wild, 35
And raving on the stranger's love and honour,
Sometimes crying out, "Help, help, they will
torture him,
They will take his life, they will murder him
presently!"

If we had not prevented, violently
Have laid hands on her own life.

Gov. These are tokens 40
The gods' displeasure is gone out. Be quick,
And, ere it fall, do something to appease 'em.
You know the sacrifice. — I am glad it works
thus. [*Aside.*]

Quisara. How low and base thou look'st
now, that wert noble!

No figure of a king, methinks, shows on you, 45
No face of majesty; foul, swarth ingratitude
Has taken off thy sweetness; base forgetful-
ness

Of mighty benefits has turn'd thee devil.
Thou hast persecuted goodness, innocence,
And laid a hard and violent hand on virtue, 50
On that fair virtue that should teach and guide
us.

72 round: dance tune 73 I.e., mercy or punishment now rests with the gods 74 mere: absolute
75 mitigate . . . power: exercise clemency 76 for 't: (not in F 2) 77 wrack: wreck 78 Have: she
would have 79 swarth: black

Thou hast wrong'd thine own preserver, whose
least merit,
Pois'd with thy main estate, thou canst not
satisfy;

Nay, put thy life in, too, 't will be too light still.
What hast thou done?

Gov. Go for him presently, [*Exit Guard*]
And once more we 'll try if we can win him
fairly: 56

If not, let nothing she says hinder ye, or stir ye;
She speaks distractedly. Do that the gods
command ye.

Do you know what ye say, lady?

Quisar. I could curse thee, too.
Religion and severity has steel'd thee, 60
Has turn'd thy heart to stone; thou hast made
the gods hard, too,

Against their sweet and patient natures, cruel.
None of ye feel what bravery ye tread on,
What innocence, what beauty!

King. Pray, be patient.

Quisar. What honourable things ye cast
behind ye, 65

What monuments of man!

Enter Armusia and Guard

King. Once more, Armusia,
Because I love ye tenderly and dearly,
And would be glad to win ye mine, I wish ye,
Even from my heart I wish and woo ye —

Arm. What, sir?
Take heed how ye persuade me falsely, then
ye hate me: 70

Take heed how ye entrap me

King. I advise ye,
And tenderly and truly I advise ye,
Both for your soul's health, and your safety —

Arm. Stay,
And name my soul no more; she is too precious,
Too glorious for your flatteries, too secure, too.

Gov. Consider the reward, sir, and the
honour 76

That is prepar'd, the glory you shall grow to
Arm. They are not to be consider'd in
these cases,

Not to be nam'd, when souls are questioned;
They are vain and flying vapours. Touch my
life, 80

'T is ready for ye; put it to what test
It shall please ye, I am patient; but for the
rest,

You may remove rocks with your little fingers,
Or blow a mountain out o' th' way with bel-
lows,

As soon as stir my faith: use no more argu-
ments. 85

Gov. We must use tortures, then.

⁸⁶ Pois'd: weighed satisfy: equal ⁸⁸ behind ye: ('behind' F 2) ¹¹¹ touch'd: applied the
touchstone to tried: proved ¹¹⁶ Whether: whither

Arm. Your worst and painfull'st
I am joyful to accept.

Gov. You must the sharpest,
For such has been your hate against our deities
Deliver'd openly, your threats and scornings,
And either your repentance must be mighty, 90
Which is your free conversion to our customs,
Or equal punishment, which is your life, sir.

Arm. I am glad I have it for ye; take it,
priest,

And all the miseries that shall attend it.
Let the gods glut themselves with Christian
blood, 95

It will be ask'd again, and so far follow'd,
So far reveng'd, and with such holy justice,
Your gods of gold shall melt and sink before it;
Your altars and your temples shake to nothing;
And you false worshippers, blind fools of cere-
mony, 100

Shall seek for holes to hide your heads and fears
in,

For seas to swallow you from this destruction,
Darkness to dwell about ye, and conceal ye;
Your mothers' womb again —

Gov. Make the fires ready,
And bring the several tortures out! 105

Quisar. Stand fast, sir,
And fear 'em not You that have stepp'd so
nobly

Into this pious trial, start not now
Keep on your way, a virgin will assist ye,
A virgin won by your fair constancy, 109

And, glorying that she is won so, will die by ye.
I have touch'd ye every way, tried ye most
honest,

Perfect, and good, chaste, blushing-chaste,
and temperate,

Valiant without vain-glory, modest, staid,
No rage, or light affection ruling in you,
Indeed, the perfect school of worth I find ye,
The temple of true honour.

Arm. [*Aside*] Whether will she? — 116
What do you infer by this fair argument, lady?

Quisar. Your faith and your religion must
be like ye,

They that can show you these must be pure
mirrors:

When the streams flow clear and fair, what
are the fountains? 120

I do embrace your faith, sir, and your fortune.
Go on; I will assist ye; I feel a sparkle here,
A lively spark that kindles my affection,
And tells me it will rise to flames of glory.

Let 'em put on their angers; suffer nobly, 125
Show me the way, and, when I faint, instruct
me;

And if I follow not —

Arm. Oh, blessed lady,
Since thou art won, let me begin my triumph!
Come clap your terrors on.

Quisar. All your fell tortures;
For there is nothing he shall suffer, brother, 130
(I swear by a new faith, which is most sacred,
And I will keep it so,) but I will follow in,
And follow to a scruple of affliction,
In spite of all your gods, without prevention

Gov. [Aside.] Death! she amazes me.

King. What shall be done now? 135

Gov. They must die both,
And suddenly; they will corrupt all else. —
This woman makes me weary of my mischief,
She shakes me, and she staggers me. *[Aside]*

— Go in, sir,

I'll see the execution

King. Not so sudden: 140

If they go, all my friends and sisters perish.

Gov. [Aside] Would I were safe at home
again.

Enter Messenger

Mes Arm, arm, sir!

Seek for defence; the castle plays and thunders,
The town rocks, and the houses fly i' th' air,
The people die for fear Captain Ruy Dias 145
Has made an oath he will not leave a stone
here,

No, not the memory, here has stood a city,
Unless Armusia be deliver'd fairly.

King I have my fears what can our gods
do now for us?

Gov Be patient, but keep him still: he is a
cure, sir, 150

Against both rage and cannon Go and fortify,
Call in the princess, make the palace sure,
And let 'em know you are a king, look nobly,
And take your courage to ye Keep close the
prisoner,

And under command, we are betray'd else 155

Arm How joyfully I go!

Quisar. Take my heart with thee

Gov. [Aside.] I hold a wolf by the ear now.
Fortune free me! *Exeunt.*

[SCENE III. — *The Same. A Street*]

Enter four Townsmen

1. Heaven bless us, what a thund'ring 's
here! what fire-spitting!
We cannot drink, but our cans are maul'd
amongst us.

2. I would they would maul our scores, too!
Shame o' their guns!
I thought they had been bird-pots, or great
candle-cases.

¹³⁸ scruple: minute particle ¹³⁴ your: ('you' F 2) ³ scores: tavern reckonings ⁴ powd'ring-
tub: tub for salting meat ¹¹ sallet: salad ¹⁶ grindle-tails: a kind of dog ¹⁷ trenchmore: a lively
dance ²¹ owe: own

How devilishly they bounce, and how the
bullets 5

Borrow a piece of a house here, there another,
And mend those up again with another parish!
Here flies a powd'ring-tub, the meat ready
roasted,

And there a barrel pissing vinegar;
And they two, over-taking the top of a high
steeple, 10

Newly slic'd off for a sallet.

3. A vengeance fire 'em.

2. Nay, they fire fast enough; you need
not help 'em.

4 Are these the Portugal bulls? How
loud they bellow!

2. Their horns are plaguey strong, they
push down palaces;

They toss our little habitations like whelps, 15
Like grindle-tails, with their heels upward;
All the windows i' th' town dance a new trench-
more, —

'T is like to prove a blessed age for glaziers.
I met a hand, and a letter in 't, in great haste,
And by and by a single leg running after it, 20
As if the arm had forgot part of his errand;
Heads fly like footballs everywhere.

1 What shall we do?

2 I care not, my shop 's cancell'd,
And all the pots and earthen pans in 't
vanish'd.

There was a single bullet and they together
by the ears; 25

You would have thought Tom Tumbler had
been there,

And all his troop of devils.

3 Let 's to the king,
And get this gentleman deliver'd handsomely:
By this hand, there 's no walking above ground
else.

2 By this leg — let me swear nimbly by it,
For I know not how long I shall owe it, — 31
If I were out o' th' town once, if I came in
again to

Fetch my breakfast, I will give 'em leave to
cram me

With a Portugal pudding. Come; let 's do
anything

To appease this thunder. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE IV. — *The Same. Before the
Portuguese Fort*]

Enter Pyniero and Panura

Py. Art sure it was that blind priest?

Pan. Yes, most certain,

He has provok'd all this The king is merciful,

And wond'rous loving; but he fires him on still,
 And, when he cools, enrages him; I know it;
 Threatens new vengeance and the gods' fierce justice,
 When he but looks with fair eyes on Armusia,
 Will lend him no time to relent. My royal mistress,
 She has entertain'd a Christian hope.

Py. Speak truly.

Pan. Nay, 't is most true, but Lord! how he lies at her,
 And threatens her, and flatters her, and damns her;

And I fear, if not speedily prevented,
 If she continue stout, both shall be executed.

Py. I'll kiss thee for this news; nay,
 more, Panura,
 If thou wilt give me leave, I'll get thee with Christian,

The best way to convert thee.

Pan. Make me believe so? 15

Py. I will, i' faith. But which way cam'st thou hither?

The palace is close guarded, and barricado'd.

Pan. I came through a private vault, which few there know of;

It rises in a temple not far hence,
 Close by the castle here.

Py. How! To what end? 20

Pan. A good one;

To give ye knowledge of my new-born mistress;
 And in what doubt Armusia stands:

Think any present means or hope to stop 'em
 From their fell ends. The princes are come in,
 too, 25

And they are harden'd, also.

Py. The damn'd priest —

Pan. Sure, he's a cruel man. Methinks religion

Should teach more temperate lessons.

Py. He the fire-brand!
 He dare to touch at such fair lives as theirs are!

Well, prophet, I shall prophesy I shall catch ye,
 When all your prophecies will not redeem ye. —
 Wilt thou do one thing bravely?

Pa. Any good I am able. 32

Py. And by thine own white hand, I'll swear thou art virtuous,
 And a brave wench. Durst thou but guide me presently,

Through the same vault thou cam'st, into the palace, 35

And those I shall appoint, such as I think fit?

Pa. Yes, I will do it, and suddenly, and truly.

Py. I would fain behold this prophet.

Pa. Now I have ye,
 And shall bring ye where ye shall behold him,
 Alone, too, and unfurnish'd of defences. 40
 That shall be my care; but you must not betray me.

Py. Dost thou think we are so base, such slaves, rogues?

Pa. I do not;

And you shall see how fairly I'll work for ye.

Py. I must needs steal that priest, steal him, and hang him.

Pa. Do anything to remove his mischief; strangle him — 45

Py. Come, prithee, love.

Pa. You'll offer me no foul play?
 The vault is dark.

Py. 'T was well remember'd.

Pa. And ye may —
 But I hold ye honest.

Py. Honest enough, I warrant thee
Pa. I am but a poor, weak wench; and what with the place,

And your persuasions, sir — but I hope you will not — 50

You know we are often cozen'd.

Py. If thou dost fear me,
 Why dost thou put me in mind?

Pa. To let you know, sir,
 Though it be in your power, and things fitting to it,

Yet a true gentleman —

Py. I know what he'll do. 54
 Come and remember me, and I'll answer thee,
 I'll answer thee to the full. We'll call at th' castle,

And then, my good guide, do thy will; sha't find me

A very tractable man.

Pa. I hope I shall, sir. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE V. — *The Same. Before the Palace*]

Enter Bakam, Syana, and Soldiers

Ba. Let my men guard the gates.

Sy. And mine the temple,
 For fear the honour of our gods should suffer,
 And on your lives be watchful.

Ba. And be valiant;
 And let's see, if these Portugals dare enter,
 What their high hearts dare do. Let's see how readily 5

The great Ruy Dias will redeem his countryman.

He speaks proud words, and threatens.

Sy. He is approv'd, sir,
 And will put fair for what he promises.

¹² stout: firm Sc. V • countryman: ('countrymen' Ff) ⁷ approv'd: of proved prowess
 • put fair: make a strong effort

I could wish friendlier terms; yet for our liberties
And for our gods, we are bound in our best service 10
Even in the hazard of our lives.

Enter the King above

King. Come up, princes,
And give your counsels, and your helps. The fort still

Plays fearfully upon us, beats our buildings,
And turns our people wild with fears.

Ba. Send for the prisoner,
And give us leave to argue.

Exeunt Bakam and Syana; then,

*Enter Ruy Dias, Emanuel, Christophero,
Pedro, with Soldiers*

Ruy. Come on nobly, 15
And let the fort play still. We are strong enough

To look upon 'em, and return at pleasure.
It may be on our view they will return him.

Chr. We will return 'em such thanks else,
shall make 'em

Scratch where it itches not.

Em. How the people stare! 20
And some cry, some pray, and some curse heartily:

But it is the king —

*Enter Syana, Bakam, Quisara, Armusia,
with Soldiers, above*

Ruy. I cannot blame their wisdoms.
They are all above, Armusia chain'd and bound, too!

Oh, these are thankful squires

Ba Hear us, Ruy Dias,
Be wise and hear us, and give speedy answer,
Command thy cannon presently to cease, 26
No more to trouble the afflicted people,
Or suddenly Armusia's head goes off,
As suddenly as said.

Em. Stay, sir; be moderate.

Arm. Do nothing that's dishonourable,
Ruy Dias; 30

Let not the fear of me master thy valour;
Pursue 'em still; they are base malicious people.

King. Friend, be not desperate

Arm. I scorn your courtesies;
Strike when you dare! A fair arm guide the gunner,

And may he let fly still with fortune! Friend,
Do me the honour of a soldier's funerals, 36

The last fair Christian rite; see me i' th' ground,

And let the palace burn first, then the temples,

And on their scorned gods, erect my monument:
Touch not the princess, as you are a soldier. 40
Quisar. Which way you go, sir, I must follow necessary.

One life, and one death.

King. Will you take a truce yet?

*Enter Pyniero, Soza, and Soldiers, with
the Governor*

Py. No, no, go on! Look here, your god,
your prophet.

King. How came he taken?

Py. I conjur'd for him, king.
I am a sure cur at an old blind prophet. 45
I'll hunt ye such a false knave admirably.

A terrier, I, I earth'd him, and then snapp'd him.

Soz. Saving the reverence of your grace,
we stole him,

E'en out of the next chamber to ye.

Py. Come, come, begin, king;
Begin this bloody matter when you dare; 50
And yet I scorn my sword should touch the rascal;

I'll tear him thus before ye. Ha! What art thou? *Pulls his beard and hairs off.*

King How's this! Art thou a prophet?

Ruy. Come down, princes.

King We are abus'd. — Oh, my most dear Armusia —

Off with his chains. — And now, my noble sister, 55

Rejoice with me, I know ye are pleas'd as I am.
[*Exeunt from above.*]

Py. This is a precious prophet. Why,
Don Governor,

What make you here? how long have you taken orders?

Ruy Why, what a wretch art thou to work this mischief?

To assume this holy shape to ruin honour, 60
Honour and chastity?

Enter King, and all from above

Gov. I had paid you all,
But fortune play'd the slut. Come, give me my doom.

King I cannot speak for wonder.

Gov. Nay, 't is I, sir,
And here I stay your sentence.

King Take her, friend,
You have half persuaded me to be a Christian, 65

And with her all the joys, and all the blessings.
Why, what dream have we dwelt in?

Ruy All peace to ye,
And all the happiness of heart dwell with ye!
Children as sweet and noble as their parents —

³⁴ arm: (Query, "aim"?)

⁴⁰ hunt: ('haunt' Ff)

⁴¹ snapp'd: captured

⁴⁴ abus'd: deceived

⁴⁶ make: do ⁴⁸ stay: await

Py. And kings at least.

Arm. Good sir, forget my rashness. 70
And, noble princess, for I was once angry,
And out of that might utter some distemper,
Think not 't is my nature.

Sy. Your joy is ours, sir,
And nothing we find in ye but most noble.

King. To prison with this dog! There let
him howl, 75

And, if he can repent, sigh out his villainies!
His island we shall seize into our hands,
His father and himself have both usurp'd it,
And kept it by oppression. The town and
castle,

In which I lay myself most miserable, 80
Till my most honourable friend redeem'd me,
Signior Pyniero, I bestow on you;

The rest of next command upon these gentle-
men;

Upon ye all, my love.

Arm. Oh, brave Ruy Dias,
You have started now beyond me. I must
thank ye, 85

And thank ye for my life, my wife, and honour.

Ruy. I am glad I had her for you, sir.

King. Come, princes;
Come, friends and lovers all, come, noble
gentlemen;

No more guns now, nor hates, but joys and
triumphs!

An universal gladness fly about us; 90

And know, however subtle men dare cast,

And promise wrack, the gods give peace at last.

Exeunt.

⁹¹ cast: plot

POETARUM ARGENTOSISSIMUS
JOHANNES FLETCHERUS
ANGLIVS, EPISCOPVS LOND: FVLG:

TRAGEDIA

COMEDIA



Felicitis avi ac Præfulis Natus; comes
Beaumontio; sic, quippe Pornagrus, biceps;
FLETCHERUS unam in Pyramida furcas gons
Struxit; chorum plus simplicem Vates Duplex;
Plus duplicem solus: nec ullum transtulit;
Nec transferendus: Præmatum æterni sales,
Anglo Theatro, Orbis, Sibi, superstites.
FLETCHERE, facies atq; vultu pingitur;
Quantus! vel umbram circunt nemo tuam

J. Berkenhead

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL RECORD. *Beggars' Bush* first appeared in print as the seventh play in the first Folio of Beaumont and Fletcher, published in 1647. In 1661 appeared a Quarto (in two issues) which was printed from the folio text, and in 1679 the play was again printed as the ninth item in the second Folio. The editors of the second Folio took some care with their texts. "And we were very opportunely informed," they said, "of a Copy which an ingenious and worthy Gentleman had taken the pains (or rather the pleasure) to read over; wherein he had all along Corrected several faults (some very gross) which had crept in by the frequent imprinting of them. His Corrections were the more to be valued, because he had an intimacy with both our Authors, and had been a Spectator of most of them when they were Acted in their life-time. This therefore we resolved to purchase at any Rate; and accordingly with no small cost obtain'd it." The result of their labors is a text which corrects many errors from the first Folio but introduces many new ones. The stage directions in F 2 usually give the assumed names of the characters, e.g., Goswin for Florez, Clause for Gerrard, Gertrude for Bertha, whereas F 1 usually gives their real names. This edition takes account of both texts, giving significant variants in the notes. A manuscript text of the play in contemporary handwriting is now in private ownership, but has not been made available for study (see F. Marcham, *The King's Office of the Revels, 1610-1622*, 1925, p. 6, and W. W. Greg, *Elizabethan Dramatic Documents*, 1931, p. 367).

AUTHORSHIP Critical opinion at present inclines to the view, first advanced by Fleay (*New Shakspeare Society's Transactions*, 1874, p. 51 ff.), that *Beggars' Bush* is the combined work of Fletcher and Massinger. Mr. E. H. C. Oliphant, however, conjectures that the play in its present form is a revision of an earlier version in which Beaumont had a share (*Plays of Beaumont and Fletcher*, 1927, pp. 256-265). Massinger was probably responsible for Act I and portions of Act V, but the assignment of other parts of the play to him is uncertain.

DATE AND STAGE PERFORMANCE. The title of this play appears under date of December 27, in a list of "Revels and Playes performed and acted at Christmas in the court at Whitehall, 1622," by the King's Men. The dependence of the play on Dekker's *Lanthorne and Candlelight* (1608) for its Gipsy language has been thought to imply an earlier date; but there is no record which would indicate the existence of *Beggars' Bush* in any form before 1622, and it is very likely that Fletcher and Massinger got their hint from the success of Jonson's masque of the *Metamorphosed Gipsies* in the previous year. That the play was still the property of the King's Men in 1641 appears from a list of plays belonging to the company at that time, and there is a record of a performance at Hampton Court on Nov. 19, 1636, and another at Richmond on New Year's Day, 1639. Under the title of *The Lame Commonwealth*, the farcical first scene of Act II was surreptitiously acted during the period of dramatic prohibition, 1642-1660, and the complete comedy again took the stage immediately after the Restoration, being seen by Pepys in 1660, 1661, and 1668. During the eighteenth century it was often performed, and two alterations of it were made: *The Royal Merchant, or Beggars' Bush*, by H. N. (perhaps the comedian, Henry Norris), in 1705, and *The Royal Merchant: an Opera*, by Thomas Hull, in 1768. In 1815 *The Merchant of Bruges, or, Beggars' Bush*, by the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird, was produced at the Drury-lane Theatre, with Edmund Kean in the part of Florez, and had a long run. The most appropriate comment upon this lastingly popular play is that of Coleridge (*Table Talk*, February 17, 1833): "I could read the *Beggars' Bush* from morning to night. How sylvan and sunshiny it is!" The pleasant reminiscences of Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice* and *As You Like It* will not escape the reader.

JOHN FLETCHER (1579–1625)

PHILIP MASSINGER (1583–1640)

BEGGARS' BUSH

PERSONS REPRESENTED IN THE PLAY

<p>WOLFORT, an usurper of the earldom of Flanders HEMSKIRK, a captain under him HUBERT, an honest lord HERMAN, a courtier FLOREZ, rightful Earl of Flanders; a merchant of Bruges, falsely called Goswin GERRARD, falsely called Clause, King of the Beggars, father to Florez ARNOLD, a nobleman, disguised as a beggar, under the name of Ginks COSTIN, a nobleman disguised as a beggar; a mute personage</p>	<table style="width: 100%; border-collapse: collapse;"> <tr> <td style="border-right: 1px solid black; padding-right: 10px;"> <p>HIGGEN, FERRET, PRIG, SNAP, and others VANDUNK, burgomaster of Bruges VANLOCK, a merchant BERTHA, called Gertrude, daughter to the Duke of Brabant JACQUELINE, daughter to Gerrard, disguised as a beggar under the name of Minche MARGARET, wife to Vandunk FRANCES, daughter to Vanlock</p> </td> <td style="padding-left: 10px; vertical-align: middle;"> <p>} Beggars</p> </td> </tr> </table>	<p>HIGGEN, FERRET, PRIG, SNAP, and others VANDUNK, burgomaster of Bruges VANLOCK, a merchant BERTHA, called Gertrude, daughter to the Duke of Brabant JACQUELINE, daughter to Gerrard, disguised as a beggar under the name of Minche MARGARET, wife to Vandunk FRANCES, daughter to Vanlock</p>	<p>} Beggars</p>
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Merchants, Boors, a Sailor, Soldiers, Attendants

THE SCENE FLANDERS

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

[*Ghent. — Before the Palace of Wolfort.*]

Enter a Merchant and Herman

Mer. Is he, then, taken?

Her. And brought back even now, sir.

Mer. He was not in disgrace?

Her. No man more lov'd,

Nor more deserv'd it, being the only man
That durst be honest in this court.

Mer. Indeed,

We have heard abroad, sir, that the state hath
suffer'd

A great change, since the countess' death.

Her. It hath, sir.

Mer. My five years' absence hath kept me
a stranger

So much to all the occurrences of my country,
As you shall bind me for some short relation,
To make me understand the present times.

Her. I must begin, then, with a war was
made,

And seven years with all cruelty continued,
Upon our Flanders by the Duke of Brabant.
The cause grew thus. During our earl's minority,
Wolfort, who now usurps, was employ'd thither,

To treat about a match between our earl 16
And the daughter and heir of Brabant: during
which treaty,

The Brabander pretends, this daughter was
Stol'n from his court by practice of our state;
Though we are all confirm'd 't was a sought
quarrel,

To lay an unjust gripe upon this earldom,
It being here believ'd the Duke of Brabant
Had no such loss. This war upon 't proclaim'd,
Our earl being then a child, although his father
Good Gerrard liv'd, yet (in respect he was 25
Chosen by the countess' favour for her husband,
And but a gentleman, and Florez holding
His right unto this country from his mother)
The state thought fit in this defensive war,
Wolfort being then the only man of mark, 30
To make him general

Mer. Which place we have heard
He did discharge with honour.

Her. Ay, so long.
And with so bless'd successes, that the Bra-
bander

Was forc'd (his treasures wasted, and the choice
Of his best men of arms tir'd or cut off) 35
To leave the field, and sound a base retreat
Back to his country: but so broken, both

D. P.: (Revised from lists in Q and F 2) occurrences bind me for: oblige me
by was: which was practice: stratagem, craft confirm'd: convinced gripe: grip
in respect: because choice: elite cut off: killed

In mind and means, e'er to make head again,
 That hitherto he sits down by his loss,
 Not daring, or for honour or revenge, 40
 Again to tempt his fortune. But thus victory
 More broke our state, and made a deeper hurt
 In Flanders, than the greatest overthrow
 She ever receiv'd; for Wolfort, now beholding
 Himself and actions in the flattering glass 45
 Of self-deservings, and that cherish'd by
 The strong assurance of his power, — for then
 All captains of the army were his creatures,
 The common soldier, too, at his devotion,
 Made so by full indulgence to their rapines, 50
 And secret bounties; thus strength too well
 known,
 And what it could effect soon put in practice,
 As further'd by the childhood of the earl,
 And their improvidence that might have pierc'd
 The heart of his designs, gave him occasion 55
 To seize the whole: and in that plight you find
 it.

Mer. Sir, I receive the knowledge of thus
 much,
 As a choice favour from you.

Her. Only I must add,
 Bruges holds out.

Mer. Whither, sir, I am going;
 For there last night I had a ship put in, 60
 And my horse waits me.

Her. I wish you a good journey. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE II. — *Wolfort's Palace.*]

Enter Wolfort, Hubert [and Attendants]

Wol. What, Hubert, stealing from me! —
 Who disarm'd him?

It was more than I commanded — Take your
 sword,

I am best guarded with it in your hand;
 I have seen you use it nobly.

Hub. And will turn it
 On my own bosom, ere it shall be drawn 5
 Unworthily or rudely.

Wol. Would you leave me
 Without a farewell, Hubert? fly a friend
 Unwearing in his study to advance you?
 What have I e'er possess'd which was not yours?
 Or rather did not court you to command it? 10
 Who ever yet arriv'd to any grace,
 Reward, or trust from me, but his approaches
 Were by your fair reports of him preferr'd?
 And what is more, I made myself your servant,
 In making you the master of those secrets 15
 Which not the rack of conscience could draw
 from me,

Nor I, when I ask'd mercy, trust my prayers
 with:

Yet, after these assurances of love,
 These ties and bonds of friendship, to forsake
 me?

Forsake me as an enemy! Come, you must 20
 Give me a reason.

Hub. Sir, and so I will:

If I may do 't in private, and you hear it.

Wol. All leave the room

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

You have your will: sit down,
 And use the liberty of our first friendship.

Hub. Friendship! When you prov'd traitor
 first, that vanish'd; 25

Nor do I owe you any thought but hate.
 I know my flight hath forfeited my head;
 And, so I may make you first understand
 What a strange monster you have made your-
 self,

I welcome it.

Wol. To me this is strange language. 30

Hub. To you! why, what are you?

Wol. Your prince and master,
 The Earl of Flanders

Hub. By a proper title!

Rais'd to it by cunning, circumvention, force,
 Blood, and proscriptions!

Wol. And in all this, wisdom:
 Had I not reason, when by Gerrard's plots, 35
 I should have first been call'd to a strict ac-
 count,

How and which way I had consum'd that mass
 Of money, as they term it, in the war;
 Who underhand had by his ministers
 Detracted my great actions, made my faith 40
 And loyalty suspected, in which failing,
 He sought my life by practice?

Hub. With what forehead
 Do you speak this to me, who (as I know 't)
 Must and will say 't is false?

Wol. My guard there!

Hub. Sir,
 You bade me sit, and promis'd you would
 hear; 45

Which I now say you shall: not a sound more!
 For I, that am contemner of mine own,
 Am master of your life; then here 's a sword

[*Draws his sword.*]

Between you and all aids, sir. Though you
 blind

The credulous beast, the multitude, you pass
 not 50

These gross untruths on me

Wol. How! gross untruths!

* make head: make war ** sits . . . by: accepts, acquiesces in 49 at his devotion: devoted
 to him 50 rapines: acts of pillage Sc II: (Not marked, Ff, Q) 10 rather: ('either' Ff, Q)
 11 preferr'd: promoted, given preference 33 circumvention: craft, fraud 40 Detracted: belittled,
 traduced actions: ('action' Ff, Q) 44 forehead: assurance

Hub. Ay, and it is favourable language:
They had been in a mean man lies, and foul
ones.

Wol. You take strange licence.

Hub. Yes; were not those rumours
Of being call'd unto your answer spread 55
By your own followers? and weak Gerrard
wrought

(But by your cunning practice) to believe
That you were dangerous, yet not to be
Punish'd by any formal course of law,
But first to be made sure, and have your crimes
Laid open after? which your quaint train
taking, 61

You fled unto the camp, and there crav'd
humbly

Protection for your innocent life, and that,
Since you had scap'd the fury of the war,
You might not fall by treason; and for proof 65
You did not for your own ends make thus
danger,

Some, that had been before by you suborn'd,
Came forth, and took their oaths they had
been hir'd

By Gerrard to your murther This once heard,
And easily believ'd, th' enraged soldier, 70
Seeing no further than the outward man,
Snatch'd hastily his arms, ran to the court,
Kill'd all that made resistance, cut in pieces
Such as were servants, or thought friends to
Gerrard,

Vowing the like to him.

Wol. Will you yet end? 75

Hub. Which he foreseeing, with his son, the
earl,

Forsook the city, and by secret ways,
As you give out, and we would gladly have it,
Escap'd their fury, though 't is more than
fear'd

They fell among the rest. Nor stand you
there, 80

To let us only mourn the impious means
By which you got it; but your cruelties since
So far transcend your former bloody ills,
As, if compar'd, they only would appear
Essays of mischief. Do not stop your ears; 85
More are behind yet.

Wol. Oh, repeat them not!
'T is hell to hear them nam'd.

Hub. You should have thought,
That hell would be your punishment when
you did them

A prince in nothing but your princely lusts
And boundless rapines!

Wol. No more, I beseech you. 90

Hub. Who was the lord of house or land,
that stood

Within the prospect of your covetous eye?

Wol. You are in this to me a greater tyrant
Than e'er I was to any.

Hub. I end thus

The general grief. Now to my private wrong,
The loss of Gerrard's daughter, Jacqueline: 96
The hop'd-for partner of my lawful bed
Your cruelty hath frighted from mine arms;
And her I now was wandering to recover.

Think you that I had reason now to leave
you, 100

When you are grown so justly odious,
That ev'n my stay here, with your grace and
favour,

Makes my life irksome? Here, surely take it;
[Offers his sword.]

And do me but this fruit of all your friend-
ship,

That I may die by you, and not your hang-
man 105

Wol. Oh, Hubert, these your words and
reasons have

As well drawn drops of blood from my griev'd
heart,

As these tears from mine eyes! despise them
not

By all that 's sacred, I am serious, Hubert!
You now have made me sensible, what Furies,
Whips, hangmen, and tormentors, a bad
man 111

Does ever bear about him: let the good
That you this day have done be ever number'd
The first of your best actions. Can you think
Where Florez is, or Gerrard, or your love, 115
Or any else, or all, that are proscrib'd?
I will resign what I usurp, or have
Unjustly forc'd: the days I have to live
Are too, too few to make them satisfaction
With any penitence; yet I vow to practise 120
All of a man.

Hub. Oh, that your heart and tongue
Did not now differ!

Wol. By my griefs, they do not!
Take the good pains to search them out; 't is
worth it.

You have made clean a leper, — trust me, you
have, —

And made me once more fit for the society, 125
I hope, of good men.

Hub. Sir, do not abuse
My aptness to believe.

Wol. Suspect not you
A faith that 's built upon so true a sorrow.

¹¹ answer: defense ⁶⁶ wrought: beguiled ⁶⁰ sure: harmless (by death or capture) ⁶¹ quaint:
clever train: artifice ⁶⁶ make: invent ⁶⁰ among: ('amongst' F 2) ⁶⁶ Essays of: first attempts
at ¹¹⁰ sensible: aware of ¹¹⁵ Florez: ('Goswin' F 2) ¹¹⁵ forc'd: taken by force ¹²¹ All . . .
man: all that a man can do ¹²⁷ aptness: readiness

Make your own safeties; ask them all the ties
 Humanity can give. Hemskirk, too, shall 130
 Along with you to this so-wish'd discovery,
 And in my name profess all that you promise:
 And I will give you this help to 't; I have
 Of late receiv'd certain intelligence
 That some of them are in or about Bruges 135
 To be found out; which I did then interpret
 The cause of that town's standing out against
 me;

But now am glad it may direct your purpose
 Of giving them their safety and me peace.

Hub. Be constant to your goodness, and
 you have it. *Exeunt.* 140

Scæna Tertia.

[*Bruges. — The Exchange.*]

Enter 3 Merchants

1 *Mer.* 'T is much that you deliver of this
 Goswin

2 *Mer.* But short of what I could, yet have
 the country

Confirm it true, and by a general oath,
 And not a man hazard his credit in it.
 He bears himself with such a confidence, 5
 As if he were the master of the sea;
 And not a wind upon the sailors' compass
 But from one part or other was his factor,
 To bring him in the best commodities
 Merchant e'er ventur'd for.

1 *Mer.* 'T is strange.

2 *Mer.* And yet 10
 This does in him deserve the least of wonder,
 Compar'd with other his peculiar fashions,
 Which all admire: he's young, and rich, at
 least

Thus far reputed so, that, since he liv'd
 In Bruges, there was never brought to har-
 bour 15

So rich a bottom but his bill would pass
 Unquestion'd for her lading.

3 *Mer.* Yet he still
 Continues a good man.

2 *Mer.* So good, that but
 To doubt him would be held an injury,
 Or rather malice, with the best that traffic: 20
 But this is nothing; a great stock, and fortune
 Crowning his judgment in his undertakings,
 May keep him upright that way; but that
 wealth

Should want the power to make him dote on it,
 Or youth teach him to wrong it, best com-
 mends 25

His constant temper. For his outward habit,
 'T is suitable to his present course of life;
 His table furnish'd well, but not with dainties
 That please the appetite only for their rareness
 Or the dear price; nor given to wine or women,
 Beyond his health, or warrant of a man, 31
 I mean, a good one; and so loves his state,
 He will not hazard it at play, nor lend
 Upon the assurance of a well-penn'd letter,
 Although a challenge second the denial, 35
 From such as make th' opinion of their valour
 Their means of feeding

1 *Mer.* These are ways to thrive,
 And the means not curs'd.

2 *Mer.* What follows, this
 Makes many venturers with him in their wishes
 For his prosperity; for when desert 40
 Or reason leads him to be liberal,
 His noble mind and ready hand contend
 Which can add most to his free courtesies,
 Or in their worth or speed to make them so.
 Is there a virgin of good fame wants dower? 45
 He is a father to her; or a soldier,
 That, in his country's service, from the war
 Hath brought home only scars and want? his
 house
 Receives him, and relieves him with that care
 As if what he possess'd had been laid up 50
 For such good uses, and he steward of it.
 But I should lose myself to speak him further,
 And stale, in my relation, the much good
 You may be witness of, if your remove
 From Bruges be not speedy.

1 *Mer.* This report, 55
 I do assure you, will not hasten it;
 Nor would I wish a better man to deal with
 For what I am to part with.

3 *Mer.* Never doubt it,
 He is your man and ours; only I wish
 His too-much forwardness to embrace all bar-
 gains 60
 Sink him not in the end.

2 *Mer.* Have better hopes;
 For my part, I am confident. Here he comes.

*Enter Florez [as Goswin] and the Fourth
 Merchant*

Flo. I take it at your own rates, your wine
 of Cyprus;

¹³⁰ safeties: conditions of security them: for them ¹³² profess: affirm ¹³⁴ intelligence: informa-
 tion Sc III Tertia: ('Secunda' F 1) ¹ deliver: relate ² Confirm: ('Confirm'd' Ff, Q) ³ factor:
 agent ¹⁵ other his: his other ¹¹ admire: wonder at ¹⁶ bottom: ship ¹⁸ good: of wealth and
 credit ¹⁹ injury: insult ²⁰ habit: clothing ²¹ the: ('their' F 2) ²² warrant: proper allowance
²³ state: estate ²⁴ opinion: reputation ²⁵ free: generous ²⁶ fame: reputation ²⁷ wants: who
 lacks ²⁸ speak: describe ²⁹ stale: make stale or flat ³⁰ wish: hope ³¹ forwardness: eager-
 ness

But, for your Candy sugars, they have met
With such foul weather, and are priz'd so
high, 65

I cannot save in them.

4 *Mer.* I am unwilling

To seek another chapman: make me offer
Of something near my price, that may assure
me

You can deal for them

Flo. I both can and will,

But not with too much loss: your bill of
lading 70

Speaks of two hundred chests, valu'd by you
At thirty thousand guilders; I will have them
At twenty-eight; so, in the payment of
Three thousand sterling, you fall only in
Two hundred pound.

4 *Mer.* You know, they are so cheap, — 75

Flo. Why, look you, I 'll deal fairly. There 's
in prison,

And at your suit, a pirate, but unable
To make you satisfaction, and past hope
To live a week, if you should prosecute
What you can prove against him set him
free 80

And you shall have your money to a stiver,
And present payment.

4 *Mer.* This is above wonder,

A merchant of your rank, that have at sea
So many bottoms in the danger of
These water-thieves, should be a means to
save 'em; 85

It more importing you, for your own safety,
To be at charge to scour the sea of them,
Than stay the sword of justice, that is ready
To fall on one so conscious of his guilt
That he dares not deny it.

Flo. You mistake me, 90

If you think I would cherish in this captain
The wrong he did to you or any man
I was lately with him (having first, from others'
True testimony, been assur'd a man
Of more desert never put from the shore); 95
I read his letters of mart, from this state
granted

For the recovery of such losses as
He had receiv'd in Spain; 't was that he aim'd
at,

Not at three tuns of wine, biscuit, or beef,
Which his necessity made him take from you 100
If he had pillag'd you near, or sunk your ship,
Or thrown your men o'erboard, then he deserv'd

The law's extremest rigour: but since want
Of what he could not live without compell'd
him

To that he did (which yet our state calls
death), 105

I pity his misfortune, and, to work you
To some compassion of them, I come up
To your own price: save him, the goods are
mine;

If not, seek elsewhere, I 'll not deal for them.

4 *Mer.* Well, sir, for your love, I will once
be led 110

To change my purpose.

Flo. For your profit rather.

4 *Mer.* I 'll presently make means for his
discharge;

Till when, I leave you. [*Exit.*]

2 *Mer.* What do you think of this?

1 *Mer.* As of a deed of noble pity, guided
By a strong judgment.

2 *Mer.* Save you, Master Goswin! 115

Flo. Good day to all.

2 *Mer.* We bring you the refusal
Of more commodities.

Flo. Are you the owners
Of the ship that last night put into the har-
bour?

1 *Mer.* Both of the ship and lading.

Flo. What 's the freight?

1 *Mer.* Indigo, cochineal, choice China
stuffs. 120

3 *Mer.* And cloth of gold brought from
Cambal.

Flo. Rich lading;

For which I were your chapman, but I am
Already out of cash

1 *Mer.* I 'll give you day

For the moiety of all.

Flo. How long?

3 *Mer.* Six months.

Flo. 'T is a fair offer; which, if we agree 125
About the prices, I, with thanks, accept of,
And will make present payment of the rest:
Some two hours hence I 'll come aboard.

1 *Mer.* The gunner

Shall speak you welcome.

Flo. I 'll not fail.

3 *Mer.* Good morrow. *Exeunt Merchants.*

Flo. Heaven grant my ships a safe return
before 130

The day of this great payment, as they are
Expected three months sooner; and my credit
Stands good with all the world.

⁶⁴ Candy: of Candia (Crete) ⁶⁵ priz'd: valued ⁶⁶ save: make a profit ⁶⁷ chapman: merchant ⁶⁸ deal: bargain ⁶⁹ guilders: Dutch coins, worth about 1s 8d ⁷⁰ stiver: coin of insignificant value ⁷¹ present: immediate ⁷² importing: hehooving ⁷³ charge: expense ⁷⁴ letters of mart: letters of marque, royal license to use a privateer against the shipping of a hostile country ⁷⁵ near: to the bare skin ⁷⁶ work: move ⁷⁷ means: measures ⁷⁸ freight: cargo ⁷⁹ Cambal: Peking ⁸⁰ day: credit, time for payment ⁸¹ moiety: half

Enter Gerrard [as Clause]

Ger. Bless my good master!
The prayers of your poor beadsman ever shall
Be sent up for you.

Flo. God 'a mercy, Clause! 135
There 's something to put thee in mind here-
after

To think of me. [*Gives money.*]

Ger. May he that gave it you
Reward you for it with increase, good master.

Flo. I thrive the better for thy prayers

Ger. I hope so.

This three years have I fed upon your bounties,
And by the fire of your bless'd charity warm'd
me; 141

And yet, good master, pardon me, that must,
Though I have now receiv'd your alms, pre-
sume

To make one suit more to you.

Flo. What is 't, Clause?

Ger. Yet do not think me impudent, I
beseech you, 145

Since hitherto your charity hath prevented
My begging your relief; 't is not for money,
Nor clothes, good master, but your good word
for me.

Flo. That thou shalt have, Clause, for I
think thee honest

Ger. To-morrow, then, dear master, take
the trouble 150

Of walking early unto Beggars' Bush;
And, as you see me, among others, brethren
In my affliction, when you are demanded
Which you like best among us, point out me,
And then pass by, as if you knew me not 155

Flo. But what will that advantage thee?

Ger. Oh, much, sir!

'T will give me the pre-eminence of the rest,
Make me a king among 'em, and protect me
From all abuse such as are stronger might
Offer my age Sir, at your better leisure 160
I will inform you further of the good
It may do to me.

Flo. Troth, thou mak'st me wonder:
Have you a king and commonwealth among
you?

Ger. We have; and there are states are
govern'd worse.

Flo. Ambition among beggars?

Ger. Many great ones 165

Would part with half their states, to have the
place

And credit to beg in the first file, master.
But shall I be so much bound to your further-
ance

In my petition?

Flo. That thou shalt not miss of,
Nor any worldly care make me forget it: 170
I will be early there

Ger. Heaven bless my master! *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus, Scæna Prima.

[*The Beggars' Bush, in the Woods near Bruges.*]

*Enter Higgen, Ferret, Prig, [Gerrard as] Clause,
Jacqueline [as Minche], Snap, Ginks, and
other Beggars*

Hig. Come, princes of the ragged regiment;
You o' the blood, Prig, my most upright Lord,
And these, what name or title e'er they bear,
Jarkman, or Patrico, Crank, or Clapper-
dudgeon,

Frater, or Abram-man; I speak to all 5
That stand in fair election for the title
Of King of Beggars, with the command adjoin-
ing,

Higgen, your orator, in this inter-regnum,
That whilom was your Dommerer, doth be-
seech you

All to stand fair, and put yourselves in rank, 10
That the first comer may, at his first view,
Make a free choice, to say up the question.

Fer } 'T is done, Lord Higgen
Prig. }

Hig. Thanks to Prince Prig, Prince Ferret.

Fer. Well, pray, my masters all, Ferret be
chosen,

Y' are like to have a merciful mild prince of
me 15

Prig. A very tyrant, I, an arrant tyrant,
If e'er I come to reign (therefore look to 't.)
Except you do provide me hum enough,

And lour to bouze with: I must have my
capons

And turkeys brought me in, with my green
geese, 20

And ducklings i' the season; fine fat chickens;
Or, if you chance where an eye of tame pheas-
ants

Or partridges are kept, see they be mine:

¹³⁴ beadsman: one who prays for the soul of another ¹⁴⁶ prevented: anticipated ¹⁵¹ Beggars' Bush: originally, a tree near Huntingdon, a noted rendezvous for beggars ¹⁶⁷ file: rank ¹⁶⁸ furtherance: aid ² upright: The "upright-man" was the aristocrat among beggars For description of this type and those mentioned below, see Dekker's *Bellman of London*, 1608 ⁴ Jarkman: counterfeiter of licenses, etc ^{Patrico}: hedge-priest ^{Crank}: beggar who feigned sickness ^{Clapper-dudgeon}: beggar born and bred ⁵ Frater, Abram-man: spurious solicitors and pretended lunatics who lived by begging after the dissolution of the monasteries ⁹ Dommerer: beggar who pretends to be dumb ¹² say up: decide ¹⁵ hum: strongale ¹⁹ lour: money bouze: drink ²⁰ green: young ²² eye: brood

Or straight I seize on all your privilege,
Places, révenues, offices, as forfeit, 25
Call in your crutches, wooden legs, false bellies,
Forc'd eyes and teeth, with your dead arms;
not leave you

A dirty clout to beg with o' your heads,
Or an old rag with butter, frankincense,
Brimstone and rosin, birdlime, blood, and
cream, 30

To make you an old sore; not so much soap
As you may foam with i' the falling-sickness;
The very bag you bear, and the brown dish,
Shall be escheated; all your daintiest dells, too,
I will deflower, and take your dearest doxies 35
From your warm sides; and then, some one
cold night,

I 'll watch you what old barn you go to roost in,
And there I 'll smother you all i' th' musty hay.

Hig This is tyrant-like, indeed. But what
would Ginks

Or Clause be here, if either of them should
reign? 40

Ger. Best ask an ass, if he were made a
camel,

What he would be; or a dog, and he were a
lion

Ginks I care not what you are, sirs I shall
be

A beggar still, I am sure; I find myself there.

Enter Florez

Snap Oh, here a judge comes!

Hig Cry, a judge, a judge! 45

Flo. What ail you, sirs? what means this
outcry?

Hig. Master,

A sort of poor souls met, God's fools, good
master,

Have had some little variance amongst our-
selves

Who should be honestest of us, and which lives
Uprightest in his call: now, 'cause we thought
We ne'er should 'gree on 't ourselves, because,
indeed, 51

'T is hard to say, we all dissolv'd to put it
To him that should come next, and that 's your
mastership,

Who, I hope, will 'termine it as your mind
serves you,

Right, and no otherwise we ask it. Which, 55
Which does your worship think is he? Sweet
master,

Look over us all, and tell us: we are seven of us,
Like to the Seven Wise Masters, or the planets.

Flo. I should judge this the man, with the
grave beard;

And, if he be not —

Ger. Bless you, good master, bless you! 60

Flo. I would he were. There 's something,
too, amongst you,
To keep you all honest.

[*Gives money, and*] *Exit.*

Snap. King of Heaven go with you!

Omnes. Now good reward him! —

May he never want it! — to comfort still the
poor! —

In a good hour!

Fer. What is 't? see: Snap has got it. 65

Snap. A good crown, marry.

Prig. A crown of gold.

Fer. For our new king, good luck.

Ginks To the common treasury with it;
if 't be gold,

Thither it must.

Prig. Spoke like a patriot, Ginks! — 70

King Clause, I bid God save thee first, first,
Clause,

After this golden token of a crown. —

Where 's orator Higgen with his gratulating
speech now,

In all our names?

Fer. Here he is, pumping for it.

Ginks. H's as cough'd the second time; 't is
but once more. 75

And then it comes.

Fer. So, out with all. — Expect now!

Hig. That thou art chosen, venerable
Clause,

Our king and sovereign, monarch o' the maund-
ers,

Thus we throw up our nab-cheats first, for
joy,

And then our filches; last, we clap our fam-
bles; 80

Three subject signs we do it without envy;

For who is he here did not wish thee chosen,
Now thou art chosen? ask 'em; all will say so,
Nay, swear 't, 't is for the king; but let that
pass.

When last in conference at the bouzing-ken, 85
This other day, we sate about our dead prince
Of famous memory (rest go with his rags!),
And that I saw thee at the table's end

Rise mov'd, and, gravely leaning on one crutch,
Lift the other like a sceptre at my head, 90

I then presag'd thou shortly wouldst be king;
And now thou art so. But what need presage

To us, that might have read it in thy beard,

" Forc'd: artificial 38 clout: rag 44 escheated: confiscated dells: maidens 55 doxies:
mistresses 48 and: an, if 44 still: always 47 sort: group, company 50 call: calling ('calling'
F 2) 55 dissolv'd: s.e., resolved 70 Ginks: ('Ferret' Ff, Q) 72 gratulating: congratulatory 78 Ex-
pect: wait 78 maunders: beggars 79 nab-cheats: hats 80 filches: staffs, fitted with hooks
fambles: hands 85 bouzing-ken: ale-house

As well as he that chose thee? by that beard
Thou wert found out, and mark'd for sovereignty:

Oh, happy beard! but happier prince, whose beard

Was so remark'd as marked out our prince,
Not bating us a hair! long may it grow,
And thick and fair, that who lives under it
May live as safe as under Beggars' Bush, 100
Of which this is the thing, that but the type!

Omnes. Excellent, excellent orator! forward, good Higgen! —

Give him leave to spit. — The fine, well-spoken Higgen!

Hig. This is the beard, the bush, or bushy beard,

Under whose gold and silver reign, 't was said, 105

So many ages since, we all should smile.

No impositions, taxes, grievances,
Knots in a state, and whips unto a subject,
Lie lurking in this beard, but all kemb'd out.
If now the beard be such, what is the prince
That owes the beard? a father? no, a grand-
father, 111

Nay, the great-grandfather of you his people:
He will not force away your hens, your bacon,
When you have ventur'd hard for 't, nor take
from you

The fattest of your puddings: under him, 115
Each man shall eat his own stol'n eggs and
butter,

In his own shade or sun-shine, and enjoy
His own dear dell, doxy, or mort, at night,
In his own straw, with his own shirt or sheet
That he hath filch'd that day; ay, and pos-
sess 120

What he can purchase, back or belly-cheats,
To his own prop: he will have no purveyors
For pigs and poultry.

Ger. That we must have, my learned orator;
It is our will; and every man to keep 125
In his own path and circuit.

Hig. Do you hear?

You must hereafter maund on your own pads,
he says.

Ger. And what they get there is their own:
besides,

To give good words

Hig. Do you mark? to cut bene whids;
That is the second law.

Ger. And keep afoot 130

⁹⁸ bating: deducting ¹⁰⁷ No: ('On' Ff, Q) ¹⁰⁰ kemb'd: combed ¹¹¹ owes: owns ¹¹⁸ mort: girl, wench ¹²¹ purchase: obtain (not necessarily by buying) ¹²² back . . . cheats: things for back or belly, clothing or food ¹²³ To . . . prop: for his own property ¹²⁴ purveyors: officers who exacted contributions of food, etc., for royal progresses ¹²⁷ maund . . . pads: beg on your own roads ¹²⁹ cut . . . whids: give good words ¹³⁰ torn: ('true' F 1, Q) ¹³⁴ cove: fellow ¹³⁵ fumbumbis: a watchword (?) ¹⁴⁴ s. d. Strike: strike up, sing or play (?) ¹⁴⁵⁻¹⁴⁶ (For a source of this song in Erasmus, see W. D. Briggs, *Mod. Lang. Notes*, 1924, p. 379.) ¹⁵⁰ Where: ('where' s' F 2) ¹⁵⁸ gown: judicial business ¹⁶³ sess'd: assessed ¹⁶⁸ s. d.: (Hubert and Hemskirk are in disguise.) ¹⁶⁷ cove: ('cove comes' F 2)

The humble and the common phrase of begging,
Lest men discover us.

Hig. Yes, and cry sometimes,
To move compassion. Sir, there is a table,
That doth command all these things, and en-
joins 'em

Be perfect in their crutches, their feign'd
plasters, 135

And their torn passports, with the ways to
stammer,

And to be dumb, and deaf, and blind, and lame:
There all the halting paces are set down

I' th' learned language.

Ger. Thither I refer them;
Those you at leisure shall interpret to them: 140
We love no heaps of laws, where few will serve.

Omnes. Oh, gracious prince! Save, save
the good King Clause!

Hig. A song to crown him!

Fer. Set a sentinel out first.

Snap. The word?

Hig. "A cove comes," and "fumbumbis"
to it. — *Strike.* [*Exit Snap.*]

THE SONG

Cast our caps and cares away! 145

This is beggars' holiday:

At the crowning of our king,

Thus we ever dance and sing.

In the world look out and see,

Where so happy a prince as he? 150

Where the nation live so free,

And so merry as do we?

Be it peace or be it war,

Here at liberty we are,

And enjoy our ease and rest: 155

To the field we are not press'd;

Nor are call'd into the town,

To be troubled with the gown:

Hang all officers, we cry,

And the magistrate, too, by! 160

When the subsidy's increas'd,

We are not a penny sess'd;

Nor will any go to law

With the beggar for a straw.

All which happiness, he brags, 165

He doth owe unto his rags.

Enter Snap, Hubert, and Hemskirk

Snap. A cove! fumbumbis!

Prig. To your postures! arm!

Hub. Yonder 's the town: I see it.

Hem. There 's our danger,
Indeed, afore us, if our shadows save not.
Hig. Bless your good worships! —
Fer. One small piece of money — 170
Prig. Amongst us all poor wretches —
Ger. Blind and lame —
Ginks. For his sake that gives all —
Hig. Pitiful worships! —
Snap. One little doit —

Enter Jacqueline

Jac. King, by your leave, where are you?
Fer. To buy a little bread —
Hig. To feed so many
Mouths, as will ever pray for you.
Prig. Here be seven of us. 175
Hig. Seven, good master; oh, remember
seven.
Seven blessings —

Fer. Remember, gentle worship —
Hig. 'Gainst seven deadly sins —
Prig. And seven sleepers.
Hig. If they be hard of heart, and will give
nothing —
Alas, we had not a charity this three days. 180
Hub. There's amongst you all. [*Gives money*]
Fer. Heaven reward you!
Prig. Lord reward you!
Hig. The prince of pity bless thee!
Hub. [*Aside*] Do I see? or is 't my fancy
that would have it so?
Ha! 't is her face. — Come hither, maid.

Jac. What, ha' you
Bells for my squirrel? I ha' giv'n Bun meat.
You do not love me, do you? Catch me a
butterfly, 186
And I 'll love you again: when? can you tell?
Peace, we go a-birding: I shall have a fine
thing. *Exit.*

Hub. [*Aside*] Her voice, too, says the same;
but, for my head,
I would not that her manners were so
chang'd. — 190
Hear me, thou honest fellow; what 's this
maiden,
That lives amongst you here?

Ginks. Ao, ao, ao, ao.
Hub. How! nothing but signs?
Ginks. Ao, ao, ao, ao.
Hub. [*Aside.*] This is strange:
I would fain have it her, but not her thus.

Hig. He is de-de-de-de-de-de-deaf, and du-
du-dude-dumb, sir 195
[*Exeunt all the Beggars except Snap.*]

Hub. 'Slid, they did all speak plain ev'n
now, methought. —
Dost thou know this same maid?

Snap. Whi-whi-whi-whi-which, Gu-Gu-Gu-
Gu-God's fool?

She was bo-bo-bo-bo-born at the barn yonder,
by Be-Be-Be-Be-Beggars' Bush Bo-Bo-
Bush:

Her name is Mi-Mi-Mi-Mi-Mi-Minche; so was
her mo-mo-mo-mother's, too-too

Hub. I understand no word he says. —
How long 200
Has she been here?

Snap. Lo-lo-long enough to be ni-ni-nigg'd,
and she ha' go-go-go-good luck.

Hub. [*Aside.*] I must be better inform'd
than by this way:

Here was another face, too, that I mark'd —
Oh, the old man's: but they are vanish'd
all 205

Most suddenly. I will come here again:

Oh, that I were so happy as to find it,

What I yet hope it is, put on!

Hem What mean you, sir,
To stay there with that stammerer?

Hub. Farewell, friend. — [*Exit Snap.*]
It will be worth return to search. [*Aside.*] —

Come; 210

Protect us our disguise now! Prithee, Hems-
kirk,

If we be taken, how dost thou imagine
This town will use us, that hath stood so
long

Out against Wolfort?

Hem Even to hang us forth
Upon their walls a-sunning, to make crow's
meat. 215

If I were not assur'd o' the burgomaster,
And had a pretty 'scuse to see a niece there,
I should scarce venture.

Hub Come, 't is now too late
To look back at the ports. Good luck, and
enter! *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

[*Bruges. — The Exchange.*]

Enter Florez

Flo. Still blow'st thou there? and from all
other parts,
Do all my agents sleep, that nothing comes?

There 's a conspiracy of winds and servants,
If not of elements, to ha' me break.

What should I think? unless the seas and
sands 5

Had swallow'd up my ships, or fire had spoil'd
My warehouses, or death devour'd my factors,
I must ha' had some returns.

¹⁶⁹ shadows: disguises ¹⁷⁵ doit: small coin ¹⁸⁵ meat: food ¹⁹⁰ Minche: ('match' Ff, Q)
¹⁸⁰ nigg'd: mated ²⁰⁵ Oh: ('Of' F 2) ²⁰⁸ put on: assumed ²¹⁰ ports: harbors of safety

Enter Merchant

Mer. Save you, sir!
Flo. Save you!

Mer. No news yet o' your ships?

Flo. Not any yet, sir.

Mer. 'T is strange.

Flo. 'T is true, sir. *Exit [Merchant].*
 What a voice was here now! 10

This was one passing-bell; a thousand ravens
 Sung in that man now, to presage my ruins.

[Enter Second Merchant]

2 *Mer.* Goswin, good day. These winds
 are very constant.

Flo. They are so, sir, — to hurt.

2 *Mer.* Ha' you had no letters
 lately from England, nor from Denmark?

Flo. Neither. 15

2 *Mer.* This wind brings them. Nor no
 news over land,
 Through Spain, from the Straits?

Flo. Not any.

2 *Mer.* I am sorry, sir. *Exit.*

Flo. They talk me down; and as 't is said of
 vultures,
 They scent a field fought, and do smell the
 carcasses

By many hundred miles, so do these my
 wracks 20

At greater distances. Why, thy will, Heaven,
 Come on, and be! yet, if thou please preserve
 me

But in my own adventure here at home,
 Of my chaste love, to keep me worthy of her,
 It shall be put in scale 'gainst all ill fortunes: 25
 I am not broken yet, nor should I fall,
 Methinks, with less than that: that ruins all.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

[The Same. — The House of Vandunk.]

*Enter Vandunk, Hubert, Hemskirk, and
 Margaret*

Vand. Captain, you are welcome; so is this
 your friend,
 Most safely welcome; though our town stand
 out

Against your master, you shall find good quar-
 ter:

The troth is, we not love him. Meg, some
 wine. —

*[Exit Margaret, who presently re-enters
 with wine.]*

Let 's talk a little treason, if we can 5
 Talk treason 'gainst the traitors: by your leave,
 gentlemen,

We here in Bruges think he does usurp,
 And therefore I am bold with him.

Hub. Sir, your boldness
 Haply becomes your mouth, but not our ears,
 While we are his servants; and, as we come
 here, 10

Not to ask questions, walk forth on your walls,
 Visit your courts of guard, view your munition,
 Ask of your corn-provisions, nor inquire
 Into the least, as spies upon your strengths;
 So let 's entreat, we may receive from you 15
 Nothing in passage or discourse, but what
 We may with gladness, and our honesties, hear;
 And that shall seal our welcome.

Vand. Good: let 's drink, then. —
 Meg, fill out. — I keep mine old pearl still,
 captain.

Marg. I hang fast, man.

Hem. Old jewels commend their keeper, sir.

Vand. Here 's to you with a heart, my
 captain's friend, 21

With a good heart! and, if this make us speak
 Bold words anon, 't is all under the rose,
 Forgotten: drown all memory, when we drink!

Hub. 'T is freely spoken, noble burgomas-
 ter: 25

I 'll do you right

Hem. Nay, sir, Mynheer Vandunk
 Is a true statesman.

Vand. Fill my captain's cup there. — Oh,
 that your master Wolfort

Had been an honest man!

Hub. Sir?

Vand. Under the rose.

Hem. Here 's to you, Marget

Marg. Welcome, welcome, captain. 30

Vand. Well said, my pearl, still!

Hem. And how does my niece?
 Almost a woman, I think. Thus friend of
 mine

I drew along with me, through so much hazard,
 Only to see her: she was my errand.

Vand. Ay, a kind uncle you are, — fill him
 his glass, — 35

That in seven years could not find leisure —
Hem. No,

It 's not so much

Vand. I 'll bate you ne'er an hour on 't:
 It was before the Brabander 'gan his war
 For moonshine i' the water there, his daughter
 That never was lost; yet you could not find
 time 40

* s. d. Merchant: ('Merchants' Ff, Q) 30 wracks: ruins, shipwrecks Sc III s. d.: (Ff, Q add
 Boors, by mistake) 1 quarter: treatment 16 passage: casual remark 18 Meg: ('Mage' F 1, Q;
 not in F 2) pearl: (alluding to the etymology of 'Margaret') 39 For . . . water: for a false or
 pretended cause

To see a kinswoman: but she is worth the seeing, sir,
Now you are come. You ask if she were a woman?
She is a woman, sir, — fetch her forth,
Marget, —
And a fine woman, and has suitors.

Exit Margarel.
How!

Hem. What suitors are they?
Vand. Bachelors, young burghers; 45
And one a gallant; the young prince of merchants
We call him here in Bruges.
Hem. How! a merchant!
I thought, Vandunk, you had understood me better,
And my niece, too, so trusted to you by me,
Than to admit of such in name of suitors. 50

Vand. Such! he is such a such, as, were she mine,
I'd give him thirty thousand crowns with her.
Hem. But the same things, sir, fit not you and me. *Exit.*

Vand. Why, give's some wine, then; this will fit us all.
Here's to you still, my captain's friend, all out! 55
And still would Wolfort were an honest man!
Under the rose I speak it — But this merchant
Is a brave boy — he lives so, I' the town here,
We know not what to think on him. at some times

We fear he will be bankrupt; he does stretch, 60
Tenter his credit so, embraces all,
And, to 't, the winds have been contrary long:
But then, if he should have all his returns,
We think he would be a king, and are half sure on 't. —

Your master is a traitor, for all this, 65
Under the rose, — here's to you, — and usurps
The earldom from a better man.

Hub. Ay, marry, sir,
Where is that man?

Vand. Nay, soft: and I could tell you,
'T is ten to one I would not Here's my hand,
I love not Wolfort. sit you still with that. 70
Here comes my captain again, and his fine niece;
And there's my merchant; view him well. —
Fill wine here!

Enter Hemskirk, [Margarel], Bertha, and Florez

Hem. You must not only know me for your uncle
Now, but obey me: you, go cast yourself

Away, upon a dunghill here! a merchant! 75
A petty fellow! one that makes his trade
With oaths and perjuries!

Flo. What is that you say, sir?
If it be me you speak of, as your eye
Seems to direct, I wish you would speak to me, sir.

Hem. Sir, I do say, she is no merchandise: 80

Will that suffice you?
Flo. Merchandise, good sir!
Though you be kinsman to her, take no leave thence

To use me with contempt: I ever thought
Your niece above all price.

Hem. And do so still, sir:
I assure you, her rate's at more than you are worth 85

Flo. You do not know what a gentleman's worth, sir,
Nor can you value him.

Hub. Well said, merchant!
Vand. Nay,
Let him alone, and ply your matter.

Hem. A gentleman!
What, o' the wool-pack? or the sugar-chest?
Or lists of velvet? which is 't, pound or yard, 90
You vent your gentry by?

Hub. Oh, Hemskirk, fie!
Vand. Come, do not mumd 'em; drink. —
He is no Wolfort,
Captain, I advise you.

Hem. Alas, my pretty man,
I think 't be angry, by its look! come hither,
Turn this way a little. if it were the blood 95
Of Charlemagne, as 't may, for aught I know,
Be some good botcher's issue, here in Bruges —
Flo. How!

Hem. Nay, I'm not certain of that; of this I am,
If it once buy and sell, its gentry is gone.

Flo. Ha, ha!
Hem. You are angry, though ye laugh.
Flo. No, now 't is pity 100

Of your poor argument Do not you, the lords
Of land, (if you be any,) sell the grass,
The corn, the straw, the milk, the cheese —

Vand. And butter,
Remember butter; do not leave out butter.

Flo. The beefs and muttons, that your
grounds are stored with? 105
Swine, with the very mast, beside the woods?

Hem. No; for those sordid uses we have tenants,
Or else our bailiffs.

Flo. Have not we, sir, chapmen

⁴⁵ Marget: ('Margee' F 1) ⁵⁵ all out: bottoms up ⁶¹ Tenter: stretch (as cloth is stretched on tenter-hooks) ⁶² to 't: besides ⁷⁰ his: ('this' F 1) ⁹⁰ lists: strips ⁹¹ vent: sell ⁹⁷ botcher: mender of old clothes ¹⁰⁰ mast: acorns, etc., used as food for swine

And factors, then, to answer these? Your honour,
Fetch'd from the heralds' A B C, and said
over, 110

With your court-faces, once an hour, shall never
Make me mistake myself. Do not your lawyers
Sell all their practice, as your priests their
prayers?

What is not bought and sold? the company
That you had last, what had you for 't, i'
faith? 115

Hem. You now grow saucy

Flo. Sure, I have been bred
Still with my honest liberty, and must use it.

Hem. Upon your equals, then.

Flo. Sir, he that will
Provoke me first doth make himself my equal.

Hem. Do ye hear? no more!

Flo. Yes, sir, this little, I pray you, 120
And 't shall be aside; then, after, as you please.
You appear the uncle, sir, to her I love
More than mine eyes; and I have heard your
scorns

With so much scoffing, and with so much shame,
As each strives which is greater: but, believe me,
I suck'd not in this patience with my milk 126
Do not presume, because you see me young;
Or cast despites on my profession,
For the civility and tameness of it:

A good man bears a contumely worse 130
Than he would do an injury. Proceed not
To my offence: wrong is not still successful;
Indeed, it is not. I would approach your
kinswoman

With all respect done to yourself and her.

[*Takes Bertha's hand.*]

Hem. Away, companion! handling her?
take that! *Strikes him.* 135

Flo. Nay, I do love no blows, sir: there's
exchange!

*He gets Hemskirk's sword and cuts him
on the head.*

Hub. Hold, sir!

Marg. Oh, murder!

Ber. Help my Goswin!

Marg. Man! —

Vand. Let 'em alone. My life for one!

Flo. Nay, come,

If you have will.

Hub. None to offend you I, sir

Flo. He that had, thank himself! — Not
hand her? yes, sir, 140

And clasp her, and embrace her; and (would
she

Now go with me) bear her through all her race,
Her father, brethren, and her uncles, arm'd,
And all their nephews, though they stood a
wood

Of pikes, and wall of cannon. — Kiss me,
Gertrude; 145

Quake not, but kiss me.

Vand. Kiss him, girl; I bid you. —
My merchant royal! Fear no uncles: hang
'em,

Hang up all uncles! Are we not in Bruges,
Under the rose here?

Flo. In this circle, love,
Thou art as safe as in a tower of brass. 150
Let such as do wrong, fear.

Vand. Ay, that's good:
Let Wolfort look to that.

Flo. Sir, here she stands,
Your niece, and my beloved. One of these titles
She must apply to: if unto the last,
Not all the anger can be sent unto her, 155
In frown or voice, or other art, shall force her,
Had Hercules a hand in 't. — Come, my joy,
Say thou art mine aloud, love, and profess it.

Vand. Do: and I drink to it.

Flo. Prithce, say so, love.

Ber. 'T would take away the honour from
my blushes, — 160
Do not you play the tyrant, sweet; — they
speak it.

Hem. I thank you, niece.

Flo. Sir, thank her for your life;
And fetch your sword within.

Hem. You insult too much
With your good fortune, sir.

Exeunt Florez and Bertha.

Hub. A brave clear spirit! —
Hemskirk, you were to blame: a civil habit 165
Oft covers a good man, and you may meet,
In person of a merchant, with a soul
As resolute and free, and all ways worthy,
As else in any file of mankind. Pray you,
What meant you so to slight him?

Hem. 'T is done now; 170
Ask no more of it; I must suffer.

Exit Hemskirk.

Hub. This
Is still the punishment of rashness — sorrow.
Well, I must to the woods, for nothing here
Will be got out. There I may chance to learn
Somewhat to help my inquiries further. —

Vand. Ha! 175
A looking-glass!

Hub. How now, brave burgomaster?

¹⁰⁹ honour: ('error' F 1, Q) ¹¹⁴ company: (alluding to the sale of military offices) ¹¹⁴ with: (not in Ff, Q) ¹²³ strives: ('strive' Ff, Q) ¹²⁶ despites: scorn ¹²⁸ civility: quality appropriate to the citizen rather than to the gentleman ¹²⁸ companion: fellow ¹²⁷ Man: husband ¹²⁸ we not: ('not we' F 2) ¹³⁴ apply: conform ¹⁶⁵ within: (Florez had thrown away Hemskirk's sword.) ¹⁶⁵ insult: vaunt, are arrogant ¹⁶⁴ ('Exit Florez' F 1) ¹⁷⁶ looking-glass: chamber-pot

Vand. I love no Wolforts, and my name 's
Vandunk.

Hub. Van-drunk it 's rather. Come, go
sleep within.

Vand. Earl Florez is right heir; and this
same Wolfort, —

Under the rose I speak it —

Hub. Very hardly. 180

Vand. Usurps; and a rank traitor, as ever
breath'd,

And all that do uphold him. Let me go;

No man shall hold me up, that upholds him.

Do you uphold him?

Hub. No.

Vand. Then hold me up.

Exeunt.

[SCENE IV. — *Before the House of Vandunk.*]

Enter Florez and Hemskirk

Hem. Sir, I presume you have a sword of
your own,

That can so handle another's.

Flo. Faith, you may, sir.

Hem. And ye have made me have so much
better thoughts of you,

As I am bound to call you forth.

Flo. For what, sir?

Hem. To the repairing of mine honour and
hurt here. 5

Flo. Express your way.

Hem. By fight, and speedily.

Flo. You have your will. Require you any
more?

Hem. That you be secret, and come single

Flo. I will.

Hem. As you are the gentleman you would
be thought!

Flo. Without the conjuration, and I 'll bring
Only my sword, which I will fit to yours. 11

I 'll take his length within

Hem. Your place now, sir?

Flo. By the sand-hills

Hem. Sir, nearer to the woods,

If you thought so, were fitter.

Flo. There, then

Hem. Good.

Your time?

Flo. 'Twixt seven and eight.

Hem. You 'll give me, sir, 15

Cause to report you worthy of my niece,

If you come like your promise

Flo. If I do not,

Let no man think to call me unworthy first:

I 'll do 't myself, and justly wish to hear.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius, Scæna Prima.

[*Before a Tavern in the Outskirts of Bruges.*]

Enter three or four Boors

1 *Boor.* Come, English beer, hostess, Eng-
lish beer by th' belly!

2 *Boor.* Stark beer, boy, stout and strong
beer! — So; sit down, lads,
And drink me upsey-Dutch: frolic, and fear
not.

Enter Huggen like a sow-gelder, singing

Have ye any work for the sow-gelder, ho?

My horn goes to high, to low, to high, to low!

Have ye any pigs, calves, or colts, 6

Have ye any lambs in your holts,

To cut for the stone?

Here comes a cunning one.

Have ye any braches to spade, 10

Or e'er a fair maid

That would be a nun?

Come, kiss me, 't is done.

Hark, how my merry horn doth blow

To high, to low, to high, to low! 15

1 *Boor* Oh, excellent! — Two-pence apiece,
boys, two-pence apiece! —

Give the boy some drink there! — Piper, wet
your whistle.

Canst tell me a way now how to cut off my
wife's concupiscence?

Hig I 'll sing ye a song for 't.

THE SONG

Take her, and hug her, 20

And turn her, and tug her,

And turn her again, boy, again:

Then, if she mumble,

Or if her tail tumble,

Kiss her amain, boy, amain! 25

Do thy endeavour

To take off her fever,

Then her disease no longer will reign.

If nothing will serve her,

Then thus, to preserve her, 30

Swinge her amain, boy, amain!

Give her cold jelly,

To take up her belly,

And once a day swinge her again.

If she stand all these pains, 35

Then knock out her brains;

Her disease no longer will reign.

¹⁸⁰ Very hardly: with great difficulty ¹⁸¹ up: (not in Ff, Q) Sc IV. (Not marked, Ff, Q)

¹⁰ conjuration: formal oath ¹¹ upsey-Dutch: in the Dutch fashion, to excess ¹² holts: pastures (usually "woods") ¹³ braches: bitches ¹⁴ boy: ('boys' Ff, Q) ¹⁵ amain: vehemently ¹⁶ Swinge: beat

1 *Boor*. More excellent, more excellent,
sweet sow-gelder!

2 *Boor*. Three-pence apiece, three-pence
apiece!

Hig. Will you hear a song how the devil
was gelded? 40

3 *Boor*. Ay, ay; let's hear the devil roar,
sow-gelder.

SONG

1.

He ran at me first in the shape of a ram,
And over and over the sow-gelder came:
I rise, and I halter'd him fast by the horn;
I pluck'd out his stones, as you'd pick out a
corn. 45

Baa! quoth the devil, and forth he slunk,
And left us a carcass of mutton that stunk.

2.

The next time I rode a good mile and a half,
Where I heard he did live in disguise of a calf:
I bound and I gelt him, ere he did any evil; 50
He was here at his best but a sucking devil.

Maa! yet he cried, and forth he did steal,
And this was sold after for excellent veal.

3.

Some half a year after, in the form of a pig,
I met with the rogue, and he look'd very big: 55
I catch'd at his leg, laid him down on a log;
Ere a man could fart twice, I had made him a
hog

Owgh! quoth the devil, and forth gave a jerk,
That a Jew was converted, and eat of the
perk.

1 *Boor*. Groats apiece, groats apiece, groats
apiece! — 60

There, sweet sow-gelder. [*Gives money.*]

*Enter Prig [disguised as a juggler,] and
Ferret [as his man]*

Prig. Will ye see any feats of activity,
Some sleight of hand, legerdeman? hey, pass,
Presto, be gone there?

2 *Boor*. Sit down, juggler

Prig. Sirrah, play you your art well [*aside
to Ferret.*] — Draw near, pierper. 65

[*To Higgen.*]

Look you, my honest friends, you see my hands;
Plain-dealing is no devil. Lend me some
money;

Twelve-pence apiece will serve.

1 and 2 *Boor*. There, there. [*Giving money.*]

Prig.

I thank you,
Thank ye heartily. When shall I pay ye?

All Boors. Ha, ha, ha! by th' mass, this was
a fine trick. 70

Prig. A merry slight toy. But now I'll
show you worships

A trick indeed.

Hig. Mark him well now, my masters.

Prig. Here are three balls: these balls shall
be three bullets.

One, two, and three! *ascensibus, malentibus!*
Presto, be gone! They are vanish'd. fair play,
gentlemen. 75

Now, these three, like three bullets, from your
three noses

Will I pluck presently. Fear not; no harm,
boys.

Tityre, tu patulæ.

[*Pulls the Boors' noses, while Higgen
and Ferret pick their pockets, and
remove some of their cloaks.*]

1 *Boor*. Oh, oh, oh!

Prig. *Recubans sub legmine fagi.* 80

2 *Boor*. Ye pull too hard; ye pull too hard!

Prig. Stand fair, then

Silvertram trim-tram.

3 *Boor*. Hold, hold, hold!

Prig. Come aloft, bullets three, with a
whim-wham! —

Have ye their moneys?

[*Aside to Higgen and Ferret*]

Hig. Yes, yes

1 *Boor*. Oh, rare juggler! 85

2 *Boor*. Oh, admirable juggler!

Prig. One trick more yet.

Hey, come aloft! *sa, sa, flum, flum, taradumbis!*
East, west, north, south, now fly like Jack
with a *bumbis!*

Now all your money's gone: pray, search your
pockets.

1 *Boor*. Humh! 90

2 *Boor*. He!

3 *Boor*. The devil a penny's here!

Prig. This was a rare trick.

1 *Boor*. But 't would be a far rarer to restore
it.

Prig. I'll do ye that, too. Look upon me
earnestly,

And move not any ways your eyes from this
place, 95

This button here.

[*While the Boors look at Prig counters
are put into their pockets by Higgen
and Ferret.*]

Pow, whir, whiss! Shake your pockets.

40-49 *Song*: (not in F 1, Q) 44 *rise*: (past tense, pronounce "riz") 77 *hog*: castrated swine
88 *perk*: s.e. pork 89 *groats*: coins worth fourpence 71 *toy*: trifle 74 *ascensibus*, etc.: (nonsense
intended to confuse the Boors) 78-80 *Tityre* . . . *fagi*: (Line 1 of Vergil's first eclogue) 80 *teg-
mine*: ('jermines' Ff, Q) 88 s. D. counters: imitation coins, tokens

1 Boor. By th' mass, 't is here again, boys.

Prig. Rest ye merry:

My first trick has paid me.

All Boors. Ay, take it, take it,
And take some drink, too.

Prig. Not a drop now, I thank you. —
Away! we are discover'd else. 100

Exit [with Higgen and Ferret].

Enter Gerrard like a blind aquavitz-man,
and a Boy singing the Song

Bring out your cony-skins, fair maids, to me,
And hold 'em fair, that I may see;
Grey, black, and blue. for your smaller skins,
I 'll give ye looking-glasses, pins;
And for your whole cony, 105
Here 's ready, ready money.

Come, gentle Joan, do thou begin
With thy black, black, black cony-skin;
And Mary then, and Jane will follow,
With their silver-hair'd skins and their yellow.
The white cony-skin I will not lay by, 111
For, though it be faunt, 't is fair to the eye;
The grey, it is warm, but yet, for my money,
Give me the bonny, bonny black cony.

Come away, fair maids; your skins will de-
cay. 115

Come and take money, maids; put your ware
away.

Cony-skins, cony-skins! have ye any cony-
skins?

I have fine bracelets, and fine silver pins.

Ger. Buy any brand-wine, buy any brand-
wine?

Boy. Have ye any cony-skins? 120

2 Boor. My fine canary-bird, there 's a
cake for thy worship

1 Boor. Come, fill, fill, fill, fill, suddenly.
Let 's see, sir,

What 's this?

Ger. A penny, sir.

1 Boor. Fill till 't be six-pence,

And there 's my pig.

Boy. This is a counter, sir.

1 Boor. A counter! Stay ye: what are
these, then? — 125

Oh, execrable juggler! oh, damn'd juggler! —
Look in your hose, ho! this comes of looking
forward.

3 Boor. Devil o' Dunkirk! what a rogue 's
this juggler,

This hey-pass, re-pass! h'as repass'd us sweetly.

2 Boor. Do ye call these tricks? 130

Enter Higgen [disguised as a gold-end-man]

Hig. Have ye any ends of gold or silver?

2 Boor. This fellow comes to mock us. —
Gold or silver! cry copper!

1 Boor. Yes, my good friend,
We have e'en an end of all we have.

Hig. 'T is well, sir;
You have the less to care for. — Gold and
silver! Exit. 135

Enter Prig [disguised as an old-clothes man]

Prig. Have ye any old cloaks to sell, have
ye any old cloaks to sell? Exit.

1 Boor. Cloaks! — Look about ye, boys;
mine 's gone!

2 Boor. A pox juggle 'em!
Pox o' their prestoes! mine 's gone, too!

3 Boor. Here 's mine yet.

1 Boor. Come, come, let 's drunk, then. —
More brand-wine!

Boy Here, sir.

1 Boor. If e'er I catch your sow-gelder, by
this hand, I 'll strip him. 140

Were ever fools so ferk'd? We have two cloaks
yet,

And all our caps. the devil take the flincher!

All Boors. Yaw, yaw, yaw, yaw!

Enter Hemskirk

Hem Good den, my honest fellows:
You are merry here, I see.

3 Boor. 'T is all we have left, sir.

Hem. What hast thou? aquavitz?

Boy. Yes.

Hem Fill out, then; 145

And give these honest fellows round

All Boors. What is 't, sir? We thank ye.

Hem. May I speak a word in private to ye?

All Boors. Yes, sir.

Hem. I have a business for you, honest
friends,

If you dare lend your help, shall get you
crowns.

Ger. Ha!

Lead me a little nearer, boy. [Aside to Boy.]

1 Boor. What is 't, sir? 150

If it be anything to purchase money (which is
our want), command us.

All Boors. All, all, all, sir.

Hem. You know the young spruce merchant
in Bruges?

2 Boor. Who, Master Goswin?

Hem. That: he owes me money,

And here in town there is no stirring of him. 155

⁹⁹ Rest ye merry: be content ¹⁰⁰ S. D. aquavitz-man: seller of brandy ¹⁰¹ cony-skins: rabbit-
skins ¹¹⁰ brand-wine: brandy ¹²⁰ What 's this: What is the price of the brandy you have poured
out? ¹²⁴ pig: sixpence ¹²⁷ hose: breeches ¹³⁰ S. D. gold-end-man: itinerant buyer of old gold
¹³⁷⁻¹³⁸ pox: (represented by dash, Ff, Q) ¹⁴¹ ferk'd: cheated ¹⁴⁵ flincher: one who finches while
drinking ¹⁴⁵ den: evening ('do'n' Ff, Q)

Ger. [*Aside.*] Say ye so?

Hem. This day, upon a sure appointment,
He meets me a mule hence, by the chase-side,
Under the row of oaks: do you know it?

All Boors. Yes, sir.

Hem. Give 'em more drink. — There, if
you dare but venture,
When I shall give the word, to seize upon
him, 160

Here 's twenty pound.

3 Boor. Beware the juggler!

Hem. If he resist, down with him, have no
mercy.

1 Boor. I warrant you, we 'll hamper him.

Hem. To discharge you,
I have a warrant here about me.

3 Boor. Here 's our warrant;
This carries fire i' th' tail. [*Showing his cudgel.*]

Hem. Away with me, then! 165
[*Aside.*] The time draws on.

I must remove so insolent a suitor,
And, if he be so rich, make him pay ransom
Ere he sees Bruges' towers again. Thus wise
men

Repair the hurts they take by a disgrace, 170
And piece the lion's skin with the fox's case.

Ger. [*Aside.*] I am glad I have heard this
sport yet.

Hem. There 's for thy drink. — Come, pay
the house within, boys,
And lose no time.

Ger. Away with all our haste, too!
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

[*A Chase bordering on the Woods near Bruges*]

Enter Florez

Flo. No wind blow fair yet? no return of
moneys,
Letters, nor anything to hold my hopes up?
Why, then, 't is destin'd that I fall, fall miser-
ably,
My credit I was built on sinking with me.
Thou boist'rous North-wind, blowing my mis-
fortunes, 5
And frosting all my hopes to cakes of coldness,
Yet stay thy fury! give the gentle South
Yet leave to court those sails that bring me
safety!
And you, auspicious fires; bright twins in
heaven,
Dance on the shrouds! He blows still stub-
bornly, 10

And on his boist'rous rack rides my sad ruin.
There is no help, there can be now no comfort;
To-morrow, with the sun-set, sets my credit.
Oh, misery! thou curse of man, thou plague,
In the midst of all our strength, thou striketh
us! 15

My virtuous love is lost, too: all, what I have
been,

No more hereafter to be seen than shadow.
To prison now! Well, yet there 's this hope
left me;

I may sink fairly under this day's venture,
And so to-morrow 's cross'd, and all those
curses. 20

Yet manly I 'll invite my fate: base Fortune
Shall never say, she has cut my throat in fear.
This is the place his challenge call'd me to,
And was a happy one at this time for me;
For let me fall before my foe i' the field, 25
And not at bar before my creditors! —

Enter Hemskirk

H'as kept his word. — Now, sir, your sword's
tongue only,

Loud as you dare; all other language —
Hem Well, sir,

You shall not be long troubl'd. Draw.
Flo. 'T is done, sir;

And now, have at ye!
Hem Now!

Enter Boors [who attempt to seize Florez]

Flo. Betray'd to villains! — 30
Slaves, ye shall buy me bravely! —
And thou, base coward —

Enter Gerrard and Beggars [disguised]

Ger. Now upon 'em bravely!
Conjure 'em soundly, boys!

Boors. Hold, hold!
Ger. Lay on still!

Down with that gentleman-rogue, swinge him
to syrup! — [*Hemskirk runs off.*]

Retire, sir, and take breath. — Follow, and
take him; 35

Take all; 't is lawful prize.
[*Exeunt some of the Beggars.*]

Boors. We yield.
Ger. Down with 'em!

Into the wood, and rifle 'em, tew 'em, swinge
'em!

Knock me their brains into their breeches!
Boors. Hold, hold!

Exeunt [all except Florez].

¹⁶⁷ chase: forest preserve ¹⁶⁸ hamper: bind, overcome ^{discharge}: free from charges ¹⁷¹ case: skin
skin ⁷ South: south wind ⁹ bright twins: constellation of the Gemini (Castor and Pollux), supposed to produce electrical effects which were regarded as good omens ¹¹ rack: mass of driving clouds
¹⁶ lost: ('toss'd' F 1, Q) ²⁰ cross'd: cancelled ²⁷ tew: beat

Flo. What these men are I know not; nor
for what cause
They should thus thrust themselves into my
danger
Can I imagine — but, sure, heaven's hand was
in 't —
Nor why this coward knave should deal so
basely,
To eat me up with slaves: but, Heaven, I thank
thee!
I hope thou hast reserv'd me to an end
Fit for thy creature, and worthy of thine
honour.
Would all my other dangers here had suffer'd!
With what a joyful heart should I go home,
then!
Where now, Heaven knows, like him that waits
his sentence,
Or hears his passing-bell; but there 's my hope
still.

Enter Gerrard [as Clause]

Ger. Blessing upon you, master!
Flo. Thank ye. Leave me; 50
For, by my troth, I have nothing now to give
thee.

Ger. Indeed, I do not ask, sir; only it
grieves me
To see ye look so sad. Now, goodness keep ye
From troubles in your mind!

Flo. If I were troubl'd,
What could thy comfort do? prithee, Clause,
leave me. 55

Ger. Good master, be not angry; for what
I say
Is out of true love to ye.

Flo. I know thou lov'st me.

Ger. Good master, blame that love, then,
if I prove so saucy

To ask ye why ye are sad.

Flo. Most true, I am so,
And such a sadness I have got will sink me. 60

Ger. Heaven shield it, sir!

Flo. Faith, thou must lose thy master.

Ger. I had rather lose my neck, sir. Would
I knew —

Flo. What would the knowledge do thee
good (so miserable

Thou canst not help thyself), when all my ways,
Nor all the friends I have —

Ger. You do not know, sir, 65
What I can do: cures, sometimes, for men's
cares,

Flew where they least expect 'em.

Flo. I know thou wouldst do:
But farewell, Clause, and pray for thy poor
master.

Ger. I will not leave ye.

Flo. How!

Ger. I dare not leave ye, sir, I must not
leave ye, 70

And, till ye beat me dead, I will not leave ye.
By what ye hold most precious, by Heaven's
goodness,

As your fair youth may prosper, good sir, tell
me!

My mind believes yet something 's in my power
May ease you of this trouble.

Flo. I will tell thee. 75
For a hundred thousand crowns, upon my
credit,

Taken up of merchants to supply my traffics,
The winds and weather envying of my fortune,
And no return to help me off yet showing,

To-morrow, Clause, to-morrow, which must
come, 80

In prison thou shalt find me poor and broken.

Ger. I cannot blame your grief, sir.

Flo. Now, what say'st thou?

Ger. I say, you should not shrink, for he
that gave ye,

Can give you more; his power can bring ye off,
sir;

When friends and all forsake ye, yet he sees
you 85

Flo. There 's all my hope.

Ger. Hope still, sir. Are you tied
Within the compass of a day, good master,
To pay this mass of money?

Flo. Even to-morrow.
But why do I stand mocking of my misery?

Is 't not enough the floods and friends forget
me? 90

Ger. Will no less serve?

Flo. What if it would?

Ger. Your patience:

I do not ask to mock ye. 'T is a great sum,
A sum for mighty men to start and stick at;
But not for honest. Have ye no friends left ye,
None that have felt your bounty, worth this
duty? 95

Flo. Duty! thou know'st it not.

Ger. It is a duty,

And, as a duty, from those men have felt ye,
Should be return'd again I have gain'd by ye;
A daily alms these seven years you have
shower'd on me.

Will half supply your want?

Flo. Why dost thou fool me? 100
Canst thou work miracles?

Ger. To save my master,

I can work this.

Flo. Thou wilt make me angry with thee.

Ger. For doing good?

⁴⁰ there: in heaven ⁴¹ shield: forbid ⁷⁰ crowns: coins worth five shillings ⁷⁷ traffics: busi-
ness affairs ⁸¹ broken: bankrupt ⁸⁴ bring ye off: save you ⁸⁸ There 's: ('That 's' F 1, Q)

Flo. What power hast thou?
Ger. Inquire not,
 So I can do it, to preserve my master.
Nay, if it be three parts —
Flo. Oh, that I had it! 105
 But, good Clause, talk no more; I feel thy
 charity,
 As thou hast felt mine: but alas —
Ger. Distrust not;
 'T is that that quenches ye: pull up your spirit,
 Your good, your honest, and your noble spirit;
 For if the fortunes of ten thousand people 110
 Can save ye, rest assur'd. You have forgot,
 sir,
 The good ye did, which was the power you gave
 me:
 Ye shall now know the King of Beggars' treas-
 ure;
 And let the winds blow as they list, the seas
 roar,
 Yet here to-morrow you shall find your har-
 bour. 115
 Here fail me not, for, if I live, I 'll fit ye.
Flo. How fain I would believe thee!
Ger. If I lie, master,
 Believe no man hereafter.
Flo. I will try thee:
 But He knows, that knows all.
Ger. Know me to-morrow,
 And, if I know not how to cure ye, kill me 120
 So, pass in peace, my best, my worthiest master!
Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

[*The Woods near Bruges.*]

Enter Hubert like a huntsman

Hub. Thus have I stol'n away disguis'd
 from Hemskirk,
 To try these people; for my heart yet tells me
 Some of these beggars are the men I look for.
 Appearing like myself, they have no reason
 (Though my intent is fair, my main end
 honest) 5
 But to avoid me narrowly That face, too,
 That woman's face, how near it is! Oh, may it
 But prove the same, and, Fortune, how I 'll
 bless thee!
 Thus, sure, they cannot know me, or suspect
 me,
 If to my habit I but change my nature, 10
 As I must do. This is the wood they live in;
 A place fit for concealment; where, till for-
 tune
 Crown me with that I seek, I 'll live amongst
 'em. *Exit.*

¹¹⁴ *list*: ('please' F 1, Q) ¹¹⁶ *fit*: provide
 soundly ²⁴ *cast*: thrown (as in wrestling), convicted

[SCENE IV. — *Another Part of the Woods.*]

*Enter Higgen, Prig, Ferret, Ginks, [and other
 Beggars], and the rest of the Boors*

Hig. Come, bring 'em out, for here we sit
 in justice.
 Give to each one a cudgel, a good cudgel: —
 And now attend your sentence. That you are
 rogues,
 And mischievous base rascals, — there 's the
 point now, —
 I take it, is confess'd 5
Prig. Deny it if you dare, knaves!
Boors. We are rogues, sir.
Hig. To amplify the matter, then; rogues
 as ye are,
 (And lamb'd ye shall be ere we leave ye) —
Boors. Yes, sir.
Hig. And to the open handling of our jus-
 tice, —
 Why did ye this upon the proper person 10
 Of our good master? were you drunk when you
 did it?
Boors. Yes, indeed, were we.
Prig. You shall be beaten sober.
Hig. Was it for want you undertook it?
Boors. Yes, sir.
Hig. You shall be swing'd abundantly.
Prig. And yet for all that,
 You shall be poor rogues still
Hig. Has not the gentleman, — 15
 Pray, mark this point, brother Prig, — that
 noble gentleman,
 Reliev'd ye often, found ye means to live by,
 By employing some at sea, some here, some
 there,
 According to your callings?
Boors. 'T is most true, sir.
Hig. Is not the man an honest man?
Boors. Yes, truly. 20
Hig. A liberal gentleman? and, as ye are
 true rascals
 Tell me but this, — have ye not been drunk,
 and often,
 At his charge?
Boors. Often, often.
Hig. There 's the point, then:
 They have cast themselves, brother Prig.
Prig. A shrewd point, brother.
Hig. Brother, proceed you now; the cause
 is open; 25
 I am somewhat weary.
Prig. Can you do these things,
 You most abominable, stinking rascals,
 You turnip-eating rogues?
Boors. We are truly sorry.

Sc. IV. (Not marked, Ff, Q) * *lamb'd*: beaten

Prig. Knock at your hard hearts, rogues,
and presently

Give us a sign you feel compunction: 30
Every man up with 's cudgel, and on his neigh-
bour

Bestow such alms, till we shall say sufficient,
(For there your sentence lies) without partiality
Either of head or hide, rogues, without sparing,
Or we shall take the pains to beat you dead
else. 35

You know your doom.

Hig. One, two, and three! about it!
Beat one another.

Prig. That fellow in the blue has true com-
punction;
He beats his fellows bravely — Oh, well struck,
boys!

Enter Gerrard

Hig Up with that blue breech! now plays
he the devil!
So; get ye home, drink small beer, and be
honest. [*Exeunt Boors*] 40

Call in the gentleman

Ger. Do, bring him presently,
His cause I 'll hear myself

[*Exeunt some of the Beggars*]

Hig }
Prig } With all due reverence,
We do resign, sir

Enter Hemskirk

Ger. Now, huffing sir, what 's your name?

Hem. What 's that to you, sir?

Ger. It shall be, ere we part.

Hem My name is Hemskirk. 45
I follow the earl, which you shall feel.

Ger. No threatening,
For we shall cool you, sir. Why didst thou
basely

Attempt the murder of the merchant Goswin?

Hem. What power hast thou to ask me?

Ger. I will know it,
Or flay thee till thy pain discover it. 50

Hem. He did me wrong, base wrong.

Ger. That cannot save ye.
Who sent ye hither? and what further villainies
Have ye in hand?

Hem. Why wouldst thou know?
what profit,

If I had any private way, could rise
Out of my knowledge, to do thee commodity?
Be sorry for what thou hast done, and make
amends, fool: 56

I 'll talk no further to thee, nor these rascals.

Ger. Tie him to that tree.

[*They tie him to a tree.*]

Hem. I have told you whom I follow.

Ger. The devil you should do, by your
villainies. —

Now he that has the best way, wring it from
him. 60

Hig. I undertake it. Turn him to the sun,
boys:

Give me a fine sharp rush. — Will ye confess
yet?

Hem. Ye have robb'd me already; now
you 'll murder me.

Hig. Murder your nose a little. Does your
head purge, sir?

To it again; 't will do ye good.

Hem. Oh, 65

I cannot tell you anything!

Ger. Proceed, then [*To Higgen.*]

Hig. There 's maggots in your nose; I 'll
fetch 'em out, sir

Hem. Oh, my head breaks!

Hig. The best thing for the rheum, sir,
That falls into your worship's eyes

Hem. Hold, hold!

Ger. Speak, then.

Hem. I know not what

Hig. It lies in 's brain yet; 70
In lumps it lies: I 'll fetch it out the finest!

What pretty faces the fool makes! heigh!

Hem. Hold,

Hold, and I 'll tell ye all! Look in my doublet,
And there, within the lining, in a paper,
You shall find all.

Ger. Go fetch that paper hither, 75
And let him loose for this time.

[*They untie him. Exit Ferret.*]

Enter Hubert [disguised as before]

Hub. Good ev'n, my honest friends.

Ger. Good ev'n, good fellow.

Hub. May a poor huntsman, with a merry
heart,

A voice shall make the forest ring about him,
Get leave to live amongst ye? true as steel,
boys; 80

That knows all chases, and can watch all hours,
And with my quarter-staff, though the devil
bid stand,

Deal such an alms shall make him roar again;
Prick ye the fearful hare through cross-ways,
sheep-walks,

And force the crafty Reynard climb the quick-
sets; 85

Rouse ye the lofty stag, and with my bell-horn
Ring him a knell, that all the woods shall
mourn him,

Till, in his funeral tears, he fall before me?

* You: ('You shall' Ff, Q) doom: judgment, sentence 40 huffing: blustering 50 discover:
reveal 56 commodity: benefit 70 for . . . time: for the present 85 watch: stay awake
44 Prick: track 55 quicksets: hedges, thickets

The pole-cat, martern, and the rich-skinn'd
lucern,

I know to chase; the roe, the wind outstrip-
ping; 90

Isgrin himself, in all his bloody anger,
I can beat from the bay; and the wild sounder
Single, and with my arm'd staff turn the boar,
Spite of his foamy tushes, and thus strike him,
Till he fall down my feast.

Ger. A goodly fellow! 95

Hub. (Aside.) What mak'st thou here,
ha? —

Ger. We accept thy fellowship.

Hub. (Aside.) Hemskirk, thou art not right,
I fear; I fear thee. —

Enter Ferret, with a letter

Fer. Here is the paper; and, as he said, we
found it.

Ger. Give me it. — I shall make a shift yet,
old as I am,

To find your knavery. [*Reads*] You are sent
here, surrah, 100

To discover certain gentlemen, a spy-knave,
And, if ye find 'em, if not by persuasion

To bring 'em back, by poison to despatch 'em
Hub. (Aside) By poison! ha! —

Ger. Here is another, Hubert
What is that Hubert, sir?

Hem. You may perceive there. 105

Ger. I may perceive a villany, and a rank
one.

Was he join'd partner of thy knavery?

Hem. No;

He had an honest end (would I had had so!);
Which makes him scape such cut-throats.

Ger. So it seems;
For here thou art commanded, when that Hu-
bert 110

Has done his best and worthiest service this
way,

To cut his throat; for here he's set down
dangerous.

Hub. (Aside) This is most impious. —

Ger. I am glad we have found ye.

Is not this true?

Hem. Yes; what are you the better?

Ger. You shall perceive, sir, ere you get
your freedom. — 115

Take him aside. — And, friend, we take thee
to us,

Into our company. Thou dar'st be true unto
us?

Hig. Ay, and obedient too?

Hub. As you had bred me.

Ger. Then, take our hand; thou art now a
servant to us. —

Welcome him, all.

Hig. Stand off, stand off: I'll do it. — 120
We bid ye welcome three ways; first, for your
person,

Which is a promising person; next, for your
quality,

Which is a decent and a gentle quality;
Last, for the frequent means you have to feed
us:

You can steal, 't is to be presum'd?

Hub. Yes, venison, 125
Or, if I want —

Hig. 'T is well; you understand right,
And shall practise daily. You can drink, too?

Hub. Soundly

Hig. And ye dare know a woman from a
weather-cock?

Hub. Yes, if I handle her.

Ger. Now swear him.
Hig. I crown thy nab with a gag of bene-
bowse, 130

And stall thee by the salmon into the clowes;
To maund on the pad, and strike all the cheats,

To mull from the ruffmans commission and
slates,

Twang dells i' the strommel, and let the queer-
cuffin

And harmanbecks trine, and trine to the
ruffin! 135

Ger. Now interpret this unto him.

Hig. I pour on thy pate a pot of good ale,
And by the rogues' oath a rogue thee instal,

To beg on the way, to rob all thou meets,
To steal from the hedge both the shirt and the
sheets, 140

And lie with thy wench in the straw till she
twang,

Let the constable, justice, and devil go hang! —
You are welcome, brother!

All Welcome, welcome, welcome! —

But who shall have the keeping of this fellow?

Hub. Thank ye, friends: 145

And I beseech ye, if you dare but trust me
(For I have kept wild dogs and beasts for
wonder

And made 'em tame, too), give into my custody
This roaring rascal: I shall hamper him,

With all his knacks and knaveries, and, I
fear me, 150

⁹⁹ pole-cat, martern: varieties of weasel lucern: lynx ⁹¹ Isgrin: the wolf in the romance of Reynard the Fox ⁹² soulder: herd of wild swine ⁹³ Single: separate ⁹⁴ mak'st: dost ¹⁰⁵ What: what sort of person ¹¹⁴ what: in what way ¹¹⁸ As: as if ¹²² quality: occupation ¹²⁸ Or . . . I: ('and . . . you' F 2) ¹²⁷ practise: ('learn' F 1, Q) ¹²⁹⁻¹³⁶ (These lines, much confused in F 1 and Q, corrected in F 2) ¹³⁰ Yes: (not in F 2) ¹³⁰⁻¹³⁵ (Translated in lines 137-142) ¹⁴⁰⁻¹⁴⁸ Thank . . . beseech ye: ('Sir' F 2) ¹⁴⁷ I: ('if I' F, Q) ¹⁵⁰ knacks: tricks

Discover yet a further villainy in him:
Oh, he smells rank o' th' rascal!

Ger. Take him to thee;
But, if he scape —

Hub. Let me be ev'n hang'd for him. —
Come, sir, I'll tie ye to my leash.

Hem. Away, rascal!

Hub. Be not so stubborn: I shall swinge
ye soundly, 155
And ye play tricks with me.

Ger. So, now come in:
But ever have an eye, sir, to your prisoner.

Hub. He must blind both mine eyes, if he
get from me.

Ger. Go, get some victuals and some drink,
some good drink;

For this day we'll keep holy to good fortune.
Come, and be frolic with us. 161

Hig You are a stranger, brother; I pray,
lead;

You must, you must, brother. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quinta.

[*Bruges — The House of Vandunk.*]

Enter Florez and Bertha

Ber. Indeed y' are welcome: I have heard
your scape;

And therefore give her leave, that only loves
you,

Truly and dearly loves ye, give her joy leave.
To bid ye welcome What is 't makes you sad,
man?

Why do you look so wild? is 't I offend ye? 5
Beshrew my heart, not willingly.

Flo. No, Gertrude

Ber. Is 't the delay of that ye long have
look'd for, —

A happy marriage? Now I come to urge it;
Now when you please to finish it.

Flo. [*Aside.*] No news yet? —

Ber. Do you hear, sir?

Flo. Yes.

Ber. Do you love me?

Flo. [*Aside.*] Have I liv'd 10

In all the happiness fortune could seat me,

In all men's fair opinions —

Ber. I have provided
A priest, that's ready for us.

Flo. [*Aside.*] And can the devil,

In one ten days, that devil Chance, devour
me? —

Ber. We'll fly to what place you please.

Flo. [*Aside*] No star prosperous? 15
All at a swoop? —

Ber. You do not love me, Goswin;
You will not look upon me.

Flo. [*Aside.*] Can men's prayers,
Shot up to Heaven with such a zeal as mine
are,

Fall back like lazy mists, and never prosper?
Gyves I must wear, and cold must be my

comfort; 20

Darkness, and want of meat. Alas, she weeps
too!

Which is the top of all my sorrows. — Ger-
trude.

Ber. No, no, you will not know me; my
poor beauty,

Which has been worth your eyes —
Flo. [*Aside.*] The time grows on still;

And, like a tumbling wave, I see my ruin 25
Come rolling over me. —

Ber. Yet will ye know me?

Flo. [*Aside.*] For a hundred thousand
crowns —

Ber. Yet will ye love me?

Tell me but how I have deserv'd your slight-
ing?

Flo. [*Aside*] For a hundred thousand
crowns —

Ber. Farewell, dissembler! —

Flo. [*Aside*] Of which I have scarce ten.
Oh, how it starts me! — 30

Ber. And may the next you love, hearing
my ruin —

Flo. I had forgot myself Oh, my best
Gertrude,

Crown of my joys and comforts!

Ber. Sweet, what ail ye?
I thought you had been vex'd with me.

Flo. My mind, wench,
My mind, o'erflow'd with sorrow, sunk my
memory. 35

Ber. Am I not worthy of the knowledge of
it?

And cannot I as well affect your sorrows

As your delights? You love no other woman?

Flo. No, I protest.

Ber. You have no ships lost lately?

Flo. None that I know of. 40

Ber. I hope you have spilt no blood whose
innocence

May lay this on your conscience.

Flo. Clear, by Heaven!

Ber. Why should you be thus, then?

Flo. Good Gertrude, ask not;
Even by the love you bear me.

Ber. I am obedient.

Flo. Go in, my fair; I will not be long
from ye. — 45

¹⁴ Come: ('Roome' F 1, Q) ¹⁶²⁻¹⁶³ ('Ye are a stranger' F 1, Q) Sc V Quinta: ('Quarta' F 1; 'IV' F 2) ¹ scape: escape ¹¹ seat: settle on ²⁰ starts: causes me to start or flinch ³⁷ affect:

[*Aside.*] Nor long, I fear me, with thee. —

At my return,
Dispose me as you please.

Ber. The good gods guide ye! *Exit.*

Flo. Now for myself, which is the least I
hope for,

And, when that fails, for man's worst fortune,
pity! *Exit.*

Actus Quartus, Scæna Prima.

[*Bruges. — The Exchange.*]

Enter Florez and 4 Merchants

Flo. Why, gentlemen, 't is but a week more
I entreat you,

But seven short days; I am not running from
ye;

Nor, if you give me patience, is it possible
All my adventures fail. You have ships
abroad

Endure the beating both of wind and weather: ⁴
I am sure 't would vex your hearts to be pro-
tested:

Ye are all fair merchants.

1 Mer. Yes, and must have fair play;
There is no living here else: one hour's failing
Fails us of all our friends, of all our credits.
For my part, I would stay, but my wants tell
me, ¹⁰

I must wrong others in 't.

Flo. No mercy in ye?

2 Mer. 'T is foolish to depend on others'
mercy:

Keep yourself right, and even cut your cloth,
sir,

According to your calling. You have liv'd
here

In lord-like prodigality, high, and open, ¹⁵
And now ye find what 't is: the liberal spending

The summer of your youth, which you should
glean in,

And, like the labouring ant, make use and gain
of,

Has brought this bitter stormy winter on ye,
And now you cry

3 Mer. Alas, before your poverty, ²⁰
We were no men, of no mark, no endeavour!

You stood alone, took up all trade, all business
Running through your hands, scarce a sail at
sea

But laden with your goods: we, poor weak
pedlars,

When by your leave, and much entreaty to
it, ²⁵

We could have stowage for a little cloth
Or a few wines, put off, and thank'd your wor-
ship.

Lord, how the world 's chang'd with ye! Now,
I hope, sir,

We shall have sea-room.

Flo. Is my misery
Become my scorn, too? have ye no humanity?
No part of men left? are all the bounties in
me ³¹

To you, and to the town, turn'd my reproaches?

4 Mer. Well, get your moneys ready: 't is
but two hours;

We shall protest ye else, and suddenly.

Flo. But two days!

1 Mer. Not an hour. Ye know
the hazard. *Exeunt [Merchants].* ³⁵

Flo. How soon my light 's put out! Hard-
hearted Bruges!

Within thy walls may never honest merchant
Venture his fortunes more! Oh, my poor
wench too!

Enter Gerrard

Ger. Good fortune, master!

Flo. Thou mistak'st me, Clause;
I am not worth thy blessing.

Ger. Still a sad man? ⁴⁰
No belief, gentle master? — Come, bring it in,
then. —

Enter Higgen and Prig, like porters,
[*bringing in bags of money*]

And now believe your beadsman.

Flo. Is this certain?
Or dost thou work upon my troubled sense?

Ger. 'T is gold, sir.
Take it, and try it

Flo. Certainly, 't is treasure.
Can there be yet this blessing?

Ger. Cease your wonder: ⁴⁵
You shall not sink for ne'er a sous'd flap-
dragon,

For ne'er a pickled pilcher of 'em all, sir.

'T is there; your full sum, a hundred thousand
crowns:

And, good sweet master, now be merry. Pay
'em,

Pay the poor pelting knaves that know no
goodness; ⁵⁰

And cheer your heart up handsomely.

Flo. Good Clause,
How cam'st thou by this mighty sum? if
naughtily,

I must not take it of thee; 't will undo me.

⁴ *Dispose*: ('Despise' F 1) ⁶ *protested*: publicly proclaimed for non-payment of debts ⁸ *liv-
ing*: ('lying' F 1, Q) ²¹ *endeavour*: enterprise ²⁷ *put off*: took off our hats *thank'd*: ('thank'
Ff) ³¹ *part of men*: human feelings ⁴⁶ *flap-dragon*: raisin in dish of flaming liquor from which it
must be snatched with the mouth ⁴⁷ *pilcher*: pilchard, herring-like fish ⁵⁰ *pelting*: paltry

Ger. Fear not; you have it by as honest means
As though your father gave it. Sir, you know not 55

To what a mass the little we get daily
Mounts in seven years: we beg it for Heaven's charity,

And to the same good we are bound to render it.
Flo. What great security?

Ger. Away with that, sir!
Were not ye more than all the men in Bruges,
And all the money, in my thoughts —

Flo. But, good Clause, 61
I may die presently.

Ger. Then this dies with ye.
Pay when you can, good master, I 'll no parchments:

Only this charity I shall entreat ye, —
Leave me this ring

Flo. Alas, it is too poor, Clause! 65

Ger. 'T is all I ask; and this withal, that when

I shall deliver this back, you shall grant me
Freely one poor petition.

Flo. There; I confirm it;

Gives the ring.

And may my faith forsake me when I shun it!

Ger. Away! your time draws on. Take up the money, 70

And follow this young gentleman.

Flo. Farewell, Clause,

And may thy honest memory live ever

Ger. Heaven bless ye, and still keep ye!
farewell, master. *Exeunt*

Scæna Secunda.

[*The Woods near Bruges.*]

Enter Hubert [disguised as before]

Hub. I have lock'd my youth up, close enough for gadding,
In an old tree, and set watch over him

Enter Jacqueline

Now for my love, for sure this wench must be she;

She follows me. — Come hither, pretty Minche.

Jac. No, no, you 'll kiss.

Hub. So I will.

Jac. I'deed, la! 5

How will ye kiss me, pray you?

Hub. Thus. — [*Aside.*] Soft as my love's lips! —

Jac. Oh!

Hub. What 's your father's name?

Jac. He 's gone to heaven.

Hub. Is it not Gerrard, sweet?

Jac. [*Aside.*] I 'll stay no longer. —

My mother 's an old woman, and my brother
Was drown'd at sea with catching cockles. —

[*Aside.*] Oh, love! 10

Oh, how my heart melts in me! how thou firest me! —

Hub. [*Aside.*] 'T is certain she. — Pray let me see your hand, sweet.

Jac. No, no, you 'll bite it.

Hub. Sure, I should know that gimmal.

Jac. [*Aside.*] 'T is certain he. I had forgot my ring, too

Oh, Hubert, Hubert! —

Hub. [*Aside.*] Ha! Methought she nam'd me — 15

Do you know me, chick?

Jac. No, indeed; I never saw ye;
But, methinks, you kiss finely.

Hub. Kiss again, then. —

[*Aside.*] By heaven, 't is she! —

Jac. [*Aside.*] Oh, what a joy

he brings me! —

Hub. You are not Minche?

Jac. Yes, pretty gentleman;

And I must be married to-morrow to a capper 20

Hub. Must ye, my sweet? and does the capper love ye?

Jac. Yes, yes; he 'll give me pie, and look in mine eyes, thus —

[*Aside.*] 'T is he, 't is my dear love! oh, blest fortune!

Hub. [*Aside.*] How fain she would conceal herself, yet shows it! —

Will ye love me, and leave that man? I 'll serve — 25

Jac. [*Aside.*] Oh, I shall lose myself! —

Hub. I 'll wait upon ye,

And make ye dainty nosebags.

Jac. And where will ye stick 'em?

Hub. Here in thy bosom; and make a crown of likes

For your fair head.

Jac. And will ye love me, 'deed la?

Hub. With all my heart

Jac. Call me to-morrow, then, 30

And we 'll have brave cheer, and go to church together.

Give you good ev'n, sir.

Hub. But one word, fair Minche!

Jac. I must be gone a-milking.

Hub. Ye shall presently

Did you never hear of a young maid call'd Jacqueline?

Jac. [*Aside.*] I am discover'd. — Hark in your ear; I 'll tell ye: 35

⁵⁵ confirm: ('confesse' F 1, Q)

¹ for: s.e., for the prevention of

¹⁵ gimmal: double ring

²⁰ capper: maker of caps

²⁴ shows: ('shew' Ff, Q)

²⁵ thy: (not in F 1; 'my' F 2)

You must not know me; kiss, and be constant
ever.

Hub. Heaven curse me else! — [*Aside.*]

'T is she; and now I am certain

They are all here. Now for my other project!
Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

[*Bruges — The Exchange.*]

Enter Florez, 4 Merchants; Higgen and Prig,
[*disguised as before, with bags of money*]

1 *Mer.* Nay, if 't would do you courtesy —

Flo. None at all, sir:

Take it, 't is yours; there 's your ten thousand
for ye;

Give in my bills. — Your sixteen.

3 *Mer.* Pray, be pleas'd, sir,

To make a further use.

Flo. No.

3 *Mer.* What I have, sir,

You may command. Pray, let me be your
servant. 5

Flo. Put your hats on: I care not for your
courtesies;

They are most untimely done, and no truth in
'em.

2 *Mer.* I have a fraught of pepper —

Flo. Rot your pepper!

Shall I trust you again? There 's your seven
thousand.

4 *Mer.* Or, if you want fine sugar, 't is but
sending. 10

Flo. No, I can send to Barbary; those
people,

That never yet knew faith, have nobler free-
doms. —

These carry to Vanlock, and take my bills in;
To Peter Zuten these; bring back my jewels —

Why are these pieces? [*Guns fired.*]

Enter Sailor

Sail. Health to the noble merchant! 15
The *Susan* is return'd.

Flo. Well?

Sail. Well, and rich, sir,
And now put in.

Flo. Heaven, thou hast heard my prayers!

Sail. The brave *Rebecca*, too, bound from
the Straits,

With the next tide is ready to put after.

Flo. What news o' th' fly-boat?

Sail. If this wind hold till midnight, 20
She will be here, and wealthy; escap'd fairly.

Flo. How, prithee, sailor?

Sail. Thus, sir: she had fight,

Seven hours together, with six Turkish galleys,
And she fought bravely, but at length was
boarded,

And overlaid with strength; when presently 25
Comes boring up the wind Captain Vannoke,
That valiant gentleman you redeem'd from
prison:

He knew the boat, set in, and fought it bravely;
Beat all the galleys off, sunk three, redeem'd
her,

And, as a service to ye, sent her home, sir. 30

Flo. An honest, noble captain, and a thank-
ful.

There 's for thy news: go, drink the merchant's
health, sailor. [*Gives money.*]

Sail. I thank your bounty, and I 'll do it
to a doitt, sir. *Exit Sailor.*

1 *Mer.* What miracles are pour'd upon this
fellow!

Flo. This year, I hope, my friends, I shall
scape prison, 35

For all your cares to catch me.

2 *Mer.* You may please, sir,
To think of your poor servants in displeasure,
Whose all they have, goods, moneys, are at
your service

Flo. I thank you;

When I have need of you, I shall forget you. 40
You are paid, I hope?

All. We joy in your good fortunes.
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Vandunk

Vand. Come, sir, come, take your ease; you
must go home with me;

Yonder is one weeps and howls.

Flo. Alas, how does she?

Vand. She will be better soon, I hope.

Flo. Why soon, sir?

Vand. Why, when you have her in your
arms: this night, my boy, 45
She is thy wife.

Flo. With all my heart I take her.

Vand. We have prepar'd; all thy friends
will be there,

And all my rooms shall smoke to see the revel.
Thou hast been wrong'd, and no more shall my
service

Wait on the knave her uncle: I have heard
all, 50

All his baits for my boy; but thou shalt have
her.

Hast thou despatch'd thy business?

Flo. Most.

Vand. By the mass, boy,
Thou tumblest now in wealth, and I joy in it;

⁴ use: loan ¹² freedoms: habits of generosity ³⁰ fly-boat: fast-sailing vessel ³⁵ overlaid:
overpowered ³⁶ This year: ('This ye are' F 1; 'This here' F 2) ⁴¹ baits: traps ⁴⁵ despatch'd:
finished

Thou art the best boy that Bruges ever
nourish'd. 54

Thou hast been sad: I 'll cheer thee up with sack,
And, when thou art lusty, I 'll fling thee to thy
mistress:

She 'll hug thee, sirrah.

Flo. I long to see it. —

I had forgot you: there 's for you, my friends;

[*To Higgen and Prig, giving them money*]

You had but heavy burthens. Commend my
love

To Clause; my best love, all the love I have, 60
To honest Clause; shortly I will thank him
better. *Exit [with Vandunk].*

Hig. By the mass, a royal merchant! gold
by the handful!

Here will be sport soon, Prig.

Prig. It partly seems so;
And here will I be in a trice.

Hig. And I, boy.

Away apace! we are look'd for.

Prig. Oh, these bak'd meats! 65
Methinks I smell them hither.

Hig. Thy mouth waters *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

[*The Woods near Bruges*]

*Enter Hubert [disguised as before], and
Hemskirk*

Hub. I must not.

Hem. Why? 't is in thy power to do it,
And in mine to reward thee to thy wishes.

Hub. I dare not, nor I will not.

Hem. Gentle huntsman,
Though thou hast kept me hard, though in thy
duty,

Which is requir'd to do it, th' hast used me
stubbornly, 5

I can forgive thee freely

Hub. You the earl's servant?

Hem. I swear, I am near as his own thoughts
to him;

Able to do thee —

Hub. Come, come, leave your prating.

Hem. If thou dar'st but try —

Hub. I thank you heartily; you will be
The first man that will hang me; a sweet recom-
pense! 10

I could do 't (but I do not say I will)

To any honest fellow that would think on 't,
And be a benefactor.

Hem. If it be not recompens'd, and to thy
own desires;

If, within these ten days, I do not make thee —

Hub. What? a false knave? 16

Hem. Prithee, prithee, conceive me rightly;
anything

Of profit or of place that may advance thee —

Hub. Why, what a goosecap wouldst thou
make me! do not I know

That men in misery will promise anything, 20
More than their lives can reach at?

Hem. Believe me, huntsman,
There shall not one short syllable that comes
from me pass

Without its full performance.

Hub. Say you so, sir?

Have ye e'er a good place for my quality?

Hem. A thousand; chases, forests, parks;
I 'll make thee 25

Chief ranger over all the games.

Hub. When?

Hem. Presently.

Hub. This may provoke me: and yet, to
prove a knave, too —

Hem. 'T is to prove honest; 't is to do good
service,

Service for him thou art sworn to, for thy
prince:

Then, for thyself that good. What fool would
live here 30

Poor, and in misery, subject to all dangers

Law and lewd people can inflict, when bravely,
And to himself, he may be law and credit?

Hub. Shall I believe thee?

Hem. As that thou hold'st most holy.

Hub. Ye may play tricks.

Hem. Then let me never live more. 35

Hub. Then you shall see, sir, I will do a
service

That shall deserve, indeed.

Hem. 'T is well said, huntsman,
And thou shalt be well thought of.

Hub. I will do it:

'T is not your setting free, for that 's mere
nothing,

But such a service, if the earl be noble, 40
He shall for ever love me.

Hem. What is 't, huntsman?

Hub. Do you know any of these people
live here?

Hem. No.

Hub. You are a fool, then: here be those,
to have 'em,

I know the earl so well, would make him
capar.

Hem. Any of the old lords that rebell'd?

Hub. Peace! all: 45

I know 'em every one, and can betray 'em.

Hem. But wilt thou do this service?

⁵⁴ sack: sweet Spanish wine ⁶⁰ Clause: (not in Ff, Q) ² to thy: according to thy ⁵ stub-
bornly: harshly ¹¹ do 't: ('do' Ff, Q) ¹⁷ conceive: understand ¹⁹ goosecap: fool ²⁵ Presently:
immediately ²² lewd: worthless, rude ²⁸ setting: ('letting' F 1, Q)

Hub. If you 'll keep
Your faith and free word to me.

Hem. Wilt thou swear me?

Hub. No, no, I will believe ye. More than
that, too,

Here 's the right heir.

Hem. Oh, honest, honest huntsman! 50

Hub. Now, how to get these gallants,
there 's the matter.

You will be constant? 't is no work for me else.

Hem. Will the sun shine again?

Hub. The way to get 'em!

Hem. Propound it, and it shall be done.

Hub. No sleight

(For they are devilish crafty, it concerns 'em),
Nor reconciliation (for they dare not trust,
neither), 56

Must do this trick.

Hem. By force?

Hub. Ay, that must do it;
And with the person of the earl himself:

Authority, and mighty, must come on 'em, 59
Or else in vain: and thus I would have ye do it.
To-morrow night be here; a hundred men will
bear 'em,

So he be there, for he 's both wise and valiant,
And with his terror will strike dead their forces
The hour be twelve o'clock: now, for a guide
To draw ye without danger on these persons, 65
The woods being thick and hard to hit, myself,
With some few with me, made unto our purpose,
Beyond the wood, upon the plain, will wait ye
By the great oak.

Hem. I know it. Keep thy faith,
huntsman,
And such a shower of wealth —

Hub. I warrant ye: 70
Miss nothing that I tell ye

Hem. No.

Hub. Farewell.
You have your liberty; now use it wisely,
And keep your hour. Go closer about the
wood there,
For fear they spy you.

Hem. Well

Hub. And bring no noise with ye

Hem. All shall be done to th' purpose.
Farewell, huntsman. *Exeunt.* 75

[SCENE V. — *Another Part of the Woods.*]

Enter Gerrard, Higgin, Prig, Ginks, Snap, Ferret

Ger. Now, what 's the news in town?

Ginks. No news, but joy, sir;

¹¹ sleight: trick ⁶⁷ made: persuaded, converted ⁷³ keep . . . hour: be on time ^{closer}:
more secretly ^{Sc. V.} (Not marked, Ff, Q) ¹ belle: The first recorded instance of this word;
(^{'bell'} Ff, Q) ⁷ baldrick: belt, bell-rope ¹³ pox: (represented by a dash, Ff, Q) ¹⁴ morris: gro-
tesque dance ²¹ buttery: storage room for provisions ²⁴ wassail: revel ²⁷ upsey-English: in
the English manner ³⁰ me: (the so-called "ethical dative")

Every man wooing of the noble merchant,
Who has his hearty commendations to ye.

Fer. Yes, this is news; this night he 's to
be married.

Ginks. By th' mass, that 's true; he marries
Vandunk's daughter, 5

The daunt black-eyed belle.

Hig. I would my clapper
Hung in his baldrick! what a peal could I ring!

Ger. Married!

Ginks. 'T is very true, sir. Oh, the pies,
The piping-hot mince-pies!

Prig. Oh, the plum-pottage!

Hig. For one leg of a goose, now, would I
venture a limb, boys: 10

I love a fat goose, as I love allegiance;

And, pox upon the boors, too well they know
it,

And therefore starve their poultry.

Ger. To be married

To Vandunk's daughter!

Hig. Oh, this precious merchant!
What sport he will have! But, hark ye, brother

Prig. 15

Shall we do nothing in the foresaid wedding?
There 's money to be got, and meat, I take it:
What think ye of a morris?

Prig. No, by no means;

That goes no further than the street, there
leaves us

Now, we must think of something that must
draw us 20

Into the bowels of it, into th' buttery,
Into the kitchen, into the cellar; something
That that old drunken burgomaster loves:

What think ye of a wassail?

Hig. I think worthily.

Prig. And very fit it should be: thou, and
Ferret, 25

And Ginks, to sing the song: I for the structure,
Which is the bowl

Hig. Which must be upsey-English,
Strong, lusty, London beer. Let 's think more
of it.

Ger. [*Aside.*] He must not marry. —

Enter Hubert

Hub. By your leave, in private,
One word, sir, with ye. Gerrard! do not start
me: 30

I know ye, and he knows ye, that best loves ye:
Hubert speaks to ye, and you must be Gerrard:
The time invites you to it.

Ger. Make no show, then.

I am glad to see you, sir; and I am Gerrard.
How stand affairs?

Hub. Fair, if ye dare now follow. 35
Hemskirk, I have let go, and these my causes
I'll tell ye privately, and how I have wrought
him;

And then, to prove me honest to my friends,
Look upon these directions; you have seen his.

[*Gives a paper*]
Hig. Then will I speak a speech, and a
brave speech, 40

In praise of merchants. Where 's the ape?

Prig. Pox take him!
A gouty bear-ward stole him the other day.

Hig. May his bears worry him! That ape
had paid it:

What dainty tricks, — (pox o' that whoreson
bear-ward!)

In his French doublet, with his blister'd bul-
lions, 45

In a long stock tied up Oh, how daintily
Would I have made him wait, and change a
trencher,

Carry a cup of wine! Ten thousand stinks
Wait on thy mangy hide, thou lousy bear-ward!

Ger. [*To Hubert*] 'T is passing well, I both
believe and joy in 't, 50

And will be ready. Keep you here the mean
while,

And keep this in — I must a while forsake
ye:

Upon mine anger, no man stir this two hours
Hig. Not to the wedding, sir?

Ger. Not any whither.

Hig. The wedding must be seen, sir: we
want meat, too, 55

We be monstrous out of meat

Prig. Shall it be spoken,
Fat capons shak'd their tails at 's in defiance?

And turkey-tombs, such honourable monu-
ments?

Shall pigs, sir, that the parson's self would envy,
And dainty ducks —

Ger. Not a word more! obey me. 60
Exit Ger

Hig. Why, then, come doleful death! This
is flat tyranny,

And, by this hand —

Hub. What?

Hig. I'll go sleep upon 't. *Exit Hig.*

Prig. Nay, and there be a wedding, and we
wanting,

Farewell, our happy days! — We do obey, sir.
Exeunt

Scæna Sexta.

[*Bruges. — Before the House of Vandunk.*]

Enter two young Merchants

1 Mer. Well met, sir: you are for this lusty
wedding?

2 Mer. I am so; so are you, I take it.

1 Mer. Yes;
And it much glads me, that to do him service,
Who is the honour of our trade, and lustre,

We meet thus happily.

2 Mer. He 's a noble fellow, s
And well becomes a bride of such a beauty.

1 Mer. She is passing fair, indeed. Long
may their loves

Continue like their youths, in spring of sweet-
ness!

All the young merchants will be here, no doubt
on 't;

For he that comes not to attend this wedding,
The curse of a most blind one fall upon him, 11

A loud wife, and a lazy! — Here 's Vanlock.

Enter Vanlock and Frances

Vanl. Well overtaken, gentlemen: save ye!

1 Mer. The same to you, sir. — Save ye,
fair Mistress Frances!

I would this happy night might make you
blush, too. 15

Vanl. She dreams apace.

Fran. That 's but a drowsy fortune.

2 Mer. Nay, take us with ye, too; we come
to that end.

I am sure ye are for the wedding.

Vanl. Hand and heart, man,
And what these feet can do; I could have
tripp'd it

Before this whoreson gout.

Enter Gerrard

Ger. Bless ye, masters! 20

Vanl. Clause! how now, Clause? thou art
come to see thy master

(And a good master he is to all poor people)
In all his joy, 't is honestly done of thee.

Ger. Long may he live, sir! but my business
now is,

If you would please to do it, and to him
too — 25

Enter Florez

Vanl. He 's here himself.

Flo. Stand at the door, my friends!

³⁷ wrought: worked on (him) for my own purposes ⁴¹ Fox: (represented by a dash, Ff, Q)
⁴³ bear-ward: keeper of a trained bear ⁴⁴ whoreson: rascally ⁴⁵ bullions: trunk hose, puffed out
at the top ⁴⁶ stock: stockings ⁴⁷ change: ('shift' F 2) ⁴⁸ trencher: wooden dish ⁴⁹ be mon-
strous: ('are horrible' F 2) ⁵⁰ tombs: pies Sc. VI Sexta: ('Quinta' Ff, Q) ⁵¹ these: ('their'
Ff, Q)

I pray, walk in. Welcome, fair Mistress
Frances;
See what the house affords: there's a young
lady

Will bid you welcome.

Vani. We joy your happiness.

Flo. I hope it will be so.

Exeunt [all except Florez and Gerrard].

Clause, nobly welcome! 30

My honest, my best friend, I have been careful
To see thy moneys —

Ger. Sir, that brought not me.
Do you know this ring again?

Flo. Thou hadst it of me.

Ger. And do you well remember yet the
boon you gave me,
Upon return of this?

Flo. Yes, and I grant it, 35
Be it what it will: ask what thou canst, I'll
do it,

Within my power.

Ger. Ye are not married yet?

Flo. No.

Ger. Faith, I shall ask you that that will
disturb ye;

But I must put ye to your promise.

Flo. Do;

And, if I faint and flinch in 't —

Ger. Well said, master! 40

And yet it grieves me, too; and yet it must be.

Flo. Prithee, distrust me not.

Ger. You must not marry:
That's part of the power you gave me; which
to make up,

You must presently depart, and follow me.

Flo. Not marry, Clause!

Ger. Not if you keep your promise, 45
And give me power to ask.

Flo. Prithee, think better:
I will obey, by Heaven!

Ger. I have thought the best, sir.

Flo. Give me thy reason: dost thou fear
her honesty?

Ger. Chaste as the ice, for anything I know,
sir.

Flo. Why shouldst thou light on that, then?
to what purpose? 50

Ger. I must not now discover

Flo. Must not marry.
Shall I break now, when my poor heart is
paw'n'd?

When all the preparation —

Ger. Now, or never.

Flo. Come, 't is not that thou wouldst, thou
dost but fright me

Ger. Upon my soul, it is, sir; and I bind
ye. 55

Flo. Clause, canst thou be so cruel?

Ger. You may break, sir;
But never more in my thoughts appear honest.

Flo. Didst ever see her?

Ger. No.

Flo. She is such a thing, —

Oh, Clause, she is such a wonder! such a mirror,
For beauty and fair virtue, Europe has not! 60
Why hast thou made me happy to undo me?
But look upon her; then, if thy heart relent not,
I'll quit her presently. — Who waits there?

Serv. (Within.) Sir?

Flo. Bid my fair love come hither, and the
company. —

Prithee, be good unto me: take a man's
heart, 65

And look upon her truly; take a friend's heart,
And feel what misery must follow this.

Ger. Take you a noble heart, and keep your
promise:

I forsook all I had, to make you happy.

Can that thing, call'd a woman, stop your
goodness? 70

*Enter Bertha, Vandunk, and the rest
Merchants*

Flo. Look, there she is: deal with me as
thou wilt now:

Didst ever see a fairer?

Ger. She is most goodly.

Flo. Pray ye, stand still.

Ber. What ails my love?

Flo. Didst thou ever,
By the fair light of Heaven, behold a sweeter?
Oh, that thou knew'st but love, or ever felt
him! 75

Look well, look narrowly upon her beauties.

1 Mer. Sure, h'as some strange design in
hand, he starts so.

2 Mer. This beggar has a strong power over
his pleasure.

Flo. View all her body.

Ger. 'T is exact and excellent.

Flo. Is she a thing, then, to be lost thus
lightly? 80

Her mind is ten times sweeter, ten times
nobler;

And but to hear her speak, a paradise;
And such a love she bears to me, a chaste love,

A virtuous, fair, and fruitful love! 't is now, too,
I am ready to enjoy it; the priest ready,
Clause, 85

To say the holy words shall make us happy:

This is a cruelty beyond man's study:

All these are ready, all our joys are ready,

And all the expectation of our friends:

'T will be her death to do it.

Ger. Let her die, then. 90

Flo. Thou canst not; 't is impossible.

" joy: rejoice in

" honesty: chastity

Ger. It must be.

Flo. 'T will kill me, too; 't will murder me.

By Heaven, Clause,

I 'll give thee half I have! come, thou shalt save me.

Ger. Then you must go with me, — I can stay no longer, —

If ye be true and noble.

Flo. Hard heart, I 'll follow. 95

[*Exit Gerrard.*]

Pray ye, all go in again, and, pray, be merry.

I have a weighty business — Give my cloak there! —

Enter Servant, with a cloak

Concerns my life and state — make no inquiry —

This present hour befall'n me: with the soonest I shall be here again Nay, pray, go in, sir, 100

And take them with you. — 'T is but a night lost, gentlemen

Vand. Come, come in; we will not lose our meat yet,

Nor our good mirth; he cannot stay long from her,

I am sure of that

Flo. I will not stay, believe sir —

Exit [Vandunk with Merchants and Servant]

Gertrude, a word with you.

Ber. Why is this stop, sir? 105

Flo. I have no more time left me, but to kiss thee,

And tell thee this, — I am ever thine: farewell, wench *Exit*

Ber. And is that all your ceremony? is this a wedding?

Are all my hopes and prayers turn'd to nothing?

Well, I will say no more, nor sigh, nor sorrow —

Oh me! — till to thy face I prove thee false 111

Exit.

Actus Quintus, Scæna Prima.

[*A Plain by the Woods near Bruges.*]

Enter Bertha [masked], and a Boor [with a torch]

Ber. Lead, if thou think'st we are right.

Why dost thou make

These often stands? thou said'st thou knew'st the way.

Boor. Fear nothing; I do know it. —

[*Aside.*] Would 't were homeward! —

Ber. [*Aside.*] Wrought from me by a beggar! at the time

“ with the soonest: immediately 111 Oh me: frequent “ more: greater “ fashion: manner “ strange: (not in F 1, Q)

That most should tie him! 'T is some other love, 5

That hath a more command on his affections; And he that fetch'd him a disguised agent, Not what he personated, for his fashion

Was more familiar with him, and more powerful,

Than one that ask'd an alms: I must find out One, if not both. Kind darkness, be my

shroud, 11

And cover love's too-curious search in me!

For yet, suspicion, I would not name thee. —

Boor. Mistress, it grows somewhat pretty and dark

Ber. What then?

Boor. Nay, nothing. Do not think I am afraid, 15

Although perhaps you are

Ber. I am not. Forward!

Boor. Sure, but you are Give me your hand, fear nothing

There 's one leg in the wood: do not pull backward

What a sweat one on 's are in, you or I!

Pray God it do not prove the plague! yet, sure, 20

It has infected me; for I sweat, too;

It runs out at my knees. feel, feel, I pray you.

Ber. What ails the fellow?

Boor. Hark, hark, I beseech you!

Do you hear nothing?

Ber. No.

Boor. List! a wild hog:

He grunts: now 't is a bear, this wood is full of 'em: 25

And now a wolf, mistress, a wolf, a wolf;

It is the howling of a wolf.

Ber. The braying

Of an ass, is it not?

Boor. Oh, now one has me.

Oh, my left ham! — Farewell.

Ber. Look to your shanks;

Your breech is safe enough; the wolf 's a fern-brake. 30

Boor. But see, see, see! there is a serpent in it;

It has eyes as broad as platters; it spits fire; Now it creeps towards us. help me to say my

prayers.

It hath swallow'd me almost; my breath is stopp'd;

I cannot speak: do I speak, mistress? tell me. 35

Ber. Why, thou strange timorous sot, canst thou perceive

Anything i' th' bush but a poor glow-worm?

(‘Ah me’ F 2, removed to end of line) “ often:

“ pull: (‘pull me’ F 2) “ ham: (‘haunch’ F 2)

Boor. It may be 't is but a glow-worm now;
but 't will
Grow to a fire-drake presently

Ber. Come thou from it.
I have a precious guide of you, and a cour-
teous, 40
That gives me leave to lead myself the way
thus.

Within. Holla!

Boor. It thunders: you hear that now?

Ber. I hear one holla.

Boor. 'T is thunder, thunder: see, a flash of
lightning!
Are you not blasted, mistress? pull your mask
off: 45

It has play'd the barber with me here; I have
lost
My beard, my beard: pray God you be not
shaven!

'T will spoil your marriage, mistress.

Ber. What strange wonders
Fear fancies in a coward!

Boor. Now the earth opens.

Ber. Prithee, hold thy peace.

Boor. Will you on, then? 50

Ber. Both love and jealousy have made
me bold:

Where my fate leads me I must go.

Boor. God be with you, then!

Exi [Bertha].

Enter Wolfort, Hemskirk, and Attendants

Hem. It was the fellow, sure, he that should
guide me,
The huntsman, that did holla us.

Wol. Best make a stand,
And listen to his next. — Ha!

Hem. Who goes there? 55

Boor. Mistress, I am taken.

Hem. Mistress! — Look forth, soldiers
[*Exeunt Soldiers*]

Wol. What are you, sirrah?

Boor. Truly, all is left
Of a poor boor by daylight, by night, nobody.
You might have spar'd your drum, and guns,
and pikes, too,

For I am none that will stand out, sir, I: 60
You may take me in with a walking-stick,
Even when you please, and hold me with a
pack-thread.

Hem. What woman was 't you call'd to?

Boor. Woman! none, sir.

Wol. None! did you not name mistress?

Boor. Yes, but she's
No woman yet: she should have been this
night, 65

But that a beggar stole away her bridegroom,
Whom we were going to make hue and cry
after.

I tell you true, sir; she should ha' been married
to-day,

And was the bride and all; but in came Clause,
The old lame beggar, and whups up Master
Goswin 70

Under his arm, away with him; as a kite,
Or an old fox, would swoop away a gosling.

[*Enter Soldiers with Bertha*]

Hem. 'T is she, 't is she, 't is she! Niece!

Ber. Ha!

Hem. She, sir!

This was a noble entrance to your fortune,
That, being on the point thus to be married, 75
Upon her venture here, you should surprise her.

Wol. I begun, Hemskirk, to believe my fate
Works to my ends

Hem. Yes, sir; and this adds trust
Unto the fellow our guide, who assur'd me
Florez

Liv'd in some merchant's shape, as Gerrard did
I' the old beggar's, and that he would use 81
Him for the train to call the other forth;

All which we find is done. *Holla again*

Hem. That 's he again.

Wol. Good we sent out to meet him.

Hem. Here 's the oak.

Ber. Oh, I am miserably lost, thus fall'n 85
Into my uncle's hands from all my hopes!

No matter now, whe'r thou be false or no,
Goswin; whether thou love another better,
Or me alone; or whe'r thou keep thy vow
And word, or that thou come or stay; for I 90
To thee from henceforth must be ever absent,
And thou to me. No more shall we come near,
To tell ourselves how bright each other's eyes
were,

How soft our language, and how sweet our
kisses,

Whilst we made one our food, th' other our
feast, 95

Not mix our souls by sight, or by a letter,
Hereafter; but as small relation have,
As two new gone to inhabiting a grave.
Can I not think away myself and die?

*Enter Hubert [disguised as before], Higgen,
Prig, Ferrel, Snap, Ginks, like Boors*

Hub. I like your habits well; they are safe;
stand close. 100

Hig. But what 's the action we are for now,
ha?

Robbing a ripper of his fish?

⁸⁸ fire-drake: fiery dragon ⁸¹ take me in: conquer me ⁸⁰ shape: ('shop' F 1, Q) ⁸² train: artifice ⁸³⁻⁸⁴ (Corruptly printed in F 1, Q; reduced to three lines in F 2) ⁸⁷ whe'r: whether
¹⁰⁰ close: hidden ¹⁰² ripper: ripper, itinerant fishmonger

Prig. Or taking
A poulterer prisoner, without ransom, bullies?
Hig. Or cutting off a convoy of butter?
Fer. Or surprising a boor's ken, for grunting-
cheats? 105
Prig. Or cackling-cheats?
Hig. Or Margery-praters, Rogers,
And Tibs o' th' buttry?
Prig. Oh, I could drive a regiment
Of geese afore me, such a night as this,
Ten leagues, with my hat and staff, and not a
hiss
Heard, nor a wing of my troops disorder'd!
Hig. Tell us, 110
If it be milling of a lag of duds,
The fetching of a buck of clothes, or so?
We are horribly out of linen.
Hub. No such matter.
Hig. Let me alone for any farmer's dog,
If you have a mund to the cheese-loft, 't is but
thus — 115
And he is a silenc'd mastiff, during pleasure.
Hub. Would it would please you to be
silent!
Hig. Mum.
Wol. Who 's there?
Hub. A friend; the huntsman.
Hem. Oh, 't is he.
Hub. I have kept touch, sir. Which is the
earl, of these?
Will ye know a man now?
Hem. Thus, my lord, 's the friend 120
Hath undertook the service
Hub. If 't be worth
His lordship's thanks, anon, when 't is done,
Lording, I 'll look for 't A rude woodman, I
Know how to pitch my toils, drive in my game,
And I have done 't; both Florez and his
father 125
Old Gerrard, with Lord Arnold of Benthuisen,
Costin, and Jacqueline, young Florez' sister
I have 'em all.
Wol. Thou speak'st too much, too happy,
To carry faith with it.
Hub. I can bring you
Where you shall see, and find 'em.
Wol. We will double 130
Whatever Hemskirk then hath promis'd thee.
Hub. And I 'll deserve it treble. What
horse ha' you?
Wol. A hundred.
Hub. That 's well. Ready to take
Upon surprise of 'em?

Hem. Yes.
Hub. Divide, then,
Your force into five squadrons; for there
are 135
So many outlets, ways thorough the wood,
That issue from the place where they are
lodg'd;
Five several ways; of all which passages
We must possess ourselves, to round 'em in;
For by one starting-hole they 'll all escape
else. 140
I, and four boors here to me, will be guides:
The squadron where you are myself will lead;
And, that they may be more secure, I 'll use
My wonted whoops and hollas, as I were
A hunting for 'em; which will make them
rest 145
Careless of any noise, and be a direction
To the other guides how we approach 'em still.
Wol. 'T is order'd well, and relisheth the
soldier. —
Make the division, Hemskirk. — You are my
charge,
Fair one; I 'll look to you.
Boor. Shall nobody need 150
To look to me I 'll look unto myself.
[*Aside, and then runs off.*]
Hub. 'T is but this, remember.
Hig. Say, 't is done, boy. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

[*Woods near Bruges.*]

Enter Gerrard and Florez

Ger. By this time, sir, I hope you want no
reasons

Why I broke off your marriage; for, though I
Should as a subject study you my prince
In things indifferent, it will not therefore
Discredit you to acknowledge me your father, s
By hearkening to my necessary counsels.

Flo. Acknowledge you my father! sir, I do;
[*Kneels.*]

And may impiety, conspiring with
My other sins, sink me, and suddenly,
When I forget to pay you a son's duty 10
In my obedience, and that help'd forth
With all the cheerfulness —

Ger. I pray you, rise; [*Florez rises.*]
And may those powers that see and love this
in you
Reward you for it! Taught by your example,

105 ken: house grunting-cheats: pigs 106 cackling-cheats: fowls Margery-praters: hens
Rogers: geese 107 Tibs . . . buttry: geese 111 milling . . . duds: stealing a tubful of clothes
112 buck: washtub ('back' Ff, Q) 113 kept touch: kept my promise 120 ye: ('he' F 2) 124 pitch
my toils: set my traps 127 Costin: ('Cozen' Ff, Q) 129 faith: belief 132 What horse: how many
horsemen 133-134 take Upon: undertake 136 several: separate 139 round: surround 141 to me:
in addition to me 146 relisheth: savors of

Having receiv'd the rights due to a father, 15
I tender you th' allegiance of a subject;
Which, as my prince, accept of. [*Kneels.*]

Flo. Kneel to me! [*Raises him.*]
May mountains first fall down beneath their
valleys,

And fire no more mount upwards, when I suffer
An act in nature so preposterous! 20
I must o'ercome in this; in all things else
The victory be yours. Could you here read me,
You should perceive how all my faculties
Triumph in my bless'd fate, to be found yours:
I am your son, your son, sir! and am prouder 25
To be so, to the father to such goodness,
(Which Heaven be pleas'd I may inherit from
you!)

Than I shall ever of those specious titles
That plead for my succession in the earldom
(Did I possess it now) left by my mother. 30

Ger. I do believe it: but —

Flo. Oh, my lov'd father,
Before I knew you were so, by instinct
Nature had taught me to look on your wants,
Not as a stranger's! and, I know not how,
What you call'd charity, I thought the pay-
ment 35

Of some religious debt Nature stood bound for:
And, last of all, when your magnificent bounty,
In my low ebb of fortune, had brought in
A flood of blessings, though my threatening
wants,

And fear of their effects, still kept me stupid, 40
I soon found out it was no common pity
That led you to it.

Ger. Think of this hereafter,
When we with joy may call it to remembrance;
There will be a time more opportune than now,
To end your story, with all circumstances 45
I add this only: when we fled from Wolfort,
I sent you into England, and there plac'd you
With a brave Flanders merchant, call'd rich
Goswin,

A man suppli'd by me unto that purpose,
As bound by oath never to discover you; 50
Who, dying, left his name and wealth unto you,
As his reputed son, and yet receiv'd so.
But now, as Florez, and a prince, remember,
The country's and the subject's general good
Must challenge the first part in your affec-
tion; 55

The fair maid, whom you chose to be your wife,
Being so far beneath you, that your love
Must grant she's not your equal.

Flo. In descent,
Or borrow'd glories from dead ancestors:
But for her beauty, chastity, and all virtues 60
Ever remember'd in the best of women,
A monarch might receive from her, not give,

Though she were his crown's purchase: in
this only
Be an indulgent father: in all else
Use your authority.

*Enter Hubert [disguised as before], Hem-
skirk, Wolfort, Bertha, and Soldiers*

Hub. Sir, here be two of 'em, 65
The father and the son; the rest you shall have
As fast as I can rouse them. [*Exit.*]

Ger. Who's this? Wolfort?

Wol. Ay, cripple; your feign'd crutches
will not help you,
Nor patch'd disguise, that hath so long con-
ceal'd you;

It's now no halting: I must here find Ger-
rard, 70

And in this merchant's habit one call'd Florez,
Who would be an earl.

Ger. And is, wert thou a subject.

Flo. Is this that traitor Wolfort?

Wol. Yes; but you
Are they that are betray'd. — Hemskirk!

Ber. My Goswin
Turn'd prince! Oh, I am poorer by this great-
ness 75

Than all my former jealousies or misfortunes!

Flo. Gertrude!

Wol. Stay, sir; you were to-day too near
her:

You must no more aim at those easy accesses,
'Less you can do 't in air, without a head,
Which shall be suddenly tried

Ber. Oh, take my heart first! 80

And, since I cannot hope now to enjoy him,

Let me but fall a part of his glad ransom

Wol. You know not your own value that
entreat —

Ger. So proud a fiend as Wolfort!

Wol. For so lost
A thing as Florez

Flo. And that would be so, 85
Rather than she should stoop again to thee;
There is no death, but 's sweeter than all life,
When Wolfort is to give it — Oh my Gertrude,
It is not that, nor princedom, that I go from;
It is from thee; that loss includeth all! 90

Wol. Ay, if my young prince knew his loss,
he would say so;

Which, that he yet may chew on, I will tell him.
This is no Gertrude, nor no Hemskirk's niece,
Nor Vandunk's daughter: this is Bertha,
Bertha!

The heir of Brabant, she that caus'd the war, 95
Whom I did steal, during my treaty there,
In your minority, to raise myself;
I then foreseeing 't would beget a quarrel;
That, a necessity of my employment;

⁴⁵ circumstances: details ⁴⁶ suppli'd: furnished with money ⁶⁵ your: ('my' F 1, Q)

The same employment make me master of strength; 100
That strength, the lord of Flanders; so of Brabant,

By marrying her: which had not been to do, sir,
She come of years, but that the expectation,
First, of her father's death, retarded it; 104
And since, the standing-out of Bruges; where
Hemskirk had hid her, till she was near lost:
But, sir, we have recover'd her: your merchant-
ship

May break; for this was one of your best
bottoms,

I think.

Ger. Insolent devil!

Enter Hubert, with Jacqueline, Ginks, and Costin

Wol. Who are these, Hemskirk?

Hem. More, more, sir.

Flo. How they triumph in their treachery!

Hem. Lord Arnold of Benthuisen, this Lord
Costin, 111

This Jacqueline, the sister unto Florez

Wol. All found! Why, here 's brave game,
this was sport royal,

And puts me in thought of a new kind of death
for 'em

Huntsman, your horn: first, wind me Florez'
fall, 115

Next, Gerrard's; then, his daughter Jacque-
line's.

Those rascals, they shall die without their rites:
Hang 'em, Hemskirk, on these trees. I 'll take
The assay of these myself.

Hub. Not here, my lord:

Let 'em be broken up upon a scaffold, 120
'T will show the better when their arbour 's
made

Ger. Wretch, art thou not content thou
hast betray'd us,

But mock us, too?

Ginks. False Hubert, this is monstrous!

Wol. Hubert!

Hem. Who? this?

Ger. Yes, this is Hubert, Wolfort;

I hope he has help'd himself to a tree

Wol. The first, 125

The first of any, — and most glad I have you,
sir:

I let you go before, but for a train.

Is 't you have done this service?

Hub. As your huntsman;

But now as Hubert — save yourselves — I
will —

The wolf 's afoot! let slip! kill, kill, kill, kill! 130

*Enter, with a drum, Vandunk, Merchants,
Higgen, Prig, Ferrel, Snap*

Wol. Betray'd!

Hub. No, but well catch'd; and I the
huntsman.

Vand. How do you, Wolfort? rascal! good
knave, Wolfort!

I speak it now without the rose! — and Hem-
skirk,

Rogue, Hemskirk! you that have no niece:
this lady

Was stolen by you, and ta'en by you, and
now 135

Resign'd by me to the right owner here. —

Take her, my prince!

Flo. Can this be possible? —
Welcome, my love, my sweet, my worthy love!

Vand. I ha' given you her twice: now keep
her better: and thank

Lord Hubert, that came to me in Gerrard's
name, 140

And got me out, with my brave boys, to march
Like Cæsar, when he bred his Commentaries;

So I, to breed my chronicle, came forth

Cæsar Vandunk, *et veni, vidi, vici.* —

Give me my bottle, and set down the drum. —
You had your tricks, sir, had you? we ha'
tricks, too: 146

You stole the lady?

Hig. And we led your squadrons
Where they ha' scratch'd their legs a little

with brambles,

If not their faces.

Prig. Yes, and run their heads

Against trees.

Hig. 'T is Captain Prig, sir.

Prig. And Corone! Higgen. 150

Hig. We have fill'd a pit with your people,
some with legs,

Some with arms broken, and a neck or two

I think be loose.

Prig. The rest, too, that escap'd,

Are not yet out o' the briars.

Hig. And your horses, sir,

Are well set up in Bruges all by this time. 155

You look as you were not well, sir, and would
be

Shortly let blood: do you want a scarf?

Vand. A halter!

Ger. 'T was like yourself, honest and noble
Hubert! —

Canst thou behold these mirrors all together
Of thy long, false, and bloody usurpation, 160

Thy tyrannous proscription, and fresh treason;
And not so see thyself as to fall down,

¹⁰² to do: left undone ¹¹⁷ rites: ('rights' Ff, Q) ¹¹⁹ assay: ceremony of cutting up the deer,
usually performed by the chief person at the hunt ¹²¹ arbour: part of process of cutting up the game
¹²³ without the rose: not *sub rosa*, openly ¹⁴⁸ breed: ('end' F 1, Q)

And, sinking, force a grave, with thine own
guilt,

As deep as hell, to cover thee and it?

Wol. No, I can stand, and praise the toils
that took me; 165

And laughing in them die: they were brave
snares.

Flo. 'T were truer valour, if thou durst re-
pent

The wrongs th' hast done, and live.

Wol. Who? I repent,
And say I am sorry? Yes, 't is the fool's lan-
guage,

And not for Wolfort.

Vand. Wolfort, thou art a devil, 170
And speak'st his language. — Oh, that I had
my longing!

Under this row of trees now would I hang him.

Flo. No, let him live until he can repent;
But banish'd from our state: — that is thy
doom.

Vand. Then hang his worthy captain here,
this Hemskirk, 175

For profit of th' example.

Flo. No; let him

Enjoy his shame, too, with his conscious life
To show how much our innocence condemns
All practice, from the guiltiest, to molest us.

Vand. A noble prince!

Ger. Sir, you must help to join 180
A pair of hands, as they have done their hearts
here,

And to their loves wish joy.

Flo. As to mine own. —

My gracious sister! worthiest brother!

Vand. I'll go afore, and have the bonfire
made,

My fireworks, and flap-dragons, and good
backrack; 185

With a peck of little fishes, to drink down
In healths to this day.

Hig. 'Slight, here be changes!

The bells ha' not so many, nor a dance, *Prig.*

Prig. Our company's grown horrible thin
by it. —

What think you, Ferret?

Fer. Marry, I do think 190

That we might all be lords now, if we could
stand for 't.

Hig. Not I, if they should offer it: I'll dis-
lodge first,

Remove the Bush to another climate.

Ger. Sir, you must thank this worthy bur-
gomaster.

Here be friends ask to be look'd on, too, 195

And thank'd; who, though their trade and
course of life

Be not so perfect but it may be better'd,

Have yet us'd me with courtesy, and been
true

Subjects unto me, while I was their king;

A place I know not well how to resign, 200

Nor unto whom. But thus I will entreat

Your grace; command them follow me to
Bruges;

Where I will take the care on me to find

Some manly, and more profitable course,

To fit them as a part of the republic. 205

Flo. Do you hear, sirs? do so

Hig. Thanks to your good grace!

Prig. To your good lordship!

Fer. May you both live long!

Ger. Attend me at Vandunk's, the burgo-
master's. *Exeunt all but Beggars.*

Hig. Yes, to beat hemp, and be whupp'd
twice a week,

Or turn the wheel for Crab, the rope-maker; 210

Or learn to go along with him his course;

That 's a fine course now, i' the commonwealth.

— *Prig.*

What say you to it?

Prig. It is the backward'st course
I know i' the world.

Hig. Then Higgen will scarce thrive by it,
You do conclude?

Prig. Faith, hardly, very hardly. 215

Hig. Troth, I am partly of your mind,
Prince *Prig*—

And therefore, farewell, Flanders! Higgen will
seek

Some safer shelter, in some other climate,

With this his tatter'd colony. Let me see;

Snap, Ferret, *Prig*, and Higgen, all are left 220
O' the true blood: what, shall we into Eng-
land?

Prig. Agreed

Hig. Then bear up bravely with your
Brute, my lads!

Higgen hath prigg'd the prancers in his days,
And sold good penny-worths: we will have a

course; 225

The spirit of Bottom is grown bottomless.

Prig. I'll maund no more, nor cant.

Hig. Yes, your sixpenny-worth
In private, brother: sixpence is a sum

I'll steal you any man's dog for.

Prig. For sixpence more
You'll tell the owner where he is

Hig. 'T is right: 230
Higgen must practise, so must *Prig*, to eat;

¹⁸⁶ brave: fine ¹⁸⁷ wish: ('with' Ff, Q) ¹⁸⁸ backrack: Rhine wine (from Bacharach) ²⁰⁵ Brute: Brutus, the grandson of Æneas, who was supposed to have led the Trojans to England ²¹⁴ prigg'd: stolen prancers: horses ²¹⁶ Bottom: (in *Midsummer Night's Dream*; the meaning of the line is uncertain) ²¹⁷ cant: talk like a beggar

And write the letter, and gi' the word. —

But now

No more, as either of these —

Prig.

But as true beggars

As e'er we were —

Hig.

We stand here for an epilogue.

Ladies, your bounties first! the rest will follow;

For women's favours are a leading alms; 236

If you be pleas'd, look cheerly, throw your eyes

Out at your masks.

Prig.

And let your beauties sparkle

Hig. So may you ne'er want dressings,

jewels, gowns,

Still i' the fashion!

Prig.

Nor the men you love, 240

Wealth nor discourse to please you!

Hig.

May you, gentlemen,

Never want good fresh suits, nor liberty!

Prig. May every merchant here see safe

his ventures!

Hig. And every honest citizen his debts in!

Prig. The lawyers gain good clients!

Hig.

And the clients 245

Good counsel.

Prig. All the gamesters here, good fortune!

Hig. The drunkards, too, good wine!

Prig.

The eaters, meat

Fit for their tastes and palates!

Hig.

The good wives,

Kind husbands!

Prig. The young maids, choice of suitors!

Hig. The midwives, merry hearts!

Prig.

And all, good cheer! 250

Hig. As you are kind unto us and our Bush!

We are the beggars, and your daily beads-

men,

And have your money; but the alms we ask,

And live by, is your grace: give that, and then

We 'll boldly say, our word is, Come agen! 255

[*Exeunt*].

A NEW WAY TO PAY
OLD DEBTS
A COMEDIE

As it hath beene often acted at the Phoenix in Drury-Lane, by the Queenes Maiesties seruants.

The Author.

PHILIP MASSINGER.



L O N D O N,
Printed by E. P. for Henry Seyle, dwelling in S.
Pauls Church-yard, at the signe of the
Tygers head. Anno. M. DC.
X X X I I I.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL RECORD. On Nov. 10, 1632, there was entered on the Register of the Stationers' Co., on behalf of Henry Seile and by authority of Sir Henry Herbert and Master Aspley, "A Comedy called *A new way to pay old Debtes* by Philip Massinger." During the following year appeared the only early Quarto of the play. This Quarto is printed with unusual care. Act and scene divisions are accurately marked in Latin, the names of the characters are grouped at the head of each scene, after the classical manner, and stage directions, usually in English but occasionally in Latin, are given in the margins. The play is preceded by a dedication to the Earl of Carnarvon, who had married a daughter of Philip Herbert, Earl of Montgomery, in the service of whose family Massinger's father had passed his life. There are also prefixed to the play complimentary poems from the pens of Sir Henry Moody and Sir Thomas Jay, the latter of whom ranks Massinger with Beaumont and Fletcher and praises him for his command of

The crafty mazes of the cunning plot;
The polish'd phrase; the sweet expression; got
Neither by theft nor violence; the conceit
Fresh and unsullied . . .

DATE AND STAGE PERFORMANCE. The title-page of the Quarto of 1633 states that *A New Way* had "beene often acted at the Phoenix in Drury-Lane, by the Queenes Maiesties seruants." The reference to the capture of Breda by Spinola in 1625 (I u 27, 28) and an allusion to the play in Act I, sc. iii of Massinger's *Roman Actor* (licensed in 1626) suggest that it appeared late in 1625 or early in 1626. Further evidence for this date is to be found in the fact that the London theatres were closed because of the plague in May of 1625, and the Phoenix was not occupied by the Queen's Men until December of that year, when the theatres reopened. No notice of the play is to be found in the books kept by the Master of the Revels, but his records for this period survive in incomplete form. The subsequent stage history of *A New Way* is unique among Elizabethan and Jacobean plays other than those of Shakespeare. It was revived by David Garrick in 1748, and ever since that time has been acted at frequent intervals. A. H. Cruickshank's edition of the play (Oxford, 1926) gives a very complete and impressive list of performances in England and America (Appendix II, pp 125-138).

PERSONAL ALLUSIONS. It is probable that the characters of Sir Giles Overreach and Justice Greedy are drawn from life. One Sir Giles Mompesson (1584-1651?) and his legal associate, Sir Francis Michel, had obtained commissions from James I for controlling licenses to inn-keepers and supervising the monopoly for the manufacture of gold and silver thread. Their abuse of these privileges was so flagrant and inhuman that public indignation forced the king, in 1621, to prosecute and punish both offenders. The affair was a notorious scandal (See also S. R. Gardiner: "The Political Element in Massinger," *Transactions New Shakspeare Society*, 1877-1878, pp. 314 ff.)

PHILIP MASSINGER (1583-1640)

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

[LORD] LOVELL, an English Lord
 SIR GILES OVERREACH, a cruel extortioner
 [FRANK] WELLBORN, a Prodigal
 [TOM] ALLWORTH, a young Gentleman, Page to Lord Lovell
 GREEDY, a hungry Justice of Peace
 MARRALL, a Term-Driver, a creature of Sir Giles Overreach
 ORDER [Steward].
 AMBLE [Usher].
 FURNACE [Cook].
 WATCHALL [Porter].

} Servants to the Lady Allworth

WILLDO, a Parson
 TAPWELL, an Alehouse Keeper
 Three Creditors, [Servants, &c.]

The LADY ALLWORTH, a rich Widow
 MARGARET, Overreach his daughter
 FROTH, Tapwell's Wife
 Chambermaid
 Waiting Woman

[SCENE. — *The Country near Nottingham.*]

Actus primi, Scena prima

[*Before Tapwell's Alehouse*]

Wellborn. Froth

Well No bouse? nor no tobacco?

Tap Not a suck, sir;

Nor the remainder of a single can

Left by a drunken porter, all night pall'd too.

Froth Not the dropping of the tap for your morning's draught, sir.

'T is verity, I assure you.

Well. Verity, you brach! 5

The devil turn'd precisian! Rogue, what am I?

Tap. Troth, durst I trust you with a looking-glass,

To let you see your trim shape, you would quit me

And take the name yourself.

Well. How, dog!

Tap. Even so, sir.

And I must tell you, if you but advance 10

Your Plymouth cloak you shall be soon instructed

There dwells, and within call, if it please your worship,

A potent monarch call'd the constable,

That does command a citadel call'd the stocks;

Whose guards are certain files of rusty billmen

Such as with great dexterity will hale 16

Your tatter'd, lousy —

Well.

Rascal! slave!

Froth.

No rage, sir.

Tap. At his own peril. Do not put yourself

In too much heat, there being no water near

To quench your thirst; and sure, for other liquor, 20

As mighty ale, or beer, they are things, I take it, You must no more remember; not in a dream,

sir

Well. Why, thou unthankful villain, dar'st thou talk thus!

Is not thy house, and all thou hast, my gift?

Tap I find it not in chalk; and Timothy

Tapwell 25

Does keep no other register.

Well.

Am not I he

Whose riots fed and cloth'd thee? Wert thou not

Born on my father's land, and proud to be

A drudge in his house?

Tap What I was, sir, it skills not; 29

What you are, is apparent. Now, for a farewell,

Since you talk of father, in my hope it will torment you,

I 'll briefly tell your story. Your dead father, My quondam master, was a man of worship,

Old Sir John Wellborn, justice of peace and

quorum,

And stood fair to be *custos rotulorum*; 35

Bore the whole sway of the shire, kept a great house,

D P. Term-Driver: one who goes from court to court in hope of gain 1 bouse: drink 2 pall'd: flat from standing 3 brach: bitch 4 precisian: Puritan 5 quit: absolve 6 Plymouth cloak: cudgel ('Plimworth' Q) 7 rusty: rough, churlish 8 skills: matters 9 quorum: one of the more eminent justices whose presence was necessary to constitute a bench 10 custos rotulorum: Keeper of the Rolls

Reliev'd the poor, and so forth; but he dying
And the twelve hundred a year coming to you,
Late Master Francis, but now forlorn Well-
born —

Well. Slave, stop! or I shall lose myself.

Froth. Very hardly; 40
You cannot out of your way.

Tap. But to my story.
You were then a lord of acres, the prime gal-
lant,
And I your under-butler. Note the change
now.

You had a merry time of 't; hawks and hounds;
With choice of running horses; mistresses 45
Of all sorts and all sizes, yet so hot,
As their embraces made your lordships melt;
Which your uncle, Sir Giles Overreach, observ-
ing,

(Resolving not to lose a drop of 'em,)
On foolish mortgages, statutes, and bonds, 50
For a while suppl'd your looseness, and then
left you.

Well. Some curate hath penn'd this invective,
mongrel,
And you have studied it.

Tap. I have not done yet.
Your land gone, and your credit not worth a
token,
You grew the common borrower; no man
'scap'd

Your paper-pellets, from the gentleman 55
To the beggars on highways, that sold you
switches

In your gallantry.

Well. I shall switch your brains out.

Tap. Where poor Tim Tapwell, with a little
stock,
Some forty pounds or so, bought a small cot-
tage, 60
Humbled myself to marriage with my Froth
here,

Give entertainment —

Well. Yes, to whores and canters,
Clubbers by night

Tap. True, but they brought in profit,
And had a gift to pay for what they call'd for,
And stuck not like your mastership. The poor
income 65

I glean'd from them hath made me in my parish
Thought worthy to be scavenger, and in time
May rise to be overseer of the poor;
Which if I do, on your petition, Wellborn,
I may allow you thirteen-pence a quarter, 70
And you shall thank my worship.

Well. Thus, you dog-bolt,
And thus —

Beats and kicks him.

Tap. [To his wife.] Cry out for help!

Well. Stir, and thou diest:

Your potent prince, the constable, shall not
save you.

Hear me, ungrateful hell-hound! Did not I
Make purses for you? Then you lick'd my
boots, 75
And thought your holiday cloak too coarse to
clean 'em.

'T was I that, when I heard thee swear if ever
Thou couldst arrive at forty pounds thou
wouldst

Live like an emperor, 't was I that gave it
In ready gold. Deny this, wretch!

Tap. I must, sir; 80
For, from the tavern to the taphouse, all,
On forfeiture of their licenses, stand bound
Ne'er to remember who their best guests were,
If they grew poor like you.

Well. They are well rewarded
That beggar themselves to make such cuckolds
rich. 85

Thou viper, thankless viper! impudent bawd!
But since you are grown forgetful, I will help
Your memory, and tread thee into mortar,
Not leave one bone unbroken.

[Beats him again]

Oh!
Ask mercy.

Enter Allworth

Well. 'T will not be granted.

All. Hold — for my sake, hold. 90
Deny me, Frank? They are not worth your
anger.

Well. For once thou hast redeem'd them
from this sceptre; *His Cudgel.*

But let 'em vanish, creeping on their knees,
And, if they grumble, I revoke my pardon.

Froth. This comes of your prating, husband;
you presum'd 95

On your ambling wit, and must use your glib
tongue,

Though you are beaten lame for 't

Tap. Patience, Froth;
There 's law to cure our bruises.

They go off on their hands and knees.

Well. Sent to your mother?

All. My lady, Frank, my patroness, my all!
She 's such a mourner for my father's death,
And, in her love to him, so favours me, 101
That I cannot pay too much observance to her.
There are few such stepdames.

Well. 'T is a noble widow,
And keeps her reputation pure, and clear
From the least taint of infamy; her life, 105

⁴⁰ hardly: with difficulty

⁴⁷ As: that

⁴⁸ token: (issued by tradesmen in lieu of small coins)

⁴⁹ paper-pellets: promissory notes

⁵² canters: ruffians who used thieves' slang

⁵⁶ stuck: deferred

payment ⁷¹ dog-bolt: blunt arrow, a term of reproach

With the splendour of her actions, leaves no
tongue

To envy or detraction. Prithee tell me,
Has she no suitors?

All. Even the best of the shire, Frank,
My lord excepted; such as sue and send,
And send and sue again, but to no purpose; 110
Their frequent visits have not gain'd her pres-
ence.

Yet she's so far from sullenness and pride,
That I dare undertake you shall meet from her
A liberal entertainment. I can give you
A catalogue of her suitors' names.

Well Forbear it, 115
While I give you good counsel I am bound to
it;

Thy father was my friend, and that affection
I bore to him, in right descends to thee;
Thou art a handsome and a hopeful youth, 119
Nor will I have the least affront stick on thee,
If I with any danger can prevent it.

All. I thank your noble care; but, pray
you, in what

Do I run the hazard?

Well. Art thou not in love?
Put it not off with wonder.

All. In love, at my years!
Well. You think you walk in clouds, but
are transparent. 125

I have heard all, and the choice that you have
made,
And, with my finger, can point out the north
star

By which the loadstone of your folly's guided;
And, to confirm this true, what think you of
Fair Margaret, the only child and heir 130
Of Cormorant Overreach? Does it blush and
start,

To hear her only nam'd? Blush at your want
Of wit and reason

All. You are too bitter, sir

Well. Wounds of this nature are not to be
cur'd

With balms, but corrosives I must be plain 135
Art thou scarce manumiz'd from the porter's
lodge

And yet sworn servant to the pantofle,
And dar'st thou dream of marriage? I fear
'T will be concluded for impossible

That there is now, nor e'er shall be hereafter, 140
A handsome page or player's boy of fourteen
But either loves a wench, or drabs love him;
Court-waiters not exempted.

All. This is madness.

How'er you have discover'd my intents,

You know my aims are lawful; and if ever 145
The queen of flowers, the glory of the spring,
The sweetest comfort to our smell, the rose,
Sprang from an envious briar, I may infer
There's such disparity in their conditions 149
Between the goodness of my soul, the daughter,
And the base churl, her father.

Well. Grant this true,
As I believe it, canst thou ever hope
To enjoy a quiet bed with her whose father
Ruin'd thy state?

All. And yours too.
Well I confess it; 154

True, I must tell you as a friend, and freely,
That, where impossibilities are apparent,
'T is indiscretion to nourish hopes.
Canst thou imagine (let not self-love blind
thee)

That Sir Giles Overreach, that, to make her
great 159

In swelling titles, without touch of conscience
Will cut his neighbour's throat, and I hope his
own too,

Will e'er consent to make her thine? Give o'er,
And think of some course suitable to thy rank,
And prosper in it.

All. You have well advis'd me 164
But in the meantime you that are so studious
Of my affairs wholly neglect your own.
Remember yourself, and in what plight you are.

Well. No matter, no matter.

All. Yes, 't is much material.
You know my fortune and my means, yet
something

I can spare from myself to help your wants.

Well. How's this? 170
All. Nay, be not angry, there's eight pieces
To put you in better fashion

Well. Money from thee!

From a boy. A stipendary! One that lives
At the devotion of a stepmother

And the uncertain favour of a lord! 175
I'll eat my arms first. Howsoe'er blind For-
tune

Hath spent the utmost of her malice on me —
Though I am vomited out of an alehouse,
And thus accoutred — know not where to eat,
Or drink, or sleep, but underneath this can-
opy — 180

Although I thank thee, I despise thy offer;
And as I in my madness broke my state
Without th' assistance of another's brain,
In my right wits I'll piece it; at the worst, 184
Die thus and be forgotten.

All. A strange humour! *Exeunt.*

¹³⁴ wonder: affected surprise ¹³⁶ manumiz'd . . . lodge: freed from the condition of servitude,
or from that of extreme youth (?) ¹³⁷ sworn . . . pantofle: in love (?) ¹⁴⁹ Court-waiters: pages
¹⁴⁵ envious: malicious ¹⁶⁸ much material: very important ¹⁷¹ pieces: coins worth 22 s. each
¹⁷⁸ put . . . fashion: clothe you better ¹⁷⁹ stipendary: pensioner

Actus primi, Scena secunda

[A Room in Lady Allworth's House]

*Order. Amble. Furnace. Watchall**Ord.* Set all things right, or, as my name is
Order,

And by this staff of office that commands you,
This chain and double ruff, symbols of power,
Whoever misses in his function,
For one whole week makes forfeiture of his
breakfast 5

And privilege in the wine-cellar.

Amb. You are merry,
Good master steward.

Furn. Let him; I'll be angry.

Amb. Why, fellow Furnace, 't is not twelve
o'clock yet,

Nor dinner taking up; then, 't is allow'd,

Cooks, by their places, may be choleric. 10

Furn. You think you have spoke wisely,
goodman Amble,

My lady's go-before!

Ord. Nay, nay, no wrangling.

Furn. Twit me with the authority of the
kitchen!

At all hours, and all places, I'll be angry; 14

And thus provok'd, when I am at my prayers

I will be angry.

Amb. There was no hurt meant.

Furn. I am friends with thee, and yet I will
be angry.

Ord. With whom?

Furn. No matter whom: yet, now I
think on 't,

I am angry with my lady.

Watch. Heaven forbid, man!

Ord. What cause has she given thee?

Furn. Cause enough, master steward. 20

I was entertain'd by her to please her palate,

And, till she forswore eating, I perform'd it.

Now, since our master, noble Allworth, died,

Though I crack my brains to find out tempting
sauces,

And raise fortifications in the pastry 25

Such as might serve for models in the Low
Countries,

Which, if they had been practised at Breda,
Spinola might have thrown his cap at it, and
ne'er took it —

Amb. But you had wanted matter there to
work on.

Furn. Matter! with six eggs, and a strike
of rye meal, 30

I had kept the town till doomsday, perhaps
longer.

Ord. But what 's this to your pet against my
lady?

Furn. What 's this? Marry this: when I
am three parts roasted

And the fourth part parboil'd to prepare her
viands,

She keeps her chamber, dines with a panada 35
Or water-gruel, my sweat never thought on.

Ord. But your art is seen in the dining-room.

Furn. By whom?

By such as pretend love to her, but come
To feed upon her. Yet, of all the harpies

That do devour her, I am out of charity 40

With none so much as the thin-gutted squire

That 's stol'n into commission.

Ord. Justice Greedy?

Furn. The same, the same; meat 's cast
away upon him,

It never thrives; he holds this paradox,

Who eats not well, can ne'er do justice well. 45

His stomach 's as insatiate as the grave,

Or strumpet's ravenous appetites.

Allworth knocks, and enters

Watch. One knocks.

Ord. Our late young master!

Amb. Welcome, sir

Furn. Your hand;

If you have a stomach, a cold bake-meat 's
ready

Ord. His father's picture in little

Furn. We are all your servants. 50

Amb. In you he lives

All. At once, my thanks to all;

This is yet some comfort. Is my lady stirring?

*Enter the Lady Allworth, Waiting Woman,
Chambermaid*

Ord. Her presence answer for us

Lady. Sort those silks well.

I'll take the air alone.

Exeunt Waiting Woman and Chambermaid

Furn. You air and air;

But will you never taste but spoon-meat more?
To what use serve I?

Lady. Prithee, be not angry; 56

I shall ere long. I' the mean time, there is gold
To buy thee aprons, and a summer suit.

Furn. I am appeas'd, and Furnace now
grows cool.

Lady. And, as I gave directions, if this
morning 60

I am visited by any, entertain 'em

⁴ function: task, duty ⁹ taking up: being served ¹⁰ by . . . places: ex officio ³¹ enter-
tain'd: employed ³⁷ Breda: in the Netherlands, captured by the Spaniards under Spinola in 1625
³⁸ strike: bushel ³⁹ pet: pique ⁴⁰ panada: bread cooked in milk ⁴¹ pretend: profess ⁴² stol'n
. . . commission: gained his commission as justice of the peace by fraud ⁴³ cool: ('Cooke' Q)

As heretofore; but say, in my excuse,
I am indispos'd.

Ord. I shall, madam.

Lady. Do, and leave me.
Nay, stay you, Allworth.

*Exeunt Order, Amble, Furnace,
Watch-all.*

All. I shall gladly grow here,
To wait on your commands.

Lady. So soon turn'd courtier! 65

All Style not that courtship, madam, which
is duty,

Purchas'd on your part.

Lady. Well, you shall o'ercome;

I'll not contend in words. How is it with
Your noble master?

All Ever like himself,

No scruple lessen'd in the full weight of hon-
our. 70

He did command me (pardon my presumption)

As his unworthy deputy, to kiss

Your ladyship's fair hands

Lady. I am honour'd in

His favour to me. Does he hold his purpose
For the Low Countries?

All Constantly, good madam; 75

But he will in person first present his service.

Lady. And how approve you of his course?

You are yet

Like virgin parchment, capable of any

Inscription, vicious or honourable.

I will not force your will, but leave you free 80
To your own election.

All. Any form you please

I will put on; but, might I make my choice,

With humble emulation I would follow

The path my lord marks to me

Lady. 'T is well answer'd,

And I commend your spirit. You had a father,

Bless'd be his memory! that some few hours 86

Before the will of Heaven took him from me,

Who did commend you, by the dearest ties

Of perfect love between us, to my charge;

And, therefore, what I speak you are bound to
hear 90

With such respect as if he liv'd in me.

He was my husband, and howe'er you are not

Son of my womb, you may be of my love,

Provided you deserve it.

All. I have found you,

Most honour'd madam, the best mother to me;

And, with my utmost strengths of care and
service, 96

Will labour that you never may repent

Your bounties shower'd upon me.

Lady. I much hope it.

These were your father's words: "If e'er my son

Follow the war, tell him it is a school 100

Where all the principles tending to honour

Are taught, if truly followed: but for such

As repair thither as a place in which

They do presume they may with license practise

Their lusts and riots, they shall never merit 105

The noble name of soldiers. To dare boldly

In a fair cause, and for their country's safety

To run upon the cannon's mouth undaunted;

To obey their leaders, and shun mutinies;

To bear with patience the winter's cold 110

And summer's scorching heat, and not to faint,

When plenty of provision fails, with hunger;

Are the essential parts make up a soldier,

Not swearing, dice, or drinking."

All. There's no syllable

You speak, but is to me an oracle, 115

Which but to doubt were impious.

Lady. To conclude:

Beware ill company, for often men

Are like to those with whom they do converse;

And, from one man I warn you, and that's

Wellborn:

Not 'cause he's poor, that rather claims your
pity; 120

But that he's in his manners so debauch'd,

And hath to vicious courses sold himself.

'T is true, your father lov'd him, while he was

Worthy the loving; but if he had liv'd

To have seen him as he is, he had cast him off,

As you must do.

All. I shall obey in all things. 126

Lady. You follow me to my chamber, you

shall have gold

To furnish you like my son, and still supplied,

As I hear from you

All. I am still your creature. *Exeunt.*

Actus primi, Scena tertia

[*A Hall in the Same*]

*Overreach. Greedy. Order. Amble. Furnace.
Watchall. Marrall*

Greedy. Not to be seen!

Over. Still cloister'd up! Her reason,

I hope, assures her, though she make herself

Close prisoner ever for her husband's loss,

'T will not recover him.

Ord. Sir, it is her will,

Which we, that are her servants, ought to
serve it, 5

And not dispute. Howe'er, you are nobly wel-
come;

And, if you please to stay, that you may think
so,

⁷⁵ For: to go to ⁸⁶ Who: (repeating "that" in l. 86) ¹⁰⁷ their: ('the' Q) ¹¹⁰ warn: ('warn'd' Q)
¹²⁰ still: always

There came, not six days since, from Hull, a

pipe
Of rich Canary, which shall spend itself
For my lady's honour.

Greedy. Is it of the right race? 10

Ord. Yes, Master Greedy.

Amb. How his mouth runs o'er!

Furn. I 'll make it run, and run. Save your
good worship!

Greedy. Honest Master Cook, thy hand
again. How I love thee!

Are the good dishes still in being? Speak,
boy.

Furn. If you have a mind to feed, there is a
chine 15

Of beef, well season'd.

Greedy. Good!

Furn. A pheasant, larded.

Greedy. That I might now give thanks for 't!

Furn. Other kickshaws.

Besides, there came last night, from the forest
of Sherwood,

The fattest stag I ever cook'd.

Greedy. A stag, man!

Furn. A stag, sir; part of it prepar'd for
dinner, 20

And bak'd in puff-paste.

Greedy. Puff-paste too! Sir Giles,
A ponderous chine of beef! a pheasant larded!
And red deer too, Sir Giles, and bak'd in puff-
paste!

All business set aside, let us give thanks here.

Furn. How the lean skeleton's rapt!

Over. You know we cannot. 25

Mar. Your worships are to sit on a commis-
sion,

And if you fail to come, you lose the cause.

Greedy. Cause me no causes. I 'll prove 't,
for such dinner

We may put off a commission: you shall find
it

Henrici decimo quarto.

Over. Fie, Master Greedy! 30

Will you lose me a thousand pounds for a din-
ner?

No more, for shame! We must forget the belly
When we think of profit.

Greedy. Well, you shall o'er-rule me;
I could ev'n cry now. — Do you hear, Master

Cook,

Send but a corner of that immortal pasty, 35

And I, in thankfulness, will, by your boy,

Send you — a brace of three-pences.

Furn. Will you be so prodigal?

Enter Wellborn

Over. Remember me to your lady. Who
have we here?

Well. You know me.

Over. I did once, but now I will not;
Thou art no blood of mine. Avaunt, thou beg-
gar! 40

If ever thou presume to own me more,
I 'll have thee cag'd and whipp'd.

Greedy. I 'll grant the warrant.
Think of Pie-corner, Furnace!

Exeunt Overreach, Greedy, Marrall

Watch. Will you out, sir?

I wonder how you durst creep in

Ord. This is rudeness,

And saucy impudence.

Amb. Cannot you stay 45

To be serv'd, among your fellows, from the
basket,

But you must press into the hall?

Furn. Prithee, vanish

Into some outhouse, though it be the pigstye;
My scullion shall come to thee.

Enter Allworth

Well. This is rare.

Oh, here 's Tom Allworth. Tom!

All. We must be strangers; so

Nor would I have you seen here for a million.

Exit Allworth.

Well. Better and better. He contemns me
too!

Enter Woman and Chambermaid

Woman. Foh, what a smell 's here! What
thing 's this?

Cham. A creature

Made out of the privy; let us hence, for love's
sake,

Or I shall swoon.

Woman. I begin to feel faint already. 55

Exeunt Woman and Chambermaid.

Watch. Will know your way;

Amb. Or shall we teach it you,

By the head and shoulders?

Well. No; I will not stir;

Do you mark, I will not let me see the wretch
That dares attempt to force me. Why, you

slaves,

Created only to make legs, and cringe; 60

To carry in a dish, and shift a trencher;

That have not souls only to hope a blessing

Beyond black-jacks or flagons; you, that were
born

¹ pipe: cask ¹⁰ race: vintage ¹⁶ larded: stuffed with bacon ¹⁷ kickshaws: trifles ('kuku-shawes' Q) ²⁰ Henrici . . . quarto: Laws were designated by the year of the reign in which they were passed. ⁴⁵ Pie-corner: street in London containing numerous eating houses ⁴⁶ basket: in which scraps were placed for the poor ⁴⁸ Will: will you ⁶⁰ make legs: bow ⁶¹ black-jacks: leather drinking vessels

Only to consume meat and drink, and batten
Upon reversions! — who advances? Who 65
Shows me the way?

Ord. My lady!

Enter Lady [Allworth] Woman. Chambermaid

Cham. Here 's the monster.

Woman. Sweet madam, keep your glove to
your nose.

Cham. Or let me
Fetch some perfumes may be predominant;
You wrong yourself else.

Well. Madam, my designs
Bear me to you.

Lady. To me!

Well. And though I have met with 70
But ragged entertainment from your grooms
here,

I hope from you to receive that noble usage
As may become the true friend of your husband,
And then I shall forget these.

Lady. I am amaz'd
To see and hear this rudeness. Dar'st thou
think, 75

Though sworn, that it can ever find belief,
That I, who to the best men of this country
Deni'd my presence since my husband's death,
Can fall so low as to change words with thee?
Thou son of infamy, forbear my house, 80
And know and keep the distance that 's be-
tween us,

Or, though it be against my gentler temper,
I shall take order you no more shall be
An eyesore to me

Well. Scorn me not, good lady;
But, as in form you are angelical, 85
Imitate the heavenly natures, and vouchsafe
At the least awhile to hear me. You will grant
The blood that runs in this arm is as noble
As that which fills your veins; those costly
jewels,

And those rich clothes you wear, your men's
observance 90

And women's flattery, are in you no virtues,
Nor these rags, with my poverty, in me vices.
You have a fair fame, and, I know, deserve it;
Yet, lady, I must say, in nothing more
Than in the pious sorrow you have shown 95
For your late noble husband.

Ord. How she starts!

Furn. And hardly can keep finger from the
eye,
To hear him nam'd.

Lady. Have you aught else to say?

Well. That husband, madam, was once in
his fortune 99
Almost as low as I; want, debts, and quarrels

64-65 batten . . . reversions: feast upon remains
('bung'd' Q)

Lay heavy on him: let it not be thought
A boast in me, though I say I reliev'd him.
'T was I that gave him fashion; mine the sword
That did on all occasions second his;
I brought him on and off with honour, lady; 105
And when in all men's judgments he was sunk,
And, in his own hopes, not to be buoy'd up,
I stepp'd unto him, took him by the hand,
And set him upright.

Furn. Are not we base rogues,
That could forget this?

Well. I confess, you made him 110
Master of your estate, nor could your friends,
Though he brought no wealth with him, blame
you for 't;

For he had a shape, and to that shape a mind
Made up of all parts either great or noble;
So winning a behaviour, not to be 115
Resisted, madam.

Lady. 'T is most true, he had.

Well. For his sake, then, in that I was his
friend,
Do not condemn me.

Lady. For what 's past excuse me,
I will redeem it. Order, give the gentleman
A hundred pounds.

Well. No, madam, on no terms: 120
I will nor beg nor borrow sixpence of you,
But be suppli'd elsewhere, or want thus ever.
Only one suit I make, which you deny not
To strangers; and 't is this. *Whispers to her.*

Lady. Fie! nothing else?

Well. Nothing, unless you please to charge
your servants 125

To throw away a little respect upon me.

Lady. What you demand is yours.

Well. I thank you, lady.
Now what can be wrought out of such a suit
Is yet in supposition: I have said all;
When you please, you may retire. —

[*Exit Lady All.*]

Nay, all 's forgotten; [*to the Servants.*]
And, for a lucky omen to my project, 131
Shake hands, and end all quarrels in the cellar.

Ord. Agreed, agreed.

Furn. Still merry Master Wellborn.
Exeunt.

Actus secundi, Scena prima

[*A Room in Overreach's House*]

Overreach. Marraill

Over. He 's gone, I warrant thee; this com-
mission crush'd him.

Mar. Your worship have the way on 't, and
ne'er miss

79 change: exchange

107 buoy'd:

To squeeze these unthrifts into air; and yet,
The chapfallen justice did his part, returning
For your advantage the certificate, ⁵
Against his conscience, and his knowledge too,
With your good favour, to the utter ruin
Of the poor farmer.

Over. 'T was for these good ends
I made him a justice; he that bribes his belly,
Is certain to command his soul.

Mar. I wonder, ¹⁰
Still with your license, why your worship hav-
ing

The power to put this thin-gut in commission,
You are not in 't yourself?

Over. Thou art a fool.
In being out of office I am out of danger;
Where, if I were a justice, besides the trouble,
I might, or out of wilfulness or error, ¹⁶
Run myself finely into a *præmunire*,
And so become a prey to the informer.
No, I 'll have none of 't, 't is enough I keep
Greedy at my devotion; so he serve ²⁰
My purposes, let him hang or damn, I care
not;

Friendship is but a word.

Mar. You are all wisdom.

Over. I would be worldly wise; for the other
wisdom,

That does prescribe us a well-govern'd life,
And to do right to others as ourselves, ²⁵
I value not an atom.

Mar. What course take you,
With your good patience, to hedge in the manor
Of your neighbour, Master Frugal? as 't is said,
He will nor sell, nor borrow, nor exchange;
And his land, lying in the midst of your many
lordships, ³⁰
Is a foul blemish.

Over. I have thought on 't, Marrall,
And it shall take. I must have all men sellers,
And I the only purchaser.

Mar. 'T is most fit, sir.

Over. I 'll therefore buy some cottage near
his manor,
Which done, I 'll make my men break ope his
fences, ³⁵
Ride o'er his standing corn, and in the night
Set fire on his barns, or break his cattle's legs.
These trespasses draw on suits and suits ex-
penses,
Which I can spare, but will soon beggar him.
When I have harried him thus two or three
year, ⁴⁰

Though he sue *in forma pauperis*, in spite
Of all his thrift and care, he 'll grow behindhand.

Mar. The best I ever heard! I could adore
you.

Over. Then, with the favour of my man of
law,

I will pretend some title. Want will force him
To put it to arbitrement; then, if he sell ⁴⁶
For half the value, he shall have ready money,
And I possess his land.

Mar. 'T is above wonder!

Wellborn was apt to sell, and needed not
These fine arts, sir, to hook him in.

Over. Well thought on. ⁵⁰
Thus varlet, Marrall, lives too long, to upbraid
me

With my close cheat put upon him Will nor
cold

Nor hunger kill him?

Mar. I know not what to think on 't.
I have us'd all means; and the last night I
caus'd ⁵⁴

His host, the tapster, to turn him out of doors;
And have been since with all your friends and
tenants,

And, on the forfeit of your favour, charg'd
'em,

Though a crust of mouldy bread would keep
him from starving.

Yet they should not relieve him This is done,
sir.

Over. That was something, Marrall; but
thou must go further, ⁶⁰
And suddenly, Marrall.

Mar. Where, and when you please, sir.

Over. I would have thee seek him out, and,
if thou canst,

Persuade him that 't is better steal than beg;
Then, if I prove he has but robb'd a henroost,
Not all the world shall save him from the gal-
lows. ⁶⁵

Do anything to work him to despair,
And 't is thy masterpiece

Mar. I will do my best, sir.

Over. I am now on my main work with the
Lord Lovell,

The gallant-minded, popular Lord Lovell,
The minion of the people's love. I hear ⁷⁰
He 's come into the country, and my aims are
To insinuate myself into his knowledge,
And then invite him to my house.

Mar. I have you;
This points at my young mistress.

Over. She must part with
That humble title, and write honourable, ⁷⁵
Right honourable, Marrall, my right honour-
able daughter,

³ unthrifts: spendthrifts ⁴ chapfallen: thin-faced ⁵ returning: ruling out ⁶ certificate: document
¹⁵ Where: whereas ¹⁷ præmunire: encroachment on rights of the crown ²⁰ at my devotion: de-
voted to my interests ²⁶ corn: grain ⁴¹ in . . . pauperis: in the status of a pauper ⁵² close:
secret ⁵⁷ 'em: ('him' Q) ⁷⁰ minion: darling

If all I have, or e'er shall get, will do it.
I 'll have her well attended; there are ladies
Of errant knights decay'd and brought so low,
That for cast clothes and meat will gladly serve
her. 80

And 't is my glory, though I come from the
city,

To have their issue whom I have undone,
To kneel to mine as bondslaves

Mar. 'T is fit state, sir.

Over. And therefore, I 'll not have a cham-
bermaid

That ties her shoes, or any meaner office, 85
But such whose fathers were right worshipful
'T is a rich man's pride! there having ever
been

More than a feud, a strange antipathy,
Between us and true gentry.

Enter Wellborn

Mar. See, who 's here, sir.

Over. Hence, monster! prodigy!

Well. Sur, your wife's nephew; 90
She and my father tumbled in one belly

Over. Avoid my sight! thy breath's infec-
tious, rogue!

I shun thee as a leprosy, or the plague
Come hither, Marrall — [*aside*] this is the time
to work him *Exit Overreach.*

Mar. I warrant you, sir

Well. By this light, I think he 's mad 95

Mar. Mad! had you took compassion on
yourself,

You long since had been mad.

Well. You have took a course,
Between you and my venerable uncle,
To make me so.

Mar. The more pale-spirited you,
That would not be instructed. I swear
deeply — 100

Well. By what?

Mar. By my religion.

Well. Thy religion!
The devil's creed — but what would you have
done?

Mar. Had there been but one tree in all the
shire,

Nor any hope to compass a penny halter,
Before, like you, I had outliv'd my fortunes, 105
A withe had serv'd my turn to hang myself.

I am zealous in your cause; pray you hang
yourself,

And presently, as you love your credit.

Well. I thank you.

Mar. Will you stay till you die in a ditch,
or lice devour you? —

Or, if you dare not do the feat yourself, 110

But that you 'll put the state to charge and
trouble,

Is there no purse to be cut, house to be broken,
Or market-women with eggs, that you may
murther,

And so dispatch the business?

Well. Here 's variety,
I must confess; but I 'll accept of none 115
Of all your gentle offers, I assure you.

Mar. Why, have you hope ever to eat again,
Or drink? or be the master of three farthings?
If you like not hanging, drown yourself! Take
some course

For your reputation

Well. 'T will not do, dear tempter, 120
With all the rhetoric the fiend hath taught
you.

I am as far as thou art from despair;

Nay, I have confidence, which is more than
hope,

To live, and suddenly, better than ever.

Mar. Ha! ha! these castles you build in the
air 125

Will not persuade me or to give or lend

A token to you

Well. I 'll be more kind to thee:

Come, thou shalt dine with me.

Mar. With you!

Well. Nay more, dine gratis.

Mar. Under what hedge, I pray you? or at
whose cost?

Are they padders or abram-men that are your
consorts? 130

Well. Thou art incredulous, but thou shalt
dine

Not alone at her house, but with a gallant
lady;

With me, and with a lady.

Mar. Lady! what lady?
With the Lady of the Lake, or Queen of Fairies?
For I know it must be an enchanted dinner. 135

Well. With the Lady Allworth, knave

Mar. Nay, now there 's hope
Thy brain is crack'd

Well. Mark there, with what respect
I am entertain'd

Mar. With choice, no doubt, of dog-whips.
Why, dost thou ever hope to pass her porter?

Well. 'T is not far off, go with me, trust
thine own eyes 140

Mar. Troth, in my hope, or my assurance
rather,

To see thee curvet and mount like a dog in a
blanket,

If ever thou presume to pass her threshold,

I will endure thy company.

Well. Come along then *Exeunt.*

⁸⁰ cast: cast off ¹⁰⁸ presently: immediately

¹³⁰ padders: footpads

¹⁴² abram-men: beggars

¹¹¹ charge: expense ¹²⁸ or to: either to

curvet: when tossed like a dog in a blanket

*Actus secundi, Scena secunda**[A Room in Lady Allworth's House]*

*Allworth. Waiting Woman. Chambermaid.
Order. Amble. Furnace. Watchall*

Woman. Could you not command your leisure one hour longer?

Cham. Or half an hour?

All. I have told you what my haste is: Besides, being now another's, not mine own, Howe'er I much desire to enjoy you longer, My duty suffers, if, to please myself, I should neglect my lord.

Woman. Pray you, do me the favour To put these few quince-cakes into your pocket; They are of mine own preserving.

Cham. And this marmalade; 'T is comfortable for your stomach.

Woman. And, at parting, Excuse me if I beg a farewell from you.

Cham. You are still before me. I move the same suit, sir.

[Allworth] kisses 'em severally.

Furn. How greedy these chamberers are of a beardless chin!

I think the tits will ravish him.

All. My service

To both.

Woman. Ours waits on you

Cham. And shall do ever.

Ord. You are my lady's charge, be therefore careful

That you sustain your parts.

Woman. We can bear, I warrant you.

Exeunt Woman and Chambermaid.

Furn. Here, drink it off; the ingredients are cordial,

And this the true elixir; it hath boil'd Since midnight for you. 'T is the quintessence Of five cocks of the game, ten dozen of sparrows,

Knuckles of veal, potato-roots and marrow, Coral and ambergris. Were you two years elder,

And I had a wife, or gamesome mistress, I durst trust you with neither. You need not bait

After this, I warrant you, though your journey's long;

You may ride on the strength of this till to-morrow morning.

All. Your courtesies overwhelm me: I much grieve

To part from such true friends; and yet find comfort,

¹¹ tits: wenches ¹² elixir: prolonger of life formerly a book of prayers, etc.

My attendance on my honourable lord, Whose resolution holds to visit my lady, Will speedily bring me back.

Knocking at the gate; Marrall and Wellborn within.

Mar. Dar'st thou venture further?

Well. Yes, yes, and knock again.

Ord. 'T is he; disperse!

Amb. Perform it bravely.

Furn. I know my cue, ne'er doubt me. *They go off several ways.*

[Enter Watchall, ceremoniously introducing Wellborn and Marrall]

Watch. Beast that I was, to make you stay! Most welcome;

You were long since expected.

Well. Say so much

To my friend, I pray you.

Watch. For your sake, I will, sir.

Mar. For his sake!

Well. Mum; this is nothing.

Mar. More than ever I would have believ'd, though I had found it in my primer.

All. When I have given you reasons for my late harshness,

You 'll pardon and excuse me; for, believe me,

Though now I part abruptly, in my service I will deserve it.

Mar. Service! with a vengeance!

Well. I am satisfied: farewell, Tom.

All. All joy stay with you! *Exit Allworth.*

Enter Amble

Amb. You are happily encounter'd; I yet never

Presented one so welcome as I know You will be to my lady.

Mar. This is some vision,

Or, sure, these men are mad, to worship a dunghill;

It cannot be a truth.

Well. Be still a pagan,

An unbelieving infidel, be so, miscreant, And meditate on "blankets, and on dog-whips!"

Enter Furnace

Furn. I am glad you are come; until I know your pleasure

I knew not how to serve up my lady's dinner.

Mar. His pleasure! is it possible?

Well. What's thy will?

Furn. Marry, sir, I have some grouse, and turkey chicken,

²² Coral: lobster eggs ²⁴ bait: feed ²⁵ primer:

Some rails and quails, and my lady will'd me
ask you, 55

What kind of sauces best affect your palate,
That I may use my utmost skill to please it.

Mar. [*Aside*] The devil 's enter'd this cook.
Sauce for his palate!

That, on my knowledge, for almost this twelve-
month,

Durst wish but cheese-parings and brown bread
on Sundays. 60

Well. That way I like 'em best.

Furn. It shall be done, sir. *Exit Furnace.*

Well. What think you of "the hedge we
shall dine under"?

Shall we feed grats?

Mar. I know not what to think;
Pray you, make me not mad.

Enter Order

Ord. This place becomes you not; 64
Pray you, walk, sir, to the dining room.

Well. I am well here,
Till her ladyship quits her chamber.

Mar. Well here, say you?
'T is a rare change! But yesterday you thought
Yourself well in a barn, wrapp'd up in pease-
straw.

Enter Woman and Chambermaid

Woman. O! sir, you are wish'd for.

Cham. My lady dreamt, sir, of you.

Woman. And the first command she gave,
after she rose, 70

Was (her devotions done) to give her notice
When you approach'd here

Cham. Which is done, on my virtue.

Mar. I shall be converted; I begin to grow
Into a new belief, which saints nor angels 74
Could have won me to have faith in.

Woman. Sir, my lady!

Enter Lady [*Allworth*]

Lady. I come to meet you, and languish'd
till I saw you

This first kiss is for form; I allow a second
To such a friend. [*Kisses Wellborn*]

Mar. To such a friend! Heaven bless me!

Well. I am wholly yours; yet, madam, if you
please

To grace this gentleman with a salute — 80

Mar. Salute me at his bidding!

Well. I shall receive it

As a most high favour.

Lady. Sir, you may command me.

[*Advances to kiss Marrall, who re-
tires.*]

Well. Run backward from a lady! and such
a lady!

Mar. To kiss her foot is, to poor me, a fa-
vour

I am unworthy of. *Offers to kiss her foot.*

Lady. Nay, pray you, rise; 85

And since you are so humble, I 'll exalt you.

You shall dine with me to-day, at mine own
table.

Mar. Your ladyship's table! I am not good
enough

To sit at your steward's board.

Lady. You are too modest;

I will not be deni'd.

Enter Furnace

Furn. Will you still be babbling 90

Till your meat freeze on the table? The old
trick still;

My art ne'er thought on!

Lady. Your arm, Master Wellborn: —
Nay, keep us company. [*To Marrall.*]

Mar. I was ne'er so grac'd.

Exeunt Wellborn, Lady [*Allworth*],
*Amble, Marrall, Woman, [and
Chambermaid]*

Ord. So! we have play'd our parts, and are
come off well;

But if I know the mystery, why my lady 95
Consented to it, or why Master Wellborn
Desir'd it, may I perish!

Furn. Would I had

The roasting of his heart that cheated him,
And forces the poor gentleman to these shifts!
By fire! (for cooks are Persians, and swear by
it.) 100

Of all the griping and extorting tyrants

I ever heard or read of, I ne'er met

A match to Sir Giles Overreach

Watch. What will you take

To tell him so, fellow Furnace?

Furn. Just as much
As my throat is worth, for that would be the
price on 't. 105

To have a usurer that starves himself,
And wears a cloak of one-and-twenty years
On a suit of fourteen groats, bought of the
hangman,

To grow rich, and then purchase, is too com-
mon;

But this Sir Giles feeds high, keeps many serv-
ants, 110

Who must at his command do any outrage;

Rich in his habit, vast in his expenses;

Yet he to admiration still increases

In wealth and lordships.

Ord. He frights men out of their estates,
And breaks through all law-nets, made to curb
ill men, 115

⁵⁵ rails: marsh birds ⁷⁰ wholly: ('whoole' Q) ¹⁰⁰ of . . . groats: of insignificant value ^{hang-}
man: the hangman received the clothing of his victims ¹¹⁵ admiration: wonder

As they were cobwebs. No man dares reprove him.

Such a spirit to dare and power to do were never Lodg'd so unluckily.

Enter Amble [laughing]

Amb. Ha! ha! I shall burst

Ord. Contain thyself, man.

Furn. Or make us partakers
Of your sudden mirth.

Amb. Ha! ha! my lady has got 120
Such a guest at her table! — this term-driver,
Marrall,

This snip of an attorney —

Furn. What of him, man?

Amb. The knave thinks still he's at the
cook's shop in Ram Alley,
Where the clerks divide, and the elder is to
choose;

And feeds so slovenly!

Furn. Is this all?

Amb. My lady 125
Drank to him for fashion sake, or to please
Master Wellborn;

As I live, he rises, and takes up a dish
In which there were some remnants of a boil'd
capon,

And pledges her in white broth!

Furn. Nay, 't is like
The rest of his tribe.

Amb. And when I brought him wine, 130
He leaves his stool, and, after a leg or two,
Most humbly thanks my worship

Ord. Rose already!

Amb. I shall be chid.

Enter Lady [Allworth], Wellborn, Marrall

Furn. My lady frowns

Lady. You wait well! [To Amble]
Let me have no more of this: I observ'd your
jeering.

Sirrah, I'll have you know, whom I think
worthy 135

To sit at my table, be he ne'er so mean,
When I am present, is not your companion.

Ord. Nay, she'll preserve what's due to her.

Furn. This refreshing
Follows your flux of laughter

Lady. [To Wellborn] You are master
Of your own will. I know so much of manners,
As not to inquire your purposes; in a word, 141
To me you are ever welcome, as to a house
That is your own.

Well [Aside to Marrall.] Mark that.

Mar. With reverence, sir,
An it like your worship

Well. Trouble yourself no farther,

Dear madam; my heart 's full of zeal and serv-
ice, 145

However in my language I am sparing.

Come, Master Marrall.

Mar. I attend your worship.
Exeunt Wellborn, Marrall

Lady. I see in your looks you are sorry,
and you know me

An easy mistress. Be merry; I have forgot all.
Order and Furnace, come with me; I must
give you 150

Further directions.

Ord. What you please.

Furn. We are ready. [Exeunt]

Actus secundi, Scena tertia

[The Country near Lady Allworth's House]

Wellborn. Marrall

Well. I think I am in a good way.

Mar. Good! Sir, the best way,
The certain best way.

Well. There are casualties
That men are subject to

Mar. You are above 'em;
And as you are already worshipful,
I hope ere long you will increase in worship, 5
And be right worshipful.

Well. Prithee do not flout me
What I shall be, I shall be 's 't for your ease,
You keep your hat off?

Mar. Ease! an it like your worship,
I hope Jack Marrall shall not live so long,
To prove himself such an unmannerly beast, 10
Though it hail hazel-nuts, as to be cover'd
When your worship 's present

Well. (Aside) Is not this a true rogue,
That, out of mere hope of a future coz'nage,
Can turn thus suddenly? 'T is rank already

Mar. I know your worship 's wise, and needs
no counsel, 15

Yet if, in my desire to do you service,
I humbly offer my advice, (but still
Under correction,) I hope I shall not
Incur your high displeasure

Well. No; speak freely.

Mar. Then, in my judgment, sir, my simple
judgment, 20

(Still with your worship's favour,) I could wish
you

A better habit, for this cannot be
But much distasteful to the noble lady
(I say no more) that loves you; for, this morn-
ing,

To me, and I am but a swine to her, 25

¹²⁰ Ram Alley: a London street, famous for cook shops ¹²¹ leg: bow ² casualties: accidents
• like: please ¹² coz'nage: cheating

Before th' assurance of her wealth perfum'd
you,

You savour'd not of amber

Well. I do now then!

Mar. This your batoon hath got a touch of
it. — *Kisses the end of his cudgel.*

Yet, if you please, for change, I have twenty
pounds here,

Which, out of my true love, I presently 30
Lay down at your worship's feet, 't will serve
to buy you

A riding suit.

Well. But where 's the horse?

Mar. My gelding

Is at your service; nay, you shall ride me,
Before your worship shall be put to the trouble
To walk afoot Alas, when you are lord 35
Of this lady's manor, as I know you will be,
You may with the lease of glebe land, call'd
Knave's-acre,

A place I would manure, requite your vassal

Well. I thank thy love, but must make no
use of it;

What's twenty pounds?

Mar. 'T is all that I can make, sir 40

Well. Dost thou think, though I want
clothes, I could not have 'em,

For one word to my lady?

Mar. As I know not that!

Well. Come, I'll tell thee a secret, and so
leave thee

I'll not give her the advantage, though she be
A gallant-minded lady, after we are married, 45
(There being no woman but is sometimes frow-
ward,)

To put me in the teeth, and say, she was forc'd
To buy my wedding-clothes, and took me on
With a plain riding-suit, and an ambling nag.
No, I'll be furnish'd something like myself, 50
And so farewell: for thy suit touching Knave's-
acre,

When it is mine, 't is thine.

Mar. I thank your worship *Exit Well.*

How was I cozen'd in the calculation
Of this man's fortune! My master cozen'd too,
Whose pupil I am in the art of undoing men, 55
For that is our profession! Well, well, Master
Wellborn,

You are of a sweet nature, and fit again to be
cheated:

Which, if the Fates please, when you are pos-
sess'd

Of the land and lady, you, sans question, shall
be

I'll presently think of the means.

Walk by, musing.

Enter Overreach [speaking to a Servant within]

Over. Sirrah, take my horse. 60

I'll walk to get me an appetite; 't is but a mile,
And exercise will keep me from being pury.

Ha! Marrall! Is he conjuring? Perhaps
The knave has wrought the prodigal to do
Some outrage on himself, and now he feels 65
Compunction in his conscience for 't. no matter,
So it be done Marrall!

Mar. Sir.

Over. How succeed we
In our plot on Wellborn?

Mar. Never better, sir.

Over. Has he hang'd or drown'd himself?

Mar. No, sir, he lives;

Lives once more to be made a prey to you, 70
A greater prey than ever

Over. Art thou in thy wits?
If thou art, reveal this miracle, and briefly.

Mar. A lady, sir, is fall'n in love with him.

Over. With him? What lady?

Mar. The rich Lady Allworth.

Over. Thou dolt! how dar'st thou speak thus?

Mar. I speak truth; 75

And I do so but once a year, unless

It be to you, sir We din'd with her ladyship,
I thank his worship.

Over. His worship!

Mar. As I live, sir,

I din'd with him, at the great lady's table,
Simple as I stand here, and saw when she
kiss'd him, 80

And would, at his request, have kiss'd me too:
But I was not so audacious as some youths
are,

That dare do anything, be it ne'er so absurd,
And sad after performance

Over. Why, thou rascal!

To tell me these impossibilities 85
Dine at her table! and kiss him! or thee! —

Impudent varlet, have not I myself,
To whom great countesses' doors have oft flew
open,

Ten times attempted, since her husband's
death,

In vain, to see her, though I came — a suitor?
And yet your good solicitorship, and rogue
Wellborn, 91

Were brought into her presence, feasted with
her! —

But that I know thee a dog that cannot blush,
This most incredible he would call up one
On thy buttermilk cheeks.

Mar. Shall I not trust my eyes, sir, 95
Or taste? I feel her good cheer in my belly.

²⁷ amber: ambergris

²⁸ manure: cultivate

²⁹ Simple as: as sure as

³¹ change: change of dress (?), small change (?)

³² make: procure, "raise"

³³ And sad: and regret it

³⁴ I: (not in Q)

³⁵ glebe land: field

³⁶ pury: short-winded

Over. You shall feel me, if you give not over,
sirrah:
Recover your brains again, and be no more
gull'd
With a beggar's plot, assisted by the aids
Of serving-men and chambermaids, (for beyond
these 100
Thou never saw'st a woman,) or I 'll quit you
From my employments.

Mar. Will you credit this yet?
On my confidence of their marriage, I offer'd
Wellborn —
I would give a crown now I durst say "his
worship" — *Aside.*
My nag and twenty pounds.

Over. Did you so, idiot! *Strikes him down.*
Was this the way to work him to despair, 106
Or rather to cross me?

Mar. Will your worship kill me?

Over. No, no; but drive the lying spirit out
of you.

Mar. He 's gone.

Over. I have done then: now, forgetting
Your late imaginary feast and lady, 110
Know, my Lord Lovell dines with me to-mor-
row

Be careful nought be wanting to receive him;
And bid my daughter's women trim her up.
Though they paint her, so she catch the lord,
I 'll thank them.

There 's a piece for my late blows.

Mar. I must yet suffer: 115
But there may be a time — *Aside*

Over. Do you grumble?

Mar. No, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

Actus tertii, Scena prima

[*The Country near Overreach's House*]

[*Lord*] *Lovell.* *Allworth.* *Servants*

Lov. Walk the horses down the hill: some-
thing in private
I must impart to Allworth. *Exeunt Servi.*

All. O, my lord,
What sacrifice of reverence, duty, watching,
Although I could put off the use of sleep,
And ever wait on your commands to serve
'em; 5

What dangers, though in ne'er so horrid shapes,
Nay death itself, though I should run to meet
it,

Can I, and with a thankful willingness, suffer!
But still the retribution will fall short
Of your bounties shower'd upon me.

Lov. Loving youth, 10
Till what I purpose be put into act,

Do not o'erprize it. Since you have trusted me
With your soul's nearest, nay, her dearest
secret,

Rest confident 't is in a cabinet lock'd
Treachery shall never open. I have found you 15
(For so much to your face I must profess,
Howe'er you guard your modesty with a blush
for 't)

More zealous in your love and service to me
Than I have been in my rewards.

All. Still great ones,
Above my merit.

Lov. Such your gratitude calls 'em; 20
Nor am I of that harsh and rugged temper
As some great men are tax'd with, who imagine
They part from the respect due to their hon-
ours

If they use not all such as follow 'em, 24
Without distinction of their births, like slaves.
I am not so condition'd, I can make
A fitting difference between my footboy
And a gentleman by want compell'd to serve
me.

All. 'T is thankfully acknowledg'd, you
have been

More like a father to me than a master. 30
Pray you, pardon the comparison.

Lov. I allow it:
And, to give you assurance I am pleas'd in 't,
My carriage and demeanour to your mistress,
Fair Margaret, shall truly witness for me
I can command my passions.

All. 'T is a conquest 35
Few lords can boast of when they are tempted.

— Oh!

Lov. Why do you sigh? Can you be doubt-
ful of me?

By that fair name I in the wars have pur-
chas'd,

And all my actions, hitherto untainted,
I will not be more true to mine own honour 40
Than to my Allworth!

All. As you are the brave Lord Lovell,
Your bare word only given is an assurance
Of more validity and weight to me
Than all the oaths, bound up with impreca-
tions,

Which, when they would deceive, most court-
iers practise; 45

Yet being a man, (for, sure, to style you more
Would relish of gross flattery,) I am forc'd,
Against my confidence of your worth and vir-
tues,

To doubt, nay, more, to fear.

Lov. So young, and jealous!

All. Were you to encounter with a single foe,
The victory were certain; but to stand 51

⁹⁹ gull'd: deceived ¹⁰¹ quit: discharge ¹⁰⁶ idiot: ('I doe' Q) ⁶ to: (not in Q) ¹⁷ guard:
adorn ²² tax'd: charged ²⁴ I . . . condition'd: I am not of such a nature

The charge of two such potent enemies,
At once assailing you, as wealth and beauty,
And those too seconded with power, is odds
Too great for Hercules.

Lov. Speak your doubts and fears, 55
Since you will nourish 'em, in plainer language,
That I may understand 'em

All What 's your will,
Though I lend arms against myself, (provided
They may advantage you,) must be obeyed.
My much-lov'd lord, were Margaret only fair, 60
The cannon of her more than earthly form,
Though mounted high, commanding all be-
neath it,

And ramm'd with bullets of her sparkling eyes,
Of all the bulwarks that defend your senses
Could batter none, but that which guards your
sight. 65

But when the well-tun'd accents of her tongue
Make music to you, and with numerous sounds
Assault your hearing, (such as if Ulysses
Now liv'd again, howe'er he stood the Sirens,
Could not resist,) the combat must grow doubt-
ful 70

Between your reason and rebellious passions
Add this too; when you feel her touch, and
breath

Like a soft western wind when it glides o'er
Arabia, creating gums and spices,
And, in the van, the nectar of her lips, 75
Which you must taste, bring the battalia on,
Well arm'd, and strongly lin'd with her dis-
course,

And knowing manners, to give entertain-
ment, —

Hippolytus himself would leave Diana,
To follow such a Venus

Lov Love hath made you 80
Poetical, Allworth.

All. Grant all these beat off,
Which if it be in man to do, you 'll do it,
Mammon, in Sir Giles Overreach, steps in
With heaps of ill-got gold, and so much land,
To make her more remarkable, as would tire as
A falcon's wings in one day to fly over.
O my good lord! these powerful aids, which
would

Make a mis-shapen negro beautiful,
(Yet are but ornaments to give her lustre,
That in herself is all perfection,) must 90
Prevail for her I here release your trust;
'T is happiness enough for me to serve you
And sometimes, with chaste eyes, to look upon
her.

Lov. Why, shall I swear?

All. O, by no means, my lord;

And wrong not so your judgment to the world
As from your fond indulgence to a boy, 96
Your page, your servant, to refuse a blessing
Divers great men are rivals for.

Lov. Suspend
Your judgment till the trial. How far is it
T' Overreach-House?

All. At the most, some half hour's riding; 100
You 'll soon be there.

Lov. And you the sooner freed
From your jealous fears.

All. O that I durst but hope it! *Exeunt.*

Actus tertii, Scena secunda

[*A Room in Overreach's House*]

Overreach. Greedy. Marrall

Over. Spare for no cost: let my dressers
crack with the weight
Of curious viands.

Greedy. "Store indeed 's no sore," sir.

Over That proverb fits your stomach, Mas-
ter Greedy.

And let no plate be seen but what 's pure gold,
Or such whose workmanship exceeds the
matter 5

That it is made of; let my choicest linen
Perfume the room, and, when we wash, the
water,

With precious powders mix'd, so please my
lord

That he may with envy wish to bathe so ever.

Mar. 'T will be very chargeable

Over. Avaunt, you drudge! 10
Now all my labour'd ends are at the stake,
Is 't a time to think of thrift? Call in my
daughter [Exit Marrall.]

And, Master Justice, since you love choice
dishes,

And plenty of 'em —

Greedy. As I do, indeed, sir,
Almost as much as to give thanks for 'em. 15

Over. I do confer that providence, with my
power
Of absolute command to have abundance,
To your best care.

Greedy I 'll punctually discharge it,
And give the best directions. Now am I,
In mine own conceit, a monarch; at the least,
Arch-president of the boil'd, the roast, the
bak'd, 21

For which I will eat often, and give thanks
When my belly 's brac'd up like a drum, and
that 's pure justice. *Exit Greedy.*

" advantage: help " none: ('more' Q) " numerous: rhythmical " lin'd: strengthened
('liu'd' Q) " Store . . . sore: It never hurts to have enough " chargeable: expensive " provi-
dence: duty of oversight " conceit: fancy

Over. It must be so. Should the foolish girl
prove modest,
She may spoil all; she had it not from me, 25
But from her mother; I was ever forward,
As she must be, and therefore I 'll prepare her.

[*Enter*] *Margaret*

Alone — and let your women wait without.

Marg. Your pleasure, sir?

Over. Ha! this is a neat dressing!
These orient pearls and diamonds well plac'd
too! 30

The gown affects me not, it should have been
Embroider'd o'er and o'er with flowers of gold;
But these rich jewels and quaint fashion help
it.

And how below? since oft the wanton eye
The face observ'd, descends unto the foot, 35
Which being well proportion'd, as yours is,
Invites as much as perfect white and red,

Though without art. How like you your new
woman,

The Lady Downfall'n?

Marg. Well, for a companion;
Not as a servant.

Over. Is she humble, Meg, 40
And careful too, her ladyship forgotten?

Marg. I pity her fortune

Over. Pity her! trample on her.
I took her up in an old tamin gown,
(Even starv'd for want of twopenny chops,) to
serve thee,

And if I understand she but repines 45
To do thee any duty, though ne'er so servile,
I 'll pack her to her knight, where I have lodg'd
him,

Into the Counter and there let 'em howl to-
gether.

Marg. You know your own ways; but for me,
I blush

When I command her, that was once attended
With persons not inferior to myself 51
In birth.

Over. In birth! why, art thou not my
daughter,

The blest child of my industry and wealth?
Why, foolish girl, was 't not to make thee great
That I have ran, and still pursue, those ways 55
That hale down curses on me, which I mind
not?

Part with these humble thoughts, and apt thy-
self

To the noble state I labour to advance thee;
Or, by my hopes to see thee honourable,
I will adopt a stranger to my heir, 60

And throw thee from my care. Do not provoke
me.

Marg. I will not, sir; mould me which way
you please.

Enter Greedy

Over. How! Interrupted!

Greedy. 'T is matter of importance.
The cook, sir, is self-will'd, and will not learn
From my experience. There 's a fawn brought
in, sir, 65

And, for my life, I cannot make him roast it
With a Norfolk dumpling in the belly of it,
And, sir, we wise men know, without the dump-
ling

'T is not worth three-pence.

Over. Would it were whole in thy belly,
To stuff it out! Cook it any way; prithee, leave
me. 70

Greedy. Without order for the dumpling?

Over. Let it be dumpl'd
Which way thou wilt; or tell him, I will scald
him

In his own caldron.

Greedy. I had lost my stomach
Had I lost my mistress dumpling, I 'll give
thanks for 't *Exit Greedy*

Over. But to our business, Meg, you have
heard who dines here? 75

Marg. I have, sir.

Over. 'T is an honourable man;
A lord, Meg, and commands a regiment
Of soldiers, and, what 's rare, is one himself,
A bold and understanding one; and to be
A lord and a good leader, in one volume, 80
Is granted unto few but such as rise up
The kingdom's glory.

Enter Greedy

Greedy. I 'll resign my office,
If I be not better obey'd.

Over. 'Slight, art thou frantic?

Greedy. Frantic! 'T would make me frantic
and stark mad, 84
Were I not a justice of peace and quorum too,
Which this rebellious cook cares not a straw for.
There are a dozen of woodcocks —

Over. Make thyself
Thirteen, the baker's dozen.

Greedy. I am contented,
So they may be dress'd to my mind, he has
found out

A new device for sauce, and will not dish 'em
With toasts and butter. My father was a
tailor, 91

²⁵ It: ('I' Q) ³⁰ orient: of best quality ³¹ affects: pleases ⁴⁴ tamin: thin woollen cloth
⁴⁵ repines: frets, is unwilling ⁴⁸ Counter: prison ⁵⁷ apt: fit ⁶⁰ to: as, for ⁷³ stomach: appe-
tite ⁸⁴ me frantic: ('me a franticke' Q) ⁸⁵ quorum: ('coram' Q) ⁸⁷ woodcocks: traditionally
types of stupidity

And my name, though a justice, Greedy Wood-cock;

And, ere I 'll see my lineage so abus'd,

I 'll give up my commission.

Over [*Loudly*] Cook!—Rogue, obey him! I have given the word, pray you, now remove yourself⁹⁵

To a collar of brawn, and trouble me no farther.

Greedy. I will, and meditate what to eat at dinner.

Exit Greedy.

Over. And as I said, Meg, when this gull disturb'd us,

This honourable lord, this colonel,

I would have thy husband

Marg. There 's too much disparity¹⁰⁰ Between his quality and mine, to hope it.

Over I more than hope 't, and doubt not to effect it

Be thou no enemy to thyself, my wealth

Shall weight his titles down, and make you equals.

Now for the means to assure him thine, observe me:¹⁰⁵

Remember he 's a courtier and a soldier, And not to be trifled with, and, therefore, when

He comes to woo you, see you do not coy it:

This mincing modesty hath spoil'd many a match

By a first refusal, in vain after hop'd for.¹¹⁰

Marg You 'll have me, sir, preserve the distance that

Confines a virgin?

Over. Virgin me no virgins!

I must have you lose that name, or you lose me.

I will have you private — start not — I say, private,

If thou art my true daughter, not a bastard,¹¹⁵ Thou wilt venture alone with one man, though he came

Like Jupiter to Semele, and come off, too;

And therefore, when he kisses you, kiss close

Marg. I have heard this is the strumpet's fashion, sir,

Which I must never learn.

Over. Learn anything,¹²⁰ And from any creature that may make thee great;

From the devil himself

Marg. [*Aside*] This is but devilish doctrine!

Over. Or, if his blood grow hot, suppose he offer

Beyond this, do not you stay till it cool,

But meet his ardour; if a cough be near,¹²⁵ Sit down on 't, and invite him.

Marg. In your house,

Your own house, sir! For Heaven's sake, what are you then?

Or what shall I be, sir?

Over.

Stand not on form;

Words are no substances.

Marg.

Though you could dispense With your own honour, cast aside religion,¹³⁰ The hopes of Heaven, or fear of hell, excuse me, In worldly policy this is not the way

To make me his wife; his whore, I grant it may do.

My maiden honour so soon yielded up,

Nay, prostituted, cannot but assure him¹³⁵

I, that am light to him, will not hold weight

When he is tempted by others, so, in judgment,

When to his lust I have given up my honour,

He must and will forsake me.

Over.

How! forsake thee!

Do I wear a sword for fashion? or is this arm Shrunk up or wither'd? Does there live a

man¹⁴¹

Of that large list I have encounter'd with

Can truly say I e'er gave inch of ground

Not purchas'd with his blood that did oppose me?

Forsake thee when the thing is done! He dares not.¹⁴⁵

Give me but proof he has enjoy'd thy person,

Though all his captains, echoes to his will,

Stood arm'd by his side to justify the wrong,

And he himself in the head of his bold troop,

Spite of his lordship, and his colonelship,¹⁵⁰

Or the judge's favour, I will make him render

A bloody and a strict accompt, and force him,

By marrying thee, to cure thy wounded honour!

I have said it.

Enter Marrall

Mar. Sir, the man of honour 's come,

Newly lighted

Over. In, without reply¹⁵⁵

And do as I command, or thou art lost.

Exit Margaret.

Is the loud music I gave order for

Ready to receive him?

Mar.

'T is, sir.

Over

Let 'em sound

A princely welcome [*Exit Marrall*] Roughness awhile leave me;

For fawning now, a stranger to my nature,¹⁶⁰

Must make way for me

Loud music. *Enter* [*Lord*] *Lonell, Greedy, Allworth, Marrall*

Lov.

Sir, you meet your trouble.

Over. What you are pleas'd to style so is an honour

Above my worth and fortunes.

⁹⁵ collar of brawn: piece of boar's meat ⁹⁸ gull: fool ¹⁰¹ quality: birth, station ¹¹⁷ come off: escape unburned (not like Semele) ¹³⁶ hold weight: retain his love

All. [*Aside.*] Strange, so humble.
Over. A justice of peace, my lord.

Presents Greedy to him.

Lov. Your hand, good sir.

Greedy. [*Aside.*] This is a lord, and some
 think this a favour; 165

But I had rather have my hand in my dump-
 ling.

Over. Room for my lord.

Lov. I miss, sir, your fair daughter
 To crown my welcome.

Over. May it please my lord
 To taste a glass of Greek wine first, and sud-
 denly

She shall attend my lord.

Lov. You 'll be obey'd, sir. 170

Exeunt omnes preter Overreach.

Over. 'T is to my wish: as soon as come, ask
 for her!

Why, Meg! Meg Overreach. —

[*Re-enter Margaret*]

How! tears in your eyes!

Hah! dry 'em quickly, or I 'll dig 'em out.

Is this a time to whimper? Meet that great-
 ness

That flies into thy bosom, think what 't is 175
 For me to say, "My honourable daughter;"
 And thou, when I stand bare, to say, "Put
 on;"

Or, "Father, you forget yourself." No more.
 But be instructed, or expect — He comes.

Enter [*Lord*] *Lovell, Greedy, Allworth, Marrall.*
They salute.

A black-brow'd girl, my lord.

Lov. As I live, a rare one 180

All. [*Aside*] He 's took already: I am lost.

Over. [*Aside*] That kiss
 Came twanging off, I like it. — Quit the room.
The rest off.

A little bashful, my good lord, but you,
 I hope, will teach her boldness.

Lov. I am happy

In such a scholar: but —

Over. I am past learning, 185
 And therefore leave you to yourselves — Re-
 member — *To his daughter. Exit Overreach.*

Lov. You see, fair lady, your father is so-
 licitous

To have you change the barren name of
 virgin

Into a hopeful wife.

Marg. His haste, my lord,

Has no power o'er my will.

Lov. But o'er your duty. 190

Marg. Which, forc'd too much, may break.

Lov. Bend rather, sweetest:

Think of your years.

Marg. Too few to match with yours:
 And choicest fruits too soon pluck'd, rot and
 wither.

Lov. Do you think I am old?

Marg. I am sure I am too young.

Lov. I can advance you.

Marg. To a hill of sorrow, 195

Where every hour I may expect to fall,
 But never hope firm footing You are noble,
 I of a low descent, however rich;
 And tissues match'd with scarlet suit but ill.
 O, my good lord, I could say more, but that 200
 I dare not trust these walls.

Lov. Pray you, trust my ear then.

Enter Overreach [*behind*], *listening*

Over. Close at it! whispering! this is excel-
 lent!

And, by their postures, a consent on both parts.

Enter Greedy [*behind*]

Greedy. Sir Giles, Sir Giles!

Over. The great fiend stop that clapper!

Greedy. It must ring out, sir, when my belly
 rings noon 205
 The bak'd-meats are run out, the roast turn'd
 powder.

Over. I shall powder you

Greedy. Beat me to dust, I care not;
 In such a cause as this, I 'll die a martyr.

Over. Marry, and shall, you barathrum of
 the shambles! *Strikes him.*

Greedy. How! strike a justice of peace! 'T is
 petty treason, 210

Edwardi quints: but that you are my friend,
 I could commit you without bail or main-
 prize

Over. Leave your bawling, sir, or I shall
 commit you

Where you shall not dine to-day. Disturb my
 lord,

When he is in discourse!

Greedy. Is 't a time to talk 215
 When we should be munching!

Lov. Hah! I heard some noise.

Over. Mum, villain; vanish! Shall we break
 a bargain

Almost made up? *Thrust Greedy off.*

Lov. Lady, I understand you.
 And rest most happy in your choice, believe
 it;

I 'll be a careful pilot to direct 220

Your yet uncertain bark to a port of safety.

¹⁸⁰ suddenly: immediately ¹⁷⁰ S. D. preter: except ¹⁷⁷ Put on: Put on your hat. ¹⁸⁰ His haste:
 ('He hast' Q) ¹⁹⁰ tissues . . . scarlet: silk and wool, the court and the city ²⁰⁰ barathrum:
 glutton (lit. 'consuming pit') ²¹⁰ main-prize: writ commanding the sheriff to take bail

Marg. So shall your honour save two lives,
and bind us
Your slaves for ever.

Lov. I am in the act rewarded,
Since it is good; howe'er, you must put on
An amorous carriage towards me to delude 225
Your subtle father.

Marg. I am prone to that.
Lov. Now break we off our conference. —
Sir Giles!
Where is Sir Giles?

Enter Overreach, and the rest.
Over. My noble lord; and how
Does your lordship find her?

Lov. Apt, Sir Giles, and coming;
And I like her the better.

Over. So do I too. 230
Lov. Yet should we take forts at the first
assault,

'T were poor in the defendant; I must confirm
her

With a love-letter or two, which I must have
Deliver'd by my page, and you give way to 't

Over. With all my soul. — a towardly gen-
tleman! 235

Your hand, good Master Allworth know my
house
Is ever open to you.

All. (Aside) 'T was shut till now

Over. Well done, well done, my honourable
daughter!

Th' art so already. Know this gentle youth,
And cherish him, my honourable daughter 240

Marg. I shall, with my best care
Noise within, as of a coach.

Over. A coach!

Greedy. More stops
Before we go to dinner! O my guts!

Enter Lady [Allworth] and Wellborn

Lady. If I find welcome,
You share in it; if not, I 'll back again,
Now I know your ends; for I come arm'd for
all
Can be objected

Lov. How! the Lady Allworth! 245

Over. And thus attended!
*Lovell salutes the Lady, the Lady salutes
Margaret.*

Mar. No, "I am a dolt!
The spirit of lies had ent'red me!"

Over. Peace, Patch;
'T is more than wonder! an astonishment
That does possess me wholly!

Lov. Noble lady,
This is a favour, to prevent my visit, 250
The service of my life can never equal.

Lady. My lord, I laid wait for you, and
much hop'd

You would have made my poor house your first
inn:

And therefore doubting that you might forget
me,

Or too long dwell here, having such ample
cause, 255

In this unequal'd beauty, for your stay,
And fearing to trust any but myself
With the relation of my service to you,
I borrow'd so much from my long restraint
And took the air in person to invite you. 260

Lov. Your bounties are so great, they rob
me, madam,

Of words to give you thanks.

Lady. Good Sir Giles Overreach.

Salutes him.

— How dost thou, Marrall? Lik'd you my
meat so ill,

You 'll dine no more with me?

Greedy. I will, when you please, 264
An it like your ladyship.

Lady. When you please, Master Greedy;
If meat can do it, you shall be satisfied.

And now, my lord, pray take into your knowl-
edge

This gentleman; howe'er his outside 's coarse,
Presents Wellborn.

His inward linings are as fine and fair 269
As any man's; wonder not I speak at large:

And howsoe'er his humour carries him
To be thus accoutred, or what tant soever,

For his wild life, hath stuck upon his fame,
He may ere long, with boldness, rank himself

With some that have contemn'd him. Sir Giles
Overreach, 275

If I am welcome, bid him so.

Over. My nephew!

He has been too long a stranger. Faith you
have,

Pray let it be mended.

Lovell conferring with Wellborn.

Mar. Why, sir, what do you mean?
This is "rogue Wellborn, monster, prodigy,

That should hang or drown himself;" no man
of worship, 280

Much less your nephew.

Over. Well, sirrah, we shall reckon
For this hereafter.

Mar. I 'll not lose my jeer,

Though I be beaten dead for 't.

Well. Let my silence plead
In my excuse, my lord, till better leisure

Offer itself to hear a full relation 285
Of my poor fortunes.

Lov. I would hear, and help 'em.

²²⁵ carriage: behavior ²²⁶ prone to: ready to do ²⁴¹ stops: delays ²⁴⁷ Patch: fool ²⁵⁰ pre-
vent: anticipate ²⁷⁰ at large: freely ²⁷³ fame: reputation

Over. Your dinner waits you.

Low. Pray you lead, we follow.

Lady. Nay, you are my guest; come, dear Master Wellborn. *Exeunt, manet Greedy.*

Greedy. "Dear Master Wellborn!" so she said: Heaven! Heaven!

If my belly would give me leave, I could ruminate 290

All day on this. I have granted twenty war-rants

To have him committed, from all prisons in the shire,

To Nottingham jail; and now "Dear Master Wellborn!"

And, "My good nephew!" — but I play the fool To stand here prating, and forget my dinner. 295

Enter Marrall

Are they set, Marrall?

Mar. Long since; pray you a word, sir.

Greedy. No wording now.

Mar. In troth, I must. My master, Knowing you are his good friend, makes bold with you,

And does entreat you, more guests being come in

Than he expected, especially his nephew, 300

The table being full too, you would excuse him, And sup with him on the cold meat

Greedy. How! No dinner, After all my care?

Mar. 'T is but a penance for A meal; besides, you broke your fast

Greedy. That was But a bit to stay my stomach A man in com- mission 305

Give place to a tatterdemalion!

Mar. No bug words, sir; Should his worship hear you —

Greedy. Lose my dumpling too, And butter'd toasts, and woodcocks!

Mar. Come, have patience. If you will dispense a little with your worship,

And sit with the waiting women, you 'll have dumpling, 310

Woodcock, and butter'd toasts too.

Greedy. This revives me: I will gorge there sufficiently.

Mar. This is the way, sir. *Exeunt.*

Actus tertii, Scena tertia

[Another Room in Overreach's House]

Overreach, as from dinner

Over. She's caught! O women! — she neglects my lord,

And all her compliments appli'd to Wellborn!

The garments of her widowhood laid by, She now appears as glorious as the spring. Her eyes fix'd on him, in the wine she drinks, 5 He being her pledge, she sends him burning kisses,

And sits on thorns, till she be private with him.

She leaves my meat to feed upon his looks, And if in our discourse he be but nam'd, 9

From her a deep sigh follows But why grieve I At this? It makes for me, if she prove his,

All that is hers is mine, as I will work him.

Enter Marrall

Mar. Sir, the whole board is troubled at your rising.

Over. No matter, I 'll excuse it. Prithee, Marrall,

Watch an occasion to invite my nephew 15 To speak with me in private.

Mar. Who? "The rogue The lady scorn'd to look on"?

Over. You are a wag.

Enter Lady [Alldworth] and Wellborn

Mar. See, sir, she's come, and cannot be without him

Lady. With your favour, sir, after a plenteous dinner,

I shall make bold to walk a turn or two, 20 In your rare garden.

Over. There's an arbour too, If your ladyship please to use it.

Lady. Come, Master Wellborn *Exeunt Lady [Alldworth] and Wellborn*

Over. Grosser and grosser! Now I believe the poet

Feign'd not, but was historical, when he wrote Pasiphae was enamour'd of a bull: 25

This lady's lust's more monstrous —

Enter [Lord] Lovell, Margaret, and the rest

Excuse my manners. My good lord,

Low. There needs none, Sir Giles, I may ere long say father, when it pleases

My dearest mistress to give warrant to it.

Over. She shall seal to it, my lord, and make me happy. 30

Enter Wellborn and the Lady

Marg. My lady is return'd.

Lady. Provide my coach, I 'll instantly away My thanks, Sir Giles, For my entertainment.

Over. 'T is your nobleness To think it such.

Lady. I must do you a further wrong In taking away your honourable guest. 35

³⁰⁸ bug: frightening ³⁰⁹ worship: dignity ³¹⁰ you 'll: ('you' Q)

Lov. I wait on you, madam; farewell, good Sir Giles.

Lady. Good Mistress Margaret! Nay, come, Master Wellborn, I must not leave you behind; in sooth, I must not.

Over. Rob me not, madam, of all joys at once;
Let my nephew stay behind. He shall have my coach, 40
And, after some small conference between us, Soon overtake your ladyship.

Lady. Stay not long, sir.

Lov. This parting kiss! [*Kisses Margaret.*]

You shall every day hear from me
By my faithful page.

All. 'T is a service I am proud of.

Exeunt [*Lord*] *Lovell*, *Lady* [*Allworth*],
Allworth, *Marrall*

Over. Daughter, to your chamber. —

Exit Margaret.

— You may wonder, nephew, 45
After so long an enmity between us,
I should desire your friendship.

Well. So I do, sir,
'T is strange to me.

Over. But I 'll make it no wonder;
And what is more, unfold my nature to you
We worldly men, when we see friends and kins-
men 50

Past hope sunk in their fortunes, lend no hand
To lift 'em up, but rather set our feet
Upon their heads, to press 'em to the bottom;
As, I must yield, with you I practis'd it:
But, now I see you in a way to rise, 55
I can and will assist you This rich lady
(And I am glad of 't) is enamour'd of you;
'T is too apparent, nephew.

Well. No such thing.
Compassion rather, sir.

Over. Well, in a word, 59
Because your stay is short, I 'll have you seen
No more in this base shape; nor shall she say
She married you like a beggar, or in debt

Well. He 'll run into the noose, and save
my labour *Aside.*

Over. You have a trunk of rich clothes, not
far hence,
In pawn; I will redeem 'em; and that no clam-
our 65

May taint your credit for your petty debts,
You shall have a thousand pounds to cut 'em
off,

And go a free man to the wealthy lady

Well. This done, sir, out of love, and no ends
else —

Over. As it is, nephew.

Well. Binds me still your servant. 70

" yield: admit " me: ('my' Q) " extremes: extremities " weigh: care " engag'd: indebted

Over. No compliments; you are stay'd for.
Ere y'ave supp'd
You shall hear from me. My coach, knaves,
for my nephew.

To-morrow I will visit you.

Well. Here 's an uncle
In a man 's extremes! How much they do belie
you,

That say you are hard-hearted!

Over. My deeds, nephew, 75
Shall speak my love; what men report I weigh
not *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Tertii.

Actus quarti, Scena prima

[*Lady Allworth's House*]

Lovell. *Allworth*

Lov. 'T is well; give me my cloak; I now dis-
charge you

From further service Mind your own affairs;
I hope they will prove successful.

All. What is blest
With your good wish, my lord, cannot but pros-
per.

Let aftertimes report, and to your honour, 5
How much I stand engag'd, for I want language
To speak my debt; yet if a tear or two
Of joy, for your much goodness, can supply
My tongue's defects, I could —

Lov. Nay, do not melt:
This ceremonial thanks to me 's superfluous. 10

Over (*Within.*) Is my lord stirring?

Lov. 'T is he! oh, here 's your letter. Let
him in

Enter Overreach, Greedy, Marrall

Over. A good day to my lord!

Lov. You are an early riser,
Sir Giles.

Over. And reason, to attend your lordship. 15
Lov. And you, too, Master Greedy, up so
soon!

Greedy. In troth, my lord, after the sun is up,
I cannot sleep, for I have a foolish stomach
That croaks for breakfast. With your lord-
ship's favour,

I have a serious question to demand 20
Of my worthy friend Sir Giles

Lov. Pray you, use your pleasure.
Greedy. How far, Sir Giles, and pray you
answer me

Upon your credit, hold you it to be
From your manor-house, to this of my Lady
Allworth's?

Over. Why, some four mile.

Greedy. How! four mile, good Sir Giles —

Upon your reputation, think better; 26
 For if you do abate but one half-quarter
 Of five, you do yourself the greatest wrong
 That can be in the world; for four miles riding
 Could not have rais'd so huge an appetite 30
 As I feel gnawing on me.

Mar. Whether you ride,
 Or go afoot, you are that way still provided,
 An it please your worship.

Over. How now, sirrah? Prating
 Before my lord! No deference? Go to my
 nephew,

See all his debts discharg'd, and help his wor-
 ship 35

To fit on his rich suit.

Mar. [*Aside.*] I may fit you too.

Toss'd like a dog still! *Exit Marraill.*

Lov. I have writ this morning
 A few lines to my mistress, your fair daughter.

Over. 'T will fire her, for she's wholly yours
 already. —

Sweet Master Allworth, take my ring; 't will
 carry you 40

To her presence, I dare warrant you; and there
 plead

For my good lord, if you shall find occasion.

That done, pray ride to Nottingham, get a li-
 cense,

Still by this token I'll have it dispatch'd,
 And suddenly, my lord, that I may say, 45

My honourable, nay, right honourable daughter.

Greedy. Take my advice, young gentleman,
 get your breakfast;

'T is unwholesome to ride fasting. I'll eat
 with you,

And eat to purpose.

Over. Some Fury's in that gut;
 Hungry again! Did you not devour, this morn-
 ing, 50

A shield of brawn, and a barrel of Colchester
 oysters?

Greedy. Why, that was, sir, only to scour my
 stomach,

A kind of a preparative. Come, gentleman,
 I will not have you feed like the hangman of
 Flushing,

Alone, while I am here.

Lov. Haste your return. 55

All. I will not fail, my lord.

Greedy. Nor I, to line
 My Christmas coffer.

Exeunt Greedy and Allworth.
Over. To my wish: we are private
 I come not to make offer with my daughter
 A certain portion, — that were poor and trivial:

In one word, I pronounce all that is mine, 60
 In lands or leases, ready coin or goods,

With her, my lord, comes to you; nor shall you
 have

One motive to induce you to believe

I live too long, since every year I'll add

Something unto the heap, which shall be yours
 too. 65

Lov. You are a right kind father.

Over. You shall have reason

To think me such. How do you like this seat?

It is well wooded, and well water'd, the acres

Fertile and rich; would it not serve for change,

To entertain your friends in a summer progress?

What thinks my noble lord?

Lov. 'T is a wholesome air, 71

And well-built pile; and she that's mistress of
 it,

Worthy the large revenue.

Over. She the mistress!

It may be so for a time: but let my lord

Say only that he likes it, and would have it, 75

I say, ere long 't is his.

Lov. Impossible.

Over. You do conclude too fast, not knowing
 me,

Nor the engines that I work by. 'T is not
 alone

The Lady Allworth's lands, for those once
 Wellborn's 79

(As by her dotation on him I know they will be,)

Shall soon be mine, but point out any man's

In all the shire, and say they lie convenient

And useful for your lordship, and once more

I say aloud, they are yours.

Lov. I dare not own

What's by unjust and cruel means extorted; 85

My fame and credit are more dear to me,

Than so to expose 'em to be censur'd by

The public voice.

Over. You run, my lord, no hazard.

Your reputation shall stand as fair,

In all good men's opinions, as now; 90

Nor can my actions, though condemn'd for ill,

Cast any foul aspersion upon yours.

For, though I do condemn report myself

As a mere sound, I still will be so tender 94

Of what concerns you, in all points of honour,

That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,

Nor your unquestion'd integrity,

Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot

That may take from your innocence and can-
 dour.

All my ambition is to have my daughter 100

Right honourable, which my lord can make her:

And might I live to dance upon my knee

A young Lord Lovell, borne by her unto you,

I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.

As for possessions and annual rents, 105

²⁶ Whether: ('Whther' Q) ³⁰ deference: ('difference' Q) ⁵¹ shield: part of neck ⁷⁸ en-
 gines: devices ⁸⁹ candour: purity ¹⁰⁴ nil ultra: nothing beyond

Equivalent to maintain you in the port
Your noble birth and present state requires,
I do remove that burthen from your shoulders,
And take it on mine own: for, though I ruin
The country to supply your riotous waste, 110
The scourge of prodigals, want, shall never find
you.

Lov. Are you not frighted with the imprecations
And curses of whole families, made wretched
By your sinister practices?

Over. Yes, as rocks are,
When foamy billows split themselves against
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is mov'd 116
When wolves, with hunger pin'd, howl at her
brightness

I am of a solid temper, and, like these,
Steer on a constant course. With mine own
sword, 119

If call'd into the field, I can make that right,
Which fearful enemies murmur'd at as wrong
Now, for these other piddling complaints
Breath'd out in bitterness, as when they call me
Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder 124
On my poor neighbour's right, or grand incloser
Of what was common, to my private use;
Nay, when my ears are pierc'd with widows'
cries,

And undone orphans wash with tears my
threshold,

I only think what 't is to have my daughter 129
Right honourable, and 't is a powerful charm
Makes me insensible of remorse, or pity,
Or the least sting of conscience.

Lov. I admire
The toughness of your nature.

Over. 'T is for you,
My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble,
Nay more, if you will have my character 135
In little, I enjoy more true delight
In my arrival to my wealth these dark
And crooked ways, than you shall e'er take
pleasure

In spending what my industry hath compass'd
My haste commands me hence, in one word,
therefore, 140
Is it a match?

Lov. I hope, that is past doubt now
Over. Then rest secure; not the hate of all
mankind here,
Nor fear of what can fall on me hereafter,
Shall make me study aught but your advancement

One story higher: an earl! if gold can do it. 145
Dispute not my religion, nor my faith;
Though I am borne thus headlong by my will,

You may make choice of what belief you please,
To me they are equal; so, my lord, good mor-
row. *Exit.*

Lov. He's gone.— I wonder how the earth
can bear 150

Such a portent! I, that have liv'd a soldier,
And stood the enemy's violent charge un-
daunted,

To hear this blasphemous beast am bath'd all
over

In a cold sweat: yet, like a mountain, he
(Confirm'd in atheistical assertions) 155
Is no more shaken than Olympus is
When angry Boreas loads his double head
With sudden drifts of snow.

Enter Amble, Lady [Allworth], Woman

Lady Save you, my lord!
Disturb I not your privacy?

Lov. No, good madam;
For your own sake I am glad you came no
sooner, 160

Since this bold bad man, Sir Giles Overreach,
Made such a plain discovery of himself,
And read this morning such a devilish matins,
That I should think it a sin next to his
But to repeat it

Lady I ne'er press'd, my lord, 165
On others' privacies; yet, against my will,
Walking, for health's sake, in the gallery
Adjoining to your lodgings, I was made
(So vehement and loud he was) partaker
Of his tempting offers.

Lov. Please you to command 170
Your servants hence, and I shall gladly hear
Your wiser counsel.

Lady 'T is, my lord, a woman's,
But true and hearty, — wait in the next room,
But be within call, yet not so near to force me
To whisper my intents.

Amb. We are taught better 175
By you, good madam.

Wom. And well know our distance.
Lady. Do so, and talk not; 't will become
your breeding,

Exeunt Amble and Woman.
Now, my good lord; if I may use my freedom,
As to an honour'd friend —

Lov. You lessen else
Your favour to me.

Lady. I dare then say thus: 180
As you are noble (howe'er common men
Make sordid wealth the object and sole end
Of their industrious aims) 't will not agree
With those of eminent blood, who are engag'd
More to prefer their honours than to increase

¹⁰⁸ port: dignity ¹¹⁷ pin'd: famished ¹²⁸ what was common: common land ¹²⁹ admire:
wonder at ¹³⁵ more: ('more more' Q) ¹⁴⁶ Olympus: a slip for "Parnassus" ¹⁵⁵ discovery: revela-
tion ¹⁶⁵ prefer: promote

The state left to 'em by their ancestors, 186
To study large additions to their fortunes,
And quite neglect their births:— though I
must grant
Riches, well got, to be a useful servant,
But a bad master.

Low. Madam, 't is confessed; 190
But what infer you from it?

Lady. This, my lord;
That as all wrongs, though thrust into one scale,
Slide of themselves off when right fills the other
And cannot bide the trial; so all wealth,
(I mean, if ill-acquir'd,) cemented to honour 195
By virtuous ways achiev'd, and bravely purchas'd,

Is but as rubbish pour'd into a river,
(Howe'er intended to make good the bank,)
Rendering the water, that was pure before,
Polluted and unwholesome. I allow 200
The heir of Sir Giles Overreach, Margaret,
A maid well qualified and the richest match
Our north part can make boast of, yet she cannot,

With all that she brings with her, fill their
mouths,

That never will forget who was her father; 205
Or that my husband Allworth's lands, and Wellborn's,

(How wrung from both needs now no repetition,)

Were real motives that more work'd your lordship

To join your families, than her form and virtues:

You may conceive the rest.

Low. I do, sweet madam, 210
And long since have consider'd it. I know,
The sum of all that makes a just man happy
Consists in the well choosing of his wife:

And there, well to discharge it, does require
Equality of years, of birth, of fortune, 215
For beauty being poor, and not cried up
By birth or wealth, can truly mix with neither.
And wealth, where there's such difference in
years,

And fair descent, must make the yoke uneasy:

But I come nearer.

Lady. Pray you do, my lord. 220
Low. Were Overreach' states thrice centupl'd, his daughter

Millions of degrees much fairer than she is,
Howe'er I might urge precedents to excuse me,
I would not so adulterate my blood
By marrying Margaret, and so leave my issue
Made up of several pieces, one part scarlet, 226

And the other London blue. In my own tomb
I will inter my name first.

Lady. (Aside.) I am glad to hear this. —
Why then, my lord, pretend you marriage to her?

Dissimulation but ties false knots 230
On that straight line by which you, hitherto,
Have measur'd all your actions.

Low. I make answer,
And aptly, with a question. Wherefore have
you,

That, since your husband's death, have liv'd a
strict

And chaste nun's life, on the sudden given your-
self 235

To visits and entertainments? Think you,
madam,

'T is not grown public conference? Or the fa-
vours

Which you too prodigally have thrown on Well-
born,

Being too reserv'd before, incur not censure?

Lady I am innocent here; and, on my life,
I swear 240

My ends are good

Low. On my soul, so are mine
To Margaret; but leave both to the event:
And since this friendly privacy does serve
But as an offer'd means unto ourselves,
To search each other farther, you having shown
Your care of me, I my respect to you, 246
Deny me not, but still in chaste words, madam,
An afternoon's discourse.

Lady So I shall hear you. [*Exeunt.*]

Actus quartus, Scena secunda

[*Before Tapwell's Alehouse*]

Tapwell Froth

Tap. Undone, undone! this was your counsel, Froth

Froth. Mine! I defy thee. Did not Master Marrall

(He has marr'd all, I am sure) strictly command
us,

On pain of Sir Giles Overreach' displeasure,
To turn the gentleman out of doors?

Tap. 'T is true; 5
But now he's his uncle's darling, and has got
Master Justice Greedy, since he fill'd his belly,
At his commandment, to do anything.

Woe, woe to us!

Froth He may prove merciful. 9

Tap Troth, we do not deserve it at his hands.

²⁰⁴ fill . . . mouths: stop their gossiping ²⁰⁵ motives: ('motive' Q) ²¹⁴ well . . . it: properly to accomplish it ²²¹ Overreach' states: ('Overreach, stat's' Q) ²²⁷ blue: the color of servants' liveries ²²⁷ conference: gossip ²²⁸ event: outcome ²⁴⁸ So: on these conditions

Though he knew all the passages of our house,
As the receiving of stolen goods, and bawdry,
When he was rogue Wellborn no man would be-
lieve him,

And then his information could not hurt us;
But now he is right worshipful again, 15
Who dares but doubt his testimony? Methinks,
I see thee, Froth, already in a cart,
For a close bawd, thine eyes ev'n pelted out
With dirt and rotten eggs; and my hand hissing
(If I scape the halter) with the letter R 20
Printed upon it.

Froth Would that were the worst!
That were but nine days' wonder. as for credit,
We have none to lose, but we shall lose the
money

He owes us, and his custom; there's the hell on 't

Tap. He has summon'd all his creditors by
the drum, 25

And they swarm about him like so many soldiers
On the pay day. and has found out such A NEW
WAY

TO PAY HIS OLD DEBTS, as 't is very likely
He shall be chronicled for it!

Froth. He deserves it
More than ten pageants But are you sure his
worship 30

Comes this way, to my lady's?

A cry within "Brave Master Wellborn!"

Tap. Yes: — I hear him.

Froth Be ready with your petition and pre-
sent it
To his good grace.

Enter Wellborn in a rich habit, [Marrall.]
Greedy, Order, Furnace, three Creditors,
Tapwell kneeling, delivers his bill of debt

Well How 's this? Petition'd too?
But note what miracles the payment of
A little trash, and a rich suit of clothes, 35
Can work upon these rascals! I shall be,
I think, Prince Wellborn

Mar When your worship's married,
You may be — I know what I hope to see you.

Well. Then look thou for advancement

Mar. To be known
Your worship's bailiff, is the mark I shoot at.

Well. And thou shalt hit it.

Mar Pray you, sir, despatch 41
These needy followers, and for my admittance,
Provided you'll defend me from Sir Giles,
Whose service I am weary of, I'll say something
You shall give thanks for

Well. Fear me not Sir Giles 45

*This interim, Tapwell and Froth flat-
tering and bribing Justice Greedy.*

Greedy. Who, Tapwell? I remember thy
wife brought me,
Last new-year's tide, a couple of fat turkeys.

Tap. And shall do every Christmas, let your
worship

But stand my friend now

Greedy How! with Master Wellborn?
I can do anything with him on such terms. —
See you this honest couple; they are good
souls 51

As ever drew out faucet; have they not

A pair of honest faces?

Well. I o'erheard you,
And the bribe he promis'd. You are cozen'd in
'em,

For, of all the scum that grew rich by my riots,
Thus, for a most unthankful knave, and thus, 56
For a base bawd and whore, have worst de-
serv'd me,

And therefore speak not for 'em. By your place
You are rather to do me justice Lend me your
ear;

— Forget his turkeys, and call in his license, 60
And, at the next fair, I'll give you a yoke of
oxen

Worth all his poultry

Greedy. I am chang'd on the sudden
In my opinion! Come near, nearer, rascal.
And, now I view him better, did you e'er see
One look so like an arch-knave? His very coun-
tenance, 65

Should an understanding judge but look upon
him,

Would hang him, though he were innocent

Tap Froth Worshipful sir.

Greedy. No, though the great Turk came, in-
stead of turkeys,

To beg my favour, I am inexorable.

Thou hast an ill name: besides thy musty ale, 70
That hath destroy'd many of the king's liege
people,

Thou never hadst in thy house, to stay men's
stomachs,

A piece of Suffolk cheese or gammon of bacon,
Or any esculent, as the learned call it,

For their emolument, but sheer drink only, 75
For which gross fault I here do damn thy license,
Forbidding thee ever to tap or draw,

For, instantly, I will, in mine own person,
Command the constable to pull down thy sign,
And do it before I eat.

Froth. No mercy?

Greedy. Vanish! 80

If I show any, may my promis'd oxen gore me!

Tap. Unthankful knaves are ever so re-
warded. *Exeunt Greedy, Tapwell, Froth.*

¹¹ passages: occurrences, doings
hand ¹² admittance: appointment
edible thing

¹³ close: secret ¹⁴ R: symbol for "rogue" branded on the
¹⁵ Fear me not: do not fear ¹⁶ I: (not in Q) ¹⁷ esculent:

Well. Speak, what are you?

1 *Cred.* A decay'd vintner, sir,
That might have thriv'd, but that your worship
broke me

With trusting you with muscadine and eggs,
And five pound suppers, with your after drink-
ings, 86

When you lodg'd upon the Bankside.

Well. I remember.

1 *Cred.* I have not been hasty, nor e'er laid
to arrest you;

And therefore, sir —

Well. Thou art an honest fellow,
I'll set thee up again; see his bill paid. — 90
What are you?

2 *Cred.* A tailor once, but now mere botcher.
I gave you credit for a suit of clothes,
Which was all my stock, but you failing in pay-
ment,

I was remov'd from the shopboard, and confin'd
Under a stall.

Well. See him paid; — and botch no more. 95

2 *Cred.* I ask no interest, sir.

Well. Such tailors need not;
If their bills are paid in one-and-twenty year,
They are seldom losers. — O, I know thy face,
[*To Creditor.*]

Thou wert my surgeon. You must tell no tales;
Those days are done. I will pay you in private.

Ord. A royal gentleman!

Furn. Royal as an emperor! 101
He'll prove a brave master; my good lady knew
To choose a man.

Well. See all men else discharg'd;
And since old debts are clear'd by a new way,
A little bounty will not misbecome me; 105
There's something, honest cook, for thy good
breakfasts,

And this, for your respect: [*to Order*] take 't,
't is good gold,

And I able to spare it

Ord. You are too munificent.

Furn. He was ever so.

Well. Pray you, on before.

3 *Cred.* Heaven bless you!

Mar. At four o'clock the rest know where
to meet me. 110

Exeunt Order, Furnace, Creditors.

Well. Now, Master Marrall, what's the
weighty secret

You promis'd to impart?

Mar. Sir, time nor place

Allow me to relate each circumstance;

This only, in a word: I know Sir Giles

Will come upon you for security 115

⁸⁶ muscadine: a sweet wine ⁸⁷ Bankside: Southwark side of the Thames, where several of the theatres were, and where Massinger was buried I: (not in Q) ¹⁰¹ botcher: mender ¹²¹ defeated: robbed ¹²⁷ prize: part ('price' Q) ¹ Whether: ('Whither' Q) ⁸ high office: heaven ¹² no: (not in Q)

For his thousand pounds, which you must not
consent to

As he grows in heat, as I am sure he will,
Be you but rough, and say he's in your debt
Ten times the sum, upon sale of your land;
I had a hand in 't (I speak it to my shame) 120
When you were defeated of it.

Well. That's forgiven.

Mar. I shall deserve 't. Then urge him to
produce

The deed in which you pass'd it over to him,
Which I know he'll have about him, to deliver
To the Lord Lovell, with many other writ- 125
ings,

And present moneys. I'll instruct you further,
As I wait on your worship. If I play not my
prize

To your full content, and your uncle's much
vexation,

Hang up Jack Marrall.

Well. I rely upon thee *Exeunt.*

Actus quartus, Scena ultima

[*Overreach's House*]

Allworth. Margaret

All. Whether to yield the first praise to my
lord's

Unequal'd temperance or your constant sweet-
ness

That I yet live, my weak hands fasten'd on
Hope's anchor, spite of all storms of despair,
I yet rest doubtful

Marg. Give it to Lord Lovell: s
For what in him was bounty, in me's duty.
I make but payment of a debt to which
My vows, in that high office regist'ed,
Are faithful witnesses

All. 'T is true, my dearest:
Yet, when I call to mind how many fair ones 10
Make wilful shipwrack of their faiths, and
oaths

To God and man, to fill the arms of greatness,
And you rise up no less than a glorious star,
To the amazement of the world, that hold out
Against the stern authority of a father, 15
And spurn at honour when it comes to court
you;

I am so tender of your good, that faintly,
With your wrong, I can wish myself that right
You yet are pleas'd to do me.

Marg. Yet, and ever.
To me what's title, when content is want-
ing? 20

Or wealth, rak'd up together with much care,
And to be kept with more, when the heart
pines

In being disposess'd of what it longs for
Beyond the Indian mines? or the smooth brow
Of a pleas'd sire, that slaves me to his will. 25
And, so his ravenous humour may be feasted
By my obedience, and he see me great,
Leaves to my soul nor faculties nor power
To make her own election?

All. But the dangers
That follow the repulse —

Marg. To me they are nothing; 30
Let Allworth love, I cannot be unhappy.
Suppose the worst, that, in his rage, he kill me,
A tear or two, by you dropp'd on my hearse
In sorrow for my fate, will call back life
So far as but to say, that I die yours; 35
I then shall rest in peace: or should he prove
So cruel, as one death would not suffice
His thirst of vengeance, but with ling'ring torments

In mind and body I must waste to air,
In poverty join'd with banishment, so you
share 40

In my afflictions, which I dare not wish you,
So high I prize you, I could undergo 'em
With such a patience as should look down
With scorn on his worst malice.

All. Heaven avert
Such trials of your true affection to me! 45
Nor will it unto you, that are all mercy,
Show so much rigour: but since we must run
Such desperate hazards, let us do our best
To steer between 'em.

Marg. Your lord's ours, and sure:
And, though but a young actor, second me 50
In doing to the life what he has plotted,

Enter Overreach [behind]

The end may yet prove happy. Now, my Allworth — *[Seeing her father]*

All. To your letter, and put on a seeming anger.

Marg. I'll pay my lord all debts due to his title;

And when with terms, not taking from his honour, 55

He does solicit me, I shall gladly hear him
But in this peremptory, nay, commanding way,
'T' appoint a meeting, and without my knowledge,

A priest to tie the knot can ne'er be undone
Till death unloose it, is a confidence 60
In his lordship will deceive him.

All. I hope better,
Good lady.

Marg. Hope, sir, what you please: for me
I must take a safe and secure course; I have
A father, and without his full consent,
Though all lords of the land kneel'd for my
favour, 65
I can grant nothing.

Over. I like this obedience: *[Comes forward.]*
But whatso'er my lord writes, must and shall
be
Accepted and embrac'd. Sweet Master Allworth,

You show yourself a true and faithful servant
To your good lord; he has a jewel of you. 70
How! frowning, Meg? Are these looks to receive

A messenger from my lord? What's this?
Give me it.

Marg. A piece of arrogant paper, like th' inscriptions. *Overreach read the letter.*

Over. "Fair mistress, from your servant
learn all joys

That we can hope for, if deferr'd, prove toys;
Therefore this instant, and in private, meet 76
A husband, that will gladly at your feet
Lay down his honours, tend'ring them to you
With all content, the church being paid her
due "

— Is this the arrogant piece of paper? Fool! 80
Will you still be one? In the name of madness
what

Could his good honour write more to content
you?

Is there aught else to be wish'd, after these two,
That are already offer'd; marriage first,
And lawful pleasure after. what would you
more? 85

Marg. Why, sir, I would be married like
your daughter,
Not hurried away i' th' night I know not
whither,

Without all ceremony; no friends invited
To honour the solemnity.

All. An't please your honour,
For so before to-morrow I must style you, 90
My lord desires this privacy, in respect
His honourable kinsmen are far off,
And his desires to have it done brook not
So long delay as to expect their coming;
And yet he stands resolv'd, with all due
pomp, 95

As running at the ring, plays, masques, and
tilting,
To have his marriage at court celebrated,
When he has brought your honour up to London

Over. He tells you true: 't is the fashion, on
my knowledge:

" election: choice 60 is: ('as' Q) confidence: presumption 76 toys: trifles 81 desires:
('desire' Q) in respect: because 84 expect: await

Yet the good lord, to please your peevish-
ness, 100
Must put it off, forsooth! and lose a night,
In which perhaps he might get two boys on
thee.

Tempt me no farther, if you do, this goad
[*Points to his sword.*]

Shall prick you to him.

Marg. I could be contented,
Were you but by, to do a father's part, 105
And give me in the church

Over. So my lord have you,
What do I care who gives you? Since my lord
Does purpose to be private, I 'll not cross him.
I know not, Master Allworth, how my lord
May be provided, and therefore there's a
purse 110

Of gold, 't will serve this night's expense; to-
morrow

I 'll furnish him with any sums. In the mean
time,

Use my ring to my chaplain; he is benefic'd
At my manor of Gotham, and call'd Parson
Willdo

'T is no matter for a license, I 'll bear him out
in 't. 115

Marg. With your favour, sir, what warrant
is your ring?

He may suppose I got that twenty ways,
Without your knowledge; and then to be re-
fus'd

Were such a stain upon me! — If you pleas'd,
sir,

Your presence would do better.

Over. Still perverse! 120
I say again, I will not cross my lord;
Yet I 'll prevent you too. — Paper and ink,
there!

All. I can furnish you

Over. I thank you, I can write then.
Writes on his book.

All. You may, if you please, put out the
name of my lord,
In respect he comes disguis'd, and only write, 125
"Marry her to this gentleman."

Over. Well advis'd.
'T is done; away! — *Margaret kneels.*

My blessing, girl? Thou hast it.

Nay, no reply, be gone. — Good Master All-
worth,
Thus shall be the best night's work you ever
made.

All. I hope so, sir. 130

Exeunt Allworth and Margaret.

Over. Farewell! — Now all's cocksure:
Methinks I hear already knights and ladies

Say, Sir Giles Overreach, how is it with
Your honourable daughter? Has her honour
Slept well to-night? or, will her honour
please 135

To accept this monkey, dog, or paraquit
(This is state in ladies), or my eldest son
To be her page, and wait upon her trencher?
My ends, my ends are compass'd! — then for
Wellborn

And the lands: were he once married to the
widow, 140

I have him here — I can scarce contain myself,
I am so full of joy, nay, joy all over. *Exit.*

The end of the fourth Act.

Actus quinti, Scena prima

[*Lady Allworth's House*]

[*Lord*] *Lovell.* *Lady* [*Allworth*]. *Amble*

Lady. By this you know how strong the
motives were

That did, my lord, induce me to dispense
A little with my gravity to advance,
In personating some few favours to him,
The plots and projects of the down-trod Well-
born. 5

Nor shall I e'er repent, although I suffer
In some few men's opinions for 't, the action:
For he that ventur'd all for my dear husband
Might justly claim an obligation from me
To pay him such a courtesy, which had I 10
Coyly or over-curiously denied,
It might have argu'd me of little love
To the deceas'd.

Lov. What you intended, madam,
For the poor gentleman hath found good suc-
cess;

For, as I understand, his debts are paid, 15
And he once more furnish'd for fair employ-
ment:

But all the arts that I have us'd to raise
The fortunes of your joy and mine, young All-
worth,

Stand yet in supposition, though I hope well,
For the young lovers are in wit more pregnant
Than their years can promise; and for their
desires, 21

On my knowledge, they are equal.

Lady. As my wishes
Are with yours, my lord; yet give me leave to
fear

The building, though well grounded: to deceive
Sir Giles, that 's both a lion and a fox 25
In his proceedings, were a work beyond

¹⁰⁰ goad: ('good' Q) ¹¹⁴ Gotham: a village near Nottingham (famed for the stupidity of its inhabitants) ¹²⁸ paraquit: parrot *Scena prima:* ('Scena quinta' Q) ¹³¹ over-curiously: fastidiously
¹³ in supposition: still unsettled

The strongest undertakers, not the trial
Of two weak innocents.

Lov. Despair not, madam:
Hard things are compass'd oft by easy means;
And judgment, being a gift deriv'd from
Heaven, ³⁰

Though sometimes lodg'd i' th' hearts of
worldly men,

That ne'er consider from whom they receive it,
Forsakes such as abuse the giver of it.

Which is the reason that the politic
And cunning statesman, that believes he fath-
oms ³⁵

The counsels of all kingdoms on the earth,
Is by simplicity oft over-reach'd.

Lady May he be so! Yet, in his name to
express it,

Is a good omen

Lov. May it to myself
Prove so, good lady, in my suit to you! ⁴⁰
What think you of the motion?

Lady Troth, my lord,
My own unworthiness may answer for me;
For had you, when that I was in my prime,
My virgin flower uncropp'd, presented me
With this great favour, looking on my low-
ness

Not in a glass of self-love, but of truth, ⁴⁶
I could not but have thought it as a blessing
Far, far beyond my merit.

Lov. You are too modest,
And undervalue that which is above
My title, or whatever I call mine. ⁵⁰

I grant, were I a Spaniard, to marry
A widow might disparage me, but being
A true-born Englishman, I cannot find
How it can tant my honour. nay, what's
more,

That which you think a blemish is to me ⁵⁵
The fairest lustre. You already, madam,
Have given sure proofs how dearly you can
cherish

A husband that deserves you; which confirms
me

That, if I am not wanting in my care
To do you service, you'll be still the same ⁶⁰
That you were to your Allworth' in a word,
Our years, our states, our births are not un-
equal,

You being descended nobly, and all'd so;
If then you may be won to make me happy,
But join your lips to mine, and that shall be ⁶⁵
A solemn contract.

Lady. I were blind to my own good
Should I refuse it; [*kisses him*] yet, my lord,
receive me

As such a one, the study of whose whole life
Shall know no other object but to please you.

Lov. If I return not, with all tenderness, ⁷⁰
Equal respect to you, may I die wretched!

Lady. There needs no protestation, my lord,
To her that cannot doubt, —

Enter Wellborn [*handsomely apparelled*]

You are welcome, sir.

Now you look like yourself.

Well. And will continue
Such in my free acknowledgment that I am ⁷⁵
Your creature, madam, and will never hold
My life mine own, when you please to command
it.

Lov. It is a thankfulness that well becomes
you.

You could not make choice of a better shape
To dress your mind in

Lady. For me, I am happy ⁸⁰
That my endeavours prosper'd. Saw you of
late

Sir Giles, your uncle?

Well I heard of him, madam,
By his minister, Marrall; he's grown into
strange passions

About his daughter. This last night he look'd
for

Your lordship at his house, but missing you, ⁸⁵
And she not yet appearing, his wise head
Is much perplex'd and troubl'd

Lov. It may be,
Sweetheart, my project took.

Lady. I strongly hope.

Over. [*Within*] Ha! find her, booby, thou
huge lump of nothing,
I'll bore thine eyes out else

Well May it please your lordship, ⁹⁰
For some ends of mine own, but to withdraw
A little out of sight, though not of hearing,
You may, perhaps, have sport

Lov. You shall direct me. *Sleeps aside.*

*Enter Overreach, with distracted looks, driving in
Marrall before him* [*with a box*]

Over. I shall *sol fa* you, rogue!

Mar Sir, for what cause
Do you use me thus?

Over. Cause, slave! Why, I am angry, ⁹⁵
And thou a subject only fit for beating,
And so to cool my choler. Look to the writing;
Let but the seal be broke upon the box
That has slept in my cabinet these three years,
I'll rack thy soul for 't

Mar. (*Aside.*) I may yet cry quittance, ¹⁰⁰
Though now I suffer, and dare not resist.

Over. Lady, by your leave, did you see my
daughter lady?

And the lord her husband? Are they in your
house?

⁷⁷ over-reach'd: ('overreach' Q) ⁸¹ motion: proposal ⁸⁶ slept: ('slepp'd' Q)

If they are, discover, that I may bid 'em joy;
And, as an entrance to her place of honour, 105
See your ladyship on her left hand, and make
courtesies

When she nods on you; which you must receive
As a special favour.

Lady. When I know, Sir Giles,
Her estate requires such ceremony, I shall pay
it;

But in the meantime, as I am myself, 110
I give you to understand, I neither know
Nor care where her honour is.

Over. When you once see her
Supported, and led by the lord her husband,
You 'll be taught better. — Nephew.

Well. Sir.

Over. No more?

Well. 'T is all I owe you.

Over. Have your redeem'd rags 115
Made you thus insolent?

Well. (*In scorn.*) Insolent to you!
Why, what are you, sir, unless in your years,
At the best, more than myself?

Over. [*Aside*] His fortune swells him.
'T is rank he 's married.

Lady. This is excellent!

Over. Sir, in calm language, though I seldom
use it, 120

I am familiar with the cause that makes you
Bear up thus bravely; there 's a certain buzz
Of a stol'n marriage, do you hear? of a stol'n
marriage,
In which, 't is said, there 's somebody hath been
cozen'd;

I name no parties.

Well. Well, sir, and what follows? 125

Over. Marry, this; since you are peremp-
tory. Remember,

Upon mere hope of your great match, I lent you
A thousand pounds: put me in good security,
And suddenly, by mortgage or by statute,
Of some of your new possessions, or I 'll have
you 130

Dragg'd in your lavender robes to the jail.

You know me,

And therefore do not trifle.

Well. Can you be

So cruel to your nephew, now he 's in
The way to rise? Was this the courtesy
You did me " in pure love, and no ends else " ?

Over. End me no ends! Engage the whole
estate, 136

And force your spouse to sign it, you shall have
Three or four thousand more, to roar and swag-
ger

And revel in bawdy taverns.

Well.

And beg after,

Mean you not so?

Over. My thoughts are mine, and free. 140
Shall I have security?

Well. No, indeed, you shall not,
Nor bond, nor bill, nor bare acknowledgment;
Your great looks fright not me.

Over. But my deeds shall.
Outbrav'd! *They both draw: the servants enter.*

Lady. Help, murder! murder!

Well. Let him come on,
With all his wrongs and injuries about him, 145
Arm'd with his cut-throat practices to guard
him;

The right that I bring with me will defend me,
And punish his extortion.

Over. That I had thee

But single in the field!

Lady. You may; but make not
My house your quarrelling scene

Over. Were 't in a church, 150
By Heaven and Hell, I 'll do 't!

Mar. Now put him to
The showing of the deed.

[*Aside to Wellborn*]

Well. This rage is vain, sir;
For fighting, fear not, you shall have your
hands full,

Upon the least incitement; and whereas
You charge me with a debt of a thousand
pounds 155

If there be law, (howe'er you have no con-
science.)

Either restore my land or I 'll recover
A debt, that 's truly due to me from you,
In value ten times more than what you chal-
lenge.

Over. I in thy debt! O impudence! did I
not purchase 160

The land left by thy father, that rich land,
That had continued in Wellborn's name
Twenty descents, which, like a riotous fool,
Thou didst make sale of it? Is not here in-
clos'd

The deed that does confirm it mine?

Mar. Now, now! 165

Well. I do acknowledge none; I ne'er pass'd
o'er

Any such land I grant for a year or two
You had it in trust; which if you do dis-
charge,

Surrend'ring the possession, you shall ease
Yourself and me of chargeable suits in law, 170
Which, if you prove not honest, as I doubt
it,

Must of necessity follow.

¹⁰⁴ discover: show (them)

¹⁰⁸ on . . . hand: in the inferior position

¹¹⁰ rank: obvious

¹²² buzz: rumor

¹²⁶ by mortgage: ('my Mortgage' Q)

¹³¹ lavender robes: clothes recently in pawn

¹³⁹ challenge: claim

¹⁴⁵ descents: generations

¹⁷¹ doubt it: fear

Lady. In my judgment,
He does advise you well

Over. Good! good! Conspire
With your new husband, lady, second him
In his dishonest practices; but when 175
This manor is extended to my use,
You'll speak in humbler key, and sue for
favour.

Lady. Never: do not hope it

Well. Let despair first seize me.

Over. Yet, to shut up thy mouth, and make
thee give

Thyself the lie, the loud lie, I draw out 180
The precious evidence, if thou canst forswear
Thy hand and seal, and make a forfeit of

Opens the box [and displays the bond].

Thy ears to the pillory, see! here's that will
make

My interest clear — ha!

Lady. A fair skin of parchment.

Well. Indented, I confess, and labels too; 185
But neither wax nor words How! thunder-
struck?

Not a syllable to insult with? My wise uncle,
Is this your precious evidence? Is this that
makes

Your interest clear?

Over. I am o'erwhelm'd with wonder!
What prodigy is this? What subtle devil 190
Hath raz'd out the inscription, the wax
Turn'd into dust? The rest of my deeds whole
As when they were deliver'd, and thus only
Made nothing! Do you deal with witches, ras-
cal?

There is a statute for you, which will bring 195
Your neck in an hempen circle, yes, there is;
And now 't is better thought for, cheater, know
This juggling shall not save you

Well. To save thee
Would beggar the stock of mercy

Over. Marrall!

Mar. Sir.

Over. (Flattering him) Though the witnesses
are dead, your testimony 200

Help with an oath or two: and for thy master,
Thy liberal master, my good honest servant,
I know you will swear anything, to dash

This cunning sleight: besides, I know thou art
A public notary, and such stand in law 205
For a dozen witnesses: the deed being drawn
too

By thee, my careful Marrall, and deliver'd
When thou wert present, will make good my
title.

Wilt thou not swear this?

Mar. I! No, I assure you: 209
I have a conscience not sear'd up like yours;
I know no deeds.

Over. Wilt thou betray me?

Mar. Keep him
From using of his hands, I'll use my tongue,
To his no little torment

Over. Mine own varlet
Rebel against me!

Mar. Yes, and uncase you too.
The idiot, the patch, the slave, the booby, 215
The property fit only to be beaten
For your morning exercise, your "football,"

or
"Th' unprofitable lump of flesh," your
"drudge,"

Can now anatomize you, and lay open 219
All your black plots, and level with the earth
Your hill of pride, and, with these gabions
guarded

Unload my great artillery, and shake,
Nay pulverize, the walls you think defend you.

Lady. How he foams at the mouth with
rage!

Well. To him again.

Over. O that I had thee in my gripe, I would
tear thee 225

Joint after joint!

Mar. I know you are a tearer,
But I'll have first your fangs par'd off, and
then

Come nearer to you; when I have discover'd,
And made it good before the judge, what
ways

And devilish practices you us'd to cozen 230
With an army of whole families, who yet live,
And, but enroll'd for soldiers, were able
To take in Dunkirk.

Well. All will come out

Lady. The better.

Over. But that I will live, rogue, to torture
thee, 234

And make thee wish, and kneel in vain, to die,
These swords that keep thee from me should
fix here,

Although they made my body but one wound,
But I would reach thee

Lov. (Aside) Heaven's hand is in this;
One bandog worry the other!

Over. I play the fool,
And make my anger but ridiculous; 240
There will be a time and place, there will be,
cowards,

When you shall feel what I dare do.

Well. I think so:

¹⁷⁶ extended: seized ¹⁷⁷ humbler: ('a humble' Q) ¹⁸⁴ fair: not written on ¹⁸⁶ statute: the
law against witchcraft ²⁰⁴ sleight: trick ²¹⁴ uncase: strip, expose ²¹⁹ anatomize: dissect
²²¹ gabions: wicker baskets filled with earth used as defenses in war ²²⁶ discover'd: revealed ²³³ take
in: capture ²³⁵ bandog: fierce dog

You dare do any ill, yet want true valour
To be honest, and repent.

Over. They are words I know not,
Nor e'er will learn. Patience, the beggar's
virtue, 245

Enter Greedy and Parson Willdo

Shall find no harbour here: — after these
storms

At length a calm appears. Welcome, most wel-
come!

There 's comfort in thy looks. Is the deed done?
Is my daughter married? Say but so, my
chaplain,

And I am tame

Willdo Married! Yes, I assure you. 250

Over. Then vanish all sad thoughts! There 's
more gold for thee

My doubts and fears are in the titles drown'd
Of my honourable, my right honourable
daughter.

Greedy. Here will I be feasting! At least
for a month

I am provided empty guts, croak no more. 255
You shall be stuff'd like bagpipes, not with
wind,

But bearing dishes

Over. Instantly be here?

Whispering to Willdo

To my wish! to my wish! Now you that plot
against me,
And hop'd to trip my heels up, that condemn'd
me,

Think on 't and tremble — (*Loud music*) —
They come! I hear the music 260

A lane there for my lord!

Well This sudden heat

May yet be cool'd, sir

Over. Make way there for my lord!

Enter Allworth and Margaret

Marg. Sir, first your pardon, then your
blessing, with

Your full allowance of the choice I have made.
As ever you could make use of your reason, 265

Kneeling

Grow not in passion; since you may as well
Call back the day that 's past, as untie the
knot

Which is too strongly fasten'd. Not to dwell

Too long on words, this is my husband

Over. How!

All So I assure you; all the rites of mar-
riage, 270

With every circumstance, are past. Alas! sir,
Although I am no lord, but a lord's page,
Your daughter and my lov'd wife mourns not
for it;

And, for right honourable son-in-law, you may
say,

Your dutiful daughter.

Over. Devil! are they married? 275

Willdo. Do a father's part, and say, "Heav-
en give 'em joy!"

Over. Confusion and ruin! Speak, and speak
quickly,

Or thou art dead.

Willdo. They are married.

Over. Thou hadst better
Have made a contract with the king of fiends,
Then these: — my brain turns!

Willdo Why this rage to me? 280
Is not this your letter, sir, and these the words?

"Marry her to this gentleman."

Over It cannot —

Nor will I e'er believe it; 'sdeath! I will not;
That I, that in all passages I touch'd

At worldly profit have not left a print 285
Where I have trod for the most curious search

To trace my footsteps, should be gull'd by
children,

Baff'd and fool'd, and all my hopes and labours
Defeated and made void.

Well As it appears,

You are so, my grave uncle.

Over. Village nurses 290

Revenge their wrongs with curses, I 'll not
waste

A syllable, but thus take the life

Which, wretched, I gave to thee.

Offers to kill Margaret

Lov [*Coming forward.*] Hold, for your own
sake!

Though charity to your daughter hath quite
left you, 295

Will you do an act, though in your hopes lost
here,

Can leave no hope for peace or rest hereafter?
Consider; at the best you are but a man,

And cannot so create your aims but that

They may be cross'd

Over Lord! thus I spit at thee, 300

And at thy counsel; and again desire thee,

And as thou art a soldier, if thy valour

Dares show itself where multitude and example
Lead not the way, let 's quit the house, and
change

Six words in private.

Lov. I am ready

Lady. Stay, sir, 305

Contest with one distracted!

Well. You 'll grow like him,

Should you answer his vain challenge.

Over. Are you pale?

Borrow his help, though Hercules call it odds,
I 'll stand against both as I am, hemm'd in thus.

Since, like a Libyan lion in the toil, 310
 My fury cannot reach the coward hunters,
 And only spends itself, I'll quit the place
 Alone I can do nothing; but I have servants
 And friends to second me; and if I make not
 This house a heap of ashes (by my wrongs, 315
 What I have spoke I will make good¹) or leave
 One throat uncut, — if it be possible,
 Hell, add to my afflictions! *Exit Overreach.*

Mar. Is't not brave sport?

Greedy. Brave sport! I am sure it has ta'en
 away my stomach,
 I do not like the sauce

All. Nay, weep not, dearest, 320
 Though it express your pity, what's decreed
 Above, we cannot alter.

Lady. His threats move me
 No scruple, madam

Mar. Was it not a rare trick,
 An it please your worship, to make the deed
 nothing?

I can do twenty neater, if you please 325
 To purchase and grow rich; for I will be
 Such a solicitor and steward for you
 As never worshipful had

Well. I do believe thee,
 But first discover the quaint means you us'd
 To raze out the conveyance?

Mar. They are mysteries 330
 Not to be spoke in public certain minerals
 Incorporated in the ink and wax —
 Besides, he gave me nothing, but still fed me
 With hopes and blows; but that was the in-
 ducement 334
 To this conundrum If it please your worship
 To call to memory, this mad beast once caus'd
 me

To urge you or to drown or hang yourself,
 I'll do the like to him, if you command me

Well. You are a rascal! He that dares be
 false 339

To a master, though unjust, will ne'er be true
 To any other. Look not for reward
 Or favour from me; I will shun thy sight
 As I would do a basilisk's. Thank my pity
 If thou keep thy ears, howe'er, I will take order
 Your practice shall be silenc'd

Greedy. I'll commit him, 345
 If you'll have me, sir

Well. That were to little purpose,
 His conscience be his prison. Not a word,
 But instantly be gone.

Ord. Take this kick with you

Amb. And this.

Furn. If that I had my cleaver here,
 I would divide your knave's head.

Mar. This is the haven 350
 False servants still arrive at. *Exit Marfall.*

Enter Overreach

Lady. Come again!

Low. Fear not, I am your guard.

Well. His looks are ghastly.

Willdo. Some little time I have spent, under
 your favours,
 In physical studies, and if my judgment err
 not,

He's mad beyond recovery: but observe him,
 And look to yourselves.

Over. Why, is not the whole world
 Included in myself? To what use then 357
 Are friends and servants? Say there were a
 squadron

Of pikes, lin'd through with shot, when I am
 mounted

Upon my injuries, shall I fear to charge 'em?
 No. I'll through the battalia, and, that routed,

Flourishing his sword sheathed.

I'll fall to execution — Ha! I am feeble. 362
 Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
 And takes away the use of 't, and my sword,
 Glu'd to my scabbard with wrong'd orphans'
 tears, 365

Will not be drawn Ha! what are these? Sure,
 hangmen

That come to bind my hands, and then to drag
 me

Before the judgment-seat now they are new
 shapes,

And do appear like Furies, with steel whips 369
 To scourge my ulcerous soul Shall I then fall
 Ingloriously, and yield? No, spite of Fate,
 I will be forc'd to hell like to myself
 Though you were legions of accursed spirits,
 Thus would I fly among you

*[Rushes forward and flings himself on
 the ground]*

Well. There's no help;
 Disarm him first, then bind him.

Greedy. Take a mittimus, 375
 And carry him to Bedlam.

Low. How he foams!

Well. And bites the earth!

Willdo. Carry him to some dark room,
 There try what art can do for his recovery.

Marg. O my dear father!

They force Overreach off.

All. You must be patient, mistress.

Low. Here is a precedent to teach wicked
 men 380

That when they leave religion, and turn athe-
 ists,

310 toil: net, trap 336 purchase: acquire land 338 worshipful: any gentleman 329 quaint:
 clever 330 conveyance: document 359 shot: musketeers 361 s. d. sheathed: ('unsheathed' Q)
 376 mittimus: writ of confinement

Their own abilities leave 'em. Pray you take
 comfort,
 I will endeavour you shall be his guardians
 In his distractions: and for your land, Master
 Wellborn,
 Be it good or ill in law, I 'll be an umpire 385
 Between you, and this, th' undoubted heir
 Of Sir Giles Overreach. For me, here 's the
 anchor

That I must fix on.

All. What you shall determine,
 My lord, I will allow of.

Well. 'T is the language 389
 That I speak too; but there is something else
 Beside the repossession of my land,
 And payment of my debts, that I must practise.
 I had a reputation, but 't was lost
 In my loose course, and till I redeem it
 Some noble way, I am but half made up. 395
 It is a time of action; if your lordship
 Will please to confer a company upon me
 In your command, I doubt not in my service

To my king and country but I shall do some-
 thing

That may make me right again.

Low. Your suit is granted 400
 And you lov'd for the motion.

Well. [*Coming forward.*] Nothing wants then
 But your allowance —

THE EPILOGUE

BUT your allowance, and in that our all
 Is comprehended; it being known, nor we,
 Nor he that wrote the comedy, can be free 405
 Without your manumission; which if you
 Grant willingly, as a fair favour due
 To the poet's and our labours, (as you may,
 For we despair not, gentlemen, of the play,)
 We jointly shall profess your grace hath might
 To teach us action, and him how to write. 411

[*Exeunt.*]

FINIS

389 allow of: agree to 405 allowance: approval

THE CHANGELING:

As it was Acted (with great Applause)
at the Privat house in D R U R Y S L A N E,
and *Salisbury Court.*

Written by { **THOMAS MIDLETON,**
and
WILLIAM ROWLEY. } Gent'.

Never Printed before.

L O N D O N,
Printed for HUMPHREY MOSELEY, and are to
be sold at his shop at the sign of the *Princes-Arms*
in *St Pauls Church-yard*, 1653.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL RECORD. The publication of *The Changeling* was long delayed, for the play did not appear in print until 1653. Copies of this Quarto were issued with two different title-pages. A second Quarto, produced in 1668, seems to be no more than left-over sheets of the original edition issued with a third title-page. The Quartos divide the play into acts, but fail to indicate scene-divisions. The division of verse lines is extremely inaccurate and has been silently corrected in the present edition.

DATE AND STAGE PERFORMANCE. That *The Changeling* was on the stage by the beginning of 1624 is shown by an entry in the Office Book of Sir Henry Herbert, who had recently assumed the office and title of Master of the Revels. What is doubtless an early, if not the original, performance of the play is recorded in "A Note of such Playes as were Acted at Court in 1623 and 1624." "Upon the Sonday after," writes Herbert, "beinge the 4 of January, 1623 [i.e., 1624] by the Queen of Bohemias company, *The Changelinge*, the prince only being there, Att Whitehall." The actors belonged to the company enjoying the patronage of the Princess Elizabeth, who, by her marriage to the Elector Palatine, had become Queen of Bohemia. *The Changeling* seems to have been a popular play for many years. It held the stage until the closing of the theatres and was revived after the Restoration. Pepys saw it with approval on Feb. 23, 1661.

SOURCES. A further indication of date is to be found in the sources used. The main plot of the play is taken from *The Triumphs of God's Revenge against Murther*, by John Reynolds, first published in 1621, and one episode in it from Leonard Digges's translation of the Spanish novel, *Gerardo*, 1622 (see B. Lloyd, "A Minor Source for *The Changeling*," *Modern Language Review*, Jan., 1924). No source for the sub-plot (from which the title is taken) has been discovered.

AUTHORSHIP. The sub-plot of this play and the first and last scenes of the main plot have been convincingly shown to be from the pen of Rowley. The rest of the main plot seems to be by Middleton. (P. G. Wiggan, *An Inquiry into the Authorship of the Middleton-Rowley Plays*, Radcliffe College Monographs, No. 9, 1897.) Important new information, correcting traditional assumptions about Middleton's life, will be found in an article by Dr. Mark Eccles, "Middleton's Birth and Education," *Review of English Studies*, Oct., 1931.

THOMAS MIDDLETON (1580-1627)

WILLIAM ROWLEY (c. 1585-1626)

THE CHANGELING

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

VERMANDERO, [governor of the castle of Alicante,]
father to Beatrice
TOMASO DE PIRACQUO, a noble lord
ALONZO DE PIRACQUO, his brother, suitor to Beatrice
ALSEMERO, a nobleman, afterwards married to Beatrice
JASPERINO, his friend
ALIBIUS, a jealous doctor
LOLLIO, his man

PEDRO, friend to Antonio
ANTONIO, the changeling
FRANCISCUS, the counterfeit madman
DE FLORES, servant to Vermantero
Madmen, Servants

BEATRICE [-JOANNA], daughter to Vermantero
DIAPHANTA, her waiting-woman
ISABELLA, wife to Alibius

THE SCENE. *Allegant*

ACTUS PRIMUS

[SCENE I — *A Street*]

Enter Alsemero

[*Als.*] 'T was in the temple where I first beheld her,

And now again the same what omen yet
Follows of that? None but imaginary
Why should my hopes or fate be timorous?
The place is holy, so is my intent. 5
I love her beauties to the holy purpose,
And that, methinks, admits comparison
With man's first creation, the place blessed,
And is his right home back, if he achieve it
The church hath first begun our interview, 10
And that 's the place must join us into one,
So there 's beginning and perfection too

Enter Jasperino

Jas. O sir, are you here? Come, the wind 's
fair with you;

Y' are like to have a swift and pleasant passage.

Als. Sure, y' are deceived, friend, 't is contrary, 15

In my best judgment.

Jas. What, for Malta?

If you could buy a gale amongst the witches,
They could not serve you such a lucky penny-
worth

As comes a' God's name

Als. Even now I observ'd
The temple's vane to turn full in my face; 20
I know 'tis against me

Jas. Against you? Then,
You know not where you are.

Als. Not well, indeed.

Jas. Are you not well, sir?

Als. Yes, Jasperino,
Unless there be some hidden malady
Within me, that I understand not.

Jas. And that 25
I begin to doubt, sir I never knew
Your inclinations to travels at a pause
With any cause to hinder it, till now.
Ashore you were wont to call your servants
up,

And help to trap your horses for the speed; 30
At sea I 've seen you weigh the anchor with 'em,
Hoist sails for fear to lose the foremost breath,
Be in continual prayers for fair winds;
And have you chang'd your orisons?

Als. No, friend;
I keep the same church, same devotion. 35

Jas. Lover I 'm sure y' are none; the Stoic
was

Found in you long ago; your mother nor
Best friends, who have set snares of beauty, ay,
And choice ones too, could never trap you that
way.

What might be the cause?

Als. Lord, how violent 40

D. P. *Allegant*: Alicante, a seaport on the east coast of Spain * place blessed: Paradise
('blest ' Q) " doubt: fear " trap: harness for the speed: to hasten the preparations " ori-
sons: prayers (cf preceding line)

Thou art! I was but meditating of
Somewhat I heard within the temple.

Jas. Is this
Violence? 'Tis but idleness compar'd
With your haste yesterday.

Als. I'm all this while
A-going, man.

Enter Servants

Jas. Backwards, I think, sir. Look, 45
Your servants.

1 *Ser.* The seamen call; shall we board your
trunks?

Als. No, not to-day.

Jas. 'Tis the critical day, it seems, and the
sign in Aquarius. 51

2 *Ser.* We must not to sea to-day; this smoke
will bring forth fire

Als. Keep all on shore, I do not know the
end,

Which needs I must do, of an affair in hand 55
Ere I can go to sea.

1 *Ser.* Well, your pleasure.

2 *Ser.* Let him e'en take his leisure too; we
are safer on land. *Exeunt Servants.*

*Enter Beatrice, Diaphanta, and Servants [Alse-
mero accosts Beatrice and then kisses her.]*

Jas. [*Aside*] How now? The laws of the
Medes are chang'd sure, salute a woman! He
kisses too, wonderful! Where learnt he 61
this? and does it perfectly too In my con-
science, he ne'er rehears'd it before. Nay, go
on; this will be stranger and better news at
Valencia than if he had ransom'd half Greece
from the Turk. 66

Beat. You are a scholar, sir?

Als. A weak one, lady.

Beat. Which of the sciences is this love you
speak of?

Als. From your tongue I take it to be
music.

Beat. You are skilful in 't, can sing at first
sight. 70

Als. And I have show'd you all my skill at
once;

I want more words to express me further,
And must be forc'd to repetition;
I love you dearly.

Beat. Be better advis'd, sir:
Our eyes are sentinels unto our judgments, 75
And should give certain judgment what they
see;
But they are rash sometimes, and tell us won-
ders

Of common things, which when our judgments
find,

They can then check the eyes, and call them
blind.

Als. But I am further, lady; yesterday 80
Was mine eyes' employment, and hither now
They brought my judgment, where are both
agreed.

Both houses then consenting, 't is agreed;
Only there wants the confirmation

By the hand royal, that 's your part, lady. 85

Beat. Oh, there 's one above me, sir. —
[*Aside*] For five days past

To be recall'd! Sure mine eyes were mistaken;
This was the man was meant me. That he
should come

So near his time, and miss it!

Jas. We might have come by the carriers 90
from Valencia, I see, and sav'd all our sea-
provision; we are at farthest sure. Methinks I
should do something too;

I meant to be a venturer in this voyage.

Yonder 's another vessel, I'll board her; 95
If she be lawful prize, down goes her topsail.

[*Accosts Diaphanta.*]

Enter De Flores

De F. Lady, your father —

Beat. Is in health, I hope,

De F. Your eye shall instantly instruct you,
lady;

He 's coming hitherward.

Beat. What needed then

Your duteous preface? I had rather 100

He had come unexpected, you must stall

A good presence with unnecessary blabbing;

And how welcome for your part you are,

I'm sure you know.

De F. [*Aside*] Will 't never mend, this
scorn,

One side nor other? Must I be enjoin'd 105

To follow still whilst she flies from me? Well,

Fates, do your worst, I'll please myself with
sight

Of her at all opportunities,

If but to spite her anger. I know she had

Rather see me dead than living; and yet 110

She knows no cause for 't but a peevish
will.

Als. You seem'd displeas'd, lady, on the sud-
den.

Beat. Your pardon, sir, 't is my infirmity;

Nor can I other reason render you

Than his or hers, of some particular thing 115

They must abandon as a deadly poison,

¹¹ sign in Aquarius: i.e., watery vacillation is indicated ⁸⁸ S D. *Enter* . . . *Servants*: (Q adds the name of "Joanna," as if she were a different character from Beatrice) ⁸⁹ Both houses: Lords and Commons ⁹⁴ venturer: sharer ⁹⁶ S D. *De Flores*: (spelled "Deflores" in Q consistently) ¹⁰¹ stall: forestall ¹⁰⁸ still: always ¹¹⁶ his or hers: someone's of: ('or' Q)

Which to a thousand other tastes were whole-
some;

Such to mine eyes is that same fellow there,
The same that report speaks of the basi-
lisk.

Als. This is a frequent frailty in our nature;
There's scarce a man amongst a thousand
found 121

But hath his imperfection: one distastes
The scent of roses, which to infinites
Most pleasing is and odoriferous,
One oil, the enemy of poison; 125
Another wine, the cheerer of the heart
And lively refresher of the countenance.
Indeed this fault, if so it be, is general;
There's scarce a thing but is both lov'd and
loath'd: 129

Myself, I must confess, have the same frailty.

Beat. And what may be your poison, sir?
I am bold with you

Als. And what might be your desire? per-
haps, a cherry

Beat. I am no enemy to any creature
My memory has, but yon gentleman

Als. He does ill to tempt your sight, if he
knew it. 135

Beat. He cannot be ignorant of that, sir,
I have not spar'd to tell him so, and I want
To help myself, since he's a gentleman
In good respect with my father, and follows
him.

Als. He's out of his place then now 140
[*They talk apart*]

Jas. I am a mad wag, wench.

Dia. So methinks; but for your comfort, I
can tell you, we have a doctor in the city that
undertakes the cure of such.

Jas. Tush, I know what physick is best for
the state of mine own body. 146

Dia. 'T is scarce a well-govern'd state, I be-
lieve.

Jas. I could show thee such a thing with an
ingredient that we two would compound to- 150
gether, and if it did not tame the maddest blood
i' th' town for two hours after, I 'll ne'er pro-
fess physick again.

Dia. A little poppy, sir, were good to cause
you sleep. 155

Jas. Poppy? I 'll give thee a pop i' th' lips
for that first, and begin there. Poppy is one
simple indeed, and cuckoo (what-you-call 't)
another. I 'll discover no more now; another
time I 'll show thee all. [Exit] 160

Enter Vermandero and Servants

Beat. My father, sir.

Ver. O Joanna, I came to meet thee.
Your devotion's ended?

Beat. For this time, sir. —
[*Aside*] I shall change my saint, I fear me; I
find

A giddy turning in me — Sir, this while
I am beholding to this gentleman, 165
Who left his own way to keep me company,
And in discourse I find him much desirous
To see your castle. He hath deserv'd it, sir,
If ye please to grant it.

Ver. With all my heart, sir.
Yet there's an article between; I must know
Your country; we use not to give survey 171
Of our chief strengths to strangers; our citadels
Are plac'd conspicuous to outward view,
On promonts' tops, but within are secrets.

Als. A Valencian, sir.

Ver. A Valencian? 175
That's native, sir. Of what name, I beseech
you?

Als. Alsemero, sir.

Ver. Alsemero? Not the son
Of John de Alsemero?

Als. The same, sir

Ver. My best love bids you welcome.

Beat. [Aside.] He was wont
To call me so, and then he speaks a most 180
Unfeign'd truth

Ver. O sir, I knew your father;

We two were in acquaintance long ago,
Before our chins were worth iulan down,
And so continued till the stamp of time
Had com'd us into silver. Well, he's gone; 185
A good soldier went with him.

Als. You went together in that, sir

Ver. No, by Saint Jacques, I came behind
him;

Yet I've done somewhat too: an unhappy day
Swallowed him at last at Gibraltar, 190
In fight with those rebellious Hollanders.
Was it not so?

Als. Whose death I had reveng'd,
Or follow'd him in fate, had not the late
league

Prevented me.

Ver. Ay, ay, 't was time to breathe. —
O Joanna, I should ha' told thee news; 195
I saw Piracquo lately.

Beat. [Aside.] That's ill news.

¹¹⁸ basilisk: a fabulous beast whose look was said to kill
innumerable people ¹²⁴ yon: ('yon' Q, perhaps for "yonder") ¹²⁷⁻¹²⁸ Want . . . myself: have no
means to get out of my difficulty ¹²⁹ respect: repute ¹³⁸ simple: herb, remedy ¹⁴⁰ discover:
reveal ¹⁷⁰ article: proviso ¹⁷⁴ promonts': promontories' ¹⁸³ iulan down: first growth of the
beard ¹⁸⁰ Gibraltar: (Apparently located by the author in the Netherlands This passage is taken
directly out of Reynolds) ¹⁸⁸ league: the armistice of 1612

Ver. He's hot preparing for this day of triumph:

Thou must be a bride within this sevensnight.

Als. [Aside.] Ha!

Beat. Nay, good sir, be not so violent; with speed

200

I cannot render satisfaction

Unto the dear companion of my soul,

Virginity, whom I thus long have liv'd with,

And part with it so rude and suddenly.

Can such friends divide, never to meet again,

Without a solemn farewell?

Ver. Tush, tush! there's a toy.

206

Als. [Aside.] I must now part, and never meet again

With any joy on earth. — Sir, your pardon;

My affairs call on me.

Ver. How, sir? By no means:

Not chang'd so soon, I hope? You must see my castle,

210

And her best entertainment, e'er we part;

I shall think myself unkindly us'd else

Come, come, let's on; I had good hope your stay

Had been a while with us in Allegant;

I might have bid you to my daughter's wedding

215

Als. [Aside.] He means to feast me, and poison me beforehand. —

I should be dearly glad to be there, sir,

Did my occasions suit as I could wish.

Beat. I shall be sorry if you be not there

When it is done, sir; but not so suddenly.

220

Ver. I tell you, sir, the gentleman's complete,

A courtier and a gallant, enrich'd

With many fair and noble ornaments;

I would not change him for a son-in-law

For any he in Spain, the proudest he,

225

And we have great ones, that you know.

Als. He's much

Bound to you, sir.

Ver. He shall be bound to me

As fast as this tie can hold him; I'll want

My will else.

Beat. [Aside.] I shall want mine, if you do it.

Ver. But come, by the way I'll tell you more of him.

230

Als. [Aside.] How shall I dare to venture in his castle,

When he discharges murderers at the gate?

But I must on, for back I cannot go.

Beat. [Aside.] Not this serpent gone yet?

[*Drops a glove*]

Ver. Look, girl, thy glove's fallen.

Stay, stay; De Flores, help a little.

235

[*Exeunt Vermandero, Alsemero, and Servants.*]

De F. Here, lady. [*Offers her the glove*]

Beat. Mischief on your officious forwardness; Who bade you stoop? They touch my hand no more:

There! For t' other's sake I part with this;

[*Takes off and throws down the other glove.*]

Take 'em and draw thine own skin off with 'em!

240

Exeunt [Beatrice and Diaphania].

De F. Here's a favour come with a mischief.

Now I know

She had rather wear my pelt tann'd in a pair

Of dancing pumps, than I should thrust my fingers

Into her sockets here. I know she hates me,

Yet cannot choose but love her. No matter,

245

If but to vex her, I'll haunt her still;

Though I get nothing else, I'll have my will.

Exit.

[*SCENE II — A Room in the House of Albius*]

Enter Albius and Lollio

Alib. Lollio, I must trust thee with a secret, But thou must keep it.

Lol. I was ever close to a secret, sir.

Alib. The diligence that I have found in thee,

The care and industry already past,

5

Assures me of thy good continuance.

Lollio, I have a wife

Lol. Fie, sir, 't is too late to keep her secret; she's known to be married all the town and country over.

10

Alib. Thou goest too fast, my Lollio. That knowledge

I allow no man can be barr'd it;

But there is a knowledge which is nearer,

Deeper, and sweeter, Lollio.

Lol. Well, sir, let us handle that between you and I

15

Alib. 'T is that I go about, man. Lollio,

My wife is young.

Lol. So much the worse to be kept secret, sir.

Alib. Why, now thou meet'st the substance of the point,

I am old, Lollio

20

Lol. No, sir, 't is I am old Lollio

Alib. Yet why may not this concord and sympathize?

Old trees and young plants often grow together, Well enough agreeing.

24

Lol. Ay, sir, but the old trees raise themselves higher and broader than the young plants.

Alib. Shrewd application! There's the fear, man;

I would wear my ring on my own finger;
 Whilst it is borrow'd, it is none of mine, 30
 But his that useth it

Lol. You must keep it on still then, if it but
 lie by, one or other will be thrusting into 't.

Alib. Thou conceiv'st me, Lollo; here thy
 watchful eye
 Must have employment. I cannot always be 35
 At home.

Lol. I dare swear you cannot

Alib. I must look out

Lol. I know 't, you must look out; 't is every
 man's case.

Alib. Here, I do say, must thy employ-
 ment be, 40
 To watch her treadings, and in my absence
 Supply my place

Lol. I'll do my best, sir; yet surely I cannot
 see who you should have cause to be jealous
 of. 45

Alib. Thy reason for that, Lollo? It is
 A comfortable question

Lol. We have but two sorts of people in the
 house, and both under the whip, that 's fools
 and madmen, the one has not wit enough to 50
 be knaves, and the other not knavery enough
 to be fools

Alib. Ay, those are all my patients, Lollo,
 I do profess the cure of either sort,
 My trade, my living 't is; I thrive by it, 55
 But here 's the care that mixes with my thrift.
 The daily visitants, that come to see
 My brain-sick patients, I would not have
 To see my wife Gallants I do observe
 Of quick enticing eyes, rich in habits, 60
 Of stature and proportion very comely
 These are most shrewd temptations, Lollo

Lol. They may be easily answered, sir, if
 they come to see the fools and madmen, you
 and I may serve the turn, and let my mis- 65
 tress alone, she 's of neither sort

Alib. 'T is a good ward; indeed, come they
 to see

Our madmen or our fools, let 'em see no more
 Than what they come for; by that consequent
 They must not see her; I'm sure she 's no 70
 fool.

Lol. And I'm sure she 's no madman.

Alib. Hold that buckler fast; Lollo, my
 trust

Is on thee, and I account it firm and strong
 What hour is 't, Lollo?

Lol. Towards belly-hour, sir.

Alib. Dinner-time? Thou mean'st twelve
 o'clock? 75

Lol. Yes, sir, for every part has his hour: we
 wake at six and look about us, that 's eye hour,

at seven we should pray, that 's knee-hour: at
 eight walk, that 's leg-hour; at nine gather
 flowers and pluck a rose, that 's nose-hour; 80
 at ten we drink, that 's mouth-hour; at eleven
 lay about us for victuals, that 's hand-hour; at
 twelve go to dinner, that 's belly-hour.

Alib. Profoundly, Lollo! It will be long
 Ere all thy scholars learn this lesson, and 85
 I did look to have a new one ent'red; — stay,
 I think my expectation is come home.

Enter Pedro, and Antonio [disguised] like an idiot

Ped. Save you, sir, my business speaks it-
 self:

This sight takes off the labour of my tongue.

Alib. Ay, ay, sir, it is plain enough, you
 mean 90

Him for my patient

Ped. And if your pains prove but commodi-
 ous, to give but some little strength to his sick
 and weak part of nature in him, these are
 [gives him money] but patterns to show you 95
 of the whole pieces that will follow to you, be-
 side the charge of diet, washing, and other
 necessities, fully defrayed

Alib. Believe it, sir, there shall no care be
 wanting

Lol. An officer in this place may de- 100
 serve something The trouble will pass through
 my hands

Ped. 'T is fit something should come to your
 hands then, sir [Gives him money.]

Lol. Yes, sir, 't is I must keep him sweet, 105
 and read to him what is his name?

Ped. His name is Antonio; marry, we use
 but half to him, only Tony

Lol. Tony, Tony, 't is enough, and a very
 good name for a fool -- What 's your name, 110
 Tony?

Ant. He, he, he! well, I thank you, cousin;
 he, he, he!

Lol. Good boy! hold up your head — He can
 laugh; I perceive by that he is no beast. 115

Ped. Well, sir,

If you can raise him but to any height,
 Any degree of wit, might he attain.
 As I might say, to creep but on all four
 Towards the chair of wit, or walk on crutches,
 'T would add an honour to your worthy
 pains, 121

And a great family might pray for you,
 To which he should be heir, had he discre-
 tion

To claim and guide his own. Assure you,
 sir,

He is a gentleman 125

Lol. Nay, there 's nobody doubted that; at

⁴⁶ It is: ('Tis' Q) ⁴⁹ fools: idiots ⁶⁷ ward: defense ⁸⁰ pluck a rose: (euphemism for "relieve the bowels") ⁹²⁻⁹³ commodious: beneficial ¹⁰⁵ sweet: clean

first sight I knew him for a gentleman, he looks no other yet.

Ped. Let him have good attendance and sweet lodging.

Lol. As good as my mistress lies in, sir; [130 and as you allow us time and means, we can raise him to the higher degree of discretion.

Ped. Nay, there shall no cost want, sir.

Lol. He will hardly be stretch'd up to the wit of a magnifico. 135

Ped. O no, that's not to be expected; far shorter will be enough.

Lol. I'll warrant you I'll make him fit to bear office in five weeks, I'll undertake to wind him up to the wit of constable. 140

Ped. If it be lower than that, it might serve turn.

Lol. No, fie; to level him with a head-borough, beadle, or watchman, were but little better than he is. Constable I'll able him, [145 if he do come to be a justice afterwards, let him thank the keeper: or I'll go further with you; say I do bring him up to my own pitch, say I make him as wise as myself.

Ped. Why, there I would have it. 150

Lol. Well, go to; either I'll be as arrant a fool as he, or he shall be as wise as I, and then I think 't will serve his turn

Ped. Nay, I do like thy wit passing well.

Lol. Yes, you may, yet if I had not been [155 a fool, I had had more wit than I have, too. Remember what state you find me in

Ped. I will, and so leave you. Your best cares, I beseech you

Alib. Take you none with you, leave 'em [160 all with us. *Exit Pedro.*

Ant. O, my cousin's gone! cousin, cousin, O!

Lol. Peace, peace, Tony; you must not cry, child, you must be whipp'd if you do; your cousin is here still, I am your cousin, Tony [165

Ant. He, he! then I'll not cry, if thou be'st my cousin; he, he, he!

Lol. I were best try his wit a little, that I may know what form to place him in.

Alib. Ay, do, Lollio, do. 170

Lol. I must ask him easy questions at first — Tony, how many true fingers has a tailor on his right hand?

Ant. As many as on his left, cousin.

Lol. Good. and how many on both? 175

Ant. Two less than a deuce, cousin.

Lol. Very well answered. I come to you again, cousin Tony: how many fools goes to a wise man?

Ant. Forty in a day sometimes, cousin. 180

Lol. Forty in a day? How prove you that?

Ant. All that fall out amongst themselves, and go to a lawyer to be made friends.

Lol. A parlous fool! he must sit in the fourth form at least I perceive that. — I come [185 again, Tony; how many knaves make an honest man?

Ant. I know not that, cousin.

Lol. No, the question is too hard for you. I'll tell you, cousin; there's three knaves [190 may make an honest man, — a sergeant, a jailer, and a beadle; the sergeant catches him, the jailer holds him, and the beadle lashes him; and if he be not honest then, the hangman must cure him 195

Ant. Ha, ha, ha! that's fine sport, cousin.

Alib. This was too deep a question for the fool, Lollio

Lol. Yes, this might have serv'd yourself, though I say 't. — Once more and you shall go play, Tony 201

Ant. Ay, play at push-pin, cousin; ha, he!

Lol. So thou shalt. say how many fools are here —

Ant. Two, cousin; thou and I 205

Lol. Nay, y'are too forward there, Tony. Mark my question, how many fools and knaves are here, a fool before a knave, a fool behind a knave, between every two fools a knave; how many fools, how many knaves? 210

Ant. I never learnt so far, cousin

Alib. Thou putt'st too hard questions to him, Lollio

Lol. I'll make him understand it easily. — Cousin, stand there 215

Ant. Ay, cousin

Lol. Master, stand you next the fool.

Alib. Well, Lollio

Lol. Here's my place. Mark now, Tony, there's a fool before a knave. 220

Ant. That's I, cousin.

Lol. Here's a fool behind a knave, that's I; and between us two fools there is a knave, that's my master, 't is but we three, that's all.

Ant. We three, we three, cousin 225

Madmen within.

1 [*Mad*] *within.* Put 's head i' th' pillory, the bread 's too little

2 [*Mad*] *within.* Fly, fly, and he catches the swallow

3 [*Mad*] *within.* Give her more onion, or the devil put the rope about her crag. 231

Lol. You may hear what time of day it is, the chimes of Bedlam goes.

Alib. Peace, peace, or the wire comes!

138 I'll make: ('make' Q) 148-149 head-borough: constable of a small town 144 beadle: minor parish officer 145 able: qualify him for the office of 157 state: position 173 true: honest 176 Two . . . deuce: s.e., none 178 goes to: make 184 parlous: shrewd 202 push-pin: a child's game 220 there's: ('there' Q) 231 crag: neck 234 wire: whip

3 [*Mad.*] *within* Cat whore, cat whore! her
permasant, her permasant! 236

Alib. Peace, I say! — Their hour 's come,
they must be fed, Lollo.

Lol. There 's no hope of recovery of that
Welsh madman; was undone by a mouse that
spoil'd him a permasant, lost his wits for 't 241

Alib. Go to your charge, Lollo; I 'll to
mine.

Lol. Go you to your madmen's ward, let me
alone with your fools 245

Alib. And remember my last charge, Lol-
lio. *Exit*

Lol. Of which your patients do you think I
am? Come, Tony, you must amongst your
school-fellows now, there 's pretty scholars 250
amongst 'em, I can tell you; there 's some of
'em at *stullus*, *stulta*, *stullum*

Ant. I would see the madmen, cousin, if they
would not bite me

Lol. No, they shall not bite thee, Tony. 255

Ant. They bite when they are at dinner, do
they not, coz?

Lol. They bite at dinner, indeed, Tony
Well, I hope to get credit by thee, I like thee
the best of all the scholars that ever I 260
brought up, and thou shalt prove a wise man,
or I 'll prove a fool myself *Exeunt*

ACTUS SECUNDUS

[SCENE I — *A Room in the Castle.*]

Enter Beatrice and Jaspertino severally

Beat. O sir, I 'm ready now for that fair
service

Which makes the name of friend sit glorious
on you!

Good angels and this conduct be your guide!

[*Giving a paper*]

Fitness of time and place is there set down,
sir

Jas. The joy I shall return rewards my serv-
ice. *Exit* 5

Beat. How wise is Alsemero in his friend!

It is a sign he makes his choice with judgment;
Then I appear in nothing more approv'd

Than making choice of him; for 't is a principle,
He that can choose 10

That bosom well who of his thoughts par-
takes,

Proves most discreet in every choice he makes.
Methinks I love now with the eyes of judg-
ment,

And see the way to merit, clearly see it
A true deserver like a diamond sparkles, 15

In darkness you may see him, that 's in absence,
Which is the greatest darkness falls on love;
Yet is he best discern'd then

With intellectual eyesight. What 's Piracquo,
My father spends his breath for? And his
blessing 20

Is only mine as I regard his name,
Else it goes from me, and turns head against
me,

Transform'd into a curse Some speedy way
Must be rememb'red He 's so forward too,
So urgent that way, scarce allows me breath 25
To speak to my new comforts.

Enter De Flores

De F. [*Aside.*] Yonder 's she;

Whatever ails me, now a-late especially,
I can as well be hang'd as refrain seeing her;

Some twenty times a day, nay, not so little,
Do I force errands, frame ways and excuses, 30

To come into her sight, and I have small reason
for 't,

And less encouragement, for she baits me still
Every time worse than other; does profess
herself

The cruellest enemy to my face in town;

At no hand can abide the sight of me, 35

As if danger or ill-luck hung in my looks.

I must confess my face is bad enough,

But I know far worse has better fortune,

And not endure'd alone, but doted on;

And yet such pick-hair'd faces, chins like
witches', 40

Here and there five hairs whispering in a cor-
ner,

As if they grew in fear one of another,

Wrinkles like troughs, where swine deformity
swills

The tears of perjury, that lie there like wash
Fallen from the slimy and dishonest eye, — 45

Yet such a one plucks sweets without restraint,
And has the grace of beauty to his sweet.

Though my hard fate has thrust me out to
servitude,

I tumbled into th' world a gentleman.

She turns her blessed eye upon me now, 50
And I 'll endure all storms before I part with 't.

Beat. [*Aside*] Again?

This ominous ill-fac'd fellow more disturbs me
Than all my other passions.

De F. [*Aside*] Now 't begins again; 55
I 'll stand this storm of hail, though the stones
pelt me

Beat. Thy business? What 's thy business?

De F. [*Aside.*] Soft and fair!

I cannot part so soon now.

236 permasant: Parmesan cheese 240-241 Of . . . am: Do you think me fool or madman?
242 stultus: foolish 24 rememb'red: thought of 25 baits: harasses 40 pick-hair'd: thin-bearded
46 plucks: ('pluckt' Q) 47 to his sweet: for his mistress

Beat. [*Aside.*] The villain 's fix'd. —
Thou standing toad-pool —

De F. [*Aside.*] The shower falls amain now.

Beat. Who sent thee? What 's thy errand?
Leave my sight! 60

De F. My lord your father charg'd me to
deliver

A message to you.

Beat. What, another since?
Do 't, and be hang'd then, let me be rid of thee.

De F. True service merits mercy.

Beat. What 's thy message?

De F. Let beauty settle but in patience, 65
You shall hear all

Beat. A dallying, trifling torment!

De F. Signor Alonzo de Piracquo, lady,
Sole brother to Tomaso de Piracquo —

Beat. Slave, when wilt make an end?

De F. Too soon I shall.

Beat. What all this while of him?

De F. The said Alonzo, 70
With the foresaid Tomaso —

Beat. Yet again?

De F. Is new alighted.

Beat. Vengeance strike the news!
Thou thing most loath'd, what cause was there
in this

To bring thee to my sight?

De F. My lord your father
Charg'd me to seek you out

Beat. Is there no other 75
To send his errand by?

De F. It seems 't is my luck
To be 'i' th' way still.

Beat. Get thee from me!

De F. So. —

[*Aside.*] Why, am not I an ass to devise ways
Thus to be rail'd at? I must see her still! 80
I shall have a mad qualm within this hour again,
I know 't; and, like a common Garden bull,
I do but take breath to be lugg'd again.

What this may bode I know not; I 'll despair
the less, 84

Because there 's daily precedents of bad faces
Belov'd beyond all reason. These foul chops
May come into favour one day 'mongst their
fellows.

Wrangling has prov'd the mistress of good
pastime;

As children cry themselves asleep, I ha' seen
Women have chid themselves a-bed to men. 90

Exit De Flores.

Beat. I never see this fellow but I think
Of some harm towards me; danger 's in my
mind still;

I scarce leave trembling of an hour after.
The next good mood I find my father in,
I 'll get him quite discarded. O, I was 95
Lost in this small disturbance, and forgot
Affliction's fiercer torrent that now comes
To bear down all my comforts!

Enter Vermandero, Alonzo, Tomaso

Ver. Y' are both welcome,
But an especial one belongs to you, sir, 99

To whose most noble name our love presents

The addition of a son, our son Alonzo

Alon. The treasury of honour cannot bring
forth

A title I should more rejoice in, sir.

Ver. You have improv'd it well — Daughter,
prepare;

The day will steal upon thee suddenly. 105

Beat. [*Aside.*] Howe'er, I will be sure to
keep the night,

If it should come so near me.

[*Beatrice and Vermandero talk apart.*]

Tom. Alonzo.

Alon. Brother?

Tom. In troth I see small welcome in her eye.

Alon. Fie, you are too severe a censurer

Of love in all points, there 's no bringing on
you 110

If lovers should mark everything a fault,

Affection would be like an ill-set book,

Whose faults might prove as big as half the
volume.

Beat. That 's all I do entreat

Ver. It is but reasonable, 114

I 'll see what my son says to 't — Son Alonzo,
Here 's a motion made but to reprieve

A maidenhead three days longer, the request

Is not far out of reason, for indeed

The former time is pinching

Alon.

Though my joys

Be set back so much time as I could wish 120

They had been forward, yet since she desires it,

The time is set as pleasing as before,

I find no gladness wanting

Ver. May I ever

Meet it in that point still! Y' are nobly wel-
come, sirs

Exeunt Vermandero and Beatrice.

Tom. So, did you mark the dulness of her
parting now? 125

Alon. What dulness? Thou art so excep-
tious still!

Tom. Why, let it go then, I am but a fool
To mark your harms so heedfully.

Alon. Where 's the oversight?

⁵⁹ standing: stagnant (Compare *Duchess of Malfi*, I ii 89, 90, and note) amain: with full force
⁶⁰ Garden: Paris Garden, on the Bankside, where bulls were baited ⁶¹ lugg'd: dragged by the ear
⁶² their: ('his' Q) ¹⁰¹ addition: title ¹⁰⁹ censurer: judge ¹¹⁰ bringing on you: getting you to
concede anything ¹¹⁶ motion: proposal ¹²⁶ exceptious: captious ¹²⁸ mark: note

Tom. Come, your faith's cozen'd in her,
strongly cozen'd

Unsettle your affection with all speed 130
Wisdom can bring it to; your peace is ruin'd
else

Think what a torment 't is to marry one
Whose heart is leapt into another's bosom:
If ever pleasure she receive from thee,
It comes not in thy name, or of thy gift; 135
She lies but with another in thine arms,
He the half-father unto all thy children
In the conception; if he get 'em not,
She helps to get 'em for him; and how dan-
gerous 139

And shameful her restraint may go in time too,
It is not to be thought on without sufferings.

Alon You speak as if she lov'd some other,
then

Tom. Do you apprehend so slowly?

Alon Nay, an that
Be your fear only, I am safe enough
Preserve your friendship and your counsel,
brother, 145

For times of more distress; I should depart
An enemy, a dangerous, deadly one,
To any but thyself, that should but think
She knew the meaning of inconstancy,
Much less the use and practice yet w' are
friends 150

Pray, let no more be urg'd, I can endure
Much, till I meet an injury to her,
Then I am not myself Farewell, sweet brother,
How much w' are bound to Heaven to depart
lovingly *Exit.*

Tom Why, here is love's tame madness,
thus a man 155
Quickly steals into his vexation. *Exit*

[SCENE II — Another Room in the Castle.]

Enter Diaphanta and Alsemero

Dia The place is my charge, you have kept
your hour,
And the reward of a just meeting bless you!
I hear my lady coming Complete gentleman,
I dare not be too busy with my praises,
They're dangerous things to deal with *Exit.*
Alse. This goes well, 5

These women are the ladies' cabinets,
Things of most precious trust are lock'd into 'em.

Enter Beatrice

Beat I have within mine eye all my desires.
Requests that holy prayers ascend Heaven for,
And brings 'em down to furnish our defects, 10

¹³⁹ cozen'd: cheated ¹³⁹ him: ('him, in his passions' Q) ¹⁴⁰ too: ('to' Q) ¹⁴⁴ How . . . lov-
ingly: s e, It is by Heaven's grace that we are allowed to separate without a quarrel ¹ Complete:
perfect ⁷ lock'd: ('lock' Q) ¹⁰ furnish: supply the lacks arising from ²⁵ And: understand
"you're: ('your' Q) ²⁷ condition: nature, quality ⁴⁶ art: cunning

Come not more sweet to our necessities
Than thou unto my wishes.

Als. W' are so like
In our expressions, lady, that unless I borrow
The same words, I shall never find their equals.

Beat How happy were this meeting, this em-
brace, 15

If it were free from envy! This poor kiss
It has an enemy, a hateful one,
That wishes poison to 't How well were I now,
If there were none such name known as Pi-
racquo,

Nor no such tie as the command of parents' 20
I should be but too much bless'd

Als One good service
Would strike off both your fears, and I'll go
near it too,

Since you are so distress'd Remove the cause,
The command ceases, so there's two fears
blown out

With one and the same blast.

Beat. Pray, let me find you, sir 25
What might that service be, so strangely happy?

Als The honourablest piece about man,
valour

I'll send a challenge to Piracquo instantly.

Beat How? Call you that extinguishing of
fear,

When 't is the only way to keep it flaming? 30
Are not you ventur'd in the action,
That's all my joys and comforts? Pray, no
more, sir

Say you prevail'd, you're danger's and not
mine then;

The law would claim you from me, or obscurity
Be made the grave to bury you alive. 35
I'm glad these thoughts come forth; O, keep
not one

Of this condition, sir! Here was a course
Found to bring sorrow on her way to death;
The tears would ne'er ha' dried, till dust had
chok'd 'em

Blood-guiltiness becomes a fouler visage; — 40
[*Aside.*] And now I think on one, I was to
blame,

I ha' marr'd so good a market with my scorn;
'T had been done questionless: the ugliest
creature

Creation fram'd for some use. yet to see 44
I could not mark so much where it should be!

Als Lady —

Beat. [Aside] Why, men of art make much
of poison,

Keep one to expel another Where was my art?
Als. Lady, you hear not me.

Beat. I do especially, sir.
The present times are not so sure of our side
As those hereafter may be; we must use 'em
then 50
As thrifty folks their wealth, sparingly now,
Till the time opens.

Als. You teach wisdom, lady.

Beat. Within there! Diaphanta!

Enter Diaphanta

Dia. Do you call, madam?

Beat. Perfect your service, and conduct this gentleman

The private way you brought him.

Dia. I shall, madam. 55

Als. My love 's as firm as love e'er built upon.

Exeunt Diaphanta and Alsemero.

Enter De Flores

De F. [Aside.] I 've watch'd this meeting, and
do wonder much

What shall become of t' other; I 'm sure both
Cannot be serv'd unless she transgress; haply
Then I 'll put in for one; for if a woman 60
Fly from one point, from him she makes a husband,

She spreads and mounts then like arithmetic;
One, ten, a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand,
Proves in time sutler to an army royal
Now do I look to be most richly rail'd at, 65
Yet I must see her.

Beat. [Aside.] Why, put case I loath'd him
As much as youth and beauty hates a sepulchre,
Must I needs show it? Cannot I keep that
secret,

And serve my turn upon him? See, he 's here. —
De Flores.

De F. [Aside.] Ha, I shall run mad with joy!
She call'd me fairly by my name De Flores, 71
And neither rogue nor rascal

Beat. What ha' you done
To your face a' late? You 've met with some
good physician,
You 've prun'd yourself, methinks. you were
not wont

To look so amorously.

De F. Not I, — 75

[Aside] 'T is the same physnomy, to a hair and
pimple,
Which she call'd scurvy scarce an hour ago:
How is this?

Beat. Come hither; nearer, man.

De F. [Aside.] I 'm up to the chin in Heaven!

Beat. Turn, let me see;

Faugh, 't is but the heat of the liver, I perceive 't; 80

I thought it had been worse.

⁷¹ prun'd: preened, beautified ⁷⁵ amorously: like a lover ⁸⁰ amber: ambergris ⁸³ water: lotion ⁸⁵ mends: improves

De F. [Aside.] Her fingers touch'd me!
She smells all amber.

Beat. I 'll make a water for you shall cleanse
thus

Within a fortnight.

De F. With your own hands, lady? 84

Beat. Yes, mine own, sir; in a work of cure
I 'll trust no other.

De F. [Aside.] 'T is half an act of pleasure
To hear her talk thus to me.

Beat. When w' are us'd
To a hard face, it is not so unpleasant;
It mends still in opinion, hourly mends;
I see it by experience.

De F. [Aside.] I was blest 90
To light upon this minute, I 'll make use on 't.

Beat. Hardness becomes the visage of a man
well,

It argues service, resolution, manhood,
If cause were of employment

De F. 'T would be soon seen
If e'er your ladyship had cause to use it, 95
I would but wish the honour of a service
So happy as that mounts to.

Beat. We shall try you. —
O my De Flores!

De F. [Aside.] How 's that? She calls me
hers

Already! *My De Flores!* — You were about
To sigh out somewhat, madam?

Beat. No, was I? 100
I forgot, — O! —

De F. There 't is again, the very fellow
on 't.

Beat. You are too quick, sir.

De F. There 's no excuse for 't now, I heard
it twice, madam,

That sigh would fain have utterance: take pity
on 't,

And lend it a free word 'Las, how it labours
For liberty! I hear the murmur yet 106
Beat at your bosom.

Beat. Would creation —

De F. Ay, well said, that 's it.

Beat. Had form'd me man!

De F. Nay, that 's not it.

Beat. O, 't is the soul of freedom!
I should not then be forc'd to marry one 110
I hate beyond all depths; I should have power
Then to oppose my loathings, nay, remove 'em
For ever from my sight.

De F. [Aside.] O bless'd occasion! —
Without change to your sex you have your
wishes;

Claim so much man in me.

Beat. In thee, De Flores? 115
There is small cause for that.

De F. Put it not from me,
It is a service that I kneel for to you. [*Kneels.*]

Beat. You are too violent to mean faithfully.
There's horror in my service, blood, and danger;
Can those be things to sue for?

De F. If you knew 120
How sweet it were to me to be employ'd
In any act of yours, you would say then
I fail'd, and us'd not reverence enough
When I receiv'd the charge on 't

Beat. [*Aside*] This is much,
Methinks, belike his wants are greedy; and 125
To such gold tastes like angel's food. — Rise

De F. I 'll have the work first

Beat. [*Aside*] Possible his need
Is strong upon him. — There 's to encourage
thee; [*Gives money*]

As thou art forward, and thy service dangerous,
Thy reward shall be precious

De F. That I have thought on; 130
I have assur'd myself of that beforehand,
And know it will be precious, the thought rav-
ishes!

Beat. Then take him to thy fury!

De F. I thirst for him.

Beat. Alonzo de Piracquo.

De F. [*Rising*] His end 's upon him;
He shall be seen no more

Beat. How lovely now 135
Dost thou appear to me! Never was man
Dearlier rewarded.

De F. I do think of that

Beat. Be wondrous careful in the execution

De F. Why, are not both our lives upon the
cast?

Beat. Then I throw all my fears upon thy
service 140

De F. They ne'er shall rise to hurt you

Beat. When the deed 's done,
I 'll furnish thee with all things for thy flight;
Thou may'st live bravely in another country.

De F. Ay, ay,

We 'll talk of that hereafter.

Beat. [*Aside*] I shall rid myself 145
Of two inveterate loathings at one time,
Piracquo, and his dog-face. *Exit*

De F. O my blood!
Methinks I feel her in mine arms already;
Her wanton fingers combing out this beard,
And, being pleased, praising this bad face. 150
Hunger and pleasure, they 'll commend some-
times

Slovenly dishes, and feed heartily on 'em
Nay, which is stranger, refuse daintier for 'em
Some women are odd feeders — I 'm too loud.
Here comes the man goes supperless to bed, 155
Yet shall not rise to-morrow to his dinner

¹⁵¹ pleasure: lust

¹⁵⁴ 'gainst: in anticipation of

* scone: fortification

Enter Alonzo

Alon. De Flores.

De F. My kind, honourable lord?

Alon. I am glad I ha' met with thee.

De F. Sir?

Alon. Thou canst show me
The full strength of the castle?

De F. That I can, sir.

Alon. I much desire it.

De F. And if the ways and straits 160
Of some of the passages be not too tedious for
you,

I will assure you, worth your time and sight, my
lord

Alon. Pooh, that shall be no hindrance.

De F. I 'm your servant, then.

'T is now near dinner-time; 'gainst your lord-
ship's rising

I 'll have the keys about me

Alon. Thanks, kind De Flores. 165

De F. [*Aside*] He 's safely thrust upon me
beyond hopes *Exeunt.*

ACTUS TERTIUS

[SCENE I — *A Narrow Passage in the Castle.*]

*Enter Alonzo and De Flores. In the act-time
De Flores hides a naked rapier [behind a
door]*

De Flores. Yes, here are all the keys; I was
afraid, my lord,

I 'd wanted for the postern, this is it.

I 've all, I 've all, my lord this for the scone.

Alon. 'T is a most spacious and impregnable
fort

De F. You 'll tell me more, my lord This
descent 5

Is somewhat narrow, we shall never pass

Well with our weapons, they 'll but trouble us.

Alon. Thou sayest true

De F. Pray, let me help your lordship.

Alon. 'T is done: thanks, kind De Flores.

De F. Here are hooks, my lord,
To hang such things on purpose 10

[*Hangs up his own sword and that
of Alonzo.*]

Alon. Lead, I 'll follow thee.

*Exeunt at one door and enter at the
other.*

[SCENE II — *A Vault*]

[*Enter Alonzo and De Flores*]

De F. All this is nothing; you shall see anon
A place you little dream on.

Alon. I am glad

Act III. s. d. act-time: interval between acts

I have this leisure; all your master's house
Imagine I ha' taken a gondola

De F. All but myself, sir, — [*aside*] which
makes up my safety. 5

My lord, I 'll place you at a casement here
Will show you the full strength of all the castle.
Look, spend your eye awhile upon that object.

Alon. Here 's rich variety, *De Flores*.

De F. Yes, sir.

Alon. Goodly munition.

De F. Ay, there 's ordnance, sir, 10

No bastard metal, will ring you a peal like
bells

At great men's funerals. Keep your eye
straight, my lord,

Take special notice of that sconce before you,
There you may dwell awhile.

[*Takes the rapier which he had hid
behind the door.*]

Alon I am upon 't.

De F. And so am I. [*Stabs him*]

Alon. *De Flores*! O *De Flores*! 15

Whose malice hast thou put on?

De F. Do you question

A work of secrecy? I must silence you

[*Stabs him*]

Alon O, O, O!

De F. I must silence you [*Stabs him*].

So here 's an undertaking well accomplish'd

This vault serves to good use now. ha, what 's
that 20

Threw sparkles in my eye? O, 't is a diamond

He wears upon his finger; 't was well found;

This will approve the work. What, so fast on?

Not part in death? I 'll take a speedy course
then

Finger and all shall off [*Cuts off the finger.*]

So, now I 'll clear 25

The passages from all suspect or fear.

Exit with body.

[SCENE III — *A Room in the House of Alibius*]

Enter Isabella and Lollo

Isa. Why, sirrah, whence have you commis-
sion

To fether the doors against me?

If you keep me in a cage, pray, whistle to me,

Let me be doing something

Lol. You shall be doing, if it please you; 5

I 'll whistle to you, if you 'll pipe after.

Isa Is it your master's pleasure, or your
own,

To keep me in this pinfold?

Lol. 'T is for my master's pleasure, lest being
taken in another man's corn, you might be 10
pounded in another place.

Isa. 'T is very well, and he 'll prove very wise.

Lol. He says you have company enough in
the house, if you please to be sociable, of all
sorts of people 15

Isa. Of all sorts? Why, here 's none but
fools and madmen.

Lol. Very well: and where will you find any
other, if you should go abroad? There 's my
master and I to boot too. 20

Isa Of either sort one, a madman and a
fool

Lol. I would ev'n participate of both then if
I were as you, I know y' are half mad already,
be half foolish too 25

Isa. Y' are a brave saucy rascal! Come on,
sir,

Afford me then the pleasure of your Bedlam.

You were commending once to-day to me

Your last-come lunatic; what a proper

Body there was without brains to guide it, 30

And what a pitiful delight appear'd

In that defect, as if your wisdom had found

A mirth in madness; pray, sir, let me par-
take,

If there be such a pleasure

Lol. If I do not show you the handsomest, 35
discreetest madman, one that I may call the
understanding madman, then say I am a fool

Isa. Well, a match, I will say so.

Lol When you have a taste of the madman,
you shall, if you please, see Fool's College, 40
o' th' other side I seldom lock there, 't is
but shooting a bolt or two, and you are amongst
'em

Exit. Enter presently
Come on, sir, let me see how handsomely
you 'll behave yourself now. 45

Enter Lollo [with] Franciscus

Fran. How sweetly she looks! O, but there 's
a wrinkle in her brow as deep as philosophy.
Anacreon, drink to my mistress' health, I 'll
pledge it. Stay, stay, there 's a spider in the
cup! No, 't is but a grape-stone; swallow it, 50
fear nothing, poet, so, so, lift higher

Isa Alack, alack, it is too full of pity
To be laugh'd at! How fell he mad? Canst
thou tell?

Lol. For love, mistress. He was a pretty
poet, too, and that set him forwards first, 55
the muses then forsook him; he ran mad for a
chambermaid, yet she was but a dwarf neither.

Fran Hail, bright Titania!

Why stand'st thou idle on these flow'ry banks?

Oberon is dancing with his Dryades; 60

I 'll gather daisies, primrose, violets,

And bind them in a verse of poesy.

²⁰ approve: prove the performance of ²⁵ suspect: suspicion ³ pinfold: sheep-pen, pound

¹⁷ Bedlam: lunatic asylum ³¹ proper: handsome ³⁵ a match: it is agreed ⁴¹ other: (not in Q)

⁴⁴⁻⁴⁵ Come . . . now: (This is spoken off-stage)

Lol. [*Holding up a whip.*] Not too near!
You see your danger.

Fran. O, hold thy hand, great Diomed! 65
Thou feed'st thy horses well, they shall obey thee:

Get up, Bucephalus kneels. [*Kneels*]

Lol. You see how I awe my flock; a shepherd has not his dog at more obedience.

Isa His conscience is unquiet; sure that was
The cause of this: a proper gentleman! 71

Fran Come hither, Æsculapius, hide the
poison

Lol. Well, 't is hid. [*Hides the whip*]

Fran. Didst thou ne'er hear of one Tiresias,
A famous poet?

Lol. Yes, that kept tame wild geese. 75

Fran That 's he, I am the man.

Lol. No?

Fran. Yes; but make no words on 't. I was
a man

Seven years ago

Lol. A stripling, I think, you might.

Fran Now I 'm a woman, all feminine. 80

Lol. I would I might see that!

Fran Juno struck me blind

Lol. I 'll ne'er believe that; for a woman,
they say, has an eye more than a man

Fran I say she struck me blind 85

Lol. And Luna made you mad you have
two trades to beg with

Fran. Luna is now big-bellied, and there 's
room

For both of us to ride with Hecate;
I 'll drag thee up into her silver sphere, 90
And there we 'll kick the dog — and beat the
bush —

That barks against the witches of the night,
The swift lycanthropi that walks the round,
We 'll tear their wolfish skins, and save the
sheep. [*Attempts to seize Lollio.*]

Lol. Is 't come to this? Nay, then, my 95
poison comes forth again. [*Showing the whip*]

Mad slave, indeed, abuse your keeper!

Isa. I prthee, hence with him, now he grows
dangerous.

Fran. Sing
Sweet love, pity me,
Give me leave to lie with thee. 100

Lol. No, I 'll see you wiser first. To your
own kennel!

Fran. No noise, she sleeps; draw all the cur-
tains round,

Let no soft sound molest the pretty soul
But love, and love creeps in at a mouse-hole.

Lol. I would you would get into your hole!

88 lycanthropi: werewolves 110 aunt: bawd (slang) 114 nigget: idiot 127 play . . . Orlando:
strike terror 131 amazing: wondering 138 scrutinous: scrutinizing, speculative 146-148 I Will:
('I 'le ' Q) 148 he: ('she ' Q) 149 the nearest: ('nearest ' Q) 150 galaxia: Milky Way

(*Exit Franciscus.*) — Now, mistress, I will 106
bring you another sort; you shall be fool'd
another while. Tony, come hither, Tony:
look who 's yonder, Tony.

Enter Antonio

Ant. Cousin, is it not my aunt? 110

Lol. Yes, 't is one of 'em, Tony

Ant He, he! how do you, uncle?

Lol Fear him not, mistress, 't is a gentle
nigget; you may play with him, as safely with
him as with his bauble. 115

Isa How long hast thou been a fool?

Ant Ever since I came hither, cousin.

Isa Cousin? I 'm none of thy cousins, fool.

Lol O, mistress, fools have always so much
wit as to claim their kindred. 120

Madman within. Bounce, bounce! he falls,
he falls!

Isa Hark you, your scholars in the upper
room

Are out of order.

Lol Must I come amongst you there? — 125
Keep you the fool, mistress; I 'll go up and
play left-handed Orlando amongst the mad-
men. *Exit.*

Isa. Well, sir.

Ant 'T is opportuneful now, sweet lady!
nay, 130

Cast no amazing eye upon this change.

Isa. Ha!

Ant This shape of folly shrouds your dearest
love,

The truest servant to your powerful beauties,
Whose magic had this force thus to transform
me. 135

Isa. You are a fine fool indeed!

Ant O, 't is not strange!
Love has an intellect that runs through all
The scrutinous sciences; and, like a cunning
poet,

Catches a quantity of every knowledge,
Yet brings all home into one mystery, 140
Into one secret that he proceeds in

Isa Y' are a parlous fool

Ant No danger in me; I bring nought but
love

And hiss oft-wounding shafts to strike you with.
Try but one arrow; if it hurt you, I 145
Will stand you twenty back in recompense.

[*Kisses her.*]

Isa. A forward fool too!

Ant. This was love's teaching:
A thousand ways he fashion'd out my way,
And this I found the safest and the nearest,
To tread the galaxia to my star. 150

Isa. Protound withal! certain you dream'd of this,
Love never taught it waking.

Ant. Take no acquaintance
Of these outward follies, there is within
A gentleman that loves you.

Isa. When I see him, 154
I'll speak with him; so, in the meantime, keep
Your habit, it becomes you well enough.
As you are a gentleman, I'll not discover you;
That's all the favour that you must expect. 158
When you are weary, you may leave the
school,
For all this while you have but play'd the fool.

Enter Lollio

Ant. And must again. — He, he! I thank
you, cousin;

I'll be your valentine to-morrow morning.

Lol. How do you like the fool, mistress?

Isa. Passing well, sir. 164

Lol. Is he not witty, pretty well, for a fool?

Isa. If he hold on as he begins, he's like
To come to something.

Lol. Ay, thank a good tutor You may put
him to't, he begins to answer pretty hard ques-
tions. — Tony, how many is five times six? 170

Ant. Five times six is six times five.

Lol. What arithmetician could have answer'd
better? How many is one hundred and seven?

Ant. One hundred and seven is seven hundred
and one, cousin. 175

Lol. This is no wit to speak on! — Will you
be rid of the fool now?

Isa. By no means; let him stay a little.

Madman (Within). Catch there, catch the
last couple in hell! 180

Lol. Again! must I come amongst you?
Would my master were come home! I am not
able to govern both these wards together *Exit.*

Ant. Why should a minute of love's hour
be lost? 184

Isa. Fie, out again! I had rather you kept
Your other posture; you become not your
tongue

When you speak from your clothes.

Ant. How can he freeze 188
Lives near so sweet a warmth? Shall I alone
Walk through the orchard of the Hesperides,
And, cowardly, not dare to pull an apple?

Enter Lollio above

This with the red cheeks I must venter for.

[Attempts to kiss her.]

Isa. Take heed, there's giants keep 'em

179-180 catch . . . hell: an allusion to the game of "barley-break" 187 from: out of keeping
with 186 Lipsius: Lipsius Justus (1547-1606), a popular humanist writer (with pun on "lips") 186 Ars
Amandi: Ovid's "Art of Love" 233 bankers: dike-tenders 235 another: ('other' Q) 237 Articks:

Lol. [*Aside.*] How now, fool, are you good at
that? Have you read Lipsius? He's past 195
Ars Amandi, I believe I must put harder ques-
tions to him, I perceive that.

Isa. You are bold without fear too.

Ant. What should I fear,
Having all joys about me? Do you smile,
And love shall play the wanton on your lip,
Meet and retire, retire and meet again; 201
Look you but cheerfully, and in your eyes
I shall behold mine own deformity,
And dress myself up fairer. I know this shape
Becomes me not, but in those bright mirrors
I shall array me handsomely.

Lol. Cuckoo, cuckoo! *Exit.* 206
*Madmen above, some as birds, others
as beasts.*

Ant. What are these?

Isa. Of fear enough to part us;
Yet are they but our schools of lunatics,
That act their fantasies in any shapes,
Suiting their present thoughts: if sad, they
cry; 210

If mirth be their conceit, they laugh again:
Sometimes they imitate the beasts and birds,
Singing or howling, braying, barking; all
As their wild fancies prompt 'em

Enter Lollio

Ant. These are no fears.

Isa. But here's a large one, my man. 215

Ant. Ha, he! that's fine sport, indeed,
cousin.

Lol. I would my master were come home!
'Tis too much for one shepherd to govern two
of these flocks; nor can I believe that one 220
churchman can instruct two benefices at once,
there will be some incurable mad of the one
side, and very fools on the other. — Come,
Tony

Ant. Prithee, cousin, let me stay here still. 225

Lol. No, you must to your book now; you
have play'd sufficiently.

Isa. Your fool is grown wondrous witty.

Lol. Well, I'll say nothing; but I do not think
but he will put you down one of these 230
days.

Exeunt Lollio and Antonio.

Isa. Here the restrained current might make
breach,
Spite of the watchful bankers. Would a woman
stray,

She need not gad abroad to seek her sin,
It would be brought home one ways or another:
The needle's point will to the fixed north; 236
Such drawing Articks womens' beauties are.

Enter Lollo

Lol. How dost thou, sweet rogue?

Isa. How now?

Lol. Come, there are degrees; one fool may be better than another. 241

Isa. What's the matter?

Lol. Nay, if thou giv'st thy mind to fool's flesh, have at thee!

Isa. You bold slave, you!

Lol. I could follow now as t' other fool [246 did:

"What should I fear,
Having all joys about me? Do you but smile,
And love shall play the wanton on your lip,
Meet and retire, retire and meet again; 251
Look you but cheerfully, and in your eyes
I shall behold my own deformity,
And dress myself up fairer. I know this shape
Becomes me not —"

And so as it follows: but is not this the [256 more foolish way? Come, sweet rogue, kiss me, my little Lacedæmonian; let me feel how thy pulses beat Thou hast a thing about thee would do a man pleasure, I'll lay my hand on 't 261

Isa. Sirrah, no more! I see you have discover'd

This love's knight errant, who hath made adventure

For purchase of my love. be silent, mute,
Mute as a statue, or his injunction 265
For me enjoying, shall be to cut thy throat,
I'll do it, though for no other purpose, and
Be sure he'll not refuse it.

Lol. My share, that's all,

I'll have my fool's part with you

Isa. No more! Your master.

Enter Alibius

Alib. Sweet, how dost thou?

Isa. Your bounden servant, sir.

Alib. Fie, fie, sweetheart, no more of that 271

Isa. You were best lock me up

Alib. In my arms and bosom, my sweet Isabella,

I'll lock thee up most nearly — Lollo,
We have employment, we have task in hand.
At noble Vermandero's, our castle captain, 276
There is a nuptial to be solemniz'd —
Beatrice-Joanna, his fair daughter, bride, —
For which the gentleman hath bespoke our pains,

A mixture of our madmen and our fools, 280
To finish, as it were, and make the fag
Of all the revels, the third night from the first;

²⁸⁴ For . . . of: to gain ²⁸¹ fag: fag-end
the stage ' commended: (not in Q)

Only an unexpected passage over,
To make a frightful pleasure, that is all,
But not the all I aim at. Could we so act it,
To teach it in a wild distracted measure, 286
Though out of form and figure, breaking time's head,

It were no matter, 't would be heal'd again
In one age or other, if not in this.

This, this, Lollo, there's a good reward begun,
And will beget a bounty, be it known 291

Lol. This is easy, sir, I'll warrant you: you have about you fools and madmen that can dance very well, and 't is no wonder, your best dancers are not the wisest men, the reason is, with often jumping they jolt their brains [296 down into their feet, that their wits lie more in their heels than in their heads

Alib. Honest Lollo, thou giv'st me a good reason,

And a comfort in it

Isa. Y'ave a fine trade on 't.
Madmen and fools are a staple commodity. 301

Alib. O wife, we must eat, wear clothes, and live

Just at the lawyer's haven we arrive,
By madmen and by fools we both do thrive.

Exeunt.

[SCENE IV. — *A Room in the Castle.*]

Enter Vermandero, Alsemero, Jasperino, and Beatrice

Ver. Valencia speaks so nobly of you, sir,
I wish I had a daughter now for you.

Als. The fellow of this creature were a partner

For a king's love

Ver. I had her fellow once, sir,
But Heaven has married her to joys eternal; 5
'T were sin to wish her in this vale again.

Come, sir, your friend and you shall see the pleasures

Which my health chiefly joys in.

Als. I hear

The beauty of this seat largely commended.

Ver. It falls much short of that.

Exeunt Manet Beatrice.

Beat. So, here's one step 10

Into my father's favour; time will fix him;

I've got him now the liberty of the house.

So wisdom, by degrees, works out her freedom;

And if that eye be dark'ned that offends me, —
I wait but that eclipse, — this gentleman 15

Shall soon shine glorious in my father's liking,

Through the refulgent virtue of my love.

²⁸⁸ passage over: rush of fools and madmen across

Enter De Flores

De F. [*Aside.*] My thoughts are at a banquet; for the deed,
I feel no weight in 't; 't is but light and cheap
For the sweet recompense that I set down for 't.

Beat. De Flores?

De F. Lady?

Beat. Thy looks promise cheerfully. 21

De F. All things are answerable, time, circumstance,

Your wishes, and my service.

Beat. Is it done, then?

De F. Piracquo is no more.

Beat. My joys start at mine eyes; our sweet'st delights 25

Are evermore born weeping

De F. I've a token for you

Beat. For me?

De F. But it was sent somewhat unwillingly;
I could not get the ring without the finger.

[*Producing the finger and ring*]

Beat. Bless me, what hast thou done?

De F. Why, is that more 30
Than killing the whole man? I cut his heart-strings;

A greedy hand thrust in a dish at court,
In a mistake hath had as much as this.

Beat. 'T is the first token my father made me send him.

De F. And I have made him send it back again 35

For his last token. I was loath to leave it,
And I'm sure dead men have no use of jewels;
He was as loath to part with 't, for it stuck
As if the flesh and it were both one substance

Beat. At the stag's fall, the keeper has his fees; 40

'T is soon appli'd: all dead men's fees are yours, sir

I pray, bury the finger, but the stone
You may make use on shortly; the true value,
Take 't of my truth, is near three hundred ducats.

De F. 'T will hardly buy a capcase for one's conscience though, 45

To keep it from the worm, as fine as 't is
Well, being my fees, I'll take it;
Great men have taught me that, or else my merit

Would scorn the way on 't.

Beat. It might justly, sir.

Why, thou mistak'st, De Flores; 't is not given
In state of recompense.

De F. No, I hope so, lady; 51

You should soon witness my contempt to 't then.

Beat. Prithee, — thou look'st as if thou wert offended.

De F. That were strange, lady; 't is not possible 54

My service should draw such a cause from you
Offended! Could you think so? That were much

For one of my performance, and so warm
Yet in my service.

Beat. 'T were misery in me to give you cause, sir.

De F. I know so much, it were so, misery 60
In her most sharp condition.

Beat. 'T is resolv'd then;

Look you, sir, here's three thousand golden florins;

I have not meanly thought upon thy merit.

De F. What! salary? Now you move me

Beat. How, De Flores?

De F. Do you place me in the rank of verminous fellows, 65

To destroy things for wages? Offer gold
For the life-blood of man? Is anything
Valued too precious for my recompense?

Beat. I understand thee not.

De F. I could ha' hir'd
A journeyman in murder at this rate, 70

And mine own conscience might have slept at ease,

And have had the work brought home

Beat. [*Aside.*] I'm in a labyrinth;

What will content him? I would fain be rid of him

I'll double the sum, sir.

De F. You take a course

To double my vexation, that's the good you do

Beat. [*Aside*] Bless me, I am now in worse plight than I was; 76

I know not what will please him. — For my fear's sake,

I prithee, make away with all speed possible;

And if thou be'st so modest not to name

The sum that will content thee, paper blushes not: 80

Send thy demand in writing, it shall follow thee;
But, prithee, take thy flight

De F. You must fly too, then.

Beat. I?

De F. I'll not stir a foot else.

Beat. What's your meaning?

De F. Why, are not you as guilty? In, I'm sure,

As deep as I; and we should stick together. 85
Come, your fears counsel you but ill; my absence

Would draw suspect upon you instantly;

There were no rescue for you.

²¹ have: (not in Q) ⁴⁵ capcase: band-box
at ease: (not in Q) ⁷⁶ brought home: (s.e., done by an agent) ⁸⁷ suspect: suspicion

⁵¹ state: place ⁶⁷ For: (not in Q) ⁷¹ slept

Beat. [*Aside.*] He speaks home!

De F. Nor is it fit we two, engag'd so jointly,
Should part and live asunder.

Beat. How now, sir? 90
This shows not well.

De F. What makes your lip so strange?
This must not be betwixt us.

Beat. The man talks wildly!

De F. Come, kiss me with a zeal now.

Beat [*Aside*] Heaven, I doubt him!

De F. I will not stand so long to beg 'em
shortly. 95

Beat. Take heed, De Flores, of forgetfulness,
'T will soon betray us.

De F. Take you heed first;
Faith, y' are grown much forgetful, y' are to
blame in 't.

Beat. [*Aside.*] He 's bold, and I am blam'd
for 't

De F. I have eas'd you
Of your trouble, think on 't; I 'm in pain, 100
And must be eas'd of you; 't is a charity.
Justice invites your blood to understand me

Beat. I dare not.

De F. Quickly!

Beat O, I never shall!
Speak it yet further off, that I may lose
What has been spoken, and no sound remain
on 't,

I would not hear so much offence again 106
For such another deed

De F. Soft, lady, soft!
The last is not yet paid for O, this act
Has put me into spirit, I was as greedy on 't
As the parch'd earth of moisture, when the
clouds weep. 110

Did you not mark, I wrought myself into 't,
Nay, sued and kneel'd for 't? Why was all
that pains took?

You see I 've thrown contempt upon your gold;
Not that I want it not, for I do piteously. 114
In order I 'll come unto 't, and make use on 't,
But 't was not held so precious to begin with,
For I place wealth after the heels of pleasure,
And were I not resolv'd in my belief
That thy virginity were perfect in thee,
I should but take my recompense with grudg-
ing. 120

As if I had but half my hopes I agreed for
Beat. Why, 't is impossible thou canst be so
wicked,

Or shelter such a cunning cruelty,
To make his death the murderer of my honour!
Thy language is so bold and vicious, 125
I cannot see which way I can forgive it
With any modesty.

De F. Pish! you forget yourself;

A woman dipp'd in blood, and talk of modesty!
Beat O misery of sin! would I 'd been bound
Perpetually unto my living hate 130

In that Piracquo, than to hear these words!
Think but upon the distance that creation
Set 'twixt thy blood and mine, and keep thee
there

De F. Look but into your conscience, read
me there;

'T is a true book, you 'll find me there your
equal 135

Pish! fly not to your birth, but settle you
In what the act has made you; y' are no more
now.

You must forget your parentage to me;
You 're the deed's creature, by that name
You lost your first condition, and I challenge
you, 140

As peace and innocency has turn'd you out,
And made you one with me.

Beat. With thee, foul villain!

De F. Yes, my fair murd'ress Do you urge
me,

Though thou writ'st maid, thou whore in thy
affection?

'T was chang'd from thy first love, and that 's
a kind 145
Of whoredom in thy heart; and he 's chang'd
now

To bring thy second on, thy Alsemero,
Whom, by all sweets that ever darkness tasted,
If I enjoy thee not, thou ne'er enjoy'st!
I 'll blast the hopes and joys of marriage, 150
I 'll confess all, my life I rate at nothing.

Beat. De Flores!

De F. I shall rest from all lover's plagues
then,

I live in pain now; that shooting eye
Will burn my heart to cinders.

Beat O sir, hear me!

De F. She that in life and love refuses me, 155
In death and shame my partner she shall be.

Beat. [*Kneeling*] Stay, hear me once for
all, I make thee master

Of all the wealth I have in gold and jewels;
Let me go poor unto my bed with honour,
And I am rich in all things!

De F. Let this silence thee:
The wealth of all Valencia shall not buy 161
My pleasure from me,
Can you weep Fate from its determin'd pur-
pose?

So soon may you weep me.

Beat. Vengeance begins;

Murder, I see, is followed by more sins. 165

101 of: by 114 it not: ('it' Q) 127, 128 Pish: ('Push' Q) 138 parentage: birth, position to:
in your relation with 148 lover's: (Dyce omits and reads "love-shooting" in the next line.) 144 you:
(not in Q)

Was my creation in the womb so curst,
It must engender with a viper first?

De F. [Raising her.] Come, rise and shroud
your blushes in my bosom;

Silence is one of pleasure's best receipts: 169
Thy peace is wrought for ever in this yielding.
'Las' how the turtle pants! Thou 'lt love anon
What thou so fear'st and faint'st to venture on.

Exeunt.

ACTUS QUARTUS

[DUMB SHOW]

Enter Gentlemen, Vermadero meeting them with action of wonderment at the flight of Piracquo. Enter Alsemero with Jasperino and gallants: Vermadero points to him, the gentlemen seeming to applaud the choice. Alsemero, Jasperino, and Gentlemen, [6 Beatrice the bride following in great state, accompanied with Diaphanta, Isabella, and other gentlewomen, De Flores after all, smiling at the accident: Alonzo's ghost [10 appears to De Flores in the midst of his smile, startles him, showing him the hand whose finger he had cut off. They pass over in great solemnity.

[SCENE I. — *Alsemero's Apartment in the Castle*]

Enter Beatrice

Beat. This fellow has undone me endlessly;
Never was bride so fearfully distress'd
The more I think upon th' ensuing night,
And whom I am to cope with in embraces,
One who 's ennobled both in blood and mind,
So clear in understanding, — that 's my plague
now — 6

Before whose judgment will my fault appear
Like malefactors' crimes before tribunals
There is no hiding on 't, the more I dive
Into my own distress. How a wise man 10
Stands for a great calamity! There 's no venturing

Into his bed, what course soe'er I light upon,
Without my shame, which may grow up to danger.

He cannot but in justice strangle me
As I lie by him; as a cheater use me, 15
'T is a precious craft to play with a false die
Before a cunning gamester. Here 's his closet;
The key left in 't, and he abroad i' th' park!
Sure 't was forgot; I 'll be so bold as look in 't.
[*Opens closet.*]

Bless me! a right physician's closet 't is, 20
Set round with vials; every one her mark too.
Sure he does practise physic for his own use,
Which may be safely call'd your great man's wisdom.

What manuscript lies here? "The Book of Experiment,
Call'd Secrets in Nature." So 't is: 't is so. 25
[*Reads.*] "How to know whether a woman be with child or no."

I hope I am not yet; if he should try though!
Let me see [*reads*] "folio forty-five," here 't is,
The leaf tuck'd down upon 't, the place suspicious. 29

[*Reads*] "If you would know whether a woman be with child or not, give her two spoonfuls of the white water in glass C —"

Where 's that glass C? O yonder, I see 't now —
[*reads*] "and if she be with child, she sleeps full twelve hours after; if not, not." 35

None of that water comes into my belly,
I 'll know you from a hundred, I could break
you now,

Or turn you into milk, and so beguile
The master of the mystery; but I 'll look to
you

Ha! that which is next is ten times worse: 40
[*Reads*] "How to know whether a woman be a maid or not."

If that should be appli'd, what would become
of me?

Belike he has a strong faith of my purity,
That never yet made proof, but this he calls [45
[*reads*] "A merry slight, but true experiment; the author Antonius Mizaldus. Give the party you suspect the quantity of a spoonful of the water in the glass M, which, upon her that is a maid, makes three several effects; [50
't will make her incontinently gape, then fall into a sudden sneezing, last into a violent laughing, else, dull, heavy, and lumpish."
Where had I been?

I fear it, yet 't is seven hours to bed-time. 55

Enter Diaphanta

Dia. Cuds, madam, are you here?

Beat. Seeing that wench now,
A trick comes in my mind; 't is a nice piece
Gold cannot purchase. [*Aside*] — I come
hither, wench,
To look my lord.

Dia. Would I had such a cause
To look him too! — Why, he 's i' th' park,
madam. 60

Dumb Show 10 accident: occasion Sc. I 1 who 's: ('both' Q) 11 Stands for: is open to 12 by: ('by by' Q) 13 slight: trick 14 Mizaldus: Antoine Mizauld (1520-1578), author of a work called *De Arcanis Naturæ* (cf. I 25). But the text comes from the same author's *Centuriæ IX. Memorabilium* (1613). 15 incontinently: immediately 16 Cuds: a petty oath 17 piece: young woman 18 look: look for

Beat. There let him be.

Dia. Ay, madam, let him compass
Whole parks and forests, as great rangers do,
At roosting-time a little lodge can hold 'em.
Earth-conquering Alexander, that thought the
world

Too narrow for him, in th' end had but his pit-
hole. 65

Beat. I fear thou art not modest, Diaphanta.

Dia. Your thoughts are so unwilling to be
known, madam.

'T is ever the bride's fashion, towards bed-time,
To set light by her joys, as if she ow'd 'em not.

Beat. Her joys? Her fears thou wouldst
say.

Dia. Fear of what? 70

Beat. Art thou a maid, and talk'st so to a
maid?

You leave a blushing business behind;
Beshrew your heart for 't!

Dia. Do you mean good sooth, madam?

Beat. Well, if I 'd thought upon the fear at
first,

Man should have been unknown.

Dia. Is 't possible? 75

Beat. I will give a thousand ducats to that
woman

Would try what my fear were, and tell me true
To-morrow, when she gets from 't, as she likes,
I might perhaps be drawn to 't

Dia. Are you in earnest?

Beat. Do you get the woman, then challenge
me, 80

And see if I 'll fly from 't, but I must tell you
Thus by the way, she must be a true maid

Else there 's no trial, my fears are not hers else

Dia. Nay, she that I would put into your
hands, madam,

Shall be a maid
Beat. You know I should be sham'd else, 85
Because she lies for me.

Dia. 'T is a strange humour!
But are you serious still? Would you resign
Your first night's pleasure, and give money too?

Beat. As willingly as live. — [*Aside*] Alas,
the gold

Is but a by-bet to wedge in the honour! 90

Dia. I do not know how the world goes
abroad

For faith or honesty; there 's both requir'd in
this.

Madam, what say you to me, and stray no
further?

I 've a good mind, in troth, to earn your money
Beat. Y' are too quick, I fear, to be a maid 95

Dia. How? Not a maid? Nay, then you
urge me, madam;

Your honourable self is not a truer,
With all your fears upon you —

Beat. [*Aside*] Bad enough then.

Dia. Than I with all my lightsome joys
about me

Beat. I 'm glad to hear 't. Then you dare
put your honesty 100

Upon an easy trial.

Dia. Easy? Anything.

Beat. I 'll come to you straight.

[*Goes to the closet.*]

Dia. She will not search me, will she,
Like the forewoman of a female jury?

Beat. Glass M' ay, this is it. [*Brings vial.*]

Look, Diaphanta,

You take no worse than I do [*Drinks*]

Dia. And in so doing, 105

I will not question what it is, but take it.

[*Drinks.*]

Beat. [*Aside.*] Now if th' experment be
true, 't will praise itself,

And give me noble ease: begins already;

[*Diaphanta gapes*]

There 's the first symptom; and what haste it
makes

To fall into the second, there by this time! 110

[*Diaphanta sneezes.*]

Most admirable secret! on the contrary,

It stirs not me a whit, which most concerns it.
Dia. Ha, ha, ha!

Beat. [*Aside*] Just in all things, and in
order

As if 't were circumscrib'd, one accident 115
Gives way unto another.

Dia. Ha, ha, ha!

Beat. How now, wench?

Dia. Ha, ha, ha! I 'm so, so light

At heart — ha, ha, ha! — so pleasurable!

But one swig more, sweet madam.

Beat. Ay, to-morrow, 120

We shall have time to sit by 't

Dia. Now I 'm sad again.

Beat. [*Aside*] It lays itself so gently too!
— Come, wench.

Most honest Diaphanta I dare call thee now.

Dia. Pray, tell me, madam, what trick call
you this?

Beat. I 'll tell thee all hereafter, we must
study 125

The carriage of this business.

Dia. I shall carry 't well,

Because I love the burthen.

Beat. About midnight

You must not fail to steal forth gently,

That I may use the place.

Dia. O, fear not, madam,

I shall be cool by that time. The bride's place,

⁶² rangers: hunting dogs ⁶⁹ ow'd: owned ⁸⁶ humour: whim ⁹⁰ by-bet: supplement
¹⁰⁰ honesty: chastity ¹¹⁶ accident: symptom ¹²² lays: allays

And with a thousand ducats! I 'm for a justice
 now, ¹³¹
 I bring a portion with me; I scorn small fools.
Exeunt.

[SCENE II. — *Another Room in the Castle.*]

Enter Vermandero and Servant

Ver. I tell thee, knave, mine honour is in question,
 A thing till now free from suspicion,
 Nor ever was there cause. Who of my gentlemen
 Are absent? Tell me, and truly, how many, and who?
Ser. Antonio, sir, and Franciscus. ⁵
Ver. When did they leave the castle?
Ser. Some ten days since, sir; the one intending to
 Briamata, th' other for Valencia.
Ver. The time accuses 'em; a charge of murder
 Is brought within my castle-gate, Piracquo's murder; ¹⁰
 I dare not answer faithfully their absence.
 A strict command of apprehension
 Shall pursue 'em suddenly, and either wipe
 The stain off clear, or openly discover it.
 Provide me winged warrants for the purpose ¹⁵
Exit Servant.
 See, I am set on again

Enter Tomaso

Tom. I claim a brother of you.
Ver. Y' are too hot;
 Seek him not here
Tom. Yes, 'mongst your dearest bloods,
 If my peace find no fairer satisfaction.
 This is the place must yield account for him,
 For here I left him; and the hasty tie ²¹
 Of this snatch'd marriage gives strong testimony
 Of his most certain ruin.
Ver. Certain falsehood!
 This is the place indeed; his breach of faith
 Has too much marr'd both my abused love, ²⁵
 The honourable love I reserv'd for him,
 And mock'd my daughter's joy; the prepar'd morning
 Blush'd at his infidelity; he left
 Contempt and scorn to throw upon those friends
 Whose belief hurt 'em. O, 't was most ignoble
 To take his flight so unexpectedly, ³¹
 And throw such public wrongs on those that
 lov'd him!

* Briamata: Vermandero's house ten leagues from Alicante (mentioned in Reynolds, *Triumphs of God's Revenge against Murder*) ¹¹ answer faithfully: answer for confidently ¹² apprehension: arrest ¹³ alliance: station, family ¹⁴ An: ('One' Q) ¹⁵ your most: most of your ¹⁶ chins and noses: ('sins and vices' Q)

Tom. Then this is all your answer?
Ver. 'T is too fair
 For one of his alliance; and I warn you
 That this place no more see you. *Exit.*

Enter De Flores

Tom. The best is, ³⁶
 There is more ground to meet a man's revenge
 on. —
 Honest De Flores?
De F. That 's my name indeed.
 Saw you the bride? Good sweet sir, which way
 took she?
Tom. I've bless'd mine eyes from seeing
 such a false one ⁴⁰
De F. [*Aside*] I 'd fain get off, this man's
 not for my company;
 I smell his brother's blood when I come near
 him.
Tom. Come hither, kind and true one; I
 remember
 My brother lov'd thee well
De F. O, purely, dear sir! —
 [*Aside*] Methinks I 'm now again a-killing
 on him, ⁴⁵
 He brings it so fresh to me
Tom. Thou canst guess, sirrah —
 An honest friend has an instinct of jealousy —
 At some foul guilty person.
De F. Alas! sir,
 I am so charitable, I think none
 Worse than myself! You did not see the bride
 then? ⁵⁰
Tom. I prithee, name her not: is she not
 wicked?
De F. No, no; a pretty, easy, round-pack'd
 sunner,
 As your most ladies are, else you might think
 I flatter'd her, but, sir, at no hand wicked,
 Till th' are so old their chins and noses meet,
 And they salute witches. I 'm call'd, I think,
 sir — ⁵⁶
 [*Aside.*] His company ev'n o'erlays my con-
 science. *Exit.*
Tom. That De Flores has a wondrous honest
 heart!
 He 'll bring it out in time, I 'm assur'd on 't.
 O, here 's the glorious master of the day's joy!
 'T will not be long till he and I do reckon. — ⁶¹

Enter Alsemero

Sir.
Als. You are most welcome.
Tom. You may call that word back;
 I do not think I am, nor wish to be.

Als. 'T is strange you found the way to this house then.

Tom. Would I'd ne'er known the cause!
I'm none of those, sir, 65

That come to give you joy, and swill your wine;
'T is a more precious liquor that must lay
The fiery thirst I bring.

Als. Your words and you
Appear to me great strangers

Tom. Time and our swords
May make us more acquainted. This the business: 70

I should have had a brother in your place;
How treachery and malice have dispos'd of him,
I'm bound to inquire of him which holds his right,

Which never could come fairly.

Als. You must look
To answer for that word, sir.

Tom. Fear you not, 75
I'll have it ready drawn at our next meeting.
Keep your day solemn; farewell, I disturb it not;
I'll bear the smart with patience for a time

Exit

Als. 'T is somewhat ominous this, a quarrel
ent'red
Upon this day; my innocence relieves me, 80

Enter Jasperino

I should be wondrous sad else. — Jasperino,
I have news to tell thee, strange news

Jas. I ha' some too,
I think as strange as yours Would I might
keep

Mine, so my faith and friendship might be kept
in 't!

Faith, sir, dispense a little with my zeal, 85
And let it cool in this

Als. This puts me on,
And blames thee for thy slowness.

Jas. All may prove nothing,
Only a friendly fear that leapt from me, sir.

Als. No question, 't may prove nothing,
let 's partake it though

Jas. 'T was Diaphanta's chance — for to
that wench 90

I pretend honest love, and she deserves it —
To leave me in a back part of the house,
A place we chose for private conference.
She was no sooner gone, but instantly
I heard your bride's voice in the next room to
me; 95

And lending more attention, found De Flores
Louder than she.

Als. De Flores! Thou art out now.

Jas. You'll tell me more anon.

71 had: (not in Q) 71 Keep . . . solemn: celebrate your marriage 80 partake: share 91 pretend: offer 95 prevent: anticipate 108 touch'd: tainted 109 resolv'd: assured, satisfied 112-114 I . . . some: I have given some study to it. 120 questionless: undoubtedly

Als. Still I'll prevent thee,
The very sight of him is poison to her.

Jas. That made me stagger too, but Diaphanta 100

At her return confirm'd it

Als. Diaphanta!

Jas. Then fell we both to listen, and words
pass'd

Like those that challenge interest in a woman.

Als. Peace: quench thy zeal, 't is dangerous
to thy bosom

Jas. Then truth is full of peril.

Als. Such truths are.

O, were she the sole glory of the earth, 106

Had eyes that could shoot fire into king's
breasts,

And touch'd, she sleeps not here! Yet I have
time,

Though night be near, to be resolv'd hereof;
And, prithe, do not weigh me by my passions.

Jas. I never weigh'd friend so.

Als. Done charitably! 111

That key will lead thee to a pretty secret,
[Giving key.]

By a Chaldean taught me, and I have
My study upon some. Bring from my closet
A glass inscrib'd there with the letter M, 115
And question not my purpose.

Jas. It shall be done, sir. *Exit.*

Als. How can this hang together? Not an
hour since

Her woman came pleading her lady's fears,
Deliver'd her for the most timorous virgin

That ever shrunk at man's name, and so
modest, 120

She charg'd her weep out her request to me,
That she might come obscurely to my bosom.

Enter Beatrice

Beat. [Aside.] All things go well; my woman's
preparing yonder

For her sweet voyage, which grieves me to lose;
Necessity compels it; I lose all, else. 125

Als. [Aside.] Pish! modesty's shrine is set
in yonder forehead:

I cannot be too sure though. — My Joanna!

Beat. Sir, I was bold to weep a message to
you;

Pardon my modest fears.

Als. [Aside.] The dove's not meeker;
She's abus'd, questionless.

Enter Jasperino [with vial].

O, are you come, sir?

Beat. [Aside.] The glass, upon my life! I
see the letter. 131

Jas. Sir, this is M. [*Giving vial.*]

Als. 'T is it.

Beat. [*Aside.*] I am suspected.

Als. How fitly our bride comes to partake with us!

Beat. What is 't, my lord?

Als. No hurt.

Beat. Sir, pardon me,
I seldom taste of any composition. 135

Als. But this, upon my warrant, you shall venture on.

Beat. I fear 't will make me ill.

Als. Heaven forbid that.

Beat. [*Aside.*] I 'm put now to my cunning:
th' effects I know,

If I can now but feign 'em handsomely.

[*Drinks.*]

Als. It has that secret virtue, it ne'er miss'd
sir, 140

Upon a virgin.

Jas. Treble-qualified?

[*Beatrice gapes and sneezes.*]

Als. By all that 's virtuous it takes there!
proceeds!

Jas. This is the strangest trick to know a
maid by.

Beat. Ha, ha, ha!

You have given me joy of heart to drink, my
lord. 145

Als. No, thou hast given me such joy of
heart,

That never can be blasted.

Beat. What 's the matter, sir?

Als. [*Aside.*] See now 't is settled in a
melancholy;

Keeps both the time and method — My Jo-
anna,

Chaste as the breath of Heaven, or morning's
womb, 150

That brings the day forth! thus my love en-
closes thee. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE III. — *A Room in the House of Alibius.*]

Enter Isabella and Lollio

Isa. O Heaven! is this the waning moon?
Does love turn fool, run mad, and all at
once?

Sirrah, here 's a madman, akin to the fool too,
A lunatic lover.

Lol. No, no, not he I brought the letter
from? 5

Isa. Compare his inside with his out, and
tell me.

Lol. The out 's mad, I 'm sure of that; I
had a taste on 't. [*Reads letter.*] "To the
bright Andromeda, chief chambermaid to the

¹ waning: ('waiting' Q) ²⁰ Why: ('We' Q)
words in the modest sense ²¹ Abuse: deceive

Knight of the Sun, at the sign of Scorpio, in [10
the middle region, sent by the bellows-mender
of Æolus. Pay the post." This is stark mad-
ness!

Isa. Now mark the inside. [*Takes the letter
and reads.*] "Sweet lady, having now cast [15
off this counterfeit cover of a madman, I appear
to your best judgment a true and faithful lover
of your beauty."

Lol. He is mad still.

Isa. [*Reads.*] "If any fault you find, [20
chide those perfections in you which have made
me imperfect; 't is the same sun that causeth
to grow and enforceth to wither —"

Lol. O rogue!

Isa. [*Reads.*] "Shapes and transshapes, [25
destroys and builds again. I come in winter to
you, dismantled of my proper ornaments; by
the sweet splendour of your cheerful smiles,
I spring and live a lover"

Lol. Mad rascal still! 30

Isa. [*Reads.*] "Tread him not under foot,
that shall appear an honour to your bounties.
I remain — mad till I speak with you, from
whom I expect my cure Yours all, or one
beside himself, *Franciscus.*" 35

Lol. You are like to have a fine time on 't.
My master and I may give over our profes-
sions; I do not think but you can cure fools and
madmen faster than we, with little pains too.

Isa. Very likely. 40

Lol. One thing I must tell you, mistress:
you perceive that I am privy to your skill; if I
find you minister once, and set up the trade, I
put in for my thirds; I shall be mad or fool else.

Isa. The first place is thine, believe it, Lollio,
If I do fall, —

Lol. I fall upon you.

Isa. So. 46

Lol. Well, I stand to my venture.

Isa. But thy counsel now; how shall I deal
with 'em?

Lol. Why, do you mean to deal with 'em? [50

Isa. Nay, the fair understanding, how to
use 'em.

Lol. Abuse 'em! That 's the way to mad
the fool, and make a fool of the madman, and
then you use 'em kindly.

Isa. 'T is easy, I 'll practise; do thou ob-
serve it. 55

The key of thy wardrobe.

Lol. There [*gives key*]; fit yourself for 'em,
and I 'll fit 'em both for you.

Isa. Take thou no further notice than the
outside *Exit*

Lol. Not an inch; I 'll put you to the in-
side. 60

²¹ the . . . understanding: understand my

Enter Alibius

Alib. Lollio, art there? Will all be perfect, think'st thou?

To-morrow night, as if to close up the Solemnity, Vermandero expects us.

Lol. I mistrust the madmen most; the fools will do well enough; I have taken pains with ⁶⁵ them.

Alib. Tush! they cannot miss; the more absurdity,
The more commends it, so no rough behaviours

Affright the ladies; they're nice things, thou know'st.

Lol. You need not fear, sir; so long as we ⁷⁰ are there with our commanding pizzles, they'll be as tame as the ladies themselves.

Alib. I will see them once more rehearse before they go.

Lol. I was about it, sir: look you to the ⁷⁵ madmen's morris, and let me alone with the other. There is one or two that I mistrust their fooling; I'll instruct them, and then they shall rehearse the whole measure

Alib. Do so, I'll see the music prepar'd:
but, Lollio, ⁸⁰
By the way, how does my wife brook her restraint?

Does she not grudge at it?

Lol. So, so, she takes some pleasure in the house, she would abroad else. You must allow her a little more length, she's kept too short ⁸⁵

Alib. She shall along to Vermandero's with us,

That will serve her for a month's liberty

Lol. What's that on your face, sir?

Alib. Where, Lollio? I see nothing

Lol. Cry you mercy, sir, 't is your nose; ⁹⁰ it show'd like the trunk of a young elephant.

Alib. Away, rascal! I'll prepare the music, Lollio. *Exit Alibius*

Lol. Do, sir, and I'll dance the whilst —
Tony, where art thou, Tony?

Enter Antonio

Ant. Here, cousin; where art thou? ⁹⁵

Lol. Come, Tony, the footmanship I taught you.

Ant. I had rather ride, cousin

Lol. Ay, a whip take you! but I'll keep you out; vault in: look you, Tony; fa, la, la, la, la. ^[Dances] ¹⁰⁰

Ant. Fa, la, la, la, la. ^[Sings and dances.]

Lol. There, an honour

Ant. Is this an honour, coz?

Lol. Yes, and it please your worship.

Ant. Does honour bend in the hams, coz? ¹⁰⁵

Lol. Marry does it, as low as worship, squireship, nay, yeomanry itself sometimes, from whence it first stiffened: there rise, a caper.

Ant. Caper after an honour, coz? ¹¹⁰

Lol. Very proper, for honour is but a caper, rises as fast and high, has a knee or two, and falls to th' ground again. You can remember your figure, Tony?

Ant. Yes, cousin; when I see thy figure, ¹¹⁵ I can remember mine. *Exit [Lollio].*

Enter Isabella, [dressed as a madwoman]

Isa. Hey, how he treads the air! Shough, shough, t' other way! he burns his wings else.

Here's wax enough below, Icarus, more than will be cancelled these eighteen moons. He's down, he's down! what a terrible fall he had! ¹²¹

Stand up, thou son of Cretan Dædalus,

And let us tread the lower labyrinth,

I'll bring thee to the clue

Ant. Prithce, coz, let me alone.

Isa. Art thou not drown'd? ¹²⁵
About thy head I saw a heap of clouds
Wrapp'd like a Turkish turban; on thy back

A crookt chameleon-colour'd rainbow hung

Like a tiara down unto thy hams.

Let me suck out those billows in thy belly; ¹³⁰
Hark, how they roar and rumble in the straits!

Bless thee from the pirates!

Ant. Pox upon you, let me alone!

Isa. Why shouldst thou mount so high as Mercury,

Unless thou hadst reversion of his place? ¹³⁵

Stay in the moon with me, Endymion,

And we will rule these wild rebellious waves,

That would have drown'd my love.

Ant. I'll kick thee, if
Again thou touch me, thou wild unshapen antic;

I am no fool, you bedlam! ¹⁴⁰

Isa. But you are, as sure as I am, mad.

Have I put on this habit of a frantic,

With love as full of fury, to beguile

The nimble eye of watchful jealousy,

And am I thus rewarded?

Ant. Ha! dearest beauty! ¹⁴⁵

Isa. No, I have no beauty now,

Nor never had but what was in my garments.

You a quick-sighted lover! Come not near me:

⁸⁸ so: provided that ⁸⁹ nice: fastidious ⁷¹ pizzles: whips ⁷⁶ morris: dance ⁹⁰ Cry . . . mercy: I beg your pardon ⁹¹ trunk . . . elephant: a traditional characteristic of the cuckold ¹⁰² honour: bow ¹¹⁴ figure: dance ¹¹⁷ he: ('she' Q) ¹²¹ straits: ('streets' Q) ¹²³ Bless: (God) protect

Keep your caparisons, y' are aptly clad;
I came a feigner, to return stark mad. *Exil.* 150
Ant. Stay, or I shall change condition,
And become as you are.

Enter Lollio

Lol. Why, Tony, whither now? Why,
fool —
Ant. Whose fool, usher of idiots? You cox-
comb!
I have fool'd too much. 155

Lol. You were best be mad another while
then.

Ant. So I am, stark mad; I have cause
enough;

And I could throw the full effects on thee,
And beat thee like a fury.

Lol. Do not, do not; I shall not forbear 160
the gentleman under the fool, if you do. Alas!
I saw through your fox-skin before now! Come,
I can give you comfort; my mistress loves you;
and there is as arrant a madman i' th' house
as you are a fool, your rival, whom she loves 165
not. If after the masque we can rid her of
him, you earn her love, she says, and the fool
shall ride her.

Ant. May I believe thee?

Lol. Yes, or you may choose whether you
will or no. 170

Ant. She 's eas'd of him; I 've a good quar-
rel on 't.

Lol. Well, keep your old station yet, and
be quiet.

Ant. Tell her I will deserve her love. [*Exit*]

Lol. And you are like to have your desire.

Enter Franciscus

Fran. [*Sings.*] "Down, down, down, a-down
a-down,"—and then with a horse-trick
To kick Latona's forehead, and break her bow-
string. 176

Lol. [*Aside.*] This is t' other counterfeit; I 'll
put him out of his humour. — [*Takes out a letter
and reads.*] "Sweet lady, having now cast this
counterfeit cover of a madman, I appear to 180
your best judgment a true and faithful lover of
your beauty." This is pretty well for a madman.

Fran. Ha! what 's that?

Lol. [*Reads*] "Chide those perfections in you
which have made me imperfect." 185

Fran. I am discover'd to the fool.

Lol. I hope to discover the fool in you ere
I have done with you. [*Reads.*] "Yours all, or
one beside himself, *Franciscus.*" This madman
will mend sure. 190

Fran. What do you read, sirrah?

¹⁷⁶ horse-trick: caper ¹⁸⁶ have: (not in Q)
nose your disease ²⁰⁴⁻²⁰⁵ fool . . . begg'd: whose guardianship and income might be begged
from the king

Lol. Your destiny, sir; you 'll be hang'd for
this trick, and another that I know.

Fran. Art thou of counsel with thy mistress?

Lol. Next her apron-strings 195

Fran. Give me thy hand.

Lol. Stay, let me put yours in my pocket
first. [*Putting letter into his pocket.*] Your
hand is true, is it not? It will not pick? I
partly fear it, because I think it does lie. 200

Fran. Not in a syllable.

Lol. So if you love my mistress so well as
you have handled the matter here, you are like
to be cur'd of your madness.

Fran. And none but she can cure it. 205

Lol. Well, I 'll give you over then, and she
shall cast your water next.

Fran. Take for thy pains past

[*Gives him money.*]

Lol. I shall deserve more, sir, I hope. My
mistress loves you, but must have some 210
proof of your love to her.

Fran. There I meet my wishes.

Lol. That will not serve, you must meet her
enemy and yours.

Fran. He 's dead already. 215

Lol. Will you tell me that, and I parted but
now with him?

Fran. Show me the man.

Lol. Ay, that 's a right course now; see him
before you kill him, in any case, and yet it 220
needs not go so far neither "T is but a fool that
haunts the house and my mistress in the shape
of an idiot, bang but his fool's coat well-
favouredly, and 't is well

Fran. Soundly, soundly! 225

Lol. Only reserve him till the masque be
past, and if you find him not now in the dance
yourself, I 'll show you. In, in! my master!

[*Dancing*]

Fran. He handles him like a feather. Hey!

[*Exit*]

Enter Alibius

Alib. Well said: in a readiness, Lollio? 230

Lol. Yes, sir.

Alib. Away then, and guide them in, Lollio:
Entreat your mistress to see this sight.

Hark, is there not one incurable fool

That might be begg'd? I 've friends.

Lol. I have him for you, 235
One that shall deserve it too.

Alib. Good boy, Lollio!

The madmen and fools dance.

'T is perfect: well, fit but once these strains,
We shall have coin and credit for our pains.

Exeunt.

¹⁷⁶ horse-trick: caper ¹⁸⁶ have: (not in Q) ¹⁹⁰ true: honest ²⁰⁷ cast . . . water: diag-
nose your disease ²⁰⁴⁻²⁰⁵ fool . . . begg'd: whose guardianship and income might be begged
from the king

ACTUS QUINTUS

[SCENE I. — *A Gallery in the Castle.*]*Enter Beatrice: a clock strikes one*

Beat. One struck, and yet she lies by 't!
O my fears!
This strumpet serves her own ends, 't is appar-
ent now,
Devours the pleasure with a greedy appetite,
And never minds my honour or my peace, 5
Makes havoc of my right. But she pays dearly
for 't;
No trusting of her life with such a secret
That cannot rule her blood to keep her prom-
ise;

Beside, I 've some suspicion of her faith to me,
Because I was suspected of my lord, 10
And it must come from her. *Strike two*

Hark! by my horrors,
Another clock strikes two!

Enter De Flores

De F. Pist! where are you?

Beat. De Flores?

De F. Ay. Is she not come from hum yet?

Beat. As I 'm a living soul, not!

De F. Sure the devil
Hath sow'd his itch within her. Who would
trust 15

A waiting-woman?

Beat. I must trust somebody

De F. Pish! they are termagants;
Especially when they fall upon their masters
And have their ladies' first fruits; they 're mad
whelps,

You cannot stave 'em off from game royal:
then 20

You are so rash and hardy, ask no counsel;
And I could have help'd you to a 'pothecary's
daughter

Would have fall'n off before eleven, and thank'd
you too

Beat. O me, not yet! this whore forgets
herself

De F. The rascal fares so well: look, y' are
undone; 25

The day-star, by this hand! see Phosphorus
plain yonder.

Beat. Advise me now to fall upon some ruin;
There is no counsel safe else.

De F. Peace! I ha 't now,
For we must force a rising, there 's no remedy.

Beat. How? take heed of that. 30

De F. Tush! be you quiet, or else give over
all.

Beat. Prithee, I ha' done then

³¹ rash: ('harsh' Q) ³² thank'd: ('thank' Q) ³³ Phosphorus: the morning star ('Boe-
phorus' Q) ³⁴ reach: scheme ³⁵ piece: gun

De F. This is my reach: I 'll set
Some part a-fire of Diaphanta's chamber.

Beat. How? Fire, sir? That may endanger
the whole house

De F. You talk of danger when your fame 's
on fire? 35

Beat. That 's true; do what thou wilt now.

De F. Pish! I am
At a most rich success strikes all dead sure.

The chimney being a-fire, and some light par-
cels

Of the least danger in her chamber only,
If Diaphanta should be met by chance then 40
Far from her lodging, which is now suspicious,
It would be thought her fears and affrights
then

Drove her to seek for succour; if not seen
Or met at all, as that 's the likeliest,
For her own shame she 'll hasten towards her
lodging; 45

I will be ready with a piece high-charg'd,
As 't were to cleanse the chimney there: 't is
proper now,

But she shall be the mark.

Beat. I 'm forc'd to love thee now,
'Cause thou provid'st so carefully for my hon-
our

De F. 'Slid, it concerns the safety of us
both, 50

Our pleasure and continuance

Beat. One word now,
Prithee; how for the servants?

De F. I 'll despatch them,
Some one way, some another in the hurry,
For buckets, hooks, ladders; fear not you,
The deed shall find its time, and I 've thought
since 55

Upon a safe conveyance for the body too:
How this fire purifies wit! Watch you your
minute.

Beat. Fear keeps my soul upon 't, I cannot
stray from 't.

Enter Alonzo's Ghost

De F. Ha! what art thou that tak'st away
the light

'Twixt that star and me? I dread thee
not. — 60

'T was but a mist of conscience; all 's clear
again. *Exit.*

Beat. Who 's that, De Flores? Bless me, it
slides by! *[Exit Ghost.]*

Some ill thing haunts the house; 't has left be-
hind it

A shivering sweat upon me; I 'm afraid now.
This night hath been so tedious! O this strum-
pet! 65

Had she a thousand lives, he should not leave her
Till he had destroy'd the last. List! O my terrors! *Struck three o'clock.*

Three struck by St. Sebastian's!

Within. Fire, fire, fire! 69

Beat. Already? How rare is that man's speed! How heartily he serves me! his face loathes one; But look upon his care, who would not love him? The east is not more beauteous than his service.

Within. Fire, fire, fire!

Enter De Flores: Servants pass over: ring a bell.

De F. Away, despatch! hooks, buckets, ladders! that 's well said. 75
The fire-bell rings; the chimney works, my charge;

The piece is ready. *Exit.*

Beat. Here 's a man worth loving!

Enter Diaphanta

O, y' are a jewel!

Dia. Pardon frailty, madam;
In troth, I was so well, I ev'n forgot myself.

Beat. Y' have made trim work!

Dia. What?

Beat. Hie quickly to your chamber; 80
Your reward follows you.

Dia. I never made
So sweet a bargain. *Exit.*

Enter Alsemero

Als. O my dear Joanna,
Alas! art thou risen too? I was coming,
My absolute treasure!

Beat. When I miss'd you,
I could not choose but follow.

Als. Th' art all sweetness: 85
The fire is not so dangerous

Beat. Think you so, sir?

Als. I prithee, tremble not; believe me, 't is not.

Enter Vermandero, Jasperino

Ver. O bless my house and me!

Als. My lord your father.

Enter De Flores with a piece

Ver. Knave, whither goes that piece?

De F. To scour the chimney. *Exit.*

Ver. O, well said, well said! 90

That fellow 's good on all occasions.

Beat. A wondrous necessary man, my lord.

Ver. He hath a ready wit; he 's worth 'em all, sir;

Dog at a house of fire; I ha' seen him singed ere now. — *The piece goes off.*

Ha, there he goes!

75 well said: well done 84 Dog: keen 101 countenance'd: had in service 110 thoroughly

Beat. 'T is done!

Als. Come, sweet, to bed now; 95
Alas! thou wilt get cold.

Beat. Alas! the fear keeps that out!
My heart will find no quiet till I hear
How Diaphanta, my poor woman, fares;
It is her chamber, sir, her lodging chamber.

Ver. How should the fire come there? 100

Beat. As good a soul as ever lady countenanc'd,

But in her chamber negligent and heavy:
She 'scap'd a mine twice.

Ver. Twice?

Beat. Strangely twice, sir.

Ver. Those sleepy sluts are dangerous in a house,

As they be ne'er so good

Enter De Flores

De F. O poor virginity, 105
Thou hast paid dearly for 't!

Ver. Bless us, what 's that?

De F. A thing you all knew once, Diaphanta 's burnt

Beat. My woman! O my woman!

De F. Now the flames
Are greedy of her; burnt, burnt, burnt to death, sir!

Beat. O my presaging soul!

Als. Not a tear more! 110
I charge you by the last embrace I gave you
In bed, before this rais'd us.

Beat. Now you tie me;
Were it my sister, now she gets no more.

Enter Servant

Ver. How now?

Ser. All danger 's past; you may now take 115
Your rests, my lords; the fire is thoroughly quenched

Ah, poor gentlewoman, how soon was she stifled!

Beat. De Flores, what is left of her inter,
And we as mourners all will follow her.

I will treat that honour to my servant 120
Ev'n of my lord himself

Als. Command it, sweetness.

Beat. Which of you spied the fire first?

De F. 'T was I, madam.

Beat. And took such pains in 't too? A double goodness!

'T were well he were rewarded.

Ver. He shall be. —

De Flores, call upon me.

Als. And upon me, sir. 125

Exeunt [all except De Flores].

De F. Rewarded? Precious! here 's a trick beyond me.
I see in all bouts, both of sport and wit,
Always a woman strives for the last hit. *Exit.*

[SCENE II. — *Another Room in the Castle.*]

Enter Tomaso

Tom. I cannot taste the benefits of life
With the same relish I was wont to do.
Man I grow weary of, and hold his fellowship
A treacherous bloody friendship, and because
I am ignorant in whom my wrath should settle,
I must think all men villains, and the next
I meet, whoe'er he be, the murderer
Of my most worthy brother Ha! what 's he?

Enter De Flores, passes over the stage.

O, the fellow that some call honest De Flores;
But methinks honesty was hard bested
To come there for a lodging, as if a queen
Should make her palace of a pest-house.
I find a contrariety in nature
Betwixt that face and me, the least occasion
Would give me game upon him, yet he 's so foul
One would scarce touch him with a sword he
lov'd
And made account of, so most deadly venomous,
He would go near to poison any weapon
That should draw blood on him, one must
resolve
Never to use that sword again in fight
In way of honest manhood that strikes him;
Some river must devour it, 't were not fit
That any man should find it What, again?

Enter De Flores

He walks a' purpose by, sure, to choke me up,
To infect my blood

De F. My worthy noble lord!

Tom. Dost offer to come near and breathe
upon me? [*Strikes him*]

De F. A blow! [*Draws*]

Tom. Yea, are you so prepar'd?
I 'll rather like a soldier die by th' sword,
Than like a politician by thy poison [*Draws*]

De F. Hold, my lord, as you are honourable!

Tom. All slaves that kill by poison are still
cowards.

De F. [*Aside*] I cannot strike, I see his
brother's wounds

Fresh bleeding in his eye, as in a crystal. —
I will not question this, I know 'y are noble;
I take my injury with thanks given, sir,
Like a wise lawyer, and as a favour
Will wear it for the worthy hand that gave it —
[*Aside*] Why this from him that yesterday
appear'd

" give . . . him: cause me to fight with him
ment: polite speech " I threw: (not in Q)

So strangely loving to me?

O, but instinct is of a subtler strain!

Guilt must not walk so near his lodge again;

He came near me now. *Exit.*

Tom. All league with mankind I renounce
for ever,

Till I find this murderer; not so much
As common courtesy but I 'll lock up;
For in the state of ignorance I live in,
A brother may salute his brother's murderer,
And wish good speed to th' villain in a greeting.

Enter Vermandero, Alibius, and Isabella

Ver. Noble Piracquo!

Tom. Pray, keep on your way, sir;
I 've nothing to say to you.

Ver. Comforts bless you, sir;

Tom. I 've forsworn compliment, in troth I
have, sir,

As you are merely man, I have not left

A good wish for you, nor any here.

Ver. Unless you be so far in love with grief,
You will not part from 't upon any terms,
We bring that news will make a welcome for us.

Tom. What news can that be?

Ver. Throw no scornful smile
Upon the zeal I bring you, 't is worth more, sir.

Two of the chiefest men I kept about me
I hide not from the law or your just vengeance.

Tom. Ha!

Ver. To give your peace more ample satis-
faction,

Thank these discoverers

Tom. If you bring that calm,
Name but the manner I shall ask forgiveness in
For that contemptuous smile I threw upon you;
I 'll perfect it with reverence that belongs
Unto a sacred altar [*Kneels.*]

Ver. [*Raising him.*] Good sir, rise,
Why, now you overdo as much a' this hand
As you fell short a' t' other. — Speak, Alibius.

Alb. 'T was my wife's fortune, as she is most
lucky

At a discovery, to find out lately,
Within our hospital of fools and madmen,
Two counterfeits slipp'd into these disguises,
Their names Franciscus and Antonio.

Ver. Both mine, sir, and I ask no favour for
'em.

Alb. Now that which draws suspicion to
their habits:

The time of their disguisings agrees justly
With the day of the murder.

Tom. O blest revelation!
Ver. Nay, more, nay, more, sir — I 'll not
spare mine own

In way of justice — they both feign'd a journey

" him: (not in Q) " still: always " compli-

To Briamata, and so wrought out their leaves;
My love was so abus'd in 't.

Tom. Time 's too precious
To run in waste now; you have brought a peace
The riches of five kingdoms could not purchase
Be my most happy conduct; I thirst for 'em: as
Like subtle lightning will I wind about 'em,
And melt their marrow in 'em. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE III.—*Alsemero's Apartment in the Castle.*]

Enter Alsemero and Jasperino

Jas. Your confidence, I 'm sure, is now of
proof;
The prospect from the garden has show'd
Enough for deep suspicion.

Als. The black mask
That so continually was worn upon 't
Condemns the face for ugly ere 't be seen, 5
Her despite to him, and so seeming bottomless.

Jas. Touch it home then; 't is not a shallow
probe
Can search this ulcer soundly; I fear you 'll
find it

Full of corruption. 'T is fit I leave you,
She meets you opportunely from that walk; 10
She took the back door at his parting with her.

Exit Jasperino.

Als. Did my fate wait for this unhappy
stroke
At my first sight of woman? She is here.

Enter Beatrice

Beat. Alsemero!

Als. How do you?

Beat. How do I?
Alas! how do you? You look not well. 15

Als. You read me well enough; I am not well.

Beat. Not well, sir? Is 't in my power to
better you?

Als. Yes.

Beat. Nay, then y' are cur'd again.

Als. Pray, resolve me one question, lady. 20

Beat. If I can.

Als. None can so sure: are you honest?

Beat. Ha, ha, ha! that 's a broad question,
my lord.

Als. But that 's not a modest answer, my
lady.

Do you laugh? My doubts are strong upon
me. 25

Beat. 'T is innocence that smiles, and no
rough brow

Can take away the dimple in her cheek.
Say I should strain a tear to fill the vault,
Which would you give the better faith to? 29

Als. 'T were but hypocrisy of a sadder colour,

But the same stuff; neither your smiles nor tears
Shall move or flatter me from my belief:

You are a whore!

Beat. What a horrid sound it hath!
It blasts a beauty to deformity;
Upon what face soever that breath falls, 35
It strikes it ugly. O, you have ruin'd
What you can ne'er repair again!

Als. I 'll all
Demolish, and seek out truth within you,
If there be any left; let your sweet tongue
Prevent your heart's rifting; there I 'll ransack
And tear out my suspicion.

Beat. You may, sir; 41
'T is an easy passage; yet, if you please,
Show me the ground whereon you lost your
love;

My spotless virtue may but tread on that
Before I perish

Als. Unanswerable; 45
A ground you cannot stand on; you fall down
Beneath all grace and goodness when you set
Your ticklish heel on 't. There was a vizor
O'er that cunning face, and that became you;
Now Impudence in triumph rides upon 't. 50
How comes this tender reconciliation else
'Twixt you and your despite, your rancorous
loathing,

De Flores? he that your eye was sore at sight of,
He 's now become your arm's supporter, your
Lip's saint!

Beat. Is there the cause?

Als. Worse, your lust's devil, 55
Your adultery!

Beat. Would any but yourself say that,
'T would turn him to a villain!

Als. It was witness'd
By the counsel of your bosom, Diaphanta.

Beat. Is your witness dead then?

Als. 'T is to be fear'd
It was the wages of her knowledge; poor soul,
She liv'd not long after the discovery. 61

Beat. Then hear a story of not much less
horror

Than this your false suspicion is beguil'd with;
To your bed's scandal I stand up innocence,
Which even the guilt of one black other deed 65
Will stand for proof of; your love has made me
A cruel murd'ress.

Als. Ha!

Beat. A bloody one;
I have kiss'd poison for it, strok'd a serpent:
That thing of hate, worthy in my esteem
Of no better employment, and him most worthy
To be so employ'd, I caus'd to murder 71
That innocent Piracquo, having no
Better means than that worst to assure
Yourself to me.

" wrought out: obtained " vizor: mask " stand up innocence: am innocent

Als. O, the place itself e'er since
Has crying been for vengeance! The temple, 75
Where blood and beauty first unlawfully
Fir'd their devotion and quench'd the right one;
'T was in my fears at first, 't will have it now:
O, thou art all deform'd!

Beat. Forget not, sir, 79
It for your sake was done. Shall greater dangers
Make the less welcome?

Als. O, thou should'st have gone
A thousand leagues about to have avoided
This dangerous bridge of blood! Here we are
lost.

Beat. Remember, I am true unto your bed

Als. The bed itself 's a charnel, the sheets
shrouds 85

For murder'd carcasses. It must ask pause
What I must do in this, meantime you shall
Be my prisoner only: enter my closet,

Exit Beatrice.

I'll be your keeper yet O, in what part
Of this sad story shall I first begin? Ha! 90
Thus same fellow has put me in. — De Flores!

Enter De Flores

De F. Noble Alsemero!

Als. I can tell you
News, sir; my wife has her commended to you.

De F. That 's news indeed, my lord, I think
she would

Commend me to the gallows if she could, 95
She ever lov'd me so well, I thank her.

Als. What 's this blood upon your band,
De Flores?

De F. Blood! no, sure 't was wash'd since.

Als. Since when, man?

De F. Since t' other day I got a knock
In a sword-and-dagger school; I think 't is out.

Als. Yes, 't is almost out, but 't is perceiv'd
though. 101

I had forgot my message; this it is,

What price goes murder?

De F. How, sir?

Als. I ask you, sir;
My wife 's behindhand with you, she tells me,
For a brave bloody blow you gave for her
sake 105

Upon Piracquo.

De F. Upon? 'T was quite through him
sure:

Has she confess'd it?

Als. As sure as death to both of you;
And much more than that

De F. It could not be much more;

'T was but one thing, and that — she is a whore.

Als. It could not choose but follow. O cunning
devils! 110

⁹¹ put me in: given me the cue ⁹⁷ band: collar ¹⁰⁴ behindhand with: in debt to ¹¹⁸ black
audience: s.e., of devils ¹²⁰ Clip: embrace ¹²¹ mare mortuum: dead sea ¹²⁷ my: (not in Q)

How should blind men know you from fair-
fac'd saints?

Beat. (Within.) He lies! the villain does belie
me!

De F. Let me go to her, sir.

Als. Nay, you shall to her. —
Peace, crying crocodile, your sounds are heard;
Take your prey to you, — get you in to her, sir:

Exit De Flores.

I'll be your pandar now; rehearse again 116
Your scene of lust, that you may be perfect
When you shall come to act it to the black au-
dience,

Where howls and gnashings shall be music to you.
Clip your adulteress freely, 't is the pilot 120
Will guide you to the *mare mortuum*,
Where you shall sunk to fathoms bottomless.

*Enter Vermandero, Albibus, Isabella, Tomaso,
Franciscus, and Antonio*

Ver. O Alsemero! I have a wonder for you.

Als. No, sir, 't is I, I have a wonder for you.

Ver. I have suspicion near as proof itself 125
For Piracquo's murder.

Als. Sir, I have proof
Beyond suspicion for Piracquo's murder.

Ver. Beseech you, hear me; these two have
been disguis'd
E'er since the deed was done.

Als. I have two other
That were more close disguis'd than your two
could be 130

E'er since the deed was done.

Ver. You'll hear me — these mine own ser-
vants —

Als. Hear me — those nearer than your
servants

That shall acquit them, and prove them guilt-
less. 134

Fran. That may be done with easy truth, sir.

Tom. How is my cause bandied through
your delays!

'T is urgent in my blood and calls for haste.

Give me a brother alive or dead;

Alive, a wife with him; if dead, for both

A recompense for murder and adultery. 140

Beat. (Within.) O, O, O!

Als. Hark! 't is coming to you.

De F. (Within.) Nay, I'll along for company.

Beat. (Within.) O, O!

Ver. What horrid sounds are these?

Als. Come forth, you twins
Of mischief!

Enter De Flores, bringing in Beatrice [wounded]

De F. Here we are; if you have any more
To say to us, speak quickly, I shall not 145

Give you the hearing else; I am so stout yet,
And so, I think, that broken rib of mankind.

Ver. An host of enemies ent'red my citadel
Could not amaze like this: Joanna! Beatrice!
Joanna!

Beat. O, come not near me, sir, I shall defile
you! 150

I am that of your blood was taken from you,
For your better health, look no more upon 't,
But cast it to the ground regardlessly,
Let the common sewer take it from distinction.
Beneath the stars, upon yon meteor 155

[*Pointing to De Flores.*]

Ever hung my fate 'mongst things corruptible;
I ne'er could pluck it from him; my loathing
Was prophet to the rest, but ne'er believ'd.
Mine honour fell with him, and now my life. —
Alsemero, I 'm a stranger to your bed; 160
Your bed was coz'n'd on the nuptial night, —
For which your false bride died.

Als. Diaphanta?

De F. Yes, and the while I coupled with
your mate

At barley-break; now we are left in hell

Ver. We are all there, it circumscribes us
here. 165

De F. I lov'd this woman in spite of her heart:
Her love I earn'd out of Piracquo's murder.

Tom. Ha! my brother's murderer?

De F. Yes, and her honour's prize
Was my reward; I thank life for nothing
But that pleasure; it was so sweet to me, 170
That I have drunk up all, left none behind
For any man to pledge me.

Ver. Horrid villain!

Keep life in him for further tortures.

De F. No!

I can prevent you; here 's my pen-knife still;
It is but one thread more [*stabbing himself*], and
now 't is cut. — 175

Make haste, Joanna, by that token to thee,
Canst not forget, so lately put in mind;
I would not go to leave thee far behind *Dies*

Beat. Forgive me, Alsemero, all forgive!

'T is time to die when 't is a shame to live. 180

Dies.

Ver. O, my name 's ent'red now in that
record

Where till this fatal hour 't was never read

Als. Let it be blotted out; let your heart
lose it,

And it can never look you in the face,
Nor tell a tale behind the back of life 185

To your dishonour Justice hath so right

The guilty hit, that innocence is quit

By proclamation, and may joy again —

Sir, you are sensible of what truth hath done;
'T is the best comfort that your grief can find.

Tom. Sir, I am satisfied; my injuries 191
Lie dead before me; I can exact no more,
Unless my soul were loose, and could o'ertake
Those black fugitives that are fled from hence,
To take a second vengeance; but there are
wraths 195

Deeper than mine, 't is to be fear'd, about 'em.

Als. What an opacous body had that moon
That last chang'd on us! Here is beauty
chang'd

To ugly whoredom; here servant-obedience
To a master-sin, imperious murder; 200

I, a suppos'd husband, chang'd embraces
With wantonness, — but that was paid be-
fore. —

Your change is come too, from an ignorant
wrath

To knowing friendship — Are there any more
on 's? 204

Ani. Yes, sir, I was chang'd too from a little
ass as I was to a great fool as I am; and had
like to ha' been chang'd to the gallows, but
that you know my innocence always excuses
me.

Fran. I was chang'd from a little wit to be
stark mad, 210

Almost for the same purpose.

Isa Your change is still behind,
But deserve best your transformation:
You are a jealous coxcomb, keep schools of
folly,

And teach your scholars how to break your own
head.

Alib. I see all apparent, wife, and will
change now 215

Into a better husband, and never keep
Scholars that shall be wiser than myself

Als. Sir, you have yet a son's duty living,
Please you, accept it; let that your sorrow,
As it goes from your eye, go from your heart,
Man and his sorrow at the grave must part. 221

EPILOGUE

Als. All we can do to comfort one another,
To stay a brother's sorrow for a brother,
To dry a child from the kind father's eyes,
Is to no purpose, it rather multiplies: 225
Your only smiles have power to cause re-live
The dead again, or in their rooms to give
Brother a new brother, father a child;
If these appear, all griefs are reconcil'd.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS

¹⁵¹ that . . . you: that part of your blood which was taken from you ¹⁵⁴ distinction: separate
existence ¹⁵⁶ hung: ('hang' Q) ¹⁶⁴ Cf III. iii. 180 ¹⁶⁵ us: (not in Q) ¹⁶⁶ hence: ('thence' Q)
¹⁶⁸ take: receive ²⁰⁸ innocence: idiocy

A¹² Gam^A at Chæss as it was Acted nine days together at the Globe

The Black-House | on the banks side, | The White-House.



BIBLIOGRAPHICAL RECORD. *A Game at Chess* is unusual among plays of the period in that it exists in five manuscripts and four quartos. The MSS. are as follows: (1) Trinity College, Cambridge; (2) the Henry E. Huntington Library (formerly in the Bridgewater Library); (3) Lansdowne MS. 690 in the British Museum; (4) Malone MS. 25 in the Bodleian; and (5) a MS. sold at Sotheby's on April 4, 1928. The first of these and a portion of the second are in Middleton's handwriting. The four quartos may all be assigned with some certainty to 1625. The earliest has an engraved title-page but no indication of date or printer (see facsimile). A second quarto followed with a new setting for only part of the text. This latter quarto was reissued without the title-page and with a new preliminary half-sheet bearing the date 1625. The fourth quarto appeared without indication of date or printer and with a new engraved title-page. All of the quartos present very imperfect texts. The only edition of the play which takes into account all the sources for the text is that by R. C. Bald (1929). His text is based on the Trinity College MS. (here referred to as 'MS'), with necessary additions from the Bridgewater-Huntington MS., and is here generally followed. (See, however, B. M. Wagner in *Modern Language Notes*, March, 1931, p. 195.)

DATE AND STAGE PERFORMANCE. The composition and original performance of this play belong to 1624. The sentence of impeachment against the Earl of Middlesex (the White Knight's Pawn) was pronounced on May 13, 1624. On June 12 the play was licensed by Sir Henry Herbert, and on August 6 it was acted by the King's Men. It produced an immediate sensation. Two quartos state that it was "Acted nine days together at the Globe on the banks side," although a different play was ordinarily produced every day. It was said to have produced the enormous sum of £ 1500, and a contemporary letter said that the actors took in £ 100 a day. The Spanish ambassador, however, quickly entered a protest, and on August 17 the theatre was closed, ostensibly because of the law forbidding the presentation of a modern Christian king on the public stage. The players appeared before the authorities on the following day, the future performance of the play was forbidden, and the Globe was closed during the King's pleasure. The actors were required to furnish bond, but the King's anger was short-lived, and the theatre shortly reopened on condition that the play should never be acted again. Middleton seems to have been in a place of safety during this period, and probably escaped without punishment, the tradition that he suffered imprisonment resting on no better authority than a manuscript note in an early copy of the play. (See B. M. Wagner, "New Allusions to *A Game at Chess*," *P M L A*, Sept., 1929.)

HISTORICAL BACKGROUND *A Game at Chess* gives effective dramatic expression to the current popular feeling and prejudice against Spain and the Roman Church. This feeling reached a focal point at the return of Prince Charles and Buckingham from Madrid in 1623. Their journey, which had been engineered by Gondomar, was for the purpose of arranging a marriage between Charles and the Infanta Maria. When the project fell through there was hysterical rejoicing in England, where it was generally believed that the union would have reduced England to a state of subservience to Spain and to the Pope. The patriotic fears of the English were centered on two figures, Count Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, and Marco Antonio de Dominis, archbishop of Spalatro, who wavered between Catholicism and Protestantism, received great favors from King James, and was the symbol of Roman Catholic perfidy to the heated English mind. The important figures in the history of the moment are represented in the play as follows: Black Knight — Gondomar; Fat Bishop — de Dominis; White King — King James, White Knight — Prince Charles; White Duke — Buckingham; Black King — Philip IV of Spain, Black Duke — Olivares, his chief minister; White Bishop — Archbishop Abbot of Canterbury; Black Bishop — the Father General of the Jesuits; White Queen — Church of England; Black Queen — Church of Rome; White Knight's Pawn — Lionel Cranfield, Earl of Middlesex. The minor plot deals in a general way with the methods of the Jesuits, and the characters probably represent types rather than individuals. The episode of the gelding of the White Bishop's Pawn seems to refer to the loss of the Palatinate by Frederick, the son-in-law of King James.

SOURCES Middleton derived much material, particularly for the minor plot, from some of the innumerable anti-Catholic pamphlets. His chief sources were: Thomas Robinson, *The Anatomie of the English Nunnerie at Lisbon* (1622); John Gee, *The Foote out of the Snare* (1624) and *New Shreds of the Old Snare* (1624); Thomas Scott, *Vox Populi* (1620) and *The Second Part of Vox Populi* (1624); and two anonymous pamphlets, *A Declaration of the Variance betweene the Pope and the Segniory of Venice* (1606) and *Neues from Rome Spalato's Doome* (1624). For a more detailed discussion of sources and historical background, see the introduction to Bald's edition of the play, and the valuable notes in Bullen's (1886).

THOMAS MIDDLETON (1580–1627)

A GAME AT CHESS

[DRAMATIS PERSONAE

WHITE KING
WHITE KNIGHT
WHITE DUKE
WHITE BISHOP
PAWNS

BLACK KING
BLACK KNIGHT
BLACK DUKE
BLACK BISHOP
PAWNS

FAT BISHOP
HIS PAWN

WHITE QUEEN
HER PAWN

BLACK QUEEN
HER PAWN

IN THE INDUCTION

IGNATIUS LOYOLA
ERROR]

THE PICTURE PLAINLY EXPLAINED AFTER THE MANNER OF THE CHESS-PLAY

A GAME at Chess is here display'd,
Between the Black and White House made,
Wherein crown-thrusting policy
For the Black House, by fallacy,
To the White Knight check often gives, 5
And to some straits him thereby drives;
The Fat Black Bishop helps also,
With faithless heart, to give the blow:
Yet, maugre all their craft, at length
The White Knight, with wit-wondrous strength 10
And circumspective prudence,
Gives check-mate by discovery
To the Black Knight and so at last,
The Game thus won, the Black House cast
Into the Bag, and therein shut, 15
Find all their plumes and coxcombs cut.
Plain dealing thus, by wisdom's guide,
Defeats the cheats of craft and pride

PROLOGUE

WHAT of the game call'd Chess-play can be made
To make a stage-play, shall this day be play'd.
First, you shall see the men in order set,
States and their pawns, when both the sides are met,
The Houses well distinguish'd, in the game 5
Some men entrapp'd and taken, to their shame,
Rewarded by their play; and, in the close,
You shall see check-mate given to virtue's foes:
But the fair'st jewel that our hopes can deck,
Is so to play our game to avoid your check. 10

The Picture: (See page 943) Prol. 4 States: persons of high rank
945

The Induction

*Ignatius Loyola appearing, Error at his
foot as asleep*

Ign. Ha! where? what angle of the world is
this,

That I can neither see the politic face,
Nor with my refin'd nostrils taste the footsteps
Of any of my disciples, sons and heirs
As well of my designs as institution? 5

I thought they 'd spread over the world by this
time,

Cover'd the earth's face, and made dark the
land,

Like the Egyptian grasshoppers.

Here 's too much light appears, shot from the
eyes

Of Truth and Goodness never yet deflower'd.
Sure they were never here; then is their mon-
archy 11

Unperfect yet; a just reward, I see,
For their ingratitude so long to me,
Their father and their founder

'T is not five years since I was sainted by 'em: 15
Where slept my honour all the time before?

Could they be so forgetful to canonize
Their prosperous institutor? when they had
sainted me,

They found no room in all their calendar
To place my name, that should have remov'd
princes, 20

Pull'd the most eminent prelates by the roots
up

For my dear coming, to make way for me,
Let every petty martyr and saint homily,
Roch, Main, and Petronill, itch- and ague-
curers,

Your Abbess Aldegund and Cunegund, 25
The widow Marcell, parson Polycarp,

Cecily and Ursula, all take place of me;
And but for the bissexile or leap-year,

And that 's but one in three, I fall by chance
Into the nine-and-twentieth day of February; 30
There were no room else for me: see their
love,

Their conscience too, to thrust me a lame soldier
Into leap-year! My wrath 's up, and, methinks,
I could with the first syllable of my name

Blow up their colleges. — Up, Error, wake! 35
Father of supererogation, rise!

It is Ignatius calls thee, Loyola.

Error. What have you done? O, I could
sleep in ignorance

Immortally, the slumber is so pleasing!

I saw the bravest setting for a game now 40
That ever my eye fix'd on.

Ign. Game, what game?

Error. The noblest game of all, a game at
chess,

Betwixt our side and the White House; the
men set

In their just order, ready to go to it. 45

Ign. Were any of my sons plac'd for the
game?

Error. Yes, and a daughter too; a secular
daughter

That plays the Black Queen's Pawn, he the
Black Bishop's.

Ign. If ever power could show a mastery
in thee,

Let it appear in this!

Error 'Tis but a dream, 50
A vision, you must think

Ign I care not what,

So I behold the children of my cunning,
And see what rank they keep.

Error. You have your wish:

Musick. Enter severally, in order of game,
the White and Black Houses

Behold, there 's the full number of the game,
Kings and their Pawns, Queens, Bishops,
Knights, and Dukes 55

Ign Dukes? they 're call'd Rooks by some

Error Corruptively;
Le roc the word, *custode de la roche*,

The keeper of the forts, in whom both Kings
Repose much confidence; and for their trust-
sake,

Courage, and worth, do well deserve those
titles. 60

Ign. The answer 's high: I see my son and
daughter.

Error. Those are two Pawns, the Black
Queen's and Black Bishop's

Ign. Pawns argue but poor spirits and slight
preferments,

Nor worthy of the name of my disciples:
If I had stood so nigh, I would have cut 65

That bishop's throat but I'd have had his place,
And told the Queen a love-tale in her ear

Would make her best pulse dance: there 's no
elixir

Of brain or spirit amongst 'em.

Error. Why, would you have 'em play
against themselves? 70

That 's quite against the rule of game, Ignatius.

Induction s D. Loyola: founder of Society of Jesus (1491–1556) ¹ angle: corner ² taste: smell, detect ³ Egyptian grasshoppers: (a common term for the Jesuits) ¹⁴ (Loyola was canonized in 1623) ¹⁵ institutor: founder ^{26–27} Roch . . . Ursula: well-known saints or persons renowned for piety ³² lame: (Loyola limped as the result of a wound received at the siege of Pampeluna in 1521.) ⁴⁹ mastery: masterly operation ⁵⁷ Le roc: fortress (original form of "rook")

Ign. Pish, I would rule myself, not observe rule.

Error. Why, then, you 'd play a game all by yourself.

Ign. I would do anything to rule alone:

'T is rare to have the world reign'd in by one. 75

Error. See 'em anon, and mark 'em in their play;

Observe, as in a dance, they glide away.

[*Exeunt the two Houses.*]

Ign. O, with what longings will this breast be toss'd,

Until I see this great game won and lost.

[*Exeunt*]

Actus Primi, Scæna Prima

[*Field between the two Houses*]

Enter from the Black House, the Black Queen's Pawn, from the White House, the White Queen's Pawn

B Q Pawn. I ne'er see that face but my pity rises;

When I behold so clear a masterpiece
Of heaven's art wrought out of dust and ashes,
And at next thought to give her lost eternally,
In being not ours, but the daughter of heresy, s
My soul bleeds at mine eyes.

W Q Pawn. Where should truth speak,
If not in such a sorrow? they 're tears plainly:
Beshrew me, if she weep not heartily!
What is my peace to her to take such pains in 't?
If I wander to loss, and with broad eyes 10
Yet miss the path she can run blindfold in
Through often exercise, why should my over-
sight,

Though in the best game that e'er Christian
lost,

Raise the least spring of pity in her eye?
'T is doubtless a great charity, and no virtue 15
Could win me surer.

B Q Pawn. Blessed things prevail with 't!
If ever goodness made a gracious promise,
It is in yonder look: what little pains
Would build a fort for virtue to all memory
In that sweet creature, were the ground-work
firmer! 20

W Q Pawn. It has been all my glory to be
firm

In what I have profess'd.

B Q Pawn. That is the enemy
That steals your strength away, and fights
against you,

Disarms your soul e'en in the heat of battle;
Your firmness that way makes you more in-
firm 25

For the right Christian conflict. There I spied
A zealous primitive sparkle but now flew
From your devoted eye,

Able to blow up all the heresies
That ever sate in council with your spirit. 30

And here comes he whose sanctimonious breath
Can make that spark a flame. List to him,
virgin,

At whose first entrance princes will fall pros-
trate;

Women are weaker vessels.

Enter the Black Bishop's Pawn: a Jesuit

W Q Pawn. By my penitence,
A comely presentation, and the habit 35
To admiration reverend!

B Q Pawn. But the heart, the heart, lady,
So meek that as you see good Charity pictur'd
still

With young ones in her arms, so will he cherish
All his young, tractable, sweet obedient daugh-
ters

E'en in his bosom, in his own dear bosom. 40
I am myself a secular Jesuit,

As many ladies are of wealth and greatness:
A second sort are Jesuits *in voto*,
Giving their vow in to the Father General,
That 's the Black Bishop of our House, whose
Pawn 45

This gentleman now stands for, to receive
The college-habit at his holy pleasure.

W Q Pawn. But how are those *in voto*
employ'd, lady,

Till they receive the habit?

B Q Pawn. They 're not idle;
He finds 'em all true labourers in the work so
Of the universal monarchy, which he
And his disciples principally aim at:

Those are maintain'd in many courts and
palaces,

And are induc'd by noble personages
Into great princes' services, and prove 55

Some councillors of state, some secretaries;
All serving in notes of intelligence —

As parish-clerks their mortuary-bills —
To the Father General: so are designs

Of-times prevented, and important secrets 60
Of states discover'd, yet no author found,

But those suspected oft that are most sound.
This mystery is too deep yet for your entrance;

And I offend to set your zeal so back:

⁴ give her: regard her as ¹⁰ broad: wide open ¹² often: frequent ²⁵ presentation: appearance
⁴¹ Jesuit: (There was an order of women who preached in the Jesuit habit) ⁴² in voto: by
 vow, as novices ⁴³ universal monarchy: popularly supposed to be Spain's ambition ⁴⁴ induc'd:
 introduced ⁴⁷ intelligence: news, information ⁶⁰ prevented: anticipated ⁶¹ discover'd: re-
 vealed ⁶² for . . . entrance: for you to be initiated into

Check'd by obedience with desire to hasten 65
Your progress to perfection, I commit you
To the great worker's hands; to whose grave
worth

I fit my reverence, as to you my wishes.

B. B. Pawn. [*Aside to B. Q. Pawn.*] Dost
find her supple?

B. Q. Pawn. There 's a little passage made.
[*Exit.*]

B. B. Pawn. Let me contemplate, 70
With holy wonder season my access,
And, by degrees, approach the sanctuary
Of unmatch'd beauty, set in grace and good-
ness.

Amongst the daughters of men I have not found
A more Catholical aspect. that eye 75
Does promise single life and meek obedience;
Upon those lips, the sweet fresh buds of youth,
The holy dew of prayer lies, like pearl
Dropp'd from the opening eyelids of the morn
Upon the bashful rose How beauteously 80
A gentle fast, not rigorously impos'd,
Would look upon that cheek! and how delight-
fully

The courteous physic of a tender penance,
Whose utmost cruelty should not exceed
The first fear of a bride, to beat down frailty, 85
Would work to sound health your long-fester'd
judgment.
And make your merit, which, through erring
ignorance,

Appears but spotted righteousness to me,
Far clearer than the innocence of infants!

W. Q. Pawn. To that good work I bow, and
will become 90

Obedience' humblest daughter, since I find
Th' assistance of a sacred strength to aid me:
The labour is as easy to serve virtue
The right way, since 't is she I ever serv'd
In my desire, though I transgress'd in judg-
ment. 95

B. B. Pawn. That 's easily absolv'd amongst
the rest

You shall not find the virtue that you serve now
A sharp and cruel mistress, her ear 's open
To all your supplications; you may boldly
And safely let in the most secret sin 100
Into her knowledge, which, like vanish'd man,
Never returns into the world again;
Fate locks not up more trulier.

W. Q. Pawn. To the guilty

That may appear some benefit.

B. B. Pawn. Who is so innocent
That never stands in need on 't in some kind? 105
If every thought were blabb'd that 's so con-
fess'd,

The very air we breathe would be unblest. —
Now to the work indeed, which is to catch
Her inclination; that 's the special use
We make of all our practice in all kingdoms; 110
For by disclosing their most secret frailties,
Things which, once ours, they must not hide
from us
(That 's the first article in the creed we teach
'em),

Finding to what point their blood most inclines,
Know best to apt them then to our designs. 115

[*Aside*]
Daughter, the sooner you disperse your errors,
The sooner you make haste to your recovery.
You must part with 'em, to be nice or modest
Toward this good action, is to imitate
The bashfulness of one conceals an ulcer, 120
For the uncomely parts the tumour vexes,
Till 't be past cure Resolve you thus far,
lady,

The privat'st thought that runs to hide itself
In the most secret corner of your heart now,
Must be of my acquaintance, so familiarly 125
Never she-friend of your night-counsel nearer

W. Q. Pawn I stand not much in fear of
any action

Guilty of that black time, most noble holiness.
I must confess, as in a sacred temple
Throng'd with an auditory, some come rather
To feed on human object than to taste 131
Of angels' food,

So in the congregation of quick thoughts,
Which are more infinite than such assemblies,
I cannot with truth's safety speak for all: 135
Some have been wanderers, some fond, some
sinful,

But those found ever but poor entertainment,
They 'd small encouragement to come again
The single life, which strongly I profess now,
Heaven pardon me! I was about to part
from. 140

B. B. Pawn Then you have pass'd through
love?

W. Q. Pawn. But left no stain
In all my passage, sir, no print of wrong
For the most chaste maid that may trace my
footsteps

B. B. Pawn How came you off so clear?

W. Q. Pawn. I was discharg'd
By an inhuman accident, which modesty 145
Forbids me to put any language to.

B. B. Pawn. How you forget yourself! all
actions

Clad in their proper language, though most
sordid,

My ear is bound by duty to let in

⁷⁰ Compare Milton's *Lycidas* (1638), line 26 "Under the opening eyelids of the Morn" ¹¹⁵ apt:
fit ¹¹⁸ nice: fastidious ¹²⁰ auditory: congregation ¹²³ quick: living ¹²⁴ infinite: innumerable
¹³⁸ fond: foolish

And lock up everlastingly. Shall I help you?
He was not found to answer his creation: 151
A vestal virgin in a slip of prayer
Could not deliver man's loss modestlier:
'T was the White Bishop's Pawn.

W. Q. Pawn. The same, blest sir.

B. B. Pawn. An heretic well pickled.

W. Q. Pawn. By base treachery, 155
And violence prepar'd by his competitor,
The Black Knight's Pawn, whom I shall ever
hate for 't.

B. B. Pawn. 'T was of revenges the unman-
liest way

That ever rival took, a villainy
That, for your sake, I 'll ne'er absolve him of.

W. Q. Pawn. I wish it not so heavy.

B. B. Pawn. He must feel it: 161
I never yet gave absolution
To any crime of that unmanning nature.

It seems then you refus'd him for defect;
Therein you stand not pure from the desire 165
That other women have in ends of marriage.
Pardon my boldness, if I sift your goodness
To the last grain.

W. Q. Pawn. I reverence your pains, sir,
And must acknowledge custom to enjoy
What other women challenge and possess 170
More rul'd me than desire; for my desires
Dwell all in ignorance, and I 'll never wish
To know that fond way may redeem them
thence

B. B. Pawn [*Aside*] I never was so taken,
beset doubly

Now with her judgment: what a strength it
puts forth! — 175

I bring work nearer to you: when you have
seen

A masterpiece of man, compos'd by heaven
For a great prince's favour, kingdom's love,
So exact, envy could not find a place
To stick a blot on person or on fame, 180
Have you not found ambition swell your wish
then,

And desire stir your blood?

W. Q. Pawn. By virtue, never!
I have only in the dignity of the creature
Admir'd the maker's glory

B. B. Pawn. [*Aside*] She's impregnable;
A second siege must not fall off so tamely 185
She's one of those must be inform'd to know
A daughter's duty, which some take untaught:
Her modesty brings her behind-hand much;
My old means I must fly to yes, 't is it.—
Please you, peruse this small tract of obe-
dience: 190

'T will help you forward well. [*Gives a book.*]

W. Q. Pawn. Sir, that 's a virtue
I have ever thought on with especial reverence.

B. B. Pawn. You will conceive by that my
power, your duty.

Enter White Bishop's Pawn

W. Q. Pawn. The knowledge will be precious
of both, sir.

W. B. Pawn. [*Aside.*] What makes yond
troubler of all Christian waters 195
So near that blessed spring? But that I know
Her goodness is the rock from whence it issues
Unmoveable as fate, 't would more afflict me
Than all my sufferings for her, which so long
As she holds constant to the House she comes
of. 200

The whiteness of the cause, the side, the quality,
Are sacrifices to her worth and virtue;
And, though confin'd in my religious joys,
I marry her and possess her

Enter Black Knight's Pawn

B. B. Pawn Behold, lady,
The two inhuman enemies, the Black Knight's
Pawn 205
And the White Bishop's; the gelder and the
gelded

W. Q. Pawn. There 's my grief, my hate!

B. Ki.'s Pawn [*Aside*] What, in the Jes-
uit's fingers? By this hand,
I 'll give my part now for a parrot's feather,
She never returns virtuous, 't is impossible. 210
I 'll undertake more wagers will be laid
Upon a usurer's return from hell
Than upon hers from him now. Have I been
guilty

Of such base malice that my very conscience
Shakes at the memory of, and, when I look
To gather fruit, find nothing but the savin-
tree, 216

Too frequent in nuns' orchards, and there
planted,

By all conjecture, to destroy fruit rather?

I 'll be resolved now Most noble virgin —

W. Q. Pawn. Ignoble villain! dare that un-
hallow'd tongue 220

Lay hold upon a sound so gracious?

What 's nobleness to thee, or virgin chastity?

They're not of thy acquaintance: talk of
violence

That shames creation, deeds would make night
blush,

That 's company for thee. Hast thou the im-
pudence 225

To court me with a leprosy upon thee

Able 't infect the walls of a great building?

¹⁷⁰ challenge: claim as a right ¹⁷⁵ may: which may ¹⁸⁰ fame: reputation ¹⁸⁵ makes: does
²¹⁶ savin-tree: (an infusion of the leaves of which was believed to produce abortions) ²¹⁹ resolved:
satisfied

B. B. Pawn. Son of offence, forbear! go, set
your evil

Before your eyes; a penitential vesture
Would better become you, some shirt of
hair. 230

B. Kt.'s Pawn. And you a three-pound
smock 'stead of an alb,

An epicene chasuble — This holy fellow
Robs safe and close: I feel a sting that 's worse,
too. [Aside.]

White Pawn, hast so much charity to accept
A reconciliation? Make thy own conditions,
For I begin to be extremely burden'd. 236

W. B. Pawn [Aside] No truth or peace of
that Black House protested
Is to be trusted; but for hope of quittance,
And warn'd by diffidence, I may entrap him
soonest. —

I admit conference.

B. Kt.'s Pawn It is a nobleness 240
That makes confusion cleave to all my merits.
[Exeunt *W. B. Pawn* and *B. Kt.'s Pawn*]

Enter Black Knight

B. B. Pawn [To *W. Q. Pawn*] That treatise
will instruct you fully

B. Knight [Aside] So, so!
The business of the universal monarchy
Goes forward well now! the great college-pot,
That should be always boiling with the fuel 245
Of all intelligences possible
Thorough the Christian kingdoms. Is this
fellow

Our prime incendiary, one of those
That promis'd the White Kingdom seven years
since

To our Black House? Put a new daughter to
him, 250

The great work stands; he minds nor monarchy
Nor hierarchy, diviner principality.

I've bragg'd less,
But have done more than all the conclave on
'em,

Take their assistant fathers in all parts, 255
Ay, or their Father General in to boot;

And what I have done, I have done facetiously,
With pleasant subtlety and bewitching court-
ship,

Abus'd all my believers with delight, —
They took a comfort to be cozen'd by me: 260
To many a soul I have let in mortal poison,
Whose cheeks have crack'd with laughter to
receive it;

I could so roll my pills in sugar'd syllables,

And strew such kindly mirth o'er all my mis-
chief,

They took their bane in way of recreation, 265
As pleasure steals corruption into youth.

He spies me now: I must uphold his reverence,
Especially in public, though I know
Priapus, guardian of the cherry-gardens,
Bacchus' and Venus' chit, is not more vicious. 270

B. B. Pawn Blessings' accumulation keep
with you, sir!

B. Knight. Honour's dissimulation be your
due, sir!

W. Q. Pawn [Aside] How deep in duty his
observance plunges!

His charge must needs be reverend.

B. B. Pawn I am confessor
To this Black Knight too; you see devotion 's
fruitful, 275

Sh'as many sons and daughters

B. Knight [Aside] I do this the more
T' amaze our adversaries to behold
The reverence we give these guitonens,
And to beget a sound opinion

Of holiness in them and zeal in us 280
[Exit *W. Q. Pawn*.]

As also to invite the like obedience
In other pusills by our meek example —
So, is your trifle vanish'd?

B. B. Pawn Trifle call you her? 't is a good
Pawn, sir,

Sure she 's the second Pawn of the White
House, 285

And to the opening of the game I hold her

B. Knight. Ay, you
Hold well for that, I know your play of old.
If there were more Queen's Pawns, you 'd ply
the game

A great deal harder. Now, sir, we're in
private, 290

But what for the main work, the great existence,
The hope monarchical?

B. B. Pawn It goes on in this.

B. Knight In this! I cannot see 't.

B. B. Pawn. You may deny so
A dial's motion, 'cause you cannot see

The hand move, or a wind that rends the
cedar. 295

B. Knight Where stops the current of
intelligence?

Your Father General, Bishop of the Black
House,

Complains for want of work.

B. B. Pawn. Here 's from all parts,
Sufficient to employ him, I receiv'd

²²² *epicene*: adapted to, or worn by, both sexes ²²³ *close*: secretly ²²⁸ *quittance*: requital
²²⁹ *diffidence*: suspicion ²⁴⁶ *intelligences*: news, secret reports ²⁴⁷ *Thorough*: through ²⁵¹ *minds*:
is mindful of ²⁵² *hierarchy*: i.e., the ecclesiastical hierarchy ²⁵⁴⁻²⁶⁰ (These lines represent the
popular conception of the character and methods of Gondomar) ²⁵⁹ *Abus'd*: deceived ²⁶⁰ *cozen'd*:
cheated ²⁷⁰ *chit*: child ²⁷⁸ *guitonens*: lazy beggars ²⁸² *pusills*: drabs, girls (Fr., "puclle")

A packet from the Assistant Fathers lately, 300
Look you, there's Anglica, this Gallica.

[Gives letters]

B. Knight. Ay, marry, sir, there's some
quick flesh in this.

B. B Pawn. Germanica. [Gives letter]

B. Knight. I think they've seal'd this with
butter

B B Pawn. Italica thus. [Gives letter] 305

B Knight. They put their pens the Hebrew
way, methinks.

B. B Pawn. Hispanica here [Gives letter]

B. Knight. Hispanica! blind work 't is; the
Jesuit

Has writ this with juice of lemons sure,
It must be held close to the fire of purgatory 310
Ere 't can be read.

B. B Pawn. You will not lose your jest,
Knight,

Though it wounded your own fame.

B. Knight. *Curanda pecunia*

B. B Pawn. Take heed, sir; we're en-
trapp'd, — the White King's Pawn.

Enter White King's Pawn

B. Knight. He's made our own, man, half
in volo yours, 315
His heart's in the Black House leave him to
me. — [Exit B B Pawn]

Most of all friends endear'd, precious special!

W Kg's Pawn. You see my outside, but
you know my heart, Knight,

Great difference in the colour There's some
intelligence, [Gives letter]

And as more ripens, so your knowledge still
Shall prove the richer: there shall nothing
happen, 321

Believe it, to extenuate your cause,
Or to oppress her friends, but I will strive
To cross it with my counsel, purse, and power,
Keep all supplies back both in means and men
That may raise strength against you. We
must part. 326

I dare not longer of this theme discuss,
The ear of state is quick and jealous

B. Knight. Excellent estimation! thou art
valu'd

Above the fleet of gold that came short home
[Exit W Kg's Pawn]

Poor Jesuit-ridden soul! how art thou fool'd 331

Out of thy faith, from thy allegiance drawn
Which way so'er thou tak'st, thou'rt a lost
Pawn [Exit]

Finit Actus Primus.

Incipit Secundus.

[ACT II SCENE I.

Field between the two Houses]

*Enter White Queen's Pawn with a book
in her hand*

W Q Pawn. And here again [Reads] It is
the daughter's duty

To obey her confessor's command in all things,
Without exception or expostulation:

'T is the most general rule that e'er I read of;
Yet when I think how boundless virtue is, 5
Goodness and grace, 't is gently reconcil'd,
And then it appears well to have the power
Of the dispenser as uncircumscrib'd

Enter Black Bishop's Pawn

B. B Pawn. She's hard upon 't; 't was the
most modest key

That I could use to open my intents 10
What little or no pains goes to some people!
Hah! a seal'd note! whence this?

[Takes up a letter]

[Reads] "To the Black Bishop's Pawn,
these" How? to me?

Strange! who subscribes it? The Black King:
what would he?

The Letter

[Reads.] "Pawn sufficiently holy, but un- [15
measurably politic, we had late intelligence
from our most industrious servant, famous in
all parts of Europe, our Knight of the Black
House, that you have at this instant in chase
the White Queen's Pawn, and very likely, [20
by the carriage of your game, to entrap and
take her these are therefore to require you,
by the burning affection I bear to the rape
of devotion, that speedily, upon the surprisal
of her, by all watchful advantage you make [25
some attempt upon the White Queen's person,
whose fall or prostitution our lust most vio-
lently rages for"

Sir, after my desire has took a julep
For its own inflammation, that yet scorches
me, 30

I shall have cooler time to think of yours.
Sh'as pass'd the general rule, the large extent
Of our prescriptions for obedience;
And yet with what alacrity of soul
Her eyes moves on the letters!

³⁰¹ Gallica: French ³⁰⁴ I: (not in MS) ³⁰⁰ with . . . lemons: in invisible ink ³¹³ Curanda
pecunia: Money must be cared for ³²⁰ still: always ³²² extenuate: disparage, injure ³²⁴ cross:
defeat ³²⁵ strength: (not in MS) ³³⁰ came . . . home: reached home after suffering losses, or
failed to reach home ³¹ carriage: conduct, management ³³ affection: inclination, desire ³⁰ julep:
cooling drink

W. Q. Pawn Holy sir, 35
Too long I have miss'd you; O, your absence
starves me!

Hasten for time's redemption: worthy sir,
Lay your commands as thick and fast upon me
As you can speak 'em; how I thirst to hear 'em!
Set me to work upon this spacious virtue, 40
Which the poor span of life 's too narrow for,
Boundless obedience!

The humblest yet the mightiest of all duties,
Well here set down, a universal goodness.

B. B. Pawn. [Aside.] By holiness of garment,
her safe innocence 45

Has frighted the full meaning from itself;
She 's farder off from understanding now
The language of my intent than at first meeting

W. Q. Pawn. For virtue's sake, good sir,
command me something,

Make trial of my duty in some small service; 50
And as you find the faith of my obedience
there,

Then trust it with a greater

B. B. Pawn. You speak sweetly:
I do command you first then —

W. Q. Pawn. With what joy
I do prepare my duty!

B. B. Pawn To meet me,
And seal a kiss of love upon my lip 55

W. Q. Pawn Hah!

B. B. Pawn At first disobedient! in so
little too!

How shall I trust you with a greater, then,
Which was your own request?

W. Q. Pawn. Pray, send not back 59
My innocence to wound me; be more courteous.
I must confess, much like an ignorant plaintiff,
who,

Presuming on the fair path of his meaning,
Goes rashly on, till on a sudden brought
Into the wilderness of law by words
Dropp'd unadvisedly, hurts his good cause, 65
And gives his adversary advantage by it, —

Apply it you can best, sir If my obedience
And your command can find no better way,
Fond men command, and wantons best obey

B. B. Pawn. If I can at that distance send
you a blessing, 70

Is it not nearer to you in mine arms?
It flies from these lips dealt abroad in parcels;
And I, to honour thee above all daughters,
Invite thee home to the House, where thou
may'st surfeit

On that which others miserably pine for; 75
A favour which the daughters of great poten-
tates

Would look on envy's colour but to hear.

W. Q. Pawn Good men may err sometimes;
you are mistaken sure:

If this be virtue's path, 't is a most strange
one;

I never came this way before.

B. B. Pawn. That 's your ignorance; 80
And therefore shall that idiot still conduct you
That knows no way but one, nor ever seeks it?
If there be twenty ways to some poor village
'T is strange that virtue should be put to
one. 84

Your fear is wondrous faulty; cast it from you;
'T will gather else in time a disobedience

Too stubborn for my pardon.

W. Q. Pawn. Have I lock'd myself
At unawares into sin's servitude
With more desire of goodness? Is this the
top

Of all strict order, and the holiest 90
Of all societies, the three-vow'd people
For poverty, obedience, chastity, —
The last the most forgot? When a virgin 's
run'd,

I see the great work of obedience 94
Is better than half finish'd.

B. B. Pawn What a stranger
Are you to duty grown! What distance keep
you!

Must I bid you come forward to a happiness
Yourself should sue for? 't was never so with me
I dare not let this stubbornness be known,
'T would bring such fierce hate on you: yet
presume not 100

To make that courteous care a privilege
For wilful disobedience, it turns then
Into the blackness of a curse upon you.
Come, come, be nearer.

W. Q. Pawn. Nearer!

B. B. Pawn Was that scorn?
I would not have it prove so for the hopes 105
Of the grand monarchy: if it were like it,
Let it not dare to stir abroad again;
A stronger ill will cope with 't.

W. Q. Pawn. Bless me, threatens me,
And quite dismays the good strength that
should help me!

I never was so doubtful of my safety. 110

B. B. Pawn 'T was but my jealousy; for-
give me, sweetness

Yours is the house of meekness, and no venom
lives

Under that roof. Be nearer: why so fearful?

Nearer the altar, the more safe and sacred.

W. Q. Pawn. But nearer to the offerer, oft
more wicked. 115

B. B. Pawn. A plain and most insufferable
contempt!

My glory I have lost upon this woman,
In freely offering that she should have kneel'd
A year in vain for; my respect is darken'd.

Give me my reverence again thou hast robb'd
me of 120

In thy repulse; thou shalt not carry it hence.

W. Q. Pawn. Sir?

B. B. Pawn. Thou 'rt too great a winner
to depart so,

And I too deep a loser to give way to it.

W. Q. Pawn. O heaven!

B. B. Pawn. Lay me down reputation
Before thou stirr'st, thy nice virginity 125

Is recompense too little for my love,

'T is well if I accept of that for both:

Thy loss is but thine own, there 's art to help
thee,

And fools to pass thee to; in my discovery

The whole Society suffers, and in that 130

The hope of absolute monarchy eclips'd

Assurance thou canst make none for thy secrecy

But by thy honour's loss, that act must awe
thee.

W. Q. Pawn. O my distress'd condition!

B. B. Pawn. Dost thou weep?

If thou hadst any pity, this necessity 135

Would wring it from thee: I must else destroy
thee;

We must not trust the policy of Europe

Upon a woman's tongue

W. Q. Pawn. Then take my life, sir,
And leave mine honour for my guide to heaven!

B. B. Pawn. Take heed I take not both,

which I have vow'd, 140

Since if longer thou resist me —

W. Q. Pawn. Help! O, help!

B. B. Pawn. Art thou so cruel, for an
honour's bubble

T' undo a whole fraternity, and disperse

The secrets of most nations lock'd in us? 144

W. Q. Pawn. For heaven and virtue's sake!

B. B. Pawn. Must force confound —

A noise within

Hah! what 's that? — Silence, if fair worth be
in thee.

W. Q. Pawn. I venture my escape upon all
dangers now

B. B. Pawn. Who comes to take me? Let
me see that Pawn's face,

Or his proud tympanous master, swell'd with
state-wind,

Which being once prick'd in the convocation-
house, 150

The corrupt air puffs out, and he falls shrivell'd.

W. Q. Pawn. I will discover thee, arch-
hypocrite,

To all the kindreds of the earth. Exit.

B. B. Pawn. Confusion!

In that voice rings the alarum of my un-
doing.

How, which way 'scap'd she from me?

Enter Black Queen's Pawn

B. Q. Pawn.

Are you mad? 155

Can lust infatuate a man so hopeful?

No patience in your blood? the dog-star reigns,
sure:

Time and fair temper would have wrought her
pliant.

I spied a Pawn of the White House walk
near us,

And made that noise o' purpose to give warn-
ing — 160

For mine own turn, which end in all I work for.

[*Aside*]

B. B. Pawn. Methinks I stand over a
powder-vault,

And the match now a-kindling: what 's to
be done?

B. Q. Pawn. Ask the Black Bishop's coun-
sel; you 're his pawn, 164

'T is his own case, he will defend you mainly;
And happily here he comes, with the Black
Knight too.

Enter Black Bishop and Black Knight

B. Bishop. O, y'ave made noble work for
the White House yonder!

This act will fill the adversary's mouth,
And blow the Lutherans' cheek till 't crack
again

B. Knight. This will advance the great
monarchal business 170

In all parts well, and help the agents for-
ward!

What I in seven years labour'd to accom-
plish,

One minute sets back by some codpiece college
still.

B. B. Pawn. I dwell not, sir, alone in this
default,

The Black House yields me partners.

B. Bishop. All more cautelous 175

B. Knight. *Qui caule, castle;* that 's my
motto ever,

I have travell'd with that word over most
kingdoms,

And lain safe with most nations; of a leaking
bottom,

I have been as often toss'd on Venus' seas
As trimmer, fresher barks, when sounder
vessels 180

Have lain at anchor, that is, kept the door.

¹²⁰ my discovery: revelation of my plot ¹³⁰ Society: Society of Jesus ¹⁴⁵ confound: ('con-
found noise' MSS, Qq) ¹⁴⁰ tympanous: puffed-up, empty ¹⁶¹ turn: purposes ¹⁶⁴ mainly: forcibi-
ly ¹⁷⁰ codpiece: lascivious ¹⁷⁴ default: fault ¹⁷⁵ cautelous: crafty ¹⁷⁶ Qui . . . caste: He
who acts prudently, acts virtuously ¹⁷⁷ word: motto ¹⁷⁸ of . . . bottom: though sickly

B. Bishop. She has no witness then?

B. B. Pawn. None, none

B. Knight. Gross! witness?

When went a man of his Society

To mischief with a witness?

B. Bishop. I have done 't then:

Away upon the wings of speed! Take post-horse, 185

Cast thirty leagues of earth behind thee suddenly;

Leave letters ante-dated with our House

Ten days at least from this.

B. Knight. Bishop, I taste thee;

Good, strong, episcopal counsell! take a bottle on 't, 189

'T will serve thee all the journey.

B. B. Pawn But, good sir,

How for my getting forth unspied?

B. Knight. There 's check again

B. Q. Pawn. No, I 'll help that.

B. Knight. Well said, my bouncing Jesuitess!

B. Q. Pawn. There lies a secret vault.

B. Knight. Away, make haste then! 193

B. B. Pawn Run for my cabinet of intelligences,

For fear they search the house

[*Exit B. Q. Pawn*]

— Good Bishop, burn 'em rather;
I cannot stand to pick 'em now

B. Bishop. Begone!

The danger 's all in you. [*Exit B. B. Pawn*]

[*Enter Black Queen's Pawn with cabinet*]

B. Knight. Let me see, Queen's Pawn:
How formally h'as pack'd up his intelligences! 198

H'as laid 'em all in truckle-beds, methinks,

And, like court-harbingers, has writ their names

In chalk upon their chambers Anglica, —

O, this is the English House; what news there, trow?

Hah, by this hand, most of these are bawdy epistles! 203

Time they were burnt indeed! whole bundles on 'em.

Here 's from his daughter Blanche and daughter Bridget,

From their safe sanctuary in the Whitefriars;

These from two tender sisters of Compassion

In the bowels of Bloomsbury; 208

Three from the nunnery in Drury Lane.

A fire, a fire, good Jesuitess, a fire! —

What have you there?

B. Bishop. A note, sir, of state policy,
And one exceeding safe one.

B. Knight.

Pray, let 's see it, sir, —

[*Reads.*]

"To sell away all the powder in a kingdom, 213
To prevent blowing up." that 's safe, I 'll
able it

Here 's a facetious observation now,
And suits my humour better; he writes here
Some wives in England will commit adultery,
And then send to Rome for a bull for their husbands. 218

B. Bishop. Have they those shifts?

B. Knight. O, there 's no female breathing
Sweeter and subtler! — Here, wench, take these
papers,

Scorch me 'em soundly, burn 'em to French
russet,

And put 'em in again.

B. Bishop. Why, what 's your mystery?

B. Knight. O, sir, 't will mock the adversary
strangely, 223

If e'er the House be search'd 't was done in
Venice

Upon the Jesuitical expulse there,

When the Inquisitors came all spectacl'd

To pick out syllables out of the dung of treason,

As children pick out cherry-stones, yet found
none 228

But what they made themselves with ends of
letters —

Do as I bid you, Pawn

[*Exeunt B. Knight and B. Bishop*]

B. Q. Pawn. Fear not: in all,

I love roguery too well to let it fall —

Enter Black Knight's Pawn

How now, what news with you?

B. Kt.'s Pawn. The sting of conscience
Afflicts me so for that inhuman violence 233

On the White Bishop's Pawn, it takes away

My joy, my rest.

B. Q. Pawn This 't is to make an eunuch!

You made a sport on 't then.

B. Kt.'s Pawn Cease aggravation:
I come to be absolv'd for 't: where's my confessor?

Why dost thou point to the ground?

B. Q. Pawn 'Cause he went that way. 238

Come, come, help me in with this cabinet;

And after I have sing'd these papers thoroughly,

I 'll tell thee a strange story.

B. Kt.'s Pawn. If 't be sad,

'T is welcome.

B. Q. Pawn. 'T is not troubled with much
mirth, sir. 242

Exeunt.

¹⁸⁸ taste thee: catch your meaning ²⁰⁰ court-harbingers: officer who provides lodgings ²⁰² trow: think you? ²⁰⁴⁻²⁰⁵ Whitefriars, Bloomsbury, Drury Lane: centers of Roman Catholicism in London ²¹⁴ able: warrant, answer for ²¹⁸ bull: Papal decree ²¹⁹ shifts: tricks ²²³ mystery: secret purpose ²²⁸ expulse: expulsion (of the Jesuits in 1606) ²⁴⁰ thoroughly: thoroughly

[SCENE II. — *The Same*]

Enter Fat Bishop with a Pawn

F. Bishop. Pawn.

F. B. Pawn. I attend at your great holiness' service.

F. Bishop. For great, I grant you, but for greatly holy,
There the soil alters: fat cathedral bodies
Have very often but lean little souls,
Much like the lady in the lobster's head, 5
A great deal of shell and garbage of all colours,
But the pure part, that should take wings and
mount,

Is at last gasp, as if a man should gape,
And from this huge bulk let forth a butterfly,
Like those big-bellied mountains, which the
poet 10

Delivers, that are brought abed with mouse-
flesh

Are my books printed, Pawn, my last invectives
Against the Black House?

F. B. Pawn. Ready for publication,
For I saw perfect books this morning, sir

F. Bishop. Fetch me a few, which I will
instantly 15

Distribute 'mongst the White House

F. B. Pawn. With all speed, sir

Exit Fat Bishop's Pawn

F. Bishop. 'T is a most lordly life to rail at
ease,

Sit, eat and feed upon the fat of one kingdom,
And rail upon another with the juice on 't
I have writ this book out of the strength and
marrow 20

Of six and thirty dishes at a meal,
But most on 't out of cullis of cock-sparrows;
'T will stick and glue the faster to the adversary,
'T will slit the throat of their most calvish cause,
And yet I eat but little butcher's meat 25

In the conception
Of all things I commend the White House best
For plenty and variety of victuals:

When I was one of the Black side profess'd,
My flesh fell half a cubit, time to turn 30
When mine own ribs revolted But to say true,
I have no preferment yet that 's suitable
To the greatness of my person and my parts:
I grant I live at ease, for I am made

The master of the beds, the long acre of beds; 35
But there 's no marigolds that shuts and opens,
Flower-gentles, Venus-baths, apples of love,
Pinks, hyacinths, honeysuckles, daffadown-
dillies:

There was a time I had more such drabs than
beds,

Now I 've more beds than drabs; 40

Yet there 's no eminent trader deals in whole-
sale,

But she and I have clapp'd a bargain up,
Let in at water-gate, for which I have rack'd
My tenants' purse-strings that they have
twang'd again.

Enter Black Knight and Black Bishop

Yonder Black Knight, the fistula of Europe, 45
Whose disease once I undertook to cure
With a High Holborn halter! When he last
Vouchsaf'd to peep into my privileg'd lodgings,
He saw good store of plate there and rich hang-
ings,

He knew I brought none to the White House
with me 50

I have not lost the use of my profession
Since I turn'd White-House Bishop.

Enter his Pawn with books

B. Knight. Look, more books yet!

Yond greasy, turncoat, gormandising prelate
Does work our House more mischief by his
scripts,

His fat and fulsome volumes, than the whole 55
Body of the adverse party

B. Bishop. O, 't were

A masterpiece of serpent subtlety
To fetch him o' this side again!

B. Knight. And then damn him

Into the bag for ever, or expose him
Against the adverse party, which now he feeds
upon; 60

And that would double-damn him. My re-
venge

Hath prompted me already I 'll confound him
On both sides for the physic he provided,
And the base surgeon he invented for me.

I 'll tell you what a most uncatholic jest 65
He put upon me once when my pain tortur'd
me:

He told me he had found a present cure for me,

* ff (The Fat Bishop, in this scene, gives a satirical portrait of the appearance, character, and methods of de Dominis. The original actor of this part seems to have been Middleton's collaborator in *The Changeling*, William Rowley, who died in February, 1626. See *London Times Lit. Supplement*, Feb. 6, 1930.) ¹ lady: (really a formation in the lobster's stomach) ¹¹ Delivers: describes ²² cullis: a strong broth ³²⁻³⁴ I . . . parts: (De Dominis received several lucrative positions in the English church, including the deanship of Windsor, and wished to be archbishop of York) ¹⁶ master . . . beds: Master of the Hospital of the Savoy ⁴⁶ fistula: (Gondomar suffered from that disease) ⁴⁷ High Holborn: the scene of executions ⁴⁸ physic: (De Dominis once told Gondomar that "three turns at Tyburn" [i.e., hanging] was the only way to cure his fistula.) ⁴⁹ present: immediate

Which I grew proud on, and observ'd him seriously.

What think you 't was? being execution-day,
He show'd the hangman to me out at window, 70

The common hangman!

B. Bishop. O, insufferable!

B. Knight. I'll make him the balloon-ball
of the churches,

And both the sides shall toss him: he looks like
one,

A thing swell'd up with mingled drink and
urine,

And will bound well from one side to another. 75
Come, you shall write; our second bishop absent,

(Which has yet no employment in the game,
Perhaps nor ever shall; it may be won

Without his motion, it rests most in ours.)

He shall be flatter'd with *sede vacante*, 80

Make him believe he comes into his place,

And that will fetch him with a vengeance to us,
For I know powder is not more ambitious

When the match meets it, than his mind, for
mounting;

As covetous and lecherous —

B. Bishop. No more now, sir; 85

Enter both Houses

Both the sides fill

W. King. This has been look'd for long.

F. Bishop. The stronger sting it shoots into
the blood

Of the Black adversary. I am asham'd now

I was theirs ever; what a lump was I

When I was led in ignorance and blindness! 90
I must confess,

I've all my lifetime play'd the fool till now.

B. Knight. And now he plays two parts, the
fool and knave

F. Bishop. There is my recantation in the
last leaf,

Writ, like a Ciceronian, in pure Latin. 95

W. Bishop. Pure honesty, the plainer Latin
serves then.

B. Knight. Plague on those pestilent pam-
phlets! those are they

That wound our cause to the heart.

B. Bishop. Here comes more anger.

Enter While Queen's Pawn

B. Knight. But we come well provided for
this storm

W. Queen. Is this my Pawn, she that should
guard our person, 100

Or some pale figure of dejection

Her shape usurping? Sorrow and affrightment
Has prevail'd strangely with her

W. Q. Pawn.

King of integrity,
Queen of the same, and all the House, pro-
fessors

Of noble candour, uncorrupted justice, 105
And truth of heart, through my alone dis-
covery —

My life and honour wondrously preserv'd —
I bring into your knowledge with my suffer-
ings,

Fearful affrightments, and heart-killing terrors:
The great incendiary of Christendom, 110

The absolut'st abuser of true sanctity,

Fair peace, and holy order, can be found

In any part of the universal globe;

Who, making meek devotion keep the door, —

His lips being full of holy zeal at first, — 115
Would have committed a foul rape upon me.

W. Queen. Ha!

W. King. A rape? that's foul indeed; the
very sound

To our ear fouler than the offence itself

To some kings of the earth

W. Q. Pawn. Sir, to proceed, — 120

Gladly I offer'd life to preserve honour,

Which would not be accepted without both,

The chief of his ill aim being at my honour;

Till heaven was pleas'd, by some unlook'd-for
accident,

To give me courage to redeem myself. 125

W. King. When we find desperate sins in ill
men's companies,

We place a charitable sorrow there,

But custom, and their leprous inclination,

Quits us of wonder, for our expectation

Is answer'd in their lives; but to find sin, 130

Ay, and a masterpiece of darkness, shelter'd

Under a robe of sanctity, is able

To draw all wonder to that monster only,

And leave created monsters unadmir'd.

The pride of him that took first fall for pride 135

Is to be angel-shap'd, and imitate

The form from whence he fell; but this of-
fender,

Far baser than sin's master, fix'd by vow

To holy order, which is angels' method,

Takes pride to use that shape to be a devil. 140

It grieves me that my knowledge must be
tainted

With his infected name

O, rather with thy finger point him out!

W. Q. Pawn. The place which he should fill
is void, my lord,

His guilt hath seiz'd him, — the Black Bishop's
Pawn. 145

⁸⁰ proud: pleased observed: paid attention to

⁸⁰ *sede vacante*: vacant seat or position in the church
pandar

⁷² balloon-ball: leather ball used in a game

¹⁰⁶ alone: single ¹¹⁴ keep the door: act as

B. Bishop. Ha! mine? my Pawn? the glory
of his order,

The prime and president zealot of the earth?
Impudent Pawn, for thy sake at this minute
Modesty suffers, all that 's virtuous blushes,
And truth's self, like the sun vex'd with a
mist, 150

Looks red with anger.

W. Bishop. Be not you drunk with rage
too.

B. Bishop. Sober sincerity, nor you with a
cup
Spic'd with hypocrisy.

W. Knight. You name there, Bishop,
But your own Christmas-bowl, your morning's
draught,
Next your episcopal heart all the twelve days,
Which smack you cannot leave all the year
following. 156

B. Knight. A shrewd retort!
H'as made our Bishop smell of burning too
Would I stood farder off! were 't no impeach-
ment

To my honour or the game, would they 'd play
faster! — [Aside] 160

White Knight, there is acknowledg'd from our
House

A reverence to you, and a respect
To that lov'd Duke stands next you: with the
favour

Of the White King and the 'forenam'd re-
spected.

I combat with this cause If with all speed, —
Waste not one syllable, unfortunate Pawn, 166
Of what I speak, — thou dost not plead dis-
traction,

A plea which will but faintly take thee off,
neither,

From this leviathan-scandal that lies rolling
Upon the crystal waters of devotion; 170

Or, what may quit thee more, though enough
nothing,

Fall down and foam, and by that pang discover
The vexing spirit of falsehood strong within
thee,

Make thyself ready for perdition;
There 's no remove in all the game to 'scape
it;

This Pawn or this, the Bishop or myself, 176
Will take thee in the end, play how thou canst.

W. Q. Pawn. Spite of sin's glorious ostenta-
tion.

And all loud threats, those thunder-cracks of
pride,

Ushering a storm of malice; House of impu-
dence, 180

Craft, and equivocation, my true cause
Shall keep the path it treads in.

B. Knight. I play thus, then:
Now in the hearing of this high assembly
Bring forth the time of this attempt's con-
ception.

W. Q. Pawn. Conception? O, how tenderly
you handle it! 185

W. Bishop. It seems, Black Knight, you are
afraid to touch it.

B. Knight. Well, its eruption: will you
have it so then?

Or you, White Bishop, for her? the uncleaner,
'Vile, and more impious that you urge the
strain to,

The greater will her shame's heap show i' th'
end, 190

And the wrong'd, meek man's glory. — The
time, Pawn?

W. Q. Pawn. Yesterday's cursed evening.

B. Knight. O the treasure
Of my revenge! I cannot spend all on thee,
Ruin to spare for all thy kindred too.

For honour's sake call in more slanderers; 195
I have such plentiful confusion,
I know not how to waste it. I 'll be nobler yet,
And put her to her own House. — King of
meekness,

Take the cause to thee, for our hand 's too
heavy,

Our proofs will fall upon her like a tower, 200
And grind her bones to powder.

W. Q. Pawn. What new engine
Has the devil rais'd in him now?

B. Knight. Is it he,
And that the time? Stand firm now to your
scandal,

Pray, do not shift your slander.

W. Q. Pawn. Shift your treacheries;
They 've worn one suit too long

B. Knight. That holy man, 205
So wrongfully accus'd by this lost Pawn,
Hath not been seen these ten days in these
parts.

W. Knight. How?

B. Knight. Nay, at this instant thirty
leagues from hence

W. Q. Pawn. Fathomless falsehood! will it
'scape unblasted? 210

W. King. Can you make this appear?

B. Knight. Light is not clearer;
By his own letters, most impartial monarch.

W. Kg.'s Pawn. How wrongfully may sacred
virtue suffer, sir!

B. Knight. Bishop, we have a treasure of
that false heart

¹⁴⁷ president: chief ¹⁴⁸ with: (not in MS) ¹⁷¹ quit: acquit enough nothing: not at all suf-
ficient ¹⁷⁶ remove: move ¹⁸⁷ eruption: breaking out ¹⁸⁹ strain: recital ¹⁹⁴ Ruin (Several texts,
including MS, read 'Ruin enough.') ¹⁹⁷ waste: use, spend ²⁰¹ engine: device

W. King. Step forth, and reach those
proofs. 215

[*Exit B. Kt.'s Pawn, who presently returns with papers.*]

W. Q. Pawn. Amazement covers me!
Can I be so forsaken of a cause
So strong in truth and equity? Will virtue
Send me no aid in this hard time of friendship?
B. Knight. There 's an infallible staff and
a red hat 220

Reserv'd for you.

W. Kg.'s Pawn. O, sir endear'd!

B. Knight. A staff
That will not easily break; you may trust to it;
And such a one had your corruption need of;
There 's a state-sig for you now.

W. King. Behold all,
How they cohere in one! I always held 225
A charity so good to holiness
Profess'd, I ever believ'd rather
The accuser false than the professor vicious

B. Knight. A charity, like all your virtues
else,
Gracious and glorious.

W. King. Where settles the offence, 230
Let the fault's punishment be deriv'd from
thence

We leave her to your censure.

B. Knight Most just majesty!
[*Exeunt W. King, W. Queen, W. Bishop,*
and W. Kg.'s Pawn, F. Bishop and
F. B. Pawn]

W. Q. Pawn Calamity of virtue! my Queen
leave me too!

Am I cast off as th' olive casts her flower?
Poor harmless innocence, art thou left a
prey 235
To the devourer?

W. Knight No, thou art not lost,
Let 'em put on their bloodiest resolutions,
If the fair policy I aim at prospers —
Thy counsel, noble Duke!

W. Duke. For that work cheerfully.

W. Knight. A man for speed now!

W. B. Pawn. Let it be my honour, sir; 240
Make me that fight, that owes her my life's
service.

Exeunt [*W. Knight, W. Duke, and*
W. B. Pawn]

B. Knight. Was not this brought about well
for our honours?

B. Bishop Fish, that Galician sconce can
work out wonders.

B. Knight Let 's use her as, upon the like
discovery,

A maid was us'd at Venice; every one 245
Be ready with a penance. — Begin, majesty. —
Vessel of foolish scandal, take thy freight:
Had there been in that cabinet of niceness
Half the virginities of the earth lock'd up,
And all swept at one cast by the dexterity 250
Of a Jesutical gamester, 't had not valued
The least part of that general worth thou hast
tainted.

B. King. First, I enjoin thee to a three days'
fast for 't

B. Queen You're too penurious, sir; I'll
make it four

B. Bishop. I to a twelve hours' kneeling at
one time. 255

B. Knight. And in a room filled all with
Aretine's pictures,

More than the twice-twelve labours of luxury:
Thou shalt not see so much as the chaste
pommel

Of Lucrece's dagger peeping, nay, I'll punish
thee

For a discoverer, I'll torment thy modesty 260

B. Duke After that four days' fast, to the
Inquisition-house,
Strengthen'd with bread and water for worse
penance.

B. Knight Why, well said, duke of our
House, nobly aggravated!

W. Q. Pawn Virtue, to show her influence
more strong,
Fits me with patience mightier than my
wrong 265

Finit Actus Secundus.

Incipit Tertius.

[ACT III SCENE I. —

Field between the two Houses]

Enter Fat Bishop

F. Bishop. I know my pen draws blood of
the Black House,
There's never a book I write but their cause
bleeds,
It hath lost many an ounce of reputation
Since I came of this side; I strike deep in,
And leave the orifex gushing where I come. 5
But where 's my advancement all this while I
ha' gap'd for?
I'd have some round preferment, corpulent
dignity,
That bears some breadth and compass in the
gilt on 't

²²⁰ red hat: cardinal's hat ²²⁴ state-sig: diplomatic insult ²⁴¹ flight: swift messenger ²⁴³ Galician sconce: Spanish brain ²⁴⁶ Aretine's pictures: (a reference to a notorious series of scandalous illustrations by Giulio Romano to a book of obscene verses by Pietro Aretino) ²⁴⁷ luxury: lust
²⁶⁰ discoverer: one who reveals a secret ⁵ orifex: wound

I am persuaded that this flesh would fill
 The biggest chair ecclesiastical, 10
 If it were put to trial.
 To be made master of an hospital
 Is but a kind of diseas'd bed-rid honour;
 Or dean of the poor alms-knights that wear
 badges.
 There 's but two lazy, beggarly preferments 15
 In the White Kingdom, and I have got 'em
 both:
 My merit doth begin to be crop-sick
 For want of other titles.

Enter Black Knight

B. Knight [*Aside*] O, here walks
 His fulsome holiness now for the master-trick
 T' undo him everlastingly, that 's put home, 20
 And make him hang in hell most seriously
 That jested with a halter upon me.

F. Bishop [*Aside*] The Black Knight! I
 must look to my play then

B Knight I bring fair greetings to your
 reverend virtues
 From Cardinal Paulus, your most princely
 kinsman [*Gives a letter*] 25

F. Bishop Our princely kinsman, say'st
 thou? we accept 'em

Pray, keep your side and distance, I am chary
 Of my episcopal person
 I know the Knight's walk in this game too well;
 He may skip over me, and where am I then? 30

B Knight [*Aside*] There where thou shalt
 be shortly, if art fail not *The Letter*

F. Bishop [*Reads*] "Right reverend and
 noble,"—meaning ourself,—"our true kinsman
 in blood, but alienated in affection, your unkind
 disobedience to the mother cause proves at 35
 this time the only cause of your ill fortune my
 present remove by election to the papal dignity
 had now auspiciously settled you in my *sede*
vacante"—ha! had it so?—"which at my next
 remove by death might have prov'd your 40
 step to supremacy."
 How! all my body's blood mounts to my face
 To look upon this letter.

B. Knight [*Aside*.] The pill works with
 him.

F. Bishop. [*Reads*] "Think on 't seriously,
 it is not yet too late, thorough the submiss 46
 acknowledgment of your disobedience, to be
 lovingly receiv'd into the brotherly bosom of
 the conclave "
 This was the chair of ease I ever aim'd at 50
 I'll make a bonfire of my books immediately,

All that are left against that side I'll sacrifice;
 Pack up my plate and goods, and steal away
 By night at water-gate It is but penning
 Another recantation, and inventing 55
 Two or three bitter books against the White
 House,

And then I'm in on t'other side again
 As firm as e'er I was, as fat and flourishing. —
 [*Aside*.]

Black Knight, expect a wonder ere 't be long,
 You shall see me one of the Black House
 shortly. 60

B Knight Your holiness is merry with the
 messenger;
 Too happy to be true; you speak what should
 be,

If natural compunction touch'd you truly.
 O, y'ave drawn blood, life-blood, the blood of
 honour,

From your most dear, your primitive mother's
 heart! 65

Your sharp invectives have been points of
 spears

In her sweet tender sides! The unkind wounds
 Which a son gives, a son of reverence specially,
 They rankle ten times more than the adver-
 sary's

I tell you, sir, your reverend revolt 70
 Did give the fearfull'st blow to adoration
 Our cause e'er felt; it shook the very statues,
 The urns and ashes of the sainted sleepers.

F Bishop Forbear, or I shall melt in the
 place I stand,

And let forth a fat bishop in sad syrup: 75
 Suffices I am yours, when they least dream
 on 't,

Ambition's fodder, power and riches, draws me:
 When I smell honour, that 's the lock of hay
 That leads me through the world's field every
 way *Exit.*

B Knight. Here 's a sweet paunch to propa-
 gate belief on, 80

Like the foundation of a chapel laid
 Upon a quagmire! I may number him now
 Amongst my inferior policies, and not shame
 'em

But let me a little solace my designs
 With the remembrance of some brave ones
 past, 85

To cherish the futurity of project,
 Whose motion must be restless till that great
 work,

Call'd the possession of the world, be ours.
 Was it not I procur'd a precious safeguard

¹⁴ poor alms-knights: Poor Knights of Windsor
 move ¹⁷ remove: removal, translation ²⁰ at: ('by' MS) ²² submiss: submissive ²⁴ lovingly
 . . . brotherly: ('brotherly . . . loving' Q2) ²⁶ precious safeguard: (Some texts read 'gallant fleet.')
²⁸⁻²⁹ (Gondomar persuaded the English to fight the Turks in the Mediterranean, to the great advantage
 of Spain.)

³¹ Cardinal Paulus: i.e. Pope Paul V ³³ walk:
 'by' MS) ³⁴ submiss: submissive ³⁶ lovingly
 . . . brotherly: ('brotherly . . . loving' Q2) ³⁸ precious safeguard: (Some texts read 'gallant fleet.')
³⁹⁻⁴⁰ (Gondomar persuaded the English to fight the Turks in the Mediterranean, to the great advantage
 of Spain.)

From the White Kingdom to secure our coasts
'Gainst the infidel pirate, under pretext 91
Of more necessitous expedition?

Who made the jails fly open, without miracle,
And let the locusts out, those dangerous flies,
Whose property is to burn corn with touching?
The heretic granaries feel it to this minute: 96
And now they have got amongst the country
crops,

They stick so fast to the converted ears,
The loudest tempest that authority rouses
Will hardly shake 'em off: they have their dens
In ladies' couches — there 's safe groves and
fens! 101

Nay, were they follow'd and found out by th'
scent,

Palm-oil will make a pursuivant relent
Whose policy was 't to put a silenc'd muzzle
On all the barking tongue-men of the time?
Made pictures, that were dumb enough be-
fore, 106

Poor sufferers in that politic restraint?
My light spleen skips and shakes my ribs to
think on 't.

Whilst our drifts walk'd uncensur'd but in
thought,

A whistle or a whisper would be question'd
In the most fortunate angle of the world. 111
The court has held the city by the horns
Whilst I have milk'd her: I have had good sops
too

From country ladies for their liberties,
From some for their most vainly-hop'd pre-
ferments, 115

High offices in the air. I should not live
But for this *mel aerium*, this mirth-manna

Enter his Pawn

My Pawn! — How now, the news?

B. Kt.'s Pawn. Expect none very pleasing
That comes, sir, of my bringing; I'm for sad
things. 120

B. Knight. Thy conscience is so tender-
hoof'd of late,
Every nail pricks it.

B. Kt.'s Pawn. This may prick yours
too,

If there be any quick flesh in a yard on 't
B. Knight. Mine?

Mischief must find a deep nail, and a driver
Beyond the strength of any Machiavel 126
The politic kingdoms fatten, to reach mine
Prithee, compunction needle-prick'd, a little
Unbind this sore wound.

B. Kt.'s Pawn. Sir, your plot 's discover'd.

B. Knight. Which of the twenty thousand
and nine hundred 130
Four score and five? canst tell?

B. Kt.'s Pawn. Bless us, so many!
How do poor countrymen have but one plot
To keep a cow on, yet in law for that?
You cannot know 'em all, sure, by their names,
sir.

B. Knight. Yes, were their number trebled:
thou hast seen 135

A globe stands on the table in my closet?

B. Kt.'s Pawn. A thing, sir, full of countries
and hard words?

B. Knight. True, with lines drawn, some
tropical, some oblique.

B. Kt.'s Pawn. I can scarce read, I was
brought up in blindness.

B. Knight. Just such a thing, if e'er my
skull be open'd, 140

Will my brains look like.

B. Kt.'s Pawn. Like a globe of countries?

B. Knight. Ay, and some master-politician,
That has sharp state-eyes, will go near to
pick out

The plots, and every climate where they fas-
ten'd;

'T will puzzle 'em too. 145

B. Kt.'s Pawn. I'm of your mind for that,
sir

B. Knight. They'll find 'em to fall thick
upon some countries;

They'd need use spectacles: but I turn to you
now;

What plot is that discover'd?

B. Kt.'s Pawn. Your last brat, sir,
Begot 'twixt the Black Bishop and yourself, 150
Your ante-dated letters 'bout the Jesuit

B. Knight. Discover'd! how?

B. Kt.'s Pawn. The White Knight's policy
has outstripp'd yours, it seems,
Join'd with th' assistant counsel of his Duke:
The Bishop's White Pawn undertook the
journey.

Who, as they say, discharg'd it like a flight, 155
Ay, made him for the business fit and light.

B. Knight. 'Tis but a bawdy Pawn out of
the way a little;

Enow of them in all parts.

Enter Black Bishop and both the Houses

B. Bishop. You have heard all then?

B. Knight. The wonder 's past with me; but
some shall down for 't.

W. Knight. Set free that virtuous Pawn
from all her wrongs; 160

99-100 (Gondomar procured the release of all priests and Jesuits imprisoned in England) 103 *Palm-oil*: bribes *pursuivant*: officer used to enforce ecclesiastical laws 104 *muzzle*: (Preachers were forbidden to discuss Spanish affairs.) 106 *pictures*: (An engraving by the Rev. Samuel Ward had been suppressed.) 108 *drifts*: purposes 117 *mel aerium*: airy honey 128 *deep*: ('deeper' MS)

Let her be brought with honour to the face
Of her malicious adversaries.

[Exit *W. Kg.'s Pawn*.]

B. Knight.

Good.

W. King. Noble chaste Knight, a title of
that candour

The greatest prince on earth without impeach-
ment

May have the dignity of his worth compris'd in,
This fair delivering act Virtue will register 166
In that white book of the defence of virgins,
Where the clear fames of all preserving knights
Are to eternal memory consecrated;
And we embrace, as partner of that honour,
This worthy Duke, the counsel of the act, 171
Whom we shall ever place in our respect.

W. Duke. Most blest of kings, thron'd in all
royal graces,

Every good deed sends back its own reward
Into the bosom of the enterpriser; 175
But you to express yourself as well to be
King of munificence as integrity,
Adds glory to the gift.

W. King. Thy deserts claim it,
Zeal, and fidelity. — Appear, thou beauty
Of truth and innocence, best ornament 180
Of patience, thou that mak'st thy sufferings
glorious!

[Enter *White King's Pawn with White
Queen's Pawn*]

B. Knight. I'll take no knowledge on 't.

[*Aside*] — What makes she here?

How dares yond Pawn unpenanc'd, with a
cheek 184

Fresh as her falsehood yet, where castigation
Has left no pale print of her visiting anguish,
Appear in this assembly? — Let me alone.
Sin must be bold; that 's all the grace 't is
born to [Aside.]

W. Knight. What 's this?

W. King. I 'm wonder-struck!

W. Q Pawn. Assist me, goodness! 190
I shall to prison again.

B. Knight. At least I have maz'd 'em,
Scatter'd their admiration of her innocence,
As the fir'd ships put in sever'd the fleet
In eighty-eight: I 'll on with 't; impudence 195
Is mischief's patrimony. [*Aside*] — Is this
justice?

Is injur'd reverence no sharplier righted?

I ever held that majesty impartial

That, like most equal heaven, looks on the
manners,

Not on the shapes they shroud in.

W. King.

That Black Knight 200

Will never take an answer; 't is a victory
To make him understand he does amiss,
When he knows in his own clear understanding
That he does nothing else. Show him the
testimony,

Confirm'd by good men, how that foul at-
tempter 205

Got but this morning to the place from
whence

He dated his forg'd lines for ten days past.

B. Knight. Why, may not that corruption
sleep in this

By some connivance, as you have wak'd in ours
By too rash confidence?

W. Duke. I 'll undertake 210

That Knight shall teach the devil how to lie.

W. Knight. If sin were half so wise as im-
pudent,

She 'd ne'er seek farder for an advocate.

Enter *Black Queen's Pawn*

B Q Pawn. Now to act treachery with an
angel's tongue:

Since all 's come out, I 'll bring him strangely in
again [Aside.] 215

Where is this injur'd chastity, this goodness
Whose worth no transitory piece can value?
This rock of constant and invincible virtue,
That made sin's tempest weary of his fury?

B Queen. What, is my Pawn distracted?

B. Knight. I think rather 220
There is some notable masterprize of roguery
This drum strikes up for.

B Q Pawn. Let me fall with reverence
Before this blessed altar.

B Queen. This is madness.

B. Knight. Well, mark the end; I stand for
roguery still,

I will not change my side.

B. Q Pawn. I shall be tax'd, I know; 225
I care not what the Black House thinks of me.

B Queen. What say you now?

B. Knight. I will not be unlaied yet.

B. Q Pawn. How any censure flies, I honour
sanctity;

That is my object, I intend no other:

I saw this glorious and most valiant virtue 230

Fight the most noblest combat with the devil.

B Knight. If both the Bishops had been
there for seconds,

'T 'ad been a complete duel.

W King. Then thou heard'st
The violence intended?

B. Q Pawn.

'T is a truth

¹⁷⁵ enterpriser: performer ¹⁷⁶ you: s e, for you ¹⁸¹ maz'd: bewildered ¹⁸⁴ fir'd ships: the
English fire-ships which dislodged the Armada from Calais harbor in 1588 ¹⁸⁹ equal: just, impar-
tial ¹⁹⁷ piece . . . value: ('prize . . . equal' Q 2) ²⁰⁰ value: equal in value ²⁰⁵ tax'd: rebuked
²⁰⁷ unlaied: unsettled ²⁰⁸ How any: ('However' Q 2) ²²¹ noblest: ('noble' Q 2)

I joy to justify: I was an agent, sir, 235
On virtue's part, and rais'd that confus'd
noise

That startled his attempt, and gave her liberty.

W. Q. Pawn. O, 't is a righteous story she
has told, sir!

My life and fame stand mutually engag'd
Both to the truth and goodness of this Pawn.

W. King. Does it appear to you yet clear
as the sun? 241

B. Knight. 'Las, I believ'd it long before
't was done!

B. King. Degenerate —

B. Queen. Base —

B. Bishop. Perfidious —

B. Duke. Trait'rous Pawn!

B. Q. Pawn. What, are you all beside your-
selves?

B. Knight. But I;
Remember that, Pawn.

B. Q. Pawn. May a fearful barrenness 245
Blast both my hopes and pleasures, if I brought
not

Her ruin in my pity! a new trap
For her more sure confusion.

B. Knight. Have I won now?
Did not I say 't was craft and machination?
I smelt conspiracy all the way it went, 250
Although the mess were cover'd; I'm so us'd
to it.

B. King. That Queen would I fain finger.

B. Knight. You're too hot, sir;
If she were took, the game would be ours
quickly:

My aim's at that White Knight; entrap him
first,

The Duke will follow, too.

B. Bishop. I would that Bishop
Were in my diocese! I'd soon change his
whiteness. 256

B. Knight. Sir, I could whip you up a Pawn
immediately;

I know where my game stands.

B. King. Do it suddenly;
Advantage least must not be lost in this play.

B. Knight. Pawn, thou art ours
[*Seizes White King's Pawn*]

W. Knight. He's taken by default.
By wilful negligence. Guard the sacred per-
sons; 261

Look well to the White Bishop, for that Pawn
Gave guard to the Queen and him in the third
place.

B. Knight. See what sure piece you lock
your confidence in!

I made this Pawn here by corruption ours,
As soon as honour by creation yours. 266

²⁷⁷⁻²⁷⁸ rais'd . . . honour: (The Earl of Middlesex, the probable original of the White King's Pawn,
began as an apprentice and rose to the post of Lord Treasurer of the kingdom.) ²⁸⁰ halter: hang

This whiteness upon him is but the leprosy
Of pure dissimulation: view him now,
His heart and his intents are of our colour.

*His upper garment taken off, he appears
black underneath.*

W. Knight. Most dangerous hypocrite!

W. Queen. One made against us! 270

W. Duke. His truth of their complexion!

W. King. Has my goodness,
Clemency, love, and favour gracious, rais'd
thee

From a condition next to popular labour,
Took thee from all the dubitable hazards
Of fortune, her most unsecure adventures, 275
And grafted thee into a branch of honour,
And dost thou fall from the top-bough by the
rotteness

Of thy alone corruption, like a fruit
That's over-ripen'd by the beams of favour?
Let thy own weight reward thee; I have
forgot thee: 280

Integrity of life is so dear to me,
Where I find falsehood or a crying trespass,
Be it in any whom our grace shines most on,
I'd tear 'em from my heart

W. Bishop. Spoke like heaven's substitute!

W. King. You have him, we can spare him;
and his shame 285

Will make the rest look better to their game.

B. Knight. The more cunning we must use
then

B. King. We shall match you,
Play how you can, perhaps and mate you
too.

F. Bishop. Is there so much amazement
spent on him

That's but half black? there might be hope of
that man; 290

But how will this House wonder if I stand forth
And show a whole one, instantly discover
One that's all black, where there's no hope
at all!

W. King. I'll say, thy heart then justifies
thy books; 294

I long for that discovery

F. Bishop. Look no farder then:
Bear witness, all the House, I am the man,
And turn myself into the Black House freely;
I am of this side now.

W. Knight. Monster ne'er match'd him!

B. King. This is your noble work, Knight.

B. Knight. Now I'll halter him.

F. Bishop. Next news you hear, expect my
books against you, 300

Printed at Douay, Brussels, or Spalato.

W. King. See his goods seiz'd on!

F. Bishop. 'Las, they were all convey'd

Last night by water to a tailor's house,
A friend of the Black cause.

W. Knight. A prepar'd hypocrite! 304

W. Duke. Premeditated turncoat!

Exeunt [W. King, W. Queen, W. Knight, W. Duke, and W. Bishop.]

F. Bishop. Yes, rail on;

I 'll reach you in my writings when I 'm gone.

B. Knight. Flatter him a while with honours
till we put him

Upon some dangerous service, and then burn
him.

B. King. This came unlook'd for.

B. Duke. How we joy to see you!

F. Bishop. Now I 'll discover all the White
House to you. 310

B. Duke. Indeed, that will both reconcile
and raise you

*[Exeunt B. King, B. Queen, B. Duke,
B. Bishop, and F. Bishop.]*

W. Kg's Pawn. I rest upon you, Knight,
for my advancement.

B. Knight. O, for the staff, the strong staff
that will hold,

And the red hat, fit for the guilty mazzard?

Into the empty bag know thy first way: 315
Pawns that are lost are ever out of play.

W. Kg's Pawn. How 's this?

B. Knight. No replications, you know me:
No doubt ere long you 'll have more company,
The bag is big enough, 't will hold us all 319

*Exeunt [B. Knight, W. Kg's Pawn,
and B. Kt.'s Pawn.]*

W. Q. Pawn. I sue to thee, prithee be one of
us!

Let my love win thee: thou hast done truth
this day

And yesterday my honour noble service;

The best Pawn of our House could not tran-
scend it.

B. Q. Pawn. My pity flam'd with zeal,
especially 324

When I foresaw your marriage, then it mounted

W. Q. Pawn. How! marriage?

B. Q. Pawn. That contaminating act
Would have spoil'd all your fortunes — a rape!
God bless us!

W. Q. Pawn. Thou talk'st of marriage!

B. Q. Pawn. Yes, yes, you do marry;
I saw the man.

W. Q. Pawn. The man! 329

B. Q. Pawn. An absolute handsome gentle-
man, a complete one, —

You 'll say so when you see him, — heir to
three red hats,

Besides his general hopes in the Black
House.

W. Q. Pawn. Why, sure thou 'rt much mis-
taken for this man;

Why, I have promis'd single life to all my
affections 334

B. Q. Pawn. Promise you what you will, or
I or all on 's,

There 's a Fate rules and overrules us all, me-
thinks.

W. Q. Pawn. Why, how came you to see
or know this mystery?

B. Q. Pawn. A magical glass I bought of an
Egyptian, 338

Whose stone retains that speculative virtue,
Presented the man to me: your name brings
him

As often as I use it; and methinks

I never have enough, person and postures

Are all so pleasing

W. Q. Pawn. This is wondrous strange!

The faculties of soul are still the same;

I can feel no one motion tend that way. 345

B. Q. Pawn. We do not always feel our
faith we live by,

Nor ever see our growth, yet both work up-
ward

W. Q. Pawn. 'T was well applied; but may
I see him too?

B. Q. Pawn. Surely you may, without all
doubt or fear,

Observing the right use, as I was taught it, 350
Not looking back or questioning the spectre.

W. Q. Pawn. That 's no hard observation;
trust it with me:

Is 't possible? I long to see this man.

B. Q. Pawn. Pray follow me, then, and I 'll
ease you instantly. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE II]

Enter a Black Jesting Pawn

B. J. Pawn. I would so fain take one of
these White Pawns now!

I 'd make him do all under-drudgery,
Feed him with asses' milk crumb'd with goats'
cheese,

And all the whitemeats could be devis'd for him;

Enter a White Pawn

So make him my white jennet when I prance it.
After the Black Knight's litter.

W. Pawn. And you would look then &
Just like the devil striding o'er a nightmare
Made of a miller's daughter.

B. J. Pawn. A pox on you,

³¹⁴ mazzard: head ³¹⁷ replications: replies ³²⁷ God . . . us: ('bless us all' MS) ³³⁰ absolute: perfectly ³³⁹ speculative: having the power of vision ³⁴⁵ motion: impulse Sc. II (Not definitely located) ³ crumb'd: thickened ⁴ whitemeats: food made of milk, eggs, bread, etc. ⁵ So . . . prance it: ('I 'd . . . pranc'd' MS) ⁶ jennet: small Spanish horse

Were you so near? I 'm taken, like a black-bird

In the great snow, this White Pawn grinning over me. 10

W. Pawn. And now because I will not foul my clothes

Ever hereafter, for white quickly soils, you know —

B. J. Pawn. I prithee, get thee gone, then; I shall smut thee.

W. Pawn. Nay, I 'll put that to venture; now I have snapp'd thee,

Thou shalt do all the dirty drudgery 15
That slavery was e'er put to

B. J. Pawn. I shall cozen you: You may chance come and find your work undone then,

For I 'm too proud to labour, — I 'll starve first;
I tell you that beforehand.

W. Pawn. I will fit you then With a black whip, that shall not be behind-hand. 20

B. J. Pawn. Pugh, I have been us'd to whipping; I have whipp'd

Myself three mile out of town in a morning; and

I can fast a fortnight, and make all your meat Stink and lie on your hands

W. Pawn. To prevent that, Your food shall be blackberries, and upon gaudy-days 25

A pickled spider, cut out like an anchovy: I 'm not to learn a monkey's ordinary

Come, sir, will you frisk?

Enter a Second Black Pawn

Sec. B. Pawn Soft, soft, you! you have no Such bargain on 't, if you look well about you.

W. Pawn. By this hand, 31
I am snapp'd too, a Black Pawn in the breech of me!

We three look like a bird-sput, a white chick Between two russet woodcocks.

B. J. Pawn. I 'm glad of this! *W. Pawn.* But you shall have but small cause, for I 'll firke you. 35

Sec. B. Pawn. Then I 'll firke you again. *W. Pawn.* And I 'll firke him again

B. J. Pawn. Mass, here will be old firking! I shall have

The worst on 't; I can firke nobody. We draw together now for all the world

Like three flies with one straw thorough their buttocks. *Exeunt.* 40

¹⁴ venture: trial, chance ²⁵ gaudy-days: days of festival ³⁰ anchovy: anchovy ³⁷ ordinary: diet (i.e., spiders) ³⁸ friark: move quickly ³⁹ firke: beat ⁴⁰ old: abundant

Sc. III. (The suggestion for this scene seems to come from Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, III. ii. 18 ff.) ⁴ turtle: turtle-dove

[SCENE III. *A Chamber, with a large Mirror*]

Enter Black Queen's Pawn and White Queen's Pawn

B. Q. Pawn. This is the room he did appear to me in;

And, look you, this the magical glass that show'd him.

W. Q. Pawn I find no motion yet: what should I think on 't?

A sudden fear invades me. a faint trembling. Under this omen, 5

As is oft felt the panting of a turtle Under a stroking hand.

B. Q. Pawn. That bodes good luck still, Sign you shall change state speedily; for that trembling

Is always the first symptom of a bride. For any vainer fears that may accompany 10

His apparition, by my truth to friendship, I quit you of the least, never was object

More gracefully presented; the very air Conspires to do him honour, and creates

Sweet vocal sounds, as if a bridegroom enter'd; Which argues the blest harmony of your loves 16

W. Q. Pawn And will the using of my name produce him?

B. Q. Pawn Nay, of yours only, else the wonder halted.

To clear you of that doubt, I 'll put the difference

In practice, the first thing I do, and make 20
His invocation in the name of others.

W. Q. Pawn 'T will satisfy me much, that. *B. Q. Pawn.* It shall be done. —

The Invocation

Thou, whose gentle form and face Fill'd lately this Egyptian glass,

By the imperious powerful name 25

And the universal fame Of the mighty Black-House Queen,

I conjure thee to be seen! —

What, see you nothing yet? *W. Q. Pawn.* Not any part: Pray, try another

B. Q. Pawn. You shall have your will. — 30

I double my command and power, And at the instant of this hour

Invoke thee in the White Queen's name, With stay for time, and shape the same. —

What see you yet?

W. Q. Pawn. There 's nothing shows at all

B. Q. Pawn. My truth reflects the clearer
then: now fix 36

And bless your fair eyes with your own for
ever. —

Thou well-compos'd, by Fate's hand drawn

To enjoy the White Queen's Pawn,

Of whom thou shall, by virtue met, 40

Many graceful issues get,

By the beauty of her fame,

By the whiteness of her name,

By her fair and fruitful love,

By her truth that mates the dove, 45

By the meekness of her mind,

By the softness of her kind,

By the lustre of her grace, —

By all these thou art summon'd to this place! —

Hark, how the air, enchanted with your
praises 50

And his approach, those words to sweet notes
raises!

*Music: enter the Jesuit in rich attire, like an
apparition, presents himself before the glass;
then exit.*

W. Q. Pawn O, let him stay a while! a little
longer!

B. Q. Pawn. That 's a good hearing.

W. Q. Pawn If he be mine, why should he
part so soon?

B. Q. Pawn. Why, this is but the shadow of
yours How do you? 55

W. Q. Pawn. O, I did ill to give consent to
see it!

What certainty is in our blood or state?

What we still write is blotted out by fate,

Our wills are like a cause that is law-toss'd,

What one court orders, is by another cross'd. 60

B. Q. Pawn. I find no fit place for this pas-
sion here,

'T is merely an intruder. He is a gentleman

Most wishfully compos'd; honour grows on
him,

And wealth pil'd up for him; h'as youth
enough, too,

And yet in the sobriety of his countenance 65

Grave as a tetrarch, which is gracious

In the eye of modest pleasure. Where 's the
emptiness?

What can you more request?

W. Q. Pawn. I do not know

What answer yet to make; it does require

A meeting 'twixt my fear and my desire. 70

B. Q. Pawn. [*Aside.*] She 's caught, and,
which is strange, by her most wronger.

Exeunt.

Finit Actus Tertius.

Incipit Quartus.

[ACT IV. SCENE I

Field between the two Houses]

*Enter Black Knight's Pawn meeting the Black
Bishop's Pawn richly accoutred*

B. Kt.'s Pawn [*Aside*] 'T is he, my confes-
sor, he might ha' pass'd me

Seven year together, had I not by chance

Advanc'd mine eye upon that letter'd hat-band,

The Jesuitical symbol to be known by,

Worn by the brave collegians with consent: 5

'T is a strange habit for a holy father,

A President of poverty especially;

But we, the sons and daughters of obedience,

Dare not once think awry, but must confess
ourselves

As humbly to the father of that feather, 10

Long spur, and poniard, as to the alb and altar,

And happy we're so highly grac'd to attain
to 't —

Holy and reverend!

B. B. Pawn. How! hast found me out?

B. Kt.'s Pawn O sir, put on the sparkling'st
trim of glory,

Perfection will shine foremost; and I knew
you 15

By the catholical mark you wear about you,
The mark above your forehead

B. B. Pawn. Are you grown

So ambitious in your observance? Well, your
business?

I have my game to follow.

B. Kt.'s Pawn. I have a worm

Follows me so, that I can follow no game: 20

The most faint-hearted pawn, if he could see
his play,

Might snap me up at pleasure. I desire, sir,

To be absolv'd: my conscience being at ease,

I could then with more courage play my game.

B. B. Pawn. 'T was a base fact.

B. Kt.'s Pawn. 'T was to a schismatic pawn,
sir 25

B. B. Pawn What 's that to the nobility of
revenge?

Suffices I have neither will nor power

To give you absolution for that violence.

¹ kind: nature ² hearing: news ³ part: depart ⁴ cross'd: thwarted, denied ⁵ passion:
sorrow, lament ⁶ merely: wholly ⁷ tetrarch: Roman provincial governor ⁸ hat-band: (The
Jesuits were often disguised as gallants, but wore gold hat-bands inscribed with letters as identification
to each other) ⁹ with consent: by mutual agreement ('by consent' MS) ¹⁰ worm: conscience
¹¹ play: ('ply' MS)

Make your petition to the Penance-chamber:
If the tax-register relieve you in 't 30
By the Black Bishop's clemency, you have
wrought out
A singular piece of favour with your money;
That 's all your refuge now.

B. Kl.'s Pawn. The sting shoots deeper.
Exit.

Enter White Queen's Pawn and Black Queen's Pawn

B. B. Pawn. Yonder 's my game, which, like
a politic chess-master,
I must not seem to see

W. Q. Pawn O my heart! 35

B. Q. Pawn. That 't is

W. Q. Pawn The very self-same that the
magical mirror

Presented lately to me

B. Q. Pawn And how like

A most regardless stranger he walks by,
Merely ignorant of his fate! You are not
minded, 40

The principall'st part of him. What strange
mysteries

Inscrutable love works by!

W. Q. Pawn The time, you see,
Is not yet come

B. Q. Pawn But 't is in our power now
To bring time nearer — knowledge is a mas-
tery —

And make it observe us, and not we it. 45

W. Q. Pawn I would force nothing from its
proper virtue,

Let time have his full course I'd rather die
The modest death of undiscover'd love
Than have heaven's least and lowest servant
suffer,

Or in his motion receive check, for me 50

How is my soul's growth alter'd! that single life,
The fittest garment that peace ever made for 't,
Is grown too strait, too stubborn, on the sudden.

B. Q. Pawn. He comes this way again

W. Q. Pawn O, there 's a traitor
Leap'd from my heart into my cheek already, 55
That will betray all to his powerful eye,
If it but glance upon me!

B. Q. Pawn By my verity,
Look, he 's pass'd by again, drown'd in neglect,
Without the prosperous hint of so much happi-
ness

To look upon his fortunes! How close fate 60
Seals up the eye of human understanding,
Till, like the sun's flower, time and love un-
closes it!

'T were pity he should dwell in ignorance longer.

W. Q. Pawn. What will you do?

B. Q. Pawn. Yes, die a bashful death, do,
And let the remedy pass by unus'd still: 65
You are chang'd enough already, an you'd
look into it. —

Absolute sir, with your most noble pardon
For this my rude intrusion, I am bold
To bring the knowledge of a secret nearer
By many days, sir, than it would arrive 70
In its own proper revelation with you.
Pray, turn and fix: do you know yond noble
goodness?

B. B. Pawn. 'T is the first minute my eye
bless'd me with her,
And clearly shows how much my knowledge
wanted,
Not knowing her till now.

B. Q. Pawn She 's to be lik'd, then? 75
Pray, view advisedly: there is strong reason
That I 'm so bold to urge it, you must guess
The work concerns you nearer than you think
for.

B. B. Pawn. Her glory and the wonder of
this secret

Puts a reciprocal amazement on me. 80

B. Q. Pawn. And 't is not without worth:
you two must be

Better acquainted

B. B. Pawn Is there cause, affinity,
Or any courteous help creation joys in,
To bring that forward?

B. Q. Pawn Yes, yes, I can show you
The nearest way to that perfection 85

Of a most virtuous one that joy e'er found.
Pray, mark her once again, then follow me,
And I will show you her must be your wife, sir.

B. B. Pawn. The mystery extends, or else
creation

Has set that admirable piece before us 90
To choose our chaste delights by.

B. Q. Pawn. Please you follow, sir.

B. B. Pawn What art have you to put me
on an object

And cannot get me off! 't is pain to part from 't
Exit [with Black Queen's Pawn].

W. Q. Pawn. If there prove no check in that
magical glass,

But my proportion come as fair and full 95
Into his eye as his into mine lately,

Then I 'm confirm'd he is mine own for ever.

*Enter again [Black Queen's Pawn and
Black Bishop's Pawn]*

B. B. Pawn. The very self-same that the
mirror bless'd me with,

From head to foot, the beauty and the habit! —

³⁰ all your: your only ³¹ chess-master: ('Chessner' Q 2) ⁴⁰ minded: observed, in his mind
⁴¹ mastery: power ⁴² observe: show attention to, obey ⁴³ proper: natural ⁴⁴ virtue: nature,
power ⁴⁵ fix: look ⁴⁶ wanted: lacked ⁴⁷ proportion: figure, appearance

Kept you this place still? did you not remove,
lady? 100

W. Q. Pawn. Not a foot farder, sir.

B. B. Pawn. Is 't possible?

I would have sworn I 'd seen the substance
yonder,

'T was to that lustre, to that life presented

W. Q. Pawn. E'en so was yours to me, sir

B. B. Pawn. Saw you mine?

W. Q. Pawn. Perfectly clear, no sooner my
name us'd 105

But yours appear'd

B. B. Pawn. Just so did yours at mine now.

B. Q. Pawn. Why stand you idle? will you
let time cozen you,

Protracting time, of those delicious benefits

That fate hath mark'd to you? You modest pair
Of blushing gamesters, — and you, sir, the
bashfull'st, 110

I cannot flatter a foul fault in any, —

Can you be more than man and wife assign'd,

And by a power the most irrevocable?

Others, that be adventurers in delight,

May meet with crosses, shame, or separation,
Their fortunes hud, and the events lock'd
from 'em' 116

You know the mund of fate, you must be
coupled

B. B. Pawn. She speaks but truth in this:

I see no reason then

That should miss the relish of this night,

But that we are both shamefac'd

W. Q. Pawn. How? this night, sir? 120

Did not I know you must be mine, and therein

Your privilege runs strong, for that loose motion

You never should be Is it not my fortune

To match with a pure mind, then am I mis-
erable.

The doves and all chaste-loving winged crea-
tures 125

Have their pairs fit, their desires justly mated,

Is woman more unfortunate, a virgin,

The May of woman? Fate, that has ordain'd,
sir,

We should be man and wife, has not given
warrant

For any act of knowledge till we are so 130

B. B. Pawn. Tender-ey'd modesty, how it
grieves at this! —

I'm as far off, for all this strange imposture,
As at first interview. Where lies our game
now?

You know I cannot marry by my order.

B. Q. Pawn. I know you cannot, sir; yet
you may venture 135

Upon a contract.

B. B. Pawn. Ha!

B. Q. Pawn. Surely you may, sir,

Without all question, so far without danger,
Or any stain to your vow; and that may take
her:

Nay, do 't with speed, she 'll think you mean
the better, too

B. B. Pawn. Be not so lavish of that blessed
spring, 140

Y'ave wasted that upon a cold occasion now
Would wash a sinful soul white By our love-
joys,

That motion shall ne'er light upon my tongue
more

Till we 're contracted; then, I hope, y' are mine.

W. Q. Pawn. In all just duty ever.

B. B. Pawn. Then? do you question it? 145

Pish! then y' are man and wife, all but church-
ceremony

Pray, let 's see that done first, she shall do
reason then. —

Now I 'll enjoy the sport, and cozen you both:
My blood's game is the wages I have work'd for.

Exeunt. [Aside.]

[SCENE II *An Apartment in the
Black House*]

Enter Black Knight with his Pawn

B. Knight. Pawn, I have spoke to the Fat
Bishop for thee,

I 'll get thee absolution from his own mouth.

Reach me my chair of ease, my chair of cozen-
age,

Seven thousand pound in women, reach me
that

I love a life to sit upon a bank 5

Of heretic gold O, soft and gently, sirrah!

There 's a foul flaw in the bottom of my drum,
Pawn.

I ne'er shall make sound soldier, but sound
treacher

With any he in Europe How now? qualm?

Thou hast the puking'st soul that e'er I met
with, 10

It cannot bear one suckling villainy:

Mine can digest a monster without crudity,

A sin as weighty as an elephant,

And never wamble for 't

B. Kl.'s Pawn. Ay, you have been us'd to
it, sir;

That 's a great help. The swallow of my
conscience 15

Has but a narrow passage; you must think yet
It lies in the penitent pipe, and will not down:

If I had got seven thousand pound by offices,

¹⁰⁰ yonder: s e, in the mirror ¹⁰⁶ Protracting: delaying ¹¹¹ flatter: condone for purposes of flat-
tery ¹²² motion: proposal ¹³¹ grieves: ('gives' MS) ¹⁴⁰ blood: passion ¹⁴⁵ a life: as my life, ex-
ceedingly ¹⁴⁸ treacher: deceiver ¹⁴⁹ crudity: indigestion ¹⁵⁰ wamble: rumble ¹⁵¹ swallow: throat

And gull'd down that, the bore would have been bigger.

B. Knight. Nay, if thou prov'st facetious,
I shall hug thee. 20

Can a soft, rear, poor-poach'd iniquity
So ride upon thy conscience? I'm asham'd of thee.

Hadst thou betray'd the White House to the Black,

Beggar'd a kingdom by dissimulation,
Unjointed the fair frame of peace and traffic, 25
Poison'd allegiance, set faith back, and wrought
Women's soft souls e'en up to masculine malice
To pursue truth to death, if the cause rous'd 'em,

That stares and parrots are first taught to curse thee —

B. Kt.'s Pawn. Ay, marry, sir, here's swapping sins indeed! 30

B. Knight. All these, and ten times trebled, has this brain

Been parent to; they are my offsprings all.

B. Kt.'s Pawn. A goodly brood!

B. Knight. Yet I can jest as lightly,
Laugh and tell stirring stories to court-madams,
Daughters of my seducement, with alacrity 35
As high and hearty as youth's time of innocence
That never knew a sin to shape a sorrow by.
I feel no tempest, not a leaf wind-stirring
To shake a fault; my conscience is becalm'd rather

B. Kt.'s Pawn. I'm sure there is a whirlwind huffs in mine, sir. 40

B. Knight. Surrah, I have sold the groom-o'-the-stool six times,

And receiv'd money of six several ladies
Ambitious to take place of baronets' wives:
To three old mummy matrons I have promis'd
The mothership o' the maids. I have taught
our friends, too, 45
To convey White-House gold to our Black Kingdom

In cold bak'd pasties, and so cozen searchers:
For venting hallow'd oil, beads, medals, pardons,
Pictures, Veronica's heads in private presses,
That's done by one i' th' habit of a pedlar; 50
Letters convey'd in rolls, tobacco-balls.
When a restraint comes, by my politic counsel,
Some of our Jesuits turn gentlemen-ushers,
Some falconers, some park-keepers, and some
huntsmen;

One took the shape of an old lady's cook
once, 55

And despatch'd two chares on a Sunday morning,

The altar and the dresser. Pray, what use
Put I my summer-recreation to,
But more to inform my knowledge in the state
And strength of the White Kingdom? No
fortification, 60

Haven, creek, landing-place about the White coast,

But I got draft and platform; learn'd the depth
Of all their channels, knowledge of all sands,
Shelves, rocks, and rivers for invasion proper'st;
A catalogue of all the navy royal, 65
The burden of the ships, the brassy murderers,
The number of the men, to what cape bound:
Again, for the discovery of the inlands,
Never a shire but the state better known

To me than to her best inhabitants; 70
What power of men and horse, gentry's rev-
énues,

Who well affected to our side, who ill,
Who neither well nor ill, all the neutrality:
Thirty-eight thousand souls have been seduc'd,
Pawn,

Since the jails vomited with the pill I gave
'em 75

B. Kt.'s Pawn. Sure, you put oil of toad
into that physis, sir

B. Knight. I'm now about a masterpiece of play

To entrap the White Knight, and with false
allurements

Entice him to the Black House, — more will
follow, —

Whilst our Fat Bishop sets upon the Queen; 80
Then will our game lie sweetly.

Enter Fat Bishop [with a book]

B. Kt.'s Pawn. He's come now, sir.
F. Bishop. Here's *Taxa Penitentiaria*,
Knight,

The Book of General Pardons, of all prices:
I have been searching for his sin this half hour,
And cannot light upon't.

B. Knight. That's strange; let me see it. 85

B. Kt.'s Pawn. Pawn wretched that I am!
has my rage done that

There is no precedent of pardon for?

B. Knight. [Reads.] "For wilful murder
thirteen pound four shillings

And sixpence," — that's reasonable cheap, —
"For killing,

Killing, killing killing, killing, killing" — 90

¹⁰ gull'd: swallowed ²¹ rear: underdone ²⁹ stares: starlings ³⁰ swapping: huge ³³ lightly: ('titile' MS) ⁴⁰ huffs: blows, puffs ⁴¹ groom . . . stool: menial officer in royal household ⁴² mummy: ancient, dried-up ⁴³ mothership . . . maids: post of supervisor of maids-in-waiting ⁴⁴ venting: selling ⁴⁵ chares: jobs ⁴⁶ platform: plan ⁴⁷ Shelves: reefs ⁴⁸ brassy murderers: guns ⁷⁰ her best: ('the breast' MS) ⁷³ affected: disposed ⁸³ *Taxa: Taxæ Sacre Penitentiariæ Apostolicæ*, which assigned fees for absolution for all varieties of sins

Why, here 's nothing but killing, Bishop, of this side.

F. Bishop. Turn the sheet over, and you shall find adultery

And other trivial sins

B. Knight. Adultery? O, I'm in 't now — [*Reads.*] "For adultery a couple

Of shillings, and for fornication fivepence," — Mass, those are two good pennyworths! I cannot 96

See how a man can mend himself — "For lying With mother, sister, and daughter," — ay, marry, sir, —

"Thirty-three pound three shillings, three-pence," —

The sn's gradation right, paid all in threes too

F. Bishop. You have read the story of that monster, sir, 101

That got his daughter, sister, and his wife

Of his own mother?

B. Knight. [*Reads.*] "Simony, nine pound."

F. Bishop. They may thank me for that, 't was nineteen

Before I came;

I have mitigated many of the sums 105

B. Knight. [*Reads.*] "Sodomy, sixpence" — you should put that sum

Ever on the backside of your book, Bishop

F. Bishop. There 's few on 's very forward, sir,

B. Knight. What 's here, sir? [*Reads.*] "Two old precedents of encouragement" — 110

F. Bishop. Ay, those are ancient notes.

B. Knight [*Reads.*] "Given, as a gratuity, for the killing of an heretical prince with a poison'd knife, ducats five thousand."

F. Bishop. True, sir, that was paid. 115

B. Knight [*Reads.*] "Promised also to Doctor Lopez for poisoning the maiden queen of the White Kingdom, ducats twenty thousand, which said sum was afterwards given as a meritorious alms to the nunnery at Lisbon, [120 having at this present ten thousand pound more at use in the town-house of Antwerp."

B. Ki.'s Pawn. What 's all this to my conscience, worthy holiness?

I sue for pardon; I have brought money with me.

F. Bishop. You must depart; you see there is no precedent 125

Of any price or pardon for your fact

B. Ki.'s Pawn. Most miserable! Are fouler sins remitted,

Killing, nay, wilful murder?

F. Bishop

True, there 's instance:

Were you to kill him, I would pardon you; There's precedent for that, and price set down, 130

But none for gelding.

B. Ki.'s Pawn. I have pick'd out understanding now for ever

Out of that cabalistic bloody riddle:

I 'll make away all my estate, and kill him, And by that act obtain full absolution. 135

Exit.

Enter Black King

B. King. Why, Bishop, Knight, where 's your removes, your traps?

Stand you now idle in the heat of game?

B. Knight. My life for yours, Black sovereign, the game 's ours;

I have wrought underhand for the White Knight

And his brave Duke, and find 'em coming both. 140

F. Bishop. Then for their sanctimonious Queen's surprisal,

In this state-puzzle and distracted hurry,

Trust my arch-subtlety with.

B. King. O eagle pride!

Never was game more hopeful of our side.

[*Exeunt B. King and F. Bishop.*]

B. Knight. If Bishop Bull-beef be not snapp'd next bout, 145

As the men stand, I 'll never trust art more.

Exit.

[SCENE III]

[*Dumb Show*]

Enter Black Queen's Pawn, as conducting the White to a chamber, then, fetching in the Black Bishop's Pawn, the Jesuit, conveys him to another, pulls out the light, and she follows

[SCENE IV. *Field between the two Houses*]

Enter White Knight and White Duke

W. Knight. True, noble Duke, fair virtue's most endear'd one;

Let us prevent their rank insinuation

With truth of cause and courage, meet their plots

With confident goodness that shall strike 'em grovelling.

W. Duke. Sir, all the gins, traps, and alluring snares, 5

⁹⁷ mend himself: make a better bargain
¹⁰¹ the story: (See the *Heptameron*, novel 30) ¹¹³ heretical prince: Henri III of France ¹¹⁷ Lopez: Portuguese physician to Queen Elizabeth, executed (1594) for accepting a bribe from Spain to kill her
¹²⁸ fact: deed ¹³⁸ instance: precedent (for that)
¹ prevent: anticipate

The devil has been at work since eighty-eight
on,

Are laid for the great hope of this game only.

W. Knight. Why, the more noble will
truth's triumph be:

When they have wound about our constant
courage

The glittering¹¹ st serpent that e'er falsehood fash-
ion'd, 10

And glorying most in his resplendent poisons,
Just heaven can find a bolt to bruise his
head

W. Duke. Look, would you see destruction
lie a-sunning?

Enter Black Knight

In yonder smile sit blood and treachery bask-
ing;

In that perfidious model of face-falsehood 15
Hell is drawn grinning

W. Knight. What a pain it is
For truth to feign a little!

B. Knight O fair knight,
The rising glory of that House of Candour,
Have I so many protestations lost,
Lost, lost, quite lost? Am I not worth your
confidence? 20

I that have vow'd the faculties of soul,
Life, spirit, and brain, to your sweet game of
youth,

Your noble, fruitful game? Can you mis-
trust

Any foul play in me, that have been ever
The most submiss observer of your virtues, 25

And no way tainted with ambition,
Save only to be thought your first admirer?

How often have I chang'd, for your delight,
The royal presentation of my place

Into a mimic jester, and become, 30
For your sake and th' expulsion of sad thoughts,

Of a grave state-sire a light son of pastime,
Made three-score years a tomboy, a mere wan-
ton!

I'll tell you what I told a Savoy dame once,
New-wed, high, plump, and lusting for an
issue: 35

Within the year I promis'd her a child,
If she could stride over Saint Rumbant's
breeches,

A relique kept at Mechlin: the next morning
One of my followers' old hose was convey'd

Into her chamber, where she tried the feat; 40
By that, and a court-friend, after grew great

W. Knight Why, who could be without
thee?

B. Knight. I will change

To any shape to please you; and my aim
Has been to win your love in all this game.

W. Knight. Thou hast it nobly, and we
long to see 45

The Black-House pleasure, state, and dignity.

B. Knight. Of honour you'll so surfeit and
delight,

You'll ne'er desire again to see the White.

Exeunt.

Enter White Queen

W. Queen. My love, my hope, my dearest!

O, he's gone,
Ensnar'd, entrapp'd, surpris'd amongst the
Black ones! 50

I never felt extremity like this:
Thick darkness dwells upon this hour; integ-
rity,

Like one of heaven's bright luminaries, now
By error's dullest element interpos'd,

Suffers a black eclipse. I never was 55
More sick of love than now I am of horror:

I shall be taken; the game's lost, I'm set
upon! —

Enter Fat Bishop

O, 't is the turncoat Bishop, having watch'd
The advantage of his play, comes now to seize
on me!

O, I'm hard beset, distress'd most miserably! 60
F. Bishop. 'T is vain to stir; remove which
way you can,

I take you now, this is the time we've hop'd
for:

Queen, you must down

W. Queen. No rescue, no deliverance!

F. Bishop. The Black King's blood burns
for thy prostitution,

And nothing but the spring of thy chaste virtue
Can cool his inflammation, instantly 66

Enter White Bishop

He dies upon a pleurisy of luxury,
If he deflower thee not

W. Queen O strait of misery!

W. Bishop. And is your holiness his divine
procurer?

F. Bishop. The devil's in 't, I'm taken by
a ringdove! 70

Where stood this Bishop that I saw him not?

W. Bishop You were so ambitious you
look'd over me!

You aim'd at no less person than the Queen,
The glory of the game; if she were won,

The way were open to the master-check, 75

¹¹ his: ('their' MS) ³⁹ presentation: manner of appearing ³¹ (Not in MS) ³⁶⁻³⁷ (The relics of St. Romold were popularly believed to have the power of performing this service.) ⁴⁹ he's gone: (a reference to the journey of Prince Charles and Buckingham to Madrid in 1623) ⁶² we've: ('we ever' MS) ⁶⁷ pleurisy: excess ⁷⁶ master-check: checkmate

Enter White King

Which, look you, he or his lives to give you;
Honour and virtue guide him in his station!

W. Queen. O my safe sanctuary!

W. King. Let heaven's blessings
Be mine no longer than I am thy sure one!
The dove's house is not safer in the rock 80
Than thou in my firm bosom.

W. Queen. I am blest in 't.

W. King. Is it that lump of rank ingratitude,
Swell'd with the poison of hypocrisy?
Could he be so malicious, has partaken
Of the sweet fertile blessings of our kingdom? —
Bishop, thou 'st done our White House gra-
cious service, 86
And worthy the fair reverence of thy place —
For thee, Black Holiness, that work'st out thy
death

As the blind mole, the proper'st son of earth,
Who, in the casting his ambitious hills up, 90
Is often taken and destroy'd i' the midst
Of his advanced work, 't were well with thee
If, like that verminous labourer, which thou
imitat'st
In hills of pride and malice, when death puts
thee up,

The silent grave might prove thy bag for ever,
No deeper pit than that: for thy vain hope 96
Of the White Knight and his most firm assistant,
Two princely pieces, which I know thy thoughts
Give lost for ever now, my strong assurance
Of their fix'd virtues, could you let in seas 100
Of populous untruths against that fort,
'T would burst the proudest billows

W. Queen My fear's past then.

W. King. Fear? you were never guilty of an
injury

To goodness, but in that

W. Queen It stay'd not with me, sir

W. King It was too much if it usurp'd a
thought 105

Place a good guard there.

W. Queen Confidence is set, sir

W. King. Take that prize hence, go, rev-
erend of men,

Put covetousness into the bag again.

F. Bishop The bag had need be sound, or
it goes to wrack;

Sin and my weight will make a strong one
crack. [Exeunt.] 110

Finis Actus Quartus.

⁸⁰ proper'st: most veritable Sc I (This scene represents the journey to Madrid, cf IV iv, V. ii) ⁸⁶ Behold me fixed on Cæsar's triumphal arch! ⁹⁰ May (all) heretics perish so! ¹⁰⁻²¹ If anything ever to mortal eyes opened a merry and welcome day, if anything ever brought joy to the most loving souls of friends, or begat happiness, most white and shining Knight, assuredly we confess that your happy arrival from the White House to the Black House has promised, has begotten, has brought it All of us, most excited by your coming, with all gladness, joy, congratulation, and acclamation, with most respectful souls, most devoted feelings, and reverent allegiance, congratulate your safety.

Incipit Quintus et Ultimus.

[ACT V SCENE I

Before the Black House]

Music. [Black Bishop's Pawn discovered above]
Enter the Black Knight in his litter. calls

B Knight Hold, hold!

Is the Black Bishop's Pawn, the Jesuit,
Planted above for his concise oration?

B B. Pawn. Ecce triumphante me fixum
Cæsar's arce!

B Knight Art there, my holy boy? sirrah,
Bishop Tumbrel 5

Is snapp'd in the bag by this time

B B. Pawn. Hæretici pereant sic!

B Knight All Latin! Sure the oration has
infected him

Away, make haste, they 're coming

Hauboy. Enter Black King, [Black] Queen,
[Black] Duke, meeting the White Knight
and Duke Black Bishop's Pawn from above
entertain him [i.e., White Knight] with
this Latin oration

The Oration

B B Pawn Si quid mortalibus unquam 10
oculis hulare et gratum aperuit diem, si quid
peramantibus amicorum animis gaudium attu-
lit peperit lætitiæ, Eques Candidissime,
prælucentissime, felicem profecto tuum a 14
Domo Candoris ad Domum Nigritudinis ac-
cessum promississe, peperisse, attulisse fate-
mur: omnes adventus tui conflagrantissimi, omni qua
possumus lætitiæ, gaudio, congratulatione, ac-
clamatione, animis observantissimis, affecti-
bus devotissimis, obsequi venerabundis, te 20
sospitem congratulamur!

B King Sir, in this short congratulatory
speech

You may conceive how the whole House af-
fects you.

B. Knight The colleges and sanctimonious
seed-plots

W Knight 'T is clear and so acknowledg'd,
royal sir 25

B King What honours, pleasures, rarities,
delights,

Your noble thought can think —

B Queen. Your fair eye fix on,

That 's comprehended in the spacious circle
Of our Black Kingdom, they 're your servants
all 30

W. Knight. How amply you endear us!

W. Duke. They are favours
That equally enrich the royal giver,
As the receiver, in the free donation.

Music. An altar discovered and statues, with a song.

B. Knight. Hark, to enlarge your welcome,
from all parts
Is heard sweet-sounding airs! abstruse things
open 35

Of voluntary freeness, and yond altar,
The seat of adoration, seems to adore
The virtues you bring with you.

W. Knight. There 's a taste
Of the old vessel still, the erroneous relish.

Song

Wonder work some strange delight, 40
(This place was never yet without),
To welcome the fair White-House Knight,
And to bring our hopes about!
May from the altar flames aspire,
Those tapers set themselves afire! 45
May senseless things our joys approve,
And those brazen statues move,
Quickened by some power above,
Or what more strange, to show our love!

The images move in a dance.

B. Knight. A happy omen waits upon this
hour; 50

All move portentously the right-hand way.

B. King. Come, let 's set free all the most
choice delights,

That ever adorned days or quickened nights.
Exeunt.

[SCENE II. *Field between the two Houses*]

Enter White Queen's Pawn

W. Q. Pawn. I see 't was but a trial of my
love now;

H'as a more modest mind, and in that virtue
Most worthily has fate provided for me.

Enter Jesuit

Ha! 't is the bad man in the reverend habit:
Dares he be seen again, traitor to holiness, 5
O marble-fronted impudence! and knows
How much he has wrong'd me? I 'm asham'd
he blushes not

B. B. Pawn. Are you yet stor'd with any
woman's pity?
Are you the mistress of so much devotion,

Kindness, and charity, as to bestow 10
An alms of love on your poor sufferer yet
For your sake only?

W. Q. Pawn. Sir, for the reverence and
respect you ought

To give to sanctity, though none to me,
In being her servant vow'd and wear her livery,
If I might counsel you, you should ne'er
speak 16

The language of unchasteness in that habit;
You would not think how ill it does with you.
The world 's a stage on which all parts are
play'd:

You 'd think it most absurd to have a devil 20
Presented there not in a devil's shape,
Or, wanting one, to send him out in yours;
You 'd rail at that for an absurdity
No college e'er committed For decorum's sake,
then,

For pity's cause, for sacred virtue's honour, 25
If you 'll persist still in your devil's part,
Present him as you should do, and let one
That carries up the goodness of the play
Come in that habit, and I 'll speak with him;
Then will the parts be fitted, and the specta-
tors 30

Know which is which: they must have cunning
judgments

To find it else, for such a one as you
Is able to deceive a mighty audience;
Nay, those you have seduc'd, if there be any
In the assembly, if they see what manner 35
You play your game with me, they cannot love
you

Is there so little hope of you, to smile, sir?

B. B. Pawn. Yes, at your fears, at the igno-
rance of your power,
The little use you make of time, youth, fortune,
Knowing you have a husband for lust's shelter,
You dare not yet make bold with a friend's
comfort; 41

This is the plague of weakness

W. Q. Pawn. So hot burning!
The syllables of sin fly from his lips
As if the letter came new-cast from hell.

B. B. Pawn. Well, setting aside the dish
you loathe so much, 45
Which has been heartily tasted by your betters,
I come to marry you to the gentleman
That last enjoy'd you: 'hope that pleases you;
There 's no immodest relish in that office

W. Q. Pawn. [*Aside.*] Strange of all others
he should light on him 50
To tie that holy knot that sought to undo me!—
Were you requested to perform that business,
sir?

²⁹ comprehended: included ⁴⁶ approve: put to proof, feel ⁴⁸ Quickened'd: brought to life
⁴⁹ what: something, anything ¹⁸ does with: suits ²⁸ carries up: represents ³¹ they . . . judg-
ments: ('it must be strange cunning' MS)

B. B. Pawn. I name you a sure token

W. Q. Pawn As for that, sir,
Now y' are most welcome, and my fair hope 's
of you,

You 'll never break the sacred knot you tie
once

With any lewd solicitings hereafter

B. B. Pawn But all the craft 's in getting
of it knit:

You 're all on fire to make your cozening mar-
ket.

I am the marrier and the man — do you know
me?

Do you know me, nice iniquity, strict luxury, 60
And holy whoredom? — that would clap on
marriage

With all hot speed to solder up your game
See what a scourge fate hath provided for thee!
You were a maid, swear still, y' are no worse
now,

I left you as I found you: have I startled
you?

I am quit with you now for my discovery, 66
Your outcries, and your cunnings. farewell,
brokage!

W. Q. Pawn Nay, stay, and hear me but
give thanks a little,

If your ear can endure a word so gracious;
Then you may take your pleasure

B. B. Pawn I have done that 70

W. Q. Pawn. That power, that hath pre-
serv'd me from this devil —

B. B. Pawn. How?

W. Q. Pawn This that may challenge the
chief chair in hell,

And sit above his master —

B. B. Pawn. Bring in merit

W. Q. Pawn That suffer'd 'st him, through
blind lust, to be led 75

Last night to the action of some common bed —
B. Q. Pawn. (Intus) Not over-common,
neither.

B. B. Pawn. Ha, what voice is that?

W. Q. Pawn. Of virgins be thou ever
honoured! —

Now you may go; you hear I have given
thanks, sir

B. B. Pawn Here 's a strange game! Did
not I lie with you? 81

B. Q. Pawn (Intus) No

B. B. Pawn What a devil art thou?

W. Q. Pawn. I will not answer you, sir,

After thanksgiving

B. B. Pawn. Why, you made promise to
me 85

After the contract.

B. Q. Pawn. (Intus.) Yes

B. B. Pawn. A pox confound thee!

I speak not to thee — and you were prepar'd
for 't,

And set your joys more high —

B. Q. Pawn (Intus) Than you could reach,
sir.

B. B. Pawn Light, 't is a bawdy voice; I 'll
slit the throat on 't!

Enter Black Queen's Pawn

B. Q. Pawn What, offer violence to your
bedfellow? 90

To one that works so kindly without rape?

B. B. Pawn. My bedfellow?

B. Q. Pawn. Do you plant your scorn
against me?

Why, when I was probationer at Brussels,
That engine was not known, then adoration
Fill'd up the place, and wonder was in fashion:
Is 't turn'd to the wild seed of contempt so
soon? 96

Can five years stamp a bawd? Pray, look upon
me,

I have youth enough to take it: 't is no more
Since you were chief agent for the transporta-
tion

Of ladies' daughters, if you be remember'd: 100
Some of their portions I could name; who
purs'd 'em, too.

They were soon disposposs'd of worldly cares
That came into your fingers

B. B. Pawn. Shall I hear her?

B. Q. Pawn Holy derision, yes, till thy ear
swells

With thy own venom, thy profane life's vomit:
Whose niece was she you poison'd, with child
twice, 106

Then gave her out possess'd with a foul spirit,
When 't was indeed your bastard?

B. B. Pawn. I am taken

In mine own toils!

*Enter White Bishop's Pawn and
White Queen*

W. B. Pawn. Yes, and 't is just you should
be

W. Queen. And thou, lewd Pawn, the shame
of womanhood! 110

B. B. Pawn. I 'm lost of all hands!

B. Q. Pawn. And I cannot feel
The weight of my perdition; now he 's taken,
'T 'as not the burden of a grasshopper.

B. B. Pawn. Thou whore of order, cockatrice
in vola!

Enter Black Knight's Pawn

B. Kt.'s Pawn. Yond 's the White Bishop's
Pawn; have at his heart now. 115

W. Q. Pawn. Hold, monster-impudence!
would'st thou heap a murder

On thy first foul attempt? O merciless blood-hound,

'T is time that thou wert taken!

B. Kl.'s Pawn. Death! prevented!

W. Q. Pawn. For thy sake and yond partner in thy shame,

I 'll never know man farder than by name. 120
Exeunt.

[SCENE III. In the Black House]

Enter Black King, [Black] Queen, [Black] Duke, Black Knight, [Black Bishop], with the White Knight and his Duke

W. Knight. Y'ave both enrich'd my knowledge, royal sir,

And my content together

B. King. 'Steard of riot

We set you only welcome: surfeit is

A thing that 's seldom heard of in these parts

W. Knight. I hear of the more virtue when I miss on 't 5

B. Knight We do not use to bury in our bellies

Two hundred thousand ducats, and then boast on 't;

Or exercise the old Roman painful idleness

Cockles from Chios, frank'd and fatt'd up

The golden-headed coracine out of Egypt, 10

The salpa from Eleusis, or the pelamus,

Which some call summer-whiting, from Chalcædon,

Salmons from Aquitaine, helops from Rhodes,

Cockles from Chios, frank'd and fatt'd up

With far and sapa, flour and cocted wine, 15

We cram no birds, nor, Epicurean-like,

Enclose some creeks of the sea, as Sergius Crata did,

He that invented the first stews for oysters

And other sea-fish, who, beside the pleasure of his

Own throat, got large revénues by th' invention, 20

Whose fat example the nobility follow'd;

Nor do we imitate that arch-gormandizer

With two-and-twenty courses at one dinner,

And, betwixt every course, he and his guess

Wash'd and us'd women, then sat down and strengthen'd, 25

Lust swimming in their dishes, which no sooner Was tasted but was ready to be vented.

W. Knight. Most impious epicures!

B. Knight.

We commend rather,

Of two extremes, the parsimony of Pertinax, Who had half-lettuces set up to serve again; 36

Or his successor Julian, that would make

Three meals of a lean hare, and often sup

With a green fig and wipe his beard, as we can,

The old bewailers of excess in those days

Complain'd there was more coin bid for a cook Than for a war-horse; but now cooks are

purchas'd 36

After the rate of triumphs, and some dishes

After the rate of cooks; which must needs make

Some of your White-House gormandizers, 'specially

Your wealthy, plump plebeians, like the hogs Which Scaliger cites, that could not move for

fat, 41

So insensible of either prick or goad,

That mice made holes to needle in their buttocks,

And they ne'er felt 'em. There was once a ruler,

Cyrene's governor, chok'd with his own paunch; Which death fat Sanctius, King of Castile,

fearing, 46

Through his infinite mass of belly, rather chose

To be kill'd suddenly by a pernicious herb

Taken to make him lean, which old Corduba,

King of Morocco, counsell'd his fear to, 50

Than he would hazard to be stunk to death,

As that huge cormorant that was chok'd before him

W. Knight Well, you 're as sound a spokes-

man, sir, for parsimony,

Clean abstinence, and scarce one meal a day,

As ever spake with tongue

B. King Censure him mildly, sir, 55 'T was but to find discourse

B. Queen He 'll raise 't of any thing

W. Knight I shall be half afraid to feed hereafter

W. Duke Or I, beshrew my heart, for I fear fatness,

The fog of fatness, as I fear a dragon:

The comeliness I wish for, that 's as glorious 60

W. Knight Your course is wondrous strict:

I should transgress, sure,

Were I to change my side, as you have wrought me

B. Knight How you misprize! this is not meant to you-ward

You that are wound up to the height of feeding

² riot: profligacy ¹⁴ frank'd: stuffed ¹⁶ far: flour ^{sapa}: boiled wine ^{cocted}: boiled
¹⁷ Crata: (The proper classical form is "Orata") ¹⁸ stews: breeding beds ²⁴ guess: guests
²⁷ vented: emitted ³¹ Julian: Didius Julianus, successor to Pertinax, here confused with the abstermious Julian the Apostate ³⁷ triumphs: public shows ⁴³ nestle: nestle ⁵⁵⁻⁵⁶ Well . . . tongue:
(a reference to the niggardly entertainment offered to Charles and Buckingham at Madrid) ⁶⁰ raise 't:
('rayse' MS; 'talke' Q 2) ⁶² wrought me: impelled me ('much wrought me to it' MS) ⁶³ misprize:
misunderstand

By clime and custom, are dispens'd withal; 65
 You may eat kid, cabrito, calf, and tons,
 Eat and eat every day, twice, if you please;
 Nay, the frank'd hen, fatten'd with milk and
 corn,

A riot which the inhabitants of Delos 69
 Were first inventors of, or the cramm'd cockle
W Knight. Well, for the food I 'm happily
 resolv'd on;

But for the diet of my disposition,
 There comes a trouble; you will hardly find
 Food to please that.

B Knight It must be a strange nature
 We cannot find a dish for, having Policy, 75
 The master-cook of Christendom, to dress it:
 Pray, name your nature's diet

W Knight. The first mess
 Is hot ambition

B Knight. That 's but serv'd in puff-paste,
 Alas, the meanest of our cardinals' cooks
 Can dress that dinner your ambition, sir, 80
 Can fetch no farder compass than the world?

W Knight. That 's certain, sir

B Knight We're about that already,
 And in the large feast of our vast ambition
 We count but the White Kingdom, whence you
 come from,

The garden for our cook to pick his salads, 85
 The food's lean France, larded with Ger-
 many;

Before which comes the grave, chaste signiory
 Of Venice, serv'd in, capon-like, in white broth,
 From our chief oven, Italy, the bake-meats,
 Savoy the salt, Geneva the chipp'd manchet, 90
 Below the salt the Netherlands are plac'd,
 A common dish at lower end o' the table,
 For meaner pride to fall to for our second
 course,

A spit of Portugals serv'd in for plovers,
 Indians and Moors for blackbirds all this
 while 95

Holland stands ready-melted to make sauce
 On all occasions: when the voider comes,
 And with such cheer our cramm'd hopes we
 suffice,

Zealand says grace for fashion, then we rise
W Knight Here 's meat enough, o' con-
 science, for ambition! 100

B Knight. If there be any want, there 's
 Switzerland,

Polonia, and such pickled things will serve
 To furnish out the table.

W Knight. You say well, sir:
 But here 's the misery; when I have stopp'd the
 mouth

Of one vice, there 's another gapes for food; 105

I am as covetous as a barren womb,
 The grave, or what 's more ravenous.

B Knight We are for you, sir:
 Call you that heinous, that 's good husbandry?
 Why, we make money of our faiths, our prayers;
 We make the very deathbed buy her com-
 forts, 110

Most dearly pay for all her pious counsels,
 Leave rich revénues for a few sale orisons,
 Or else they pass unreconcil'd without 'em:
 Did you but view the vaults within our mon-
 asteries,

You'd swear then Plutus, which the fiction
 calls 115

The lord of riches, were entomb'd within 'em.

B Duke You cannot pass for tuns.

W Knight Is 't possible?

W Duke But how shall I bestow the vice I
 bring, sirs?

You quite forget me, I shall be lock'd out
 By your strict key of life.

B Knight Is yours so foul, sir? 120

W Duke Some that are pleas'd to make a
 wanton on 't,

Call it infirmity of blood, flesh-frailty;

But certain there 's a worse name in your books
 for 't

B Knight The trifle of all vices, the mere
 innocent,

The very novice of this house of clay, —
 venery 125

If I but hug thee hard, I show the worst on 't;

'T is all the fruit we have here after supper;

Nay, at the ruins of a nunnery once,

Six thousand infants' heads found in a fish-
 pond

W Duke. How!

B Knight How, ay, how? how came they
 thither, think you? 130

Huldrick, bishop of Augsburg, in his Epistle
 To Nicholas the First, can tell you how,
 May be he was at cleansing of the pond:

I can but smile to think how it would puzzle
 All mother-maids that ever liv'd in those
 parts 135

To know their own child's heads. But is this
 all?

B Duke. Are you ours yet?

W Knight One more, and I am silenc'd:
 But this that comes now will divide us question-
 less;

'T is ten times, ten times worse than the fore-
 runners

B Knight Is it so vild there is no name
 ordain'd for 't? 140

Toads have their titles, and creation gave

⁶⁶ cabrito: lamb tons: tunny-fish ⁷¹ resolv'd: satisfied ⁹⁰ manchet: small loaf of fine
 bread ⁹⁷ voider: basket for removing remnants ⁹⁸ cheer: food ¹¹² sale: mercenary, insipid
¹¹⁶ fiction: story ¹¹⁷ tuns: wine casks ¹¹⁸ questionless: undoubtedly

Serpents and adds those names to be known by.

W. Knight. This of all others bears the hidden'st venom.

The smoothest poison; I am an arch-dissembler, sir.

B. Knight. How?

W. Knight. 'Tis my nature's brand; turn from me, sir; 145

The time is yet to come that e'er I spake
What my heart meant.

B. Knight. And call you that a vice? —
Avoid all profanation, I beseech you, —

The only prime state-virtue upon earth,
The policy of empires; O, take heed, sir, 150

For fear it take displeasure and forsake you!

It is a jewel of that precious value,
Whose worth's not known but to the skilful
lapidary;

The instrument that picks ope princes' hearts,
And locks up ours from them, with the same
motion: 155

You never yet came near our souls till now.

B. Duke. Now y' are a brother to us.

B. Knight. What we have done
Has been dissemblance ever.

W. Knight. There you lie then,
And the game's ours; we give thee check-mate
by

Discovery, King, the noblest mate of all! 160

B. King. I'm lost, I'm taken!

A great shout and flourish.

W. Knight. Ambitious, covetous,
Luxurious falsehood!

W. Duke. Dissembler, that includes all.

B. King. All hopes confounded!

B. Queen. Miserable condition!

*Enter White King, [While] Queen, [While]
Bishop, White Queen's Pawn, and other]
White Pawns*

W. King. O, let me bless mine arms with
this dear treasure,

Truth's glorious masterpiece! See, Queen of
sweetness, 165

He's in my bosom safe; and yond fair structure

Of comely honour, his true blest assistant.

[Embracing W. Knight and W. Duke.]

W. Queen. May their integrities ever possess
That peaceful sanctuary!

W. Knight. As 't was a game, sir,
Won with much hazard, so with much more
triumph. 170

We gave him check-mate by discovery, sir.

W. King. Obscurity is now the fittest favour
Falsehood can sue for; it well suits perdition:

'Tis their best course that so have lost their
fame

To put their heads into the bag for shame; 175
And there, behold, the bag's mouth, like hell,

opens *The bag opens, the Black Side in st.*

To take her due, and the lost sons appear
Greedily gaping for increase of fellowship

In infamy, the last desire of wretches,
Advancing their perdition-branded foreheads
Like Envy's issue, or a bed of snakes. 181

B. B. Pawn. [*In the bag.*] See, all's con-
founded, the game's lost, King's taken.

F. Bishop. [*In the bag.*] The White House
has given us the bag, I thank 'em.

B. Jestling Pawn. [*In the bag.*] They had
need have given you a whole bag by your-
self.

'Sfoot, this Fat Bishop has so squelch'd and
squeeze'd me, 185

So overlaid me, I have no verjuice left in me!
You shall find all my goodness, an you look
for 't,

In the bottom of the bag.

F. Bishop. Thou malapert Pawn

The Bishop may have room, he will have
room,

And room to lie at pleasure.

B. Jestling Pawn. All the bag, I think, 190
Is room too scant for your Spalato paunch

B. B. Pawn. Down, viper of our order!
art thou showing

Thy impudent whorish front?

B. Q. Pawn. Yes, monster-holiness!
W. Knight. Contention in the pit! is hell
divided?

W. King. You 'd need have some of majesty
and power 195

To keep good rule amongst you. make room,
Bishop. [*Puts B. King into the bag.*]

F. Bishop. I am not so easily mov'd; when
I'm once set,

I scorn to stir for any king on earth.

W. Queen. Here comes the Queen; what
say you then to her?

[*Puts B. Queen into the bag.*]

F. Bishop. Indeed a Queen may make a
Bishop stir. 200

W. Knight. Room for the mightiest Ma-
chiavel-politician

That e'er the devil hatch'd of a nun's egg!

[*Puts B. Knight into the bag.*]

F. Bishop. He'll peck a hole in the bag and
get out shortly;

But I'm sure I shall be the last creeps out, 205
And that's the misery of greatness ever.

Foh, your politician is not sound i' the vent.
I smell him hither.

¹⁸⁷ *B. Duke:* (MS incorporates his speech in the Black Knight's.) ¹⁸⁸ *that:* (not in MS) ¹⁸⁹ *given*
... bag: cheated us

W. Duke. Room for a sun-burnt, tansy-fac'd belov'd,
An olive-colour'd Ganymede! and that 's all
That 's worth the bagging.

F. Bishop. Crowd in all you can, 210
The Bishop will be still uppermost man,
Maugre King, Queen, or politician.

W. King. So, now let the bag close, the
fittest womb

For treachery, pride, and malice; whilst we,
winner-like,

Destroying, through heaven's power, what
would destroy, 215

Welcome our White Knight with loud peals of
joy.

Finis.

Exeunt

²⁰⁸ *tansy-fac'd*: yellow-skinned
²¹² *Maugre*: in spite of

EPILOGUE

White Queen's Pawn

My mistress, the White Queen, hath sent me
forth,

And bade me bow thus low to all of worth,
That are true friends of the White House and
cause,

Which she hopes most of this assembly draws:
For any else, by envy's mark denoted, 5

To those night glow-worms in the bag devoted,
Where'er they sit, stand, and in corners lurk,

They 'll be soon known by their depraving work;
But she 's assur'd what they 'd commit to bane,

Her White friends' loves will build up fair
again. 10

²⁰⁹ *olive-colour'd*: (Referring to Olivares, the Black Duke)

THE BROKEN HEART.

A Tragedy.

ACTED

By the KING'S Majesties Seruants
at the priuate House in the
BLACK-FRIERS.

Fide Honor.



LONDON:

Printed by I. B. for HUGH BEESTON, and are to
be sold at his Shop, neere the Castle in
Corne-hill 2 6 3 3.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL RECORD. The only source of the text of *The Broken Heart* is a Quarto published in 1633, in agreement with the following entry on the Stationers' Register: 28^o Martij 1633. *Hugh Beeston Entred for his Copy vnder the hands of Sir Henry Herbert and master Aspley Warden a Tragedy called The Broken Heart by John Fford . . . vj^o.*

The title-page bears Ford's anagram, *Fide Honor* (Iohn Forde), and the text is prefaced by the following signed letter to the illustrious Lord Craven, a nobleman (as Gifford says of him) "worthy of all praise, and not ill chosen for the patron of a wild, a melancholy, and romantic tale":

"To the most worthy deserver of the noblest titles in honour, Willam, Lord Craven, Baron of Hamstead-Marshall.

My Lord: The glory of a *great name*, acquired by a greater glory of *Action*, hath in all ages liu'd the truest chronicle to his owne Memory. In the practise of which Argument, *your growth* to perfection (even in youth) hath appear'd so sincere, so un-flattering a *Penneman*, that Posterity cannot with more delight read the merit of *Noble endeauours*, then *noble endeauours* merit thanks from Posterity to be read with delight. Many nations, many eyes, have bene witnesses of your *Deserts*, and lou'd Them: Be pleas'd then, with the freedome of your own Nature, to admit ONE amongst All, particularly into the list of such as honour a faire Example of Nobilitie There is a kinde of humble *Ambition*, not vn-commendable, when the silence of study breakes forth into Discourse, coveting rather encouragement then Applause; yet herein *Censure* commonly is too severe an Auditor, without the moderation of an able *Patronage*. I have ever bene slow in courtship of greatnesse, not ignorant of such defects as are frequent to *Opinion* but the Iustice of your Inclination to *Industry*, emboldens my weaknesse of confidence to relish an experience of *your Mercy*, as many brave Dangers have tasted of *your Courage*. Your Lordship stroue to be knowne to the world (when the world knew you least) by voluntary but excellent *Attempts* Like Allowance I plead of being knowne to your Lordship (in this low presumption) by tendring to a favourable entertainment a *Deuotion* offred from a heart, that can be as truly sensible of any least respect, as ever professe the owner in my best, my readiest services, A Lover of your naturall Love to Vertue,

Iohn Ford.'

Though thus evidently published with the poet's sanction, the Quarto is badly printed. It omits many necessary words, and contains some passages so corrupted as to defy satisfactory emendation.

DATE AND STAGE PERFORMANCE. The play was acted by the King's Company at the Blackfriars, but is not mentioned in the extant records of Sir Henry Herbert. Probably its composition did not long precede its publication. Dr. Neilson has noted that *The Garland of Good Will*, mentioned in IV. ii 15, was published in 1631.

SOURCE. No printed source has been discovered, and the probability that one existed is lessened by lines 15 and 16 of the Prologue:

"What may be here thought a fiction, when time's youth
Wanted some riper years, was known a truth "

In an admirable article on "Stella and *The Broken Heart*" (PMLA, 1909, 274-285), the late Stuart P. Sherman pointed out the resemblance of the story of the play to the history of Sir Philip Sidney, Penelope Devereux, and Lord Rich, and also the relation between the Spartan scene and the treatment of Sparta in Sidney's *Arcadia*. It is doubtless only a pretty coincidence that Lord Craven, to whom Ford dedicated his play, became the hero of a similar romance with James I's unfortunate daughter, the Queen of Bohemia

THE BROKEN HEART

AMYCLAS, *Common to the Kings of Laconia*
 ITHOCHES, *Honour of loveliness, a Favourite*
 ORGILUS, *Angry, son to Crotolon*
 BASSANES, *Vexation, a jealous Nobleman*
 ARMOSTES, *an Appeaser, a Councillor of State*
 CROTOLON, *Noise, another Councillor*
 PROPHILUS, *Dear, Friend to Ithoches*
 NEARCHUS, *Young Prince, Prince of Argos*
 TECNICUS, *Artist, a Philosopher*
 LEMOPHIL, *Gullion,*
 GRONEAS, *Tavern-haunter,* } two Courtiers
 AMELUS, *Trusty, Friend to Nearchus*
 PHULAS, *Watchful, Servant to Bassanes*

CALANTHA, *Flower of beauty*, the King's Daughter
 PENTHEA, *Complain*, Sister to Ithocles [and Wife
 to Bassanes]
 EUPHRANEA, *Joy*, a Maid of honour [Daughter to
 Crotolon]
 CHRISTALLA, *Christal*, } Maids of honour
 PHILEMA, *A Kiss*, }
 GRAUSIS, *Old Beidam*. Overseer of Penthea

THRASUS, *Fierceness*, Father of Ithocles
 APLOTES, *Simplicity*, Orgilus so disguised

The Prologue

OUR scene is Sparta He whose best of art
Hath drawn this piece calls it *The Broken Heart*.
The title lends no expectation here
Of apish laughter, or of some lame jeer
At place or persons, no pretended clause
Of jests fit for a brothel courts applause
From vulgar admiration such low songs,
Tun'd to unchaste ears, suit not modest tongues.
The Virgin Sisters then deserv'd fresh bays,
When Innocence and Sweetness crown'd their lays;
Then vices gasp'd for breath, whose whole commerce
Was whipp'd to exile by unblushing verse.
This law we keep in our presentment now,
Not to take freedom more than we allow
What may be here thought a fiction, when time's youth
Wanted some riper years, was known a truth.
In which, if words have cloth'd the subject right,
You may partake a pity with delight

Org Reason! good sir,
 I can yield many.
Crot Give me one, a good one;
 Such I expect, and ere we part must have.
Athens! Pray, why to Athens? You intend
 not
 To kick against the world, turn Cynic, Stoic?
 Or read the logic lecture? or become
 An Areopagite, and judge in causes

Speakers' Names **Lemophil:** (apparently for "Lenophil," lover of the wine-vat. In the text of Q the name is generally, but not invariably, printed "Hemophil") **Amelius:** (The name should mean "careless," not "trusty.") **Prol** ⁸ **pretended clause:** counterfeit passage ⁴ **allow:** approve ¹⁸ **partake . . . delight:** find pleasure in tragic sympathy ⁷ **read . . . lecture:** take a course in logic ⁸ **Areopagite:** member of the Athenian criminal court

Touching the commonwealth? for, as I take it,
The budding of your chin cannot prognosticate
So grave an honour.

Org. All this I acknowledge. 11
Crot. You do! Then, son, if books and love
of knowledge

Inflame you to this travel, here in Sparta
You may as freely study.

Org. 'T is not that, sir.

Crot. Not that, sir! As a father, I command
thee 15

To acquaint me with the truth.

Org. Thus I obey ye.

After so many quarrels as dissension,
Fury, and rage had broach'd in blood, and
sometimes

With death to such confederates as sided
With now-dead Thrasus and yourself, my lord;
Our present king, Amyclas, reconcil'd 21
Your eager swords and seal'd a gentle peace.
Friends you profess'd yourselves; which to con-
firm,

A resolution for a lasting league
Betwixt your families was entertain'd, 25
By joining in a Hymenean bond
Me and the fair Penthea, only daughter
To Thrasus.

Crot. What of this?

Org. Much, much, dear sir.

A freedom of converse, an interchange
Of holy and chaste love, so fix'd our souls 30
In a firm growth of holy union, that no time
Can eat into the pledge We had enjoy'd
The sweets our vows expected, had not cruelty
Prevented all those triumphs we prepar'd for
By Thrasus his untimely death

Crot. Most certain. 35

Org. From this time sprouted up that poison-
ous stalk

Of aconite, whose ripen'd fruit hath ravish'd
All health, all comfort of a happy life;
For Ithocles, her brother, proud of youth,
And prouder in his power, nourish'd closely 40
The memory of former discontents,
To glory in revenge By cunning partly,
Partly by threats, 'a woos at once and forces
His virtuous sister to admit a marriage
With Bassanes, a nobleman, in honour 45
And riches, I confess, beyond my fortunes

Crot. All this is no sound reason to impor-
tune

My leave for thy departure.

Org. Now it follows
Beauteous Penthea, wedded to this torture
By an insulting brother, being secretly 50
Compell'd to yield her virgin freedom up
To him who never can usurp her heart,

¹⁸ ye: ('ee' Q, and so frequently later) ³⁴ triumphs: joyful rites ⁵⁶ he . . . humanity: he
¹⁵ less than human ⁶⁰ resolve: conclude ⁶⁷ sort: arise

Before contracted mine, is now so yok'd
To a most barbarous thralldom, misery,
Affliction, that he savours not humanity, 55
Whose sorrow melts not into more than pity
In hearing but her name.

Crot. As how, pray?

Org. Bassanes,

The man that calls her wife, considers truly
What heaven of perfections he is lord of
By thinking fair Penthea his This thought 60
Begets a kind of monster-love, which love
Is nurse unto a fear so strong and servile
As brands all dotage with a jealousy
All eyes who gaze upon that shrine of beauty,
He doth resolve, do homage to the miracle; 65
Some one, he is assur'd, may now or then,
If opportunity but sort, prevail
So much, out of a self-unworthiness,
His fears transport him; not that he finds
cause

In her obedience, but his own distrust. 70

Crot. You spin out your discourse

Org. My griefs are violent:

For knowing how the maid was heretofore
Courtied by me, his jealousies grow wild
That I should steal again into her favours,
And undermine her virtues; which the gods 75
Know I nor dare nor dream of. Hence, from
hence

I undertake a voluntary exile;
First, by my absence to take off the cares
Of jealous Bassanes, but chiefly, sir,
To free Penthea from a hell on earth; 80
Lastly, to lose the memory of something
Her presence makes to live in me afresh.

Crot. Enough, my Orgilus, enough. To
Athens!

I give a full consent — Alas, good lady! —
We shall hear from thee often?

Org. Often.

Crot. See, 85

Thy sister comes to give a farewell.

Enter Euphranea

Euph. Brother!

Org. Euphranea, thus upon thy cheeks I
print

A brother's kiss; more careful of thine honour,
Thy health, and thy well-doing, than my life.
Before we part, in presence of our father, 90
I must prefer a suit t' ye.

Euph. You may style it,

My brother, a command

Org. That you will promise

To pass never to any man, however
Worthy, your faith, till, with our father's leave,
I give a free consent.

Crot. An easy motion! 95
 I 'll promise for her, Orgilus
Org. Your pardon,
 Euphranea's oath must yield me satisfaction
Euph. By Vesta's sacred fires I swear.
Crot. And I,
 By great Apollo's beams, join in the vow,
 Not without thy allowance to bestow her 100
 On any living.
Org. Dear Euphranea,
 Mistake me not: far, far 't is from my thought,
 As far from any wish of mine, to hinder
 Preferment to an honourable bed
 Or fitting fortune. Thou art young and hand-
 some; 105
 And 't were injustice, — more, a tyranny, —
 Not to advance thy merit Trust me, sister,
 It shall be my first care to see thee match'd
 As may become thy choice and our contents 109
 I have your oath
Euph. You have But mean you, brother,
 To leave us, as you say?
Crot. Ay, ay, Euphranea.
 He has just grounds direct him I will prove
 A father and a brother to thee
Euph. Heaven
 Does look into the secrets of all hearts
 Gods, you have mercy with ye, else
Crot. Doubt nothing, 115
 Thy brother will return in safety to us.
Org. Souls sunk in sorrows never are with-
 out 'em;
 They change fresh airs, but bear their griefs
 about 'em *Exeunt omnes.*

Scene 2

[The Court]

*Flourish Enter Amyclas the King, Armos-
 tes, Prophilus, and Attendants*

Amy The Spartan gods are gracious, our
 humility
 Shall bend before their altars, and perfume
 Their temples with abundant sacrifice
 See, lords, Amyclas, your old king, is ent'ring
 Into his youth again! I shall shake off 5
 This silver badge of age, and change this snow
 For hairs as gay as are Apollo's locks
 Our heart leaps in new vigour.
Arm. May old time
 Run back to double your long life, great sir!
Amy. It will, it must, Armostes. Thy bold
 nephew, 10
 Death-braving Ithocles, brings to our gates
 Triumphs and peace upon his conquering
 sword.
 Laconia is a monarchy at length;

Hath in this latter war trod under foot
 Messene's pride; Messene bows her neck 15
 To Lacedæmon's royalty. O, 't was
 A glorious victory, and doth deserve
 More than a chronicle — a temple, lords,
 A temple to the name of Ithocles. —
 Where didst thou leave him, Prophilus?
Pro. At Pephon, 20
 Most gracious sovereign. Twenty of the no-
 blest
 Of the Messenians there attend your pleasure,
 For such conditions as you shall propose
 In settling peace, and liberty of life
Amy When comes your friend, the general?
Pro He promis'd 25
 To follow with all speed convenient.

*Enter Crotolon, Calantha, Christalla, Philema
 [with a garland] and Euphranea*

Amy. Our daughter! — Dear Calantha, the
 happy news,
 The conquest of Messene, hath already
 Enrich'd thy knowledge.
Cal With the circumstance
 And manner of the fight, related faithfully 30
 By Prophilus himself — But, pray, sir, tell me,
 How doth the youthful general demean
 His actions in these fortunes?
Pro Excellent princess,
 Your own fair eyes may soon report a truth
 Unto your judgment, with what moderation, 35
 Calmness of nature, measure, bounds, and
 limits
 Of thankfulness and joy, 'a doth digest
 Such amplitude of his success as would
 In others, moulded of a spirit less clear,
 Advance 'em to comparison with heaven. 40
 But Ithocles —

Cal Your friend —
Pro He is so, madam,
 In which the period of my fate consists:
 He, in this firmament of honour, stands
 Like a star fix'd, not mov'd with any thunder
 Of popular applause or sudden lightning 45
 Of self-opinion. He hath serv'd his country,
 And thinks 't was but his duty.

Crot You describe
 A miracle of man.
Amy. Such, Crotolon,
 On forfeit of a king's word, thou wilt find
 him. — *Flourish.* 49
 Hark, warning of his coming! All attend him.

*Enter Ithocles, Lemophil, and Groneas; the
 rest of the Lords ushering him in*

Return into these arms, thy home, thy sanctu-
 ary,

¹⁰⁰ allowance: approval ¹¹² direct: which direct ⁴¹ period: summation ⁴⁴ self-opinion:
 vanity

Delight of Sparta, treasure of my bosom,
Mine own, own Ithocles!

Ith. Your humblest subject.

Arm. Proud of the blood I claim an interest
in,

As brother to thy mother, I embrace thee, 55
Right noble nephew.

Ith. Sir, your love 's too partial.

Crot. Our country speaks by me, who by thy
valour,

Wisdom, and service, shares in this great ac-
tion;

Returning thee, in part of thy due merits,
A general welcome.

Ith. You exceed in bounty. 60

Cal. Christalla, Philema, the chaplet. [*Takes
the chaplet from them*] — Ithocles,

Upon the wings of Fame the singular
And chosen fortune of an high attempt
Is borne so past the view of common sight.

That I myself with mine own hands have
wrought, 65

To crown thy temples, this provincial garland:
Accept, wear, and enjoy it as our gift
Deserv'd, not purchas'd

Ith. Y' are a royal maid.

Amv. She is in all our daughter.

Ith. Let me blush,

Acknowledging how poorly I have serv'd, 70
What nothings I have done, compar'd with th'
honours

Heap'd on the issue of a willing mind
In that lay mine ability, that only:

For who is he so sluggish from his birth,
So little worthy of a name or country, 75

That owes not out of gratitude for life
A debt of service, in what kind soever
Safety or counsel of the commonwealth
Requires, for payment?

Cal. 'A speaks truth

Ith. Whom heaven

Is pleas'd to style victorious, there to such 80
Applause runs madding, like the drunken
priests

In Bacchus' sacrifices, without reason
Voicing the leader-on a demi-god;

Whenas, indeed, each common soldier's blood
Drops down as current coin in that hard pur-
chase 85

As his whose much more delicate condition
Hath suck'd the milk of ease Judgment com-
mands,

But resolution executes. I use not,
Before this royal presence, these fit slights

As in contempt of such as can direct; 90

My speech hath other end: not to attribute
All praise to one man's fortune, which is
strengthen'd

By many hands. For instance, here is Pro-
philus,

A gentleman — I cannot flatter truth —
Of much desert; and, though in other rank, 95
Both Lemophil and Groneas were not missing
To wish their country's peace; for, in a word,
All there did strive their best, and 't was our
duty.

Amv. Courtiers turn soldiers! — We vouch-
safe our hand

[*Lemophil and Groneas kiss his hand.*]

Observe your great example.

Lem. With all diligence. 100

Gron. Obsequiously and hourly.

Amv. Some repose

After these toils are needful. We must think
on

Conditions for the conquer'd; they expect 'em.
On! — Come, my Ithocles.

Euph. Sur, with your favour,

I need not a supporter.

Pro. Fate instructs me. 105

*Exeunt Manent Lemophil, Groneas,
Christalla, et Philema. Lemophil
stays Christalla, Groneas Philema.*

Chris. With me?

Phil. Indeed, I dare not stay.

Lem. Sweet lady,

Soldiers are blunt, — your lip.

Chris. Fie, this is rudeness:

You went not hence such creatures

Gro. Spirit of valour

Is of a mounting nature.

Phil. It appears so. —

Pray, in earnest, how many men apiece 110
Have you two been the death of?

Gro. 'Faith, not many;

We were compos'd of mercy.

Lem. For our daring,

You have heard the general's approbation
Before the king

Chris. You "wish'd your country's peace":
That show'd your charity. Where are your
spoils, 115

Such as the soldier fights for?

Phil. They are coming.

Chris. By the next carrier, are they not?

Gro. Sweet Philema,

When I was in the thickest of mine enemies,
Slashing off one man's head, another's nose,
Another's arms and legs, —

Phil. And all together. 120

⁵⁵ part: part payment ⁶⁰ attempt: enterprise ⁶⁵ provincial: worn by the conqueror of a province ⁷⁰ purchas'd: casually acquired ⁷⁵ issue: accomplishment ⁸⁰ slights: underratings
¹⁰⁰ Observe: pay homage to ^{example}: exemplar (Ithocles) ¹¹¹ you: ('yon' Q) ¹¹⁵ all to-
gether: ('altogether' Q)

Gro. Then would I with a sigh remember thee,
And cry "Dear Philema, 't is for thy sake
I do these deeds of wonder!" — Dost not love me
With all thy heart now?

Phil. Now as heretofore.
I have not put my love to use; the principal ¹²⁵
Will hardly yield an interest.

Gro. By Mars,
I 'll marry thee!
Phil. By Vulcan, y' are forsworn,
Except my mind do alter strangely.

Gro. One word.
Chris. You lie beyond all modesty: — for-
bear me. ¹²⁹

Lem. I 'll make thee mistress of a city; 't is
Mine own by conquest

Chris. By petition, sue for 't
In forma pauperis — City' kennel. — Gallants,
Off with your feathers, put on aprons, gallants;
Learn to reel, thrum, or trim a lady's dog, ¹³⁴
And be good quiet souls of peace, hobgoblins'

Lem. Christalla!
Chris. Practise to drill hogs, in hope
To share in the acorns — Soldiers' corncutters,
But not so valiant' they oft times draw blood,
Which you durst never do When you have
practis'd

More wit or more civility, we 'll rank ye ¹⁴⁰
I' th' list of men' till then, brave things-at-
arms,

Dare not to speak to us, — most potent Gro-
neas' —

Phil. And Lemophil the hardy! — at your
services. *Exeunt Christalla et Philema*

Gro. They scorn us as they did before we
went.

Lem. Hang 'em! let us scorn them, and be
reveng'd ¹⁴⁵

Gro. Shall we?

Lem. We will: and when we slight them
thus,

Instead of following them, they 'll follow us
It is a woman's nature.

Gro. 'T is a scurvy one *Exeunt omnes.*

Scene 3

[Grove near the palace]

*Enter Tecnicus, a philosopher, and Orgilus
disguised like a Scholar of his*

Tec. Tempt not the stars; young man, thou
canst not play
With the severity of fate: this change

¹³² kennel: gutter ¹³³ feathers: ('Fathers' Q)
³⁰ grutch: begrudge ³¹ malice: discouragement
embraces

Of habit and disguise in outward view
Hides not the secrets of thy soul within thee
From their quick-piercing eyes, which dive at ⁵
all times

Down to thy thoughts. In thy aspect I note
A consequence of danger

Org. Give me leave,
Grave Tecnicus, without foredooming destiny,
Under thy roof to ease my silent griefs
By applying to my hidden wounds the balm ¹⁰
Of thy oraculous lectures If my fortune
Run such a crooked by-way as to wrest
My steps to ruin, yet thy learned precepts
Shall call me back and set my footings straight.
I will not court the world

Tec. Ah, Orgilus, ¹⁵
Neglects in young men of delights and life
Run often to extremities; they care not
For harms to others who condemn their own.

Org. But I, most learned artist, am not so
much

At odds with nature that I grutch the thrift ²⁰
Of any true deserver, nor doth malice
Of present hopes so check them with despair
As that I yield to thought of more affliction
Than what is incident to frailty: wherefore
Impute not this retired course of living ²⁵
Some little time to any other cause
Than what I justly render, — the information
Of an unsettled mind, as the effect
Must clearly witness

Tec. Spirit of truth inspire thee!
On these conditions I conceal thy change, ³⁰
And willingly admit thee for an auditor. —
I 'll to my study.

Org. I to contemplations
In these delightful walks [*Exit Tecnicus.*]
Thus metamorphos'd

I may without suspicion hearken after
Pentheas's usage and Euphranea's faith. ³⁵
Love, thou art full of mystery! The deities
Themselves are not secure in searching out
The secrets of those flames, which, hidden,
waste

A breast made tributary to the laws
Of beauty Physic yet hath never found ⁴⁰
A remedy to cure a lover's wound. —
Ha! who are those that cross yon private walk
Into the shadowing grove in amorous foldings?

*Prophilus passeth over, supporting Euphra-
nea, and whispering*

My sister! O, my sister! 't is Euphranea
With Prophilus: supported too! I would ⁴⁵
It were an apparition! Prophilus
Is Ithocles his friend. It strangely puzzles me.

¹³⁴ thrum: weave ⁷ consequence: augury
³⁴ frailty: mortal imperfection ⁴³ foldings:

Again! help me, my book; this scholar's habit
Must stand my privilege: my mind is busy,
Mine eyes and ears are open.

Walks by, reading.

Enter again Prophilus and Euphranea

Pro. Do not waste 50
The span of this stol'n time, lent by the gods
For precious use, in niceness. Bright Euphranea,

Should I repeat old vows, or study new,
For purchase of belief to my desires, —

Org. [Aside.] Desires!

Pro. My service, my integrity, — 55

Org. [Aside.] That 's better.

Pro. I should but repeat a lesson
Oft conn'd without a prompter but thine eyes.
My love is honourable.

Org. [Aside.] So was mine
To my Penthea, chastely honourable.

Pro. Nor wants there more addition to my
wish 60

Of happiness than having thee a wife;
Already sure of Ithocles, a friend
Firm and unalterable.

Org. [Aside.] But a brother
More cruel than the grave.

Euph. What can you look for,
In answer to your noble protestations, 65
From an unskilful maid, but language suited
To a divided mind?

Org. [Aside.] Hold out, Euphranea!

Euph. Know, Prophilus, I never under-
val'd,

From the first time you mention'd worthy love,
Your merit, means, or person. It had been 70

A fault of judgment in me, and a dulness
In my affections, not to weigh and thank
My better stars that offer'd me the grace
Of so much blissfulness For, to speak truth,

The law of my desires kept equal pace 75
With yours; nor have I left that resolution:

But, only in a word, whatever choice
Lives nearest in my heart must first procure
Consent both from my father and my brother,
Ere he can own me his.

Org. [Aside.] She is forsworn else. 80

Pro. Leave me that task.

Euph. My brother, ere he parted
To Athens, had my oath

Org. [Aside.] Yes, yes, 'a had, sure.

Pro. I doubt not, with the means the court
supplies,

But to prevail at pleasure.

Org. [Aside.] Very likely!

Pro. Meantime, best, dearest, I may build
my hopes 85

On the foundation of thy constant suff'rance
In any opposition.

Euph. Death shall sooner
Divorce life and the joys I have in living
Than my chaste vows from truth.

Pro. On thy fair hand
I seal the like. 90

Org. [Aside.] There is no faith in woman.
Passion, O, be contain'd! My very heart-
strings

Are on the tenters.

Euph. Sir, we are overheard.
Cupid protect us! 'T was a sturring, sir,
Of some one near.

Pro. Your fears are needless, lady. 95
None have access into these private pleas-
ures

Except some near in court, or bosom-student
From Tecnicus his oratory, granted
By special favour lately from the king
Unto the grave philosopher

Euph. Methinks 100
I hear one talking to himself, — I see him.

Pro. 'T is a poor scholar, as I told you,
lady.

Org. [Aside.] I am discover'd. — [*Half aloud
to himself, as if studying.*] Say it: is it
possible,

With a smooth tongue, a leering countenance,
Flattery, or force of reason — I come t' ye,
sir — 105

To turn or to appease the raging sea?

Answer to that. — Your art! what art to catch
And hold fast in a net the sun's small atoms?
No, no; they 'll out, they 'll out: ye may as
easily

Outrun a cloud driven by a northern blast 110
As fiddle-faddle so! Peace, or speak sense.

Euph. Call you this thing a scholar? 'Las,
he 's lunatic.

Pro. Observe him, sweet; 't is but his recrea-
tion.

Org. But will you hear a little? You are
so tetchy,

You keep no rule in argument Philosophy 115
Works not upon impossibilities,

But natural conclusions — Mew! — absurd!

The metaphysics are but speculations

Of the celestial bodies, or such accidents

As not mix'd perfectly, in the air engend'red,
Appear to us unnatural; that 's all. 121

Prove it. Yet, with a reverence to your gravity,
I 'll balk illiterate sauciness, submitting
My sole opinion to the touch of writers.

Pro. Now let us fall in with him.

[*They come forward.*]

Org. Ha, ha, ha! 125

⁵⁵ niceness: coyness ⁷⁷ choice: chosen lover ⁹⁵ tenters: tenter-hooks, for stretching cloth
⁹⁸ pleasures: pleasure grounds ⁹⁸ oratory: private chapel ¹¹⁴ tetchy: peevish

These apish boys, when they but taste the
grammates
And principles of theory, imagine
They can oppose their teachers. Confidence
Leads many into errors.

Pro. By your leave, sir.

Euph. Are you a scholar, friend?

Org. I am, gay creature, 130

With pardon of your deities, a mushroom
On whom the dew of heaven drops now and then.
The sun shines on me too, I thank his beams!
Sometime I feel their warmth, and eat and
sleep.

Pro. Does Tecnicus read to thee?

Org. Yes, forsooth, 135
He is my master surely; yonder door
Opens upon his study.

Pro. Happy creatures.

Such people toil not, sweet, in heats of state,
Nor sink in thaws of greatness, their affections
Keep order with the limits of their modesty, 140
Their love is love of virtue. — What's thy
name?

Org. Aplotes, sumptuous master, a poor
wretch

Euph. Dost thou want anything?

Org. Books, Venus, books

Pro. Lady, a new conceit comes in my
thought,

And most available for both our comforts 145

Euph. My lord, —

Pro. Whiles I endeavour to deserve
Your father's blessing to our loves, this scholar
May daily at some certain hours attend
What notice I can write of my success, 149
Here in this grove, and give it to your hands;
The like from you to me so can we never,
Barr'd of our mutual speech, want sure intelli-
gence,

And thus our hearts may talk when our tongues
cannot

Euph. Occasion is most favourable; use it.

Pro. Aplotes, wilt thou wait us twice a day,
At nine i' th' morning and at four at night, 156
Here in this bower, to convey such letters
As each shall send to other? Do it willingly,
Safely, and secretly, and I will furnish
Thy study, or what else thou canst desire 160

Org. Jove, make me thankful, thankful, I
beseech thee,
Propitious Jove! I will prove sure and trusty:
You will not fail me books?

Pro. Nor aught besides
Thy heart can wish. This lady's name's Euphranea,

Mine Philus.
156 grammates: rudiments 156 read: lecture
telligence: information 7 light: window 8 suddenly: immediately 10 factor: agent 11 close
packets: secret letters 11 sprigal: youth

Org. I have a pretty memory; 165
It must prove my best friend. I will not miss
One minute of the hours appointed.

Pro. Write

The books thou wouldst have bought thee in a
note,

Or take thyself some money.

Org. No, no money.

Money to scholars is a spirit invisible, 170
We dare not finger it: or books, or nothing.

Pro. Books of what sort thou wilt: do not
forget

Our names.

Org. I warrant ye, I warrant ye.

Pro. Smile, Hymen, on the growth of our
desires;

We'll feed thy torches with eternal fires! 175

Exeunt Manet Orgilus.

Org. Put out thy torches, Hymen, or their
light

Shall meet a darkness of eternal night!

Inspire me, Mercury, with swift deceits.

Ingenious Fate has leapt into mine arms, 179

Beyond the compass of my brain. Mortality

Creeps on the dung of earth, and cannot reach

The riddles which are purpos'd by the gods.

Great arts best write themselves in their own
stories,

They die too basely who outlive their glories.

Exit.

Actus Secundus: Scæna prima

[House of Bassanes]

Enter Bassanes and Phulas

Bass. I'll have that window next the street
damm'd up.

It gives too full a prospect to temptation,
And courts a gazer's glances. There's a lust
Committed by the eye, that sweats and trav-
ails,

Plots, wakes, contrives, till the deformed bear-
whelp, 5

Adultery, be lick'd into the act,

The very act. That light shall be damm'd up;

D'ye hear, sir?

Phu. I do hear, my lord; a mason

Shall be provided suddenly.

Bass. Some rogue.

Some rogue of your confederacy, — factor 10

For slaves and strumpets! — to convey close
packets

From this spruce springal and the t' other
youngster,

That gaudy earwig, or my lord your patron,

156 grammates: rudiments 156 read: lecture 156 conceit: idea 140 attend: await 153 in-
telligence: information 7 light: window 8 suddenly: immediately 10 factor: agent 11 close
packets: secret letters 11 sprigal: youth

Whose pensioner you are. — I 'll tear thy throat out,

Son of a cat, ill-looking hound's-head, rip up 15
Thy ulcerous maw, if I but scent a paper,
A scroll, but half as big as what can cover
A wart upon thy nose, a spot, a pimple,
Directed to my lady. It may prove
A mystical preparative to lewdness. 20

Phu. Care shall be had: I will turn every thread

About me to an eye. — [*Aside.*] Here 's a sweet life!

Bass. The city housewives, cunning in the traffic

Of chamber merchandise, set all at price
By wholesale; yet they wipe their mouths and
sumper. 25

Cull, kiss, and cry "sweetheart," and stroke the head

Which they have branch'd; and all is well again!

Dull clods of dirt, who dare not feel the rubs
Stuck on their foreheads.

Phu. 'T is a villainous world;
One cannot hold his own in 't.

Bass. Dames at court, 30
Who flaunt in riots, run another bias
Their pleasure heaves the patient ass that suffers

Up on the stults of office, titles, incomes;
Promotion justifies the shame, and sues for 't.
Poor honour, thou art stabb'd, and bleed'st to
death 35

By such unlawful hire! The country mistress
Is yet more wary, and in blushes hides
Whatever trespass draws her troth to guilt.
But all are false. On this truth I am bold:
No woman but can fall, and doth, or would —
Now for the newest news about the city; 41
What blab the voices, sirrah?

Phu. O, my lord,
The rarest, quaintest, strangest, tickling news
That ever —

Bass. Hey-day! up and ride me, rascal!
What is 't?

Phu. Forsooth, they say the king has
mew'd 45

All his gray beard, instead of which is budded
Another of a pure carnation colour,
Speckled with green and russet

Bass. Ignorant block!
Phu. Yes, truly; and 't is talk'd about the
streets

That, since Lord Ithocles came home, the lions
Never left roaring, at which noise the bears 51
Have danc'd their very hearts out.

Bass. Dance out thine too.

Phu. Besides, Lord Orgilus is fled to Athens
Upon a fiery dragon, and 't is thought
'A never can return.

Bass. Grant it, Apollo! 55

Phu. Moreover, please your lordship, 't is
reported

For certain, that whoever is found jealous,
Without apparent proof that 's wife is wanton,
Shall be divorc'd: but this is but she-news;
I had it from a midwife. I have more yet. 60

Bass. Antic, no more! Idiots and stupid
fools

Grate my calamities. Why, to be fair
Should yield presumption of a faulty soul! —
Look to the doors.

Phu. [*Aside*] The horn of plenty crest him!

Exit Phulas
Bass. Swarms of confusion huddle in my
thoughts 65

In rare distemper — Beauty! O, it is
An unmatch'd blessing or a horrid curse.

Enter Penthea and Graustis, an old Lady

She comes, she comes! so shoots the morning
forth,

Spangled with pearls of transparent dew. —
The way to poverty is to be rich, 70
As I in her am wealthy, but for her,
In all contents a bankrupt. —

Lov'd Penthea!
How fares my heart's best joy?

Grau. In sooth, not well.
She is so over-sad

Bass. Leave chattering, magpie. —
Thy brother is return'd, sweet, safe, and hon-
our'd 75
With a triumphant victory: thou shalt visit
him

We will to court, where, if it be thy pleasure,
Thou shalt appear in such a ravishing lustre
Of jewels above value, that the dames
Who brave it there, in rage to be outshin'd, 80
Shall hide them in their closets, and unseen
Fret in their tears; whiles every wond'ring
eye
Shall crave none other brightness but thy pres-
ence.

Choose thine own recreations; be a queen
Of what delights thou fanciest best, what com-
pany, 85
What place, what times. Do anything, do all
things

Youth can command, so thou wilt chase these
clouds

From the pure firmament of thy fair looks.

²⁰ mystical: disguised ²² housewives: hussies ²⁴⁻²⁵ set . . . wholesale: are wholly venal
²⁶ Cull: hug ²⁷ branch'd: horned ²⁸ rubs: roughnesses ²⁹ their: ('the' Q) ³¹ bias: indirect
course ³³ bold: firmly assured ⁴⁵ mew'd: moulted ⁵⁸ that's: that his

Grau. Now 't is well said, my lord. — What, lady! laugh,
Be merry; time is precious.

Bass. [*Aside.*] Furies whip thee! 90

Pen. Alas, my lord, this language to your hand-maid

Sounds as would music to the deaf. I need
No braveries nor cost of art to draw
The whiteness of my name into offence.

Let such, if any such there are, who covet 95
A curiosity of admiration,

By laying out their plenty to full view,
Appear in gaudy outsides; my attires
Shall suit the inward fashion of my mind;

From which, if your opinion, nobly plac'd, 100
Change not the livery your words bestow,

My fortunes with my hopes are at the highest
Bass This house, methinks, stands some-
what too much inward,

It is too melancholy; we 'll remove 104
Nearer the court: or what thinks my Penthea
Of the delightful island we command?

Rule me as thou canst wish.

Pen. I am no mistress.
Whither you please, I must attend; all ways
Are alike pleasant to me.

Grau. Island? prison!
A prison is as gaysome: we 'll no islands; 110
Marry, out upon 'em! Whom shall we see
there?

Sea-gulls, and porpoises, and water-rats,
And crabs, and mews, and dog-fish? goodly
gear

For a young lady's dealing, — or an old one's!
On no terms islands, I 'll be stew'd first

Bass. [*Aside to Grausis.*] Grausis, 115
You are a juggling bawd — This sadness,
sweetest,

Becomes not youthful blood — [*Aside to Grau-*
sis.] I 'll have you pounded —

For my sake put on a more cheerful mirth;
Thou' t mar thy cheeks, and make me old in
griefs. —

[*Aside to Grausis.*] Damnable bitch-fox!

Grau. I am thick of hearing, 120
Still, when the wind blows southerly — What
think ye,

If your fresh lady breed young bones, my
lord?

Would not a chopping boy d' ye good at heart?
But, as you said —

Bass. [*Aside to Grausis.*] I 'll spit thee on a
stake,
Or chop thee into collops!

Grau. Pray, speak louder. 125
Sure, sure the wind blows south still.

Pen. Thou prat' st madly.

Bass. 'T is very hot; I sweat extremely.

Enter Phulas

Now?

Phu. A herd of lords, sir.

Bass. Ha!

Phu. A flock of ladies.

Bass. Where?

Phu. Shoals of horses.

Bass. Peasant, how?

Phu. Caroches

In drifts, th' one enter, th' other stand with-
out, sir: 130

And now I vanish. *Exit Phulas.*

*Enter Prophilus, Lemophil, Groneas,
Christalla, and Philema*

Pro. Noble Bassanes!

Bass. Most welcome, Prophilus! Ladies,
gentlemen,

To all my heart is open; you all honour me, —
[*Aside.*] A tympany swells in my head al-
ready, —

Honour me bountifully. — [*Aside.*] How they
flutter, 135

Wagtails and jays together!

Pro. From your brother,
By virtue of your love to him, I require
Your instant presence, fairest

Pen. He is well, sir?

Pro. The gods preserve him ever! Yet, dear
beauty,

I find some alteration in him lately, 140
Since his return to Sparta. — My good lord,
I pray, use no delay.

Bass. We had not needed
An invitation, if his sister's health
Had not fallen into question — Haste, Penthea,
Slack not a minute. — Lead the way, good
Prophilus; 145

I 'll follow step by step.

Pro. Your arm, fair madam.
Exeunt omnes sed Bassanes & Grausis.

Bass. One word with your old bawdship:
th' hadst been better

Rail'd at the sins thou worshipp' st than have
thwarted

My will. I 'll use thee cursedly.

Grau. You dote,
You are beside yourself A politician 150
In jealousy? No, y' are too gross, too vulgar.

* Admiration to please their whimsical vanity * outsides: external trappings 101 livery . . . be-
stow: i.e., the state of mind induced by your praise 110 gaysome: pleasant 121 Still: always
122 chopping: lusty 123 collops: hunks of flesh 129 Caroches: coaches 134 tympany: inflation
140 s.d. sed: except 147-148 th' . . . Rail'd: It would have been better for thee to have blasphemed.
149 sins: evil deities 150 politician: schemer

Pish, teach not me my trade; I know my cue.
My crossing you sinks me into her trust,
By which I shall know all. my trade 's a sure
one.

Bass. Forgive me, Grausis, 't was considera-
tion 155

I relish'd not; but have a care now.

Grau. Fear not,

I am no new-come-to 't.

Bass. Thy life 's upon it,
And so is mine. My agonies are infinite.

Exeunt omnes.

Scene 2

[*Lodging of Ithocles*]

Enter Ithocles, alone

Ith. Ambition! 'tis of vipers' breed: it
gnaws

A passage through the womb that gave it mo-
tion.

Ambition, like a seeled dove, mounts upward,
Higher and higher still, to perch on clouds,
But tumbles headlong down with heavier ruin.
So squibs and crackers fly into the air, 6
Then, only breaking with a noise, they vanish
In stench and smoke. Morality, appli'd
To timely practice, keeps the soul in tune,
At whose sweet music all our actions dance. 10
But this is form of books and school-tradition;
It physics not the sickness of a mind
Broken with griefs: strong fevers are not eas'd
With counsel, but with best receipts and means.
Means, speedy means and certain, that 's the
cure. 15

Enter Armotes and Crotolon

Arm. You stick, Lord Crotolon, upon a
point

Too nice and too unnecessary; Prophilus
Is every way desertful. I am confident,
Your wisdom is too ripe to need instruction
From your son's tutelage.

Crot. Yet not so ripe, 20
My Lord Armotes, that it dares to dote
Upon the painted meat of smooth persuasion,
Which tempts me to a breach of faith.

Ith. Not yet
Resolv'd, my lord? Why, if your son's consent
Be so available, we 'll write to Athens 25
For his repair to Sparta. The king's hand
Will join with our desires; he has been mov'd
to 't.

Arm. Yes, and the king himself impórtun'd
Crotolon

For a dispatch.

Crot. Kings may command; their wills
Are laws not to be question'd.

Ith. By this marriage 30
You knit an union so devout, so hearty,
Between your loves to me and mine to yours,
As if mine own blood had an interest in it;
For Prophilus is mine, and I am his.

Crot. My lord, my lord! —

Ith. What, good sir? Speak your thought.

Crot. Had this sincerity been real once, 36
My Orgilus had not been now unwiv'd,
Nor your lost sister buried in a bride-bed
Your uncle here, Armotes, knows this truth;
For had your father Thrasus liv'd, — but peace
Dwell in his grave! I have done

Arm. Y' are bold and bitter. 41

Ith. [*Aside*] 'A presses home the injury; it
smarts —

No reprehensions, uncle; I deserve 'em.
Yet, gentle sir, consider what the heat
Of an unsteady youth, a giddy brain, 45
Green indiscretion, flattery of greatness,
Rawness of judgment, wilfulness in folly,
Thoughts vagrant as the wind and as uncertain,
Might lead a boy in years to — 't was a fault,
A capital fault, for then I could not dive 50
Into the secrets of commanding love,
Since when, experience, by the extremes (in
others),

Hath forc'd me to collect. And, trust me,
Crotolon,

I will redeem those wrongs with any service
Your satisfaction can require for current 55

Arm. Thy acknowledgment is satisfaction.

— [*To Crot*] What would you more?

Crot. I 'm conquer'd. If Euphranea
Herself admit the motion, let it be so;
I doubt not my son's liking

Ith. Use my fortunes,
Life, power, sword, and heart, — all are your
own. 60

*Enter Bassanes, Prophilus, Calantha, Penthea,
Euphranea, Christalla, Philema, and Grausis*

Arm. The princess, with your sister!

Cal. I present ye
A stranger here in court, my lord; for did not
Desire of seeing you draw her abroad,
We had not been made happy in her com-
pany.

155-156 't was . . . not: This was an aspect I didn't perceive. 157 upon it: at stake 3 seeled: blinded (by stitching the eyelids together) 6 Morality: philosophy 9 timely practice: the business of the moment 11 form: pedantry 14 receipts: recipes, formulas for action 17 nice: fastidious 22 painted meat: unsubstantial bait 25 available: advantageous 50 capital: deadly 52 extremes: ('extremities' Q) 55 collect: comprehend 56 for current: to be performed 58 admit: accept 61 ye: ('ee' Q)

Ith. You are a gracious princess. — Sister,
wedlock 65

Holds too severe a passion in your nature,
Which can engross all duty to your husband,

Without attendance on so dear a mistress —
[*To Bassanes*] 'T is not my brother's pleasure
I presume,

'T' immure her in a chamber

Bass 'T is her will; 70
She governs her own hours Noble Ithocles,
We thank the gods for your success and welfare.

Our lady has of late been indispos'd,
Else we had waited on you with the first.

Ith. How does Penthea now?

Pen. You best know, brother, 75
From whom my health and comforts are deriv'd

Bass. [*Aside.*] I like the answer well, 't is
sad and modest

There may be tricks yet, tricks — Have an eye,
Graulis!

Cal. Now, Crotolon, the suit we join'd in
must not

Fall by too long demur

Crot. 'T is granted, princess, 80

For my part.

Arm With condition, that his son

Favour the contract

Cal Such delay is easy —

The joys of marriage make thee, Prophilus,
A proud deserer of Euphranea's love,
And her of thy desert!

Pro Most sweetly gracious! 85

Bass. The joys of marriage are the heaven
on earth,

Life's paradise, great princess, the soul's quiet,
Sins of concord, earthly immortality,
Eternity of pleasures, — no restoratives
Like to a constant woman! — [*Aside.*] But
where is she? 90

'T would puzzle all the gods but to create
Such a new monster — I can speak by proof,
For I rest in Elysium; 't is my happiness.

Crot. Euphranea, how are you resolv'd,
speak freely,

In your affections to this gentleman? 95

Euph. Nor more nor less than as his love
assures me;

Which (if your liking with my brother's war-
rants)

I cannot but approve in all points worthy.

Crot. So, so! — [*To Prophilus*] I know
your answer.

Ith. 'T had been pity

To sunder hearts so equally consented. 100

⁷⁷ sad: sedate ⁸⁵ easy: easily overcome ¹⁰⁰ consented: in harmony ¹¹⁸ ease: unemployment
¹²⁶ in request: fashionable ¹²⁷ fell, and fell: fierce, and very fierce ¹³⁰ waiter: attendant

Enter Lemophil

Lem. The king, Lord Ithocles, commands
your presence, —

And, fairest princess, yours

Cal. We will attend him.

Enter Groneas

Gro Where are the lords? All must unto
the king

Without delay the Prince of Argos —

Cal Well, sir?

Gro Is coming to the court, sweet lady.

Cal How! 105

The Prince of Argos?

Gro 'T was my fortune, madam,

'T enjoy the honour of these happy tidings.

Ith Penthea! —

Pen Brother?

Ith Let me an hour hence

Meet you alone within the palace-grove; 109

I have some secret with you — Prithee, friend,

Conduct her thither, and have special care

The walks be clear'd of any to disturb us.

Pro I shall

Bass [*Aside*] How 's that?

Ith Alone, pray be alone. —

I am your creature, princess — On, my lords!

Exeunt [*Manet*] *Bassanes.*

Bass Alone! alone! What means that word

"alone"? 115

Why might not I be there? — hum! — he 's
her brother

Brothers and sisters are but flesh and blood,

And this same whoreson court ease is tempta-
tion

To a rebellion in the veins — Besides, 119

His fine friend Prophilus must be her guardian:

Why may not he dispatch a business nim-
bly

Before the other come? — or — pand'ring, pan-
d'ring

For one another, — be 't to sister, mother,

Wife, cousin, anything, — 'mongst youths of
mettle

Is in request. It is so — stubborn fate! 125

But if I be a cuckold, and can know it,

I will be fell, and fell

Enter Groneas

Gro. My lord, y' are call'd for.

Bass. Most heartily I thank ye. Where 's
my wife, pray?

Gro. Retir'd amongst the ladies

Bass Still I thank ye.

There 's an old waiter with her; saw you her
too? 130

Gro. She sits i' th' presence-lobby fast asleep,
sir.

Bass. Asleep! sleep, sir!

Gro. Is your lordship troubled?
You will not to the king?

Bass. Your humblest vassal.

Gro. Your servant, my good lord.

Bass. I wait your footsteps.

Exeunt.

Scene the third

[*The Palace-Grove*]

Prophilus, Penthea

Pro. In this walk, lady, will your brother
find you:

And, with your favour, give me leave a little
To work a preparation. In his fashion
I have observ'd of late some kind of slackness
To such alacrity as nature once
And custom took delight in. Sadness grows
Upon his recreations, which he hoards
In such a willing silence, that to question
The grounds will argue little skill in friendship,
And less good manners

Pen. Sir, I'm not inquisitive
Of secresies without an invitation

Pro. With pardon, lady, not a syllable
Of mine implies so rude a sense; the drift —

Enter Orgilus [disguised as before]

[*To Org.*] Do thy best

To make this lady merry for an hour. *Exit.*

Org. Your will shall be a law, sir.

Pen. Prithee, leave me.
I have some private thoughts I would account
with:

Use thou thine own.

Org. Speak on, fair nymph; our souls
Can dance as well to music of the spheres
As any's who have feasted with the gods

Pen. Your school-terms are too troublesome.

Org. What Heaven
Refines mortality from dross of earth
But such as uncompounded beauty hallows
With glorified perfection?

Pen. Set thy wits
In a less wild proportion.

Org. Time can never
On the white table of unguilty faith
Write counterfeit dishonour; turn those eyes,
The arrows of pure love, upon that fire,
Which once rose to a flame, perfum'd with
vows

As sweetly scented as the incense smoking

On Vesta's altars,
. the holiest odours, virgin tears,
. like sprinkled dewes, to feed 'em
And to increase their fervour.

Pen. Be not frantic.

Org. All pleasures are but mere imagination,
Feeding the hungry appetite with steam
And sight of banquet, whilst the body pines,
Not relishing the real taste of food:
Such is the leanness of a heart divided
From intercourse of troth-contracted loves.
No horror should deface that precious figure
Seal'd with the lively stamp of equal souls.

Pen. Away! some fury hath bewitch'd thy
tongue.

The breath of ignorance, that flies from thence,
Ripens a knowledge in me of afflictions
Above all suff'rance — Thing of talk, begone!
Begone, without reply!

Org. Be just, Penthea,
In thy commands when thou send'st forth a
doom

Of banishment, know first on whom it lights
Thus I take off the shroud, in which my cares
Are folded up from view of common eyes

[*Removes his Scholar's gown*]

What is thy sentence next?

Pen. Rash man! thou layest
A blemish on mine honour, with the hazard
Of thy too-desperate life. Yet I profess,
By all the laws of ceremonious widdow,
I have not given admittance to one thought
Of female change since cruelty enforc'd
Divorce betwixt my body and my heart
Why would you fall from goodness thus?

Org. O, rather
Examine me, how I could live to say
I have been much, much wrong'd 'T is for thy
sake

I put on this imposture. Dear Penthea,
If thy soft bosom be not turn'd to marble,
Thou' t pity our calamities, my interest
Confirms me, thou art mine still.

Pen. Lend your hand.
With both of mine I clasp it thus, thus kiss it,
Thus kneel before ye.

Org. You instruct my duty.

Pen. We may stand up. — Have you aught
else to urge
Of new demand? As for the old, forget it;
'T is buried in an everlasting silence,
And shall be, shall be ever. What more would
ye?

Org. I would possess my wife; the equity
Of very reason bids me.

¹³⁴ wait: attend ³ fashion: bearing ⁵ once: (not in Q) ⁶ willing: resolute ⁸ little: (not in Q)
²¹ school-terms: scholastic phrases ²² uncompounded: not artificial ²³ proportion: balance, harmony
³¹⁻³³ (Text evidently corrupted by printer of Q, which reads: 'The holiest Artars, Virgin teares [like | On Vesta's odours] sprinkled dewes to feed 'em') ⁶⁶ Confirms: assures

Pen. Is that all?

Org. Why, 't is the all of me, myself.

Pen. Remove
Your steps some distance from me: — at this
space 75

A few words I dare change; but first put on
Your borrow'd shape

Org. You are obey'd; 't is done.
[*He resumes his disguise*]

Pen. How, Orgilus, by promise I was thine
The heavens do witness they can witness too
A rape done on my truth. How I do love
thee 80

Yet, Orgilus, and yet, must best appear
In tendering thy freedom, for I find
The constant preservation of thy merit,
By thy not daring to attempt my fame
With injury of any loose conceit, 85
Which might give deeper wounds to discon-
tents

Continue this fair race: then, though I cannot
Add to thy comfort, yet I shall more often
Remember from what fortune I am fallen, 89
And pity mine own ruin — Live, live happy, —
Happy in thy next choice, that thou mayst
people

This barren age with virtues in thy issue!
And O, when thou art married, think on me
With mercy, not contempt! I hope thy wife,
Hearing my story, will not scorn my fall — 95
Now let us part

Org. Part! yet advise thee better
Penthea is the wife to Orgilus,
And ever shall be.

Pen. Never shall nor will.

Org. How!

Pen. Hear me; in a word I'll tell thee
why

The virgin-dowry which my birth bestow'd 100
Is ravish'd by another; my true love
Abhors to think that Orgilus deserv'd
No better favours than a second bed.

Org. I must not take this reason

Pen. To confirm it,
Should I outlive my bondage, let me meet 105
Another worse than this and less desir'd,
If, of all the men alive, thou shouldst but touch
My lip or hand again!

Org. Penthea, now
I tell 'ee, you grow wanton in my sufferance
Come, sweet, th' art mine

Pen. Uncivil sir, forbear! 110
Or I can turn affection into vengeance;
Your reputation, if you value any,
Lies bleeding at my feet. Unworthy man,

If ever henceforth thou appear in language,
Message, or letter, to betray my frailty, 115
I'll call thy former protestations lust,
And curse my stars for forfeit of my judgment.
Go thou, fit only for disguise and walks,
To hide thy shame this once I spare thy life.
I laugh at mine own confidence; my sorrows
By thee are made inferior to my fortunes. 121
If ever thou didst harbour worthy love,
Dare not to answer My good genius guide me,
That I may never see thee more! — Go from
me!

Org. I'll tear my veil of politic frenzy off,
And stand up like a man resolv'd to do: 126
Action, not words, shall show me. — O Penthea!

Exit Orgilus

Pen. 'A sigh'd my name, sure, as he parted
from me:

I fear I was too rough. Alas, poor gentleman!
'A look'd not like the ruins of his youth, 130
But like the ruins of those ruins. Honour,
How much we fight with weakness to preserve
thee! [*Walks aside.*]

Enter Bassanes and Grauss

Bass. Fie on thee! damn thee, rotten mag-
got, damn thee!
Sleep? sleep at court? and now? Aches, con-
vulsions,
Imposthumes, rheums, gouts, palsies, clog thy
bones 135
A dozen years more yet!

Grau. Now y' are in humours.

Bass. She 's by herself, there 's hope of that;
she 's sad too;
She 's in strong contemplation; yes, and fix'd:
The signs are wholesome.

Grau. Very wholesome, truly,

Bass. Hold your chops, nightmare! — Lady,
come; your brother 140
Is carried to his closet; you must thither.

Pen. Not well, my lord?

Bass. A sudden fit; 't will off!
Some surfeit or disorder — How dost, dearest?

Pen. Your news is none o' the best

Enter Prophilus

Pro. The chief of men,
The excellentest Ithocles, desires 145
Your presence, madam.

Bass. We are hasting to him.

Pen. In vain we labour in this course of life
To piece our journey out at length, or crave
Respite of breath: our home is in the grave.

Bass. Perfect philosophy!

⁸¹ tendering: cherishing ⁸⁷ race: course of action ¹⁰⁹ grow . . . sufferance: abuse my patience
¹¹⁷ for . . . judgment: for the mistake I made in loving you ¹¹⁸ walks: lurking places ¹²⁰ frenzy:
(i.e., the pose of mad scholar; 'French' Q) ¹²⁷ show: reveal ¹³⁴ Aches: (Pronounce in two syllables:
"atches") ¹³⁵ Imposthumes: abscesses ¹³⁸ fix'd: quiet ¹⁴⁰ chops: jaws

Pen. Then let us care 150
To live so, that our reckonings may fall even
When w' are to make account.

Pro. He cannot fear
Who builds on noble grounds: sickness or pain
Is the deser-er's exercise; and such
Your virtuous brother to the world is known.
Speak comfort to him, lady; be all gentle: 156
Stars fall but in the grossness of our sight,
A good man dying, th' earth doth lose a light.
Exeunt omnes.

Actus Tertius: Scæna prima

[*House of Tecnicus*]

Enter Tecnicus, and Orgilus in his own shape

Tec. Be well advis'd; let not a resolution
Of giddy rashness choke the breath of reason.

Org. It shall not, most sage master.

Tec. I am jealous;
For if the borrow'd shape so late put on
Infer'd a consequence, we must conclude 5
Some violent design of sudden nature
Hath shook that shadow off, to fly upon
A new-hatch'd execution. Orgilus,
Take heed thou hast not, under our integrity,
Shrouded unlawful plots; our mortal eyes 10
Pierce not the secrets of your heart, the gods
Are only privy to them.

Org. Learned Tecnicus,
Such doubts are causeless; and, to clear the
truth
From misconceit, the present state commands
me.

The Prince of Argos comes himself in person 15
In quest of great Calantha for his bride,
Our kingdom's heir; besides, mine only sister,
Euphranea, is dispos'd to Prophilus;
Lastly, the king is sending letters for me
To Athens, for my quick repair to court: 20
Please to accept these reasons.

Tec. Just ones, Orgilus,
Not to be contradicted: yet beware
Of an unsure foundation: No fair colours
Can fortify a building faintly jointed.
I have observ'd a growth in thy aspect 25
Of dangerous extent, sudden, and — look to
't —

I might add, certain —

Org. My aspect! Could art
Run through mine inmost thoughts, it should
not sift

An inclination there more than what suited
With justice of mine honour.

Tec. I believe it. 30
But know then, Orgilus, what honour is.
Honour consists not in a bare opinion
By doing any act that feeds content,
Brave in appearance, 'cause we think it brave.
Such honour comes by accident, not nature, 35
Proceeding from the vices of our passion,
Which makes our reason drunk. But real
honour

Is the reward of virtue, and acquir'd
By justice, or by valour which for basis
Hath justice to uphold it. He then fails 40
In honour, who for lucre or revenge
Commits thefts, murders, treasons, and adul-
teries,

With suchlike, by intrenching on just laws,
Whose sovereignty is best preserv'd by jus-
tice

Thus, as you see how honour must be grounded
On knowledge, not opinion, — for opinion 46
Relies on probability and accident,
But knowledge on necessity and truth, —
I leave thee to the fit consideration
Of what becomes the grace of real honour, 50
Wishing success to all thy virtuous meanings

Org. The gods increase thy wisdom, reverend
oracle,

And in thy precepts make me ever thrifty!

Tec. I thank thy wish. *Exit Orgilus.*
Much mystery of fate

Lies hid in that man's fortunes: Curiosity 55
May lead his actions into rare attempts. —
But let the gods be moderators still,
No human power can prevent their will.

Enter Armostes [with a casket]

From whence come ye?

Arm. From King Amyclas, — pardon
My interruption of your studies. — Here, 60
In this seal'd box, he sends a treasure dear
To him as his crown 'A prays your gravity,
You would examine, ponder, sift, and bolt
The pith and circumstance of every tittle
The scroll within contains.

Tec. What is 't, Armostes? 65
Arm. It is the health of Sparta, the king's
life,

Sinews and safety of the commonwealth;
The sum of what the oracle deliver'd
When last he visited the prophetic temple
At Delphos: what his reasons are, for which, 70
After so long a silence, he requires

¹⁵⁰ *Pen.*: (not in Q, which gives this speech to Bassanes) ¹⁵⁴ *exercise*: discipline ¹⁵⁵ *jealous*:
suspicious ¹⁵⁶ *consequence*: logical purpose ¹⁵⁷ *execution*: enterprise ¹⁵⁸ *heart*: ('hearts' Q)
¹⁵⁹ *the . . . state*: immediate public business ¹⁶⁰ *faintly*: weakly ¹⁶¹ *extent*: intensity ¹⁶² *feeds*:
content: satisfies vanity ¹⁶³ *basis*: ('Bases' Q) ¹⁶⁴ *or*: ('of' Q) ¹⁶⁵ *thrifty*: thriving ¹⁶⁶ *Curi-*
osity: subtlety ¹⁶⁷ *bolt*: winnow

Your counsel now, grave man, his majesty
Will soon himself acquaint you with.

Tec. [Takes the casket.] Apollo
Inspire my intellect! — The Prince of Argos
Is entertain'd?

Arm. He is; and has demanded 75
Our princess for his wife; which I conceive
One special cause the king importunes you
For resolution of the oracle

Tec. My duty to the king, good peace to
Sparta,

And fair day to Armostes!

Arm. Like to Tecnicus' *Exeunt.* 80

[SCENE II — *Ithocles' Apartment*]

Soft Music. A Song

*Can you paint a thought? or number
Every fancy in a slumber?*

*Can you count soft minutes roving
From a dial's point by moving?*

*Can you grasp a sigh? or, lastly,
Rob a virgin's honour chastely?* 5

*No, O, no! yet you may
Sooner do both that and this,*

*This and that, and never miss,
Than by any praise display* 10

*Beauty's beauty, such a glory,
As beyond all fate, all story,*

All arms, all arts,

*All loves, all hearts,
Greater than those or they,* 15
Do, shall, and must obey.

*During which time enters Prophilus, Bassanes,
Penihea, Grausis, passing over the stage
Bassanes and Grausis enter again softly,
stealing to several stands, and listen*

Bass. All silent, calm, secure. — Grausis, no
creaking?

No noise? Dost hear nothing?

Grau. Not a mouse,
Or whisper of the wind.

Bass. The floor is matted,
The bedposts sure are steel or marble — Sol-
diers 20
Should not affect, methinks, strains so effem-
inate.

Sounds of such delicacy are but fawnings
Upon the sloth of luxury, they heighten
Cinders of covert lust up to a flame

Grau. What do you mean, my lord? — speak
low; that gabbling 25
Of yours will but undo us

Bass.

Are felt, not heard.

Pro. [Within.] 'A wakes.

Bass. What 's that?

Ith [Within] Who 's there?

Sister? — All quit the room else

Bass. 'T is consented!

Enter Prophilus

Pro Lord Bassanes, your brother would be
private.

We must forbear; his sleep hath newly left
him 30

Please ye, withdraw.

Bass By any means; 't is fit.

Pro. Pray, gentlewoman, walk too.

Grau. Yes, I will, sir. *Exeunt omnes.*

Ithocles discovered in a chair, and Penihea

Ith Sit nearer, sister, to me; nearer yet.
We had one father, in one womb took life, 34
Were brought up twins together, yet have liv'd
At distance, like two strangers. I could wish
That the first pillow whereon I was cradled
Had prov'd to me a grave

Pen You had been happy:
Then had you never known that sin of life,

Which blots all following glories with a ven-
geance 40

For forfeiting the last will of the dead,
From whom you had your being.

Ith Sad Penihea,
Thou canst not be too cruel, my rash spleen
Hath with a violent hand pluck'd from thy
bosom

A love-bless'd heart, to grind it into dust; 45
For which mine 's now a-breaking.

Pen. Not yet, Heaven,
I do beseech thee! First let some wild fires
Scorch, not consume it! may the heat be cher-
ish'd

With desires infinite, but hopes impossible!

Ith Wrong'd soul, thy prayers are heard.

Pen. Here, lo, I breathe, 50
A miserable creature, led to ruin
By an unnatural brother!

Ith. I consume

In languishing affections for that trespass;
Yet cannot die.

Pen The handmaid to the wages 54
Of country toil drinks the untroubled streams
With leaping kids and with the bleating lambs,
And so allays her thirst secure, whiles I
Quench my hot sighs with fleetings of my
tears

⁷⁸ resolution: interpretation ¹⁸ S D several stands: different positions ²²⁻²³ fawnings
Upon: concessions to ²¹ luxury: lasciviousness ³² S D discovered: (by drawing the rear-stage
curtain) ⁴⁶ love-bless'd: ('louer-blest' Q) ⁵⁴⁻⁵⁵ The . . . toil: the peasant girl ⁵⁶ ('The
untroubled of Country toyle, drinks streames' Q) ⁵⁷ secure: in peace ⁵⁸ fleetings: drippings

Ith. The labourer doth eat his coarsest bread,
Earn'd with his sweat, and lies him down to sleep; 60

While every bit I touch turns in digestion
To gall as bitter as Penthea's curse.
Put me to any penance for my tyranny,
And I will call thee merciful.

Pen. Pray kill me,
Rid me from living with a jealous husband; 65
Then we will join in friendship, be again
Brother and sister. — Kill me, pray; nay, will ye?

Ith. How does thy lord esteem thee?

Pen. Such an one
As only you have made me: a faith-breaker,
A spotted whore. — Forgive me, I am one 70
In act, not in desires, the gods must witness.

Ith. Thou dost belie thy friend.

Pen. I do not, Ithocles;
For she that's wife to Orgilus, and lives
In known adultery with Bassanes,
Is at the best a whore. Wilt kill me now? 75

The ashes of our parents will assume
Some dreadful figure, and appear to charge
Thy bloody guilt, that hast betray'd their name
To infamy in this reproachful match.

Ith. After my victories abroad, at home 80
I meet despair; ingratitude of nature
Hath made my actions monstrous. Thou shalt stand

A deity, my sister, and be worshipp'd
For thy resolved martyrdom. wrong'd maids
And married wives shall to thy hallow'd shrine
Offer their orisons, and sacrifice 86
Pure turtles, crown'd with myrtle; if thy pity
Unto a yielding brother's pressure lend
One finger but to ease it

Pen. O, no more!

Ith. Death waits to waft me to the Stygian banks, 90
And free me from this chaos of my bondage;
And till thou wilt forgive, I must endure

Pen. Who is the saint you serve?

Ith. Friendship, or nearness
Of birth to any but my sister, durst not
Have mov'd that question 'T is a secret, 95
sister,

I dare not murmur to myself.

Pen. Let me,
By your new protestations, I conjure 'ee,
Partake her name.

Ith. Her name? — 't is — 't is — I dare not.

Pen. All your respects are forg'd.

Ith. They are not. — Peace!
Calantha is — the princess — the king's daughter — 100

Sole heir of Sparta. — Me most miserable!
Do I now love thee? For my injuries
Revenge thyself with bravery, and gossip
My treasons to the king's ears, do. Calantha
Knows it not yet, nor Prophilus, my nearest. 105

Pen. Suppose you were contracted to her,
would it not

Split even your very soul to see her father
Snatch her out of your arms against her will,
And force her on the Prince of Argos?

Ith. Trouble not
The fountains of mine eyes with thine own story; 110

I sweat in blood for 't.

Pen. We are reconcil'd
Alas, sir, being children, but two branches
Of one stock, 't is not fit we should divide.
Have comfort, you may find it

Ith. Yes, in thee;
Only in thee, Penthea mine.

Pen. If sorrows 115
Have not too much dull'd my infected brain,
I 'll cheer invention for an active strain

Ith. Mad man! why have I wrong'd a maid
so excellent!

*Enter Bassanes with a poniard, Prophilus,
Groneas, Lemophil, and Grausis*

Bass. I can forbear no longer; more, I will
not

Keep off your hands, or fall upon my point. —
Patience is tir'd, for, like a slow-pac'd ass, 121
Ye ride my easy nature, and proclaim
My sloth to vengeance a reproach and property.

Ith. The meaning of this rudeness?

Pro. He 's distracted.

Pen. O, my griev'd lord! —

Grau. Sweet lady, come not near him; 125
He holds his perilous weapon in his hand
To prick 'a cares not whom nor where, — see,
see, see!

Bass. My birth is noble. Though the popular blast

Of vanity, as giddy as thy youth,
Hath rear'd thy name up to bestride a cloud,
Or progress in the chariot of the sun, 131
I am no clod of trade, to lackey pride,
Nor, like your slave of expectation, wait
The bawdy hinges of your doors, or whistle
For mystical conveyance to your bed-sports. 135

Gro. Fine humours! they become him.

⁶¹ While: ('Which' Q) ⁶² digestion: ('disgestion' Q) ⁶³ nearness: (not in Q) ⁶⁴ 'T is: ('as' Q)
⁶⁵ respects: avowals of affection (to Penthea) ⁶⁶ cheer . . . strain: urge my mind to activity
⁶⁷ property: tool ⁶⁸ bestride a cloud: (alluding to the myth of Ixion, compare IV. i. 69-71)
⁶⁹ progress: travel (like Phaeton) ⁷⁰ slave of expectation: expectant lackey ⁷¹ wait: attend at
⁷² mystical: secret

Lem. How 'a stares,
Struts, puffs, and sweats! Most admirable
lunacy!

Ith. But that I may conceive the spirit of
wine

Has took possession of your soberer custom,
I'd say you were unmannerly.

Pen. Dear brother! — 140

Bass. Unmannerly! — mew, kiting! —
smooth Formality

Is usher to the rankness of the blood,
But Impudence bears up the train Indeed, sir,
Your fiery mettle, or your springal blaze
Of huge renown, is no sufficient royalty 145
To print upon my forehead the scorn, "cuck-
old"

Ith. His jealousy has robb'd him of his wits;
'A talks 'a knows not what.

Bass. Yes, and 'a knows
To whom 'a talks, to one that franks his lust
In swine-security of bestial incest 150

Ith. Ha, devil!

Bass. I will halloo 't, though I blush more
To name the filthiness than thou to act it.

Ith. Monster! [*Draws his sword.*]

Pro. Sir, by our friendship —

Pen. By our bloods —
Will you quite both undo us, brother?

Grau. Out on him!
These are his megrims, firks, and melanchol-
ies. 155

Lem. Well said, old touch-hole

Gro. Kick him out at doors.

Pen. With favour, let me speak — My lord,
what slackness

In my obedience hath deserv'd this rage?
Except humility and silent duty
Have drawn on your unquiet, my simplicity 160
Ne'er studied your vexation.

Bass. Light of beauty,
Deal not ungently with a desperate wound!
No breach of reason dares make war with her
Whose looks are sovereignty, whose breath is
balm

O, that I could preserve thee in fruition 165
As in devotion!

Pen. Sir, may every evil
Lock'd in Pandora's box shower, in your pres-
ence,

On my unhappy head, if, since you made me
A partner in your bed, I have been faulty
In one unseemly thought against your honour!

Ith. Purge not his griefs, Penthea

Bass. Yes, say on, 171
Excellent creature! — [*To Ithocles.*] Good,
be not a hindrance

To peace and praise of virtue — O, my senses

Are charm'd with sounds celestial! — On, dear,
on.

I never gave you one ill word, say, did I? 175
Indeed I did not.

Pen. Nor, by Juno's forehead,
Was I e'er guilty of a wanton error.

Bass. A goddess! let me kneel.

Grau. Alas, kind animal!

Ith. No; but for penance.

Bass. Noble sir, what is it?
With gladness I embrace it; yet, pray let
not

My rashness teach you to be too unmerciful. 181

Ith. When you shall show good proof that
manly wisdom,

Not oversway'd by passion or opinion,
Knows how to lead your judgment, then this
lady,

Your wife, my sister, shall return in safety 185
Home, to be guided by you; but, till first
I can out of clear evidence approve it,
She shall be my care.

Bass. Rip my bosom up,
I'll stand the execution with a constancy;
This torture is unsufferable.

Ith. Well, sir, 190
I dare not trust her to your fury.

Bass. But
Penthea says not so.

Pen. She needs no tongue
To plead excuse who never purpos'd wrong.

Lem [*To Grausis*] Virgin of reverence and
antiquity,
Stay you behind.

Gro. The court wants not your
diligence 195

Exeunt omnes sed Bass. & Grau.
Grau. What will you do, my lord? My
lady's gone;

I am denied to follow

Bass. I may see her,
Or speak to her once more?

Grau. And feel her too, man.
Be of good cheer, she's your own flesh and
bone.

Bass. Diseases desperate must find cures
alike 200

She swore she has been true.

Grau. True, on my modesty.

Bass. Let him want truth who credits not
her vows!

Much wrong I did her, but her brother infinite;
Rumour will voice me the contempt of man-
hood, 204

Should I run on thus. Some way I must try
To outdo art, and tie up jealousy.

Exeunt omnes.

¹⁷⁷ admirable: wonderful ¹⁴⁴ springal: precocious ¹⁴⁵ royalty: license ¹⁴⁶ franks: gorges
¹⁴⁶ megrims: fits of temper ¹⁴⁷ firks: pranks ¹⁴⁸ your: (not in Q) ²⁰⁰ tie up: ('cry a' Q)

[SCENE III. — *The Court*]

Flourish. Enter Amyclas, Nearchus, leading Calantha, Armostes, Crotolon, Euphranea, Christalla, Philema, and Amelus

Amy. Cousin of Argos, what the heavens have pleas'd,

In their unchanging counsels, to conclude
For both our kingdoms' weal, we must submit
to:

Nor can we be unthankful to their bounties,
Who, when we were even creeping to our
grave, 5

Sent us a daughter, in whose birth our hope
Continues of succession. As you are
In title next, being grandchild to our aunt,
So we in heart desire you may sit nearest
Calantha's love; since we have ever vow'd 10
Not to enforce affection by our will,
But by her own choice to confirm it gladly.

Near. You speak the nature of a right just
father.

I come not hither roughly to demand
My cousin's thralldom, but to free mine own. 15
Report of great Calantha's beauty, virtue,
Sweetness, and singular perfections, courted
All ears to credit what I find was publish'd
By constant truth; from which, if any service
Of my desert can purchase fair construction, 20
This lady must command it.

Cal. Princely sir,
So well you know how to profess observance,
That you instruct your hearers to become
Practitioners in duty; of which number
I'll study to be chief.

Near. Chief, glorious virgin, 25
In my devotions, as in all men's wonder.

Amy. Excellent cousin, we deny no liberty;
Use thine own opportunities. — Armostes,
We must consult with the philosophers;
The business is of weight.

Arm. Sir, at your pleasure. 30

Amy. You told me, Crotolon, your son's
return'd

From Athens: wherefore comes 'a not to court
As we commanded?

Crot. He shall soon attend
Your royal will, great sir.

Amy. The marriage
Between young Prophilus and Euphranea 35
Tastes of too much delay.

Crot. My lord, —

Amy. Some pleasures
At celebration of it would give life
To th' entertainment of the prince our kinsman.
Our court wears gravity more than we relish.

Arm. Yet the heavens smile on all your
high attempts, 40
Without a cloud.

Crot. So may the gods protect us.

Cal. A prince a subject?

Near. Yes, to beauty's sceptre:
As all hearts kneel, so mine.

Cal. You are too courtly.

To them Ithocles, Orgilus, Prophilus

Ith. Your safe return to Sparta is most wel-
come:

I joy to meet you here, and, as occasion 45
Shall grant us privacy, will yield you reasons
Why I should covet to deserve the title
Of your respected friend; for, without compli-
ment,

Believe it, Orgilus, 't is my ambition.

Org. Your lordship may command me, your
poor servant. 50

Ith. [*Aside*] So amorously close! — so soon!
— my heart!

Pro. What sudden change is next?

Ith. Life to the king!
To whom I here present this noble gentleman,
New come from Athens Royal sir, vouchsafe
Your gracious hand in favour of his merit. 55

[*The King gives Orgilus his hand to
kiss.*]

Crot. [*Aside*] My son preferr'd by Ithocles!
Amy. Our bounties

Shall open to thee, Orgilus; for instance, —
Hark in thine ear, — if, out of those inventions
Which flow in Athens, thou hast there en-
gross'd

Some rarity of wit, to grace the nuptials 60
Of thy fair sister, and renown our court
In th' eyes of this young prince, we shall be
debtor

To thy conceit: think on 't.

Org. Your highness honours me.

Near. My tongue and heart are twins.

Cal. A noble birth,
Becoming such a father. — Worthy Orgilus, 65
You are a guest most wish'd for.

Org. May my duty
Still rise in your opinion, sacred princess!

Ith. Euphranea's brother, sir; a gentleman
Well worthy of your knowledge.

Near. We embrace him,
Proud of so dear acquaintance.

Amy. All prepare 70
For revels and disport; the joys of Hymen,
Like Phœbus in his lustre, put to flight
All mists of dulness, crown the hours with
gladness:

No sounds but music, no discourse but mirth!

⁵ grave: ('graues' Q) ²² observance: courtly service ²³ Tastes: partakes ²⁴ flow: abound
engross'd: made yours ²⁵ conceit: invention ²⁶ put: ('puts' Q)

Cal. Thine arm, I prithee, Ithocles. — Nay,
good 75
My lord, keep on your way; I am provided.
Near. I dare not disobey.
Ith. Most heavenly lady! *Exeunt.*

[SCENE IV. — *House of Crotolon*]

Enter Crotolon, Orgilus

Crot. The king hath spoke his mind.
Org. His will he hath;
But were it lawful to hold plea against
The power of greatness, not the reason, haply
Such undershrubs as subjects sometimes might
Borrow of nature justice, to inform 5
That license sovereignty holds without check
Over a meek obedience.

Crot. How resolve you
Touching your sister's marriage? Prophilus
Is a deserving and a hopeful youth.

Org. I envy not his merit, but applaud it; 10
Could wish him thrift in all his best desires,
And with a willingness inleague our blood
With his, for purchase of full growth in friend-
ship.

He never touch'd on any wrong that malic'd
The honour of our house, nor stirr'd our peace:
Yet, with your favour, let me not forget 16
Under whose wing he gathers warmth and com-
fort,

Whose creature he is bound, made, and must
live so.

Crot. Son, son, I find in thee a harsh condi-
tion;

No courtesy can win it; 't is too rancorous 20

Org. Good sir, be not severe in your con-
struction

I am no stranger to such easy calms
As sit in tender bosoms: lordly Ithocles
Hath grac'd my entertainment in abundance,
Too humbly hath descended from that height
Of arrogance and spleen which wrought the
rape 26

On griev'd Penthea's purity; his scorn
Of my untoward fortunes is reclaim'd
Unto a courtship, almost to a fawning: —
I 'll kiss his foot, since you will have it so. 30

Crot. Since I will have it so! Friend, I will
have it so,

Without our ruin by your politic plots,
Or wolf-of-hatred snarling in your breast.
You have a spirit, sir, have ye? A familiar
That posts i' th' air for your intelligence? 35
Some such hobgoblin hurried you from Athens,
For yet you come unsent for.

Org. If unwelcome,
I might have found a grave there.

¹ inform: qualify ¹¹ wish: ('with' Q) ¹² thrift: success ¹³ condition: state of mind ¹⁴ re-
claim'd: altered for the better ¹⁵ genius: household divinity ¹⁶ smooth: gracious

Crot. Sure, your business
Was soon dispatch'd, or your mind alter'd
quickly.

Org. 'T was care, sir, of my health cut short
my journey; 40
For there a general infection
Threatens a desolation.

Crot. And I fear
Thou hast brought back a worse infection with
thee, —

Infection of thy mind; which, as thou say'st,
Threatens the desolation of our family. 45

Org. Forbid it, our dear genius! I will
rather

Be made a sacrifice on Thrasus' monument,
Or kneel to Ithocles, his son, in dust,
Than woo a father's curse. My sister's mar-
riage

With Prophilus is from my heart confirm'd. 50
May I live hated, may I die despis'd,
If I omit to further it in all

That can concern me!

Crot. I have been too rough.
My duty to my king made me so earnest;
Excuse it, Orgilus

Org. Dear sir! —

Crot. Here comes 55
Euphranea with Prophilus and Ithocles.

*Enter to them Prophilus, Euphranea, Itho-
cles, Groneas, Lemophil*

Org. Most honoured! — ever famous!

Ith. Your true friend,
On earth not any truer. — With smooth eyes
Look on this worthy couple; your consent
Can only make them one

Org. They have it — Sister, 60
Thou pawn'dst to me an oath, of which engage-
ment

I never will release thee, if thou aim'st
At any other choice than this.

Euph. Dear brother,
At him, or none

Crot. To which my blessing 's added.

Org. Which, till a greater ceremony per-
fect, — 65

Euphranea, lend thy hand. — Here, take her,
Prophilus.

Live long a happy man and wife, and further,
That these in presence may conclude an omen,
Thus for a bridal song I close my wishes:

[Sings]

*Comforts lasting, loves increasing, 70
Like soft hours never ceasing:
Plenty's pleasure, peace complying,
Without jars, or tongues envying;*

*Hearts by holy union wedded,
More than theirs by custom bedded; 75
Fruitful issues; life so graced,
Not by age to be defaced;
Budding, as the year ensu'th,
Every spring another youth:
All what thought can add beside 80
Crown this bridegroom and this bride!*

Pro. You have seal'd joy close to my soul. —
Euphranea,

Now I may call thee mine.

Ith. I but exchange

One good friend for another.

Org. If these gallants

Will please to grace a poor invention 85

By joining with me in some slight device,

I 'll venture on a strain my younger days
Have studied for delight.

Lem. With thankful willingness

I offer my attendance.

Gro. No endeavour

Of mine shall fail to show itself

Ith. We will 90

All join to wait on thy directions, Orgilus.

Org. O, my good lord, your favours flow
towards

A too unworthy worm, — but as you please
I am what you will shape me.

Ith. A fast friend

Crot. I thank thee, son, for this acknowledg-
ment; 95

It is a sight of gladness.

Org. But my duty. *Exeunt omnes*

[SCENE V — *Calantha's Apartment*]

*Enter Calantha, Penthea, Christalla,
Philema*

Cal. Whoe'er would speak with us, deny his
entrance

Be careful of our charge.

Chris. We shall, madam

Cal. Except the king himself, give none ad-
mittance;

Not any.

Phil. Madam, it shall be our care.

Exeunt [Christalla and Philema].

Cal. Being alone, Penthea, you have granted
The opportunity you sought, and might 6
At all times have commanded.

Pen. 'T is a benefit
Which I shall owe your goodness even in death
for.

My glass of life, sweet princess, hath few
minutes

Remaining to run down; the sands are spent;
For by an inward messenger I feel 11
The summons of departure short and certain.

Cal. You feel too much your melancholy.

Pen. Glories

Of human greatness are but pleasing dreams

And shadows soon decaying: on the stage 15

Of my mortality my youth hath acted

Some scenes of vanity, drawn out at length

By varied pleasures, sweet'ned in the mixture,

But tragical in issue. Beauty, pomp,

With every sensuality our giddiness 20

Doth frame an idol, are unconstant friends,

When any troubled passion makes assault

On the unguarded castle of the mind.

Cal. Contemn not your condition for the
proof

Of bare opinion only: to what end 25
Reach all these moral texts?

Pen. To place before ye

A perfect mirror, wherein you may see

How weary I am of a ling'ring life,

Who count the best a misery.

Cal. Indeed

You have no little cause; yet none so great 30

As to distrust a remedy.

Pen. That remedy

Must be a winding-sheet, a fold of lead,

And some untrod-on corner in the earth. —

Not to detain your expectation, princess,

I have an humble suit

Cal. Speak, and enjoy it. 35

Pen. Vouchsafe, then, to be my executrix,

And take that trouble on ye to dispose

Such legacies as I bequeath, impartially.

I have not much to give, the pains are easy;

Heaven will reward your piety, and thank it 40

When I am dead; for sure I must not live;

I hope I cannot.

Cal. Now, beshrew thy sadness;

Thou turn'st me too much woman [*Weeps*]

Pen. [*Aside*] Her fair eyes

Melt into passion Then I have assurance

Encouraging my boldness — In this paper 45

My will was character'd; which you, with par-
don,

Shall now know from mine own mouth.

Cal. Talk on, prithee;

It is a pretty earnest.

Pen. I have left me

But three poor jewels to bequeath. The first is

My youth; for though I am much old in griefs,

In years I am a child.

Cal. To whom that? 51

Pen. To virgin-wives, such as abuse not wed-
lock

⁷⁵ strain: literary effort ⁸⁰ But: only
come ⁸⁵ bare opinion: mere generalities
acter'd: written

¹ deny: forbid ² glass: hour-glass ³ issue: out-
⁴ expectation: attention ⁵ and: ('I' Q) ⁶ char-

By freedom of desires, but covet chiefly
 The pledges of chaste beds for ties of love, 54
 Rather than ranging of their blood; and next
 To married maids, such as prefer the number
 Of honourable issue in their virtues
 Before the flattery of delights by marriage:
 May those be ever young!

Cal. A second jewel

You mean to part with?

Pen. 'T is my fame, I trust 60
 By scandal yet untouch'd: this I bequeath
 To Memory, and Time's old daughter, Truth.
 If ever my unhappy name find mention
 When I am fall'n to dust, may it deserve
 Beseeming charity without dishonour! 65

Cal. How handsomely thou play'st with
 harmless sport

Of mere imagination! Speak the last.
 I strangely like thy will.

Pen. This jewel, madam,
 Is dearly precious to me, you must use
 The best of your discretion to employ 70
 This gift as I intend it.

Cal. Do not doubt me

Pen. 'T is long ago since first I lost my
 heart

Long I have liv'd without it, else for certain
 I should have given that too, but instead
 Of it, to great Calantha, Sparta's heir, 75
 By service bound and by affection vow'd,
 I do bequeath, in holiest rites of love,
 Mine only brother, Ithocles.

Cal. What saidst thou?

Pen. Impute not, heaven-bless'd lady, to
 ambition

A faith as humbly perfect as the prayers 80
 Of a devoted suppliant can endow it.
 Look on him, princess, with an eye of pity,
 How like the ghost of what he late appear'd
 'A moves before you.

Cal. Shall I answer here,

Or lend my ear too grossly?

Pen. First his heart 85
 Shall fall in cinders, scorch'd by your disdain,
 Ere he will dare, poor man, to ope an eye
 On these divine looks, but with low-bent
 thoughts

Accusing such presumption As for words,
 'A dares not utter any but of service. 90
 Yet this lost creature loves ye. — Be a princess
 In sweetness as in blood; give him his doom,
 Or raise him up to comfort.

Cal. What new change
 Appears in my behaviour, that thou dar'st
 Tempt my displeasure?

Pen. I must leave the world 95
 To revel in Elysium, and 't is just

⁹⁶ in: (not in Q) ¹⁰⁸ check: rebuke

¹² after-wit: the wisdom that comes later

To wish my brother some advantage here:
 Yet, by my best hopes, Ithocles is ignorant
 Of this pursuit But if you please to kill him,
 Lend him one angry look or one harsh word, 100
 And you shall soon conclude how strong a
 power

Your absolute authority holds over
 His life and end.

Cal. You have forgot, Penthea,
 How still I have a father.

Pen. But remember
 I am a sister, though to me this brother 105
 Hath been, you know, unkind, O, most unkind!

Cal. Christalla, Philema, where are ye? —

Lady,
 Your check lies in my silence.

Enter Christalla and Philema

Both. Madam, here.

Cal. I think ye sleep, ye drones' wait on
 Penthea
 Unto her lodging — [*Aside*] Ithocles? Wrong'd
 lady! 110

Pen. My reckonings are made even, death
 or fate
 Can now nor strike too soon, nor force too late.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus: Scæna prima

[*A Hall in the Palace*]

Enter Ithocles and Armostes

Ith. Forbear your inquisition: curiosity
 Is of too subtle and too searching nature,
 In fears of love too quick, too slow of credit. —
 I am not what you doubt me.

Arm. Nephew, be, then,
 As I would wish, — all is not right. — Good
 heaven 5

Confirm your resolutions for dependance
 On worthy ends, which may advance your quiet.

Ith. I did the noble Orgilus much injury,
 But griev'd Penthea more: I now repent it, —
 Now, uncle, now; this "now" is now too late.
 So provident is folly in sad issue, 11
 That after-wit, like bankrupts' debts, stands
 tallied.

Without all possibilities of payment.
 Sure, he's an honest, very honest gentleman;
 A man of single meaning.

Arm. I believe it: 15
 Yet, nephew, 't is the tongue informs our ears;
 Our eyes can never pierce into the thoughts,
 For they are lodg'd too inward: — but I ques-
 tion

No truth in Orgilus. — The princess, sir.

¹ curiosity: anxiety ¹¹ provident: productive
 indebted ¹⁵ single: sincere

Ith. The princess! ha!

Arm. With her the Prince of Argos. 20

Enter Nearchus, leading Calanitha; Amelus, Christalla, Philema

Near. Great fair one, grace my hopes with any instance

Of livery, from the allowance of your favour.

This little spark —

[*Attempts to take a ring from her finger*]

Cal. A toy!

Near. Love feasts on toys,
For Cupid is a child; — vouchsafe this bounty:
It cannot be deny'd.

Cal. You shall not value, 25
Sweet cousin, at a price what I count cheap;
So cheap, that let him take it who dares stoop
for 't,

And give it at next meeting to a mistress.
She 'll thank him for 't, perhaps.

Casts it to Ithocles.

Ame. The ring, sir, 18

The princess's; I could have took it up. 30

Ith. Learn manners, prithee. — To the
blessed owner,

Upon my knees —

[*Kneels and offers it to Calanitha.*]

Near. Y' are saucy.

Cal. This is pretty!

I am, belike, "a mistress" — wondrous pretty!
Let the man keep his fortune, since he found
it.

He 's worthy on 't. — On, cousin!

Ith. [To Amelus] Follow, spaniel; 35

I 'll force ye to a fawning else.

Ame. You dare not.

Exeunt. Manent Ith. and Arm.

Arm. My lord, you were too forward

Ith. Look 'ee, uncle.

Some such there are whose liberal contents
Swarm without care in every sort of plenty;
Who after full repasts can lay them down 40
To sleep; and they sleep, uncle: in which silence

Their very dreams present 'em choice of pleasures,

Pleasures — observe me, uncle — of rare object;
Here heaps of gold, there increments of honours,

Now change of garments, then the votes of people; 45

Anon varieties of beauties, courting,
In flatteries of the night, exchange of dalliance:
Yet these are still but dreams. Give me felicity

Of which my senses waking are partakers,
A real, visible, material happiness; 50

²¹ instance: mark ²² livery: vassalage ²³ be deny'd: ('beny'd' Q) ²⁴ liberal contents: easily
satisfied minds ²⁵ opinion: fantasy ²⁶ rash: superficial

And then, too, when I stagger in expectance
Of the least comfort that can cherish life. —
I saw it, sir, I saw it; for it came
From her own hand.

Arm. The princess threw it t' ye.

Ith. True; and she said — well I remember
what. 55

Her cousin prince would beg it.

Arm. Yes, and parted

In anger at your taking on 't.

Ith. Penthea!

O, thou hast pleaded with a powerful language!
I want a fee to gratify thy merit;

But I will do —

Arm. What is 't you say?

Ith. In anger! 60

In anger let him part; for could his breath,
Like whirlwinds, toss such servile slaves as lick
The dust his footsteps print into a vapour,
It durst not stir a hair of mine. It should not;
I 'd rend it up by th' roots first To be any-
thing 65

Calanitha smiles on, is to be a blessing
More sacred than a petty prince of Argos
Can wish to equal, or in worth or title.

Arm. Contain yourself, my lord. Ixion,
aiming

To embrace Juno, bosom'd but a cloud, 70
And begat Centaurs: 't is an useful moral.
Ambition hatch'd in clouds of mere opinion
Proves but in birth a prodigy.

Ith. I thank 'ee;
Yet, with your licence, I should seem unchari-
table

To gentler fate, if, relishing the dainties 75
Of a soul's settled peace, I were so feeble
Not to digest it.

Arm. He deserves small trust
Who is not privy-counsellor to himself.

Re-enter Nearchus, Orgilus, and Amelus

Near. Brave me!

Org. Your excellence mistakes his temper;
For Ithocles in fashion of his mind 80
Is beautiful, soft, gentle, the clear mirror
Of absolute perfection.

Ame. Was 't your modesty
Term'd any of the prince his servants "span-
iel"?

Your nurse, sure, taught you other language.

Ith. Language!

Near. A gallant man-at-arms is here, a
doctor 85

In feats of chivalry, blunt and rough-spoken,
Vouchsafing not the fustian of civility,
Which rash spirits style good manners!

Ith. Manners!

Org. No more, illustrious sir; 't is matchless Ithocles.

Near. You might have understood who I am.

Ith. Yes. 90
I did; else — but the presence calm'd th' affront —

Y' are cousin to the princess.

Near. To the king, too;
A certain instrument that lent supportance
To your colossic greatness — to that king too,
You might have added.

Ith. There is more divinity
In beauty than in majesty.

Arm. O fie, fie! 96

Near. This odd youth's pride turns heretic
in loyalty.

Sirrah! low mushrooms never rival cedars.

Exeunt Nearchus and Amelus.

Ith. Come back! — What pitiful dull thing
am I

So to be tamely scolded at! come back! — 100
Let him come back, and echo once again
That scornful sound of "mushroom" painted
colts —

Like heralds' coats gilt o'er with crowns and
sceptres —

May bait a muzzled lion.

Arm. Cousin, cousin,
Thy tongue is not thy friend.

Org. In point of honour 105
Discretion knows no bounds Amelus told me,
'T was all about a little ring.

Ith. A ring
The princess threw away, and I took up
Admit she threw 't to me, what arm of brass
Can snatch it hence? No; could 'a grind the
hoop 110

To powder, 'a might sooner reach my heart
Than steal and wear one dust on 't. — Orgilus,
I am extremely wrong'd.

Org. A lady's favour
Is not to be so slighted.

Ith. Slighted!

Arm. Quiet 115
These vain unruly passions, which will render
ye
Into a madness.

Org. Grievs will have their vent.

Enter Tecnicus [with a scroll]

Arm. Welcome; thou com'st in season, reverend man,

To pour the balsam of a suppling patience
Into the festering wound of ill-spent fury.

Org. [Aside.] What makes he here?

Tec. The hurts are yet not mortal, 120
Which shortly will prove deadly. To the king,

¹⁰⁸ painted colts: gaudy youths ¹¹⁸ suppling: ('supplying' Q) ¹²⁰ not: ('but' Q)

Armotes, see in safety thou deliver
This seal'd-up counsel; bid him with a constancy

Peruse the secrets of the gods. — O Sparta,
O Lacedæmon! double-nam'd, but one 125
In fate. when kingdoms reel, — mark well my
saw, —

Their heads must needs be giddy. Tell the king
That henceforth he no more must inquire after
My aged head; Apollo wills it so.
I am for Delphos.

Arm. Not without some conference 130
With our great master?

Tec. Never more to see him:
A greater prince commands me — Ithocles,
When youth is ripe, and age from time doth
part,

The lifeless trunk shall wed the broken heart.

Ith. What 's this, if understood?

Tec. List, Orgilus! 135
Remember what I told thee long before.
These tears shall be my witness.

Arm. 'Las, good man!

Tec. Let craft with courtesy a while confer,
Revenge proves its own executioner.

Org. Dark sentences are for Apollo's priests;
I am not Œdipus.

Tec. My hour is come 141
Cheer up the king; farewell to all — O Sparta,
O Lacedæmon! *Exit Tecnicus.*

Arm. If prophetic fire
Have warm'd this old man's bosom, we might
construe

His words to fatal sense.

Ith. Leave to the powers 145
Above us the effects of their decrees;
My burthen lies within me. Servile fears
Prevent no great effects. — Divine Calantha!

Arm. The gods be still propitious!

Exeunt [Ith and Arm] Manet Org.

Org. Something oddly
The book-man prated, yet 'a talk'd it weeping;
Let craft with courtesy a while confer, 151
Revenge proves its own executioner.

Con it again; — for what? It shall not puzzle
me,

'T is dotage of a wither'd brain. — Penthea
Forbade me not her presence; I may see her,
And gaze my fill. Why see her, then, I may, 156
When, if I faint to speak — I must be silent.

Exit Orgilus.

[SCENE II. — House of Bassanes]

Enter Bassanes, Graustis, and Phulas

Bass. Pray, use your recreations. All the
service

I will expect is quietness amongst ye:

Take liberty at home, abroad, at all times,
And in your charities appease the gods,
Whom I, with my distractions, have offended. 5

Grau. Fair blessings on thy heart!

Phu. [*Aside.*] Here's a rare change!
My lord, to cure the itch, is surely gelded;
The cuckold in conceit hath cast his horns.

Bass. Betake ye to your several occasions;
And wherein I have heretofore been faulty, 10
Let your constructions mildly pass it over.
Henceforth I 'll study reformation, — more
I have not for employment.

Grau. O, sweet man!

Thou art the very "Honeycomb of Honesty"

Phu. The "Garland of Good-will" — Old
lady, hold up 15

Thy reverend snout, and trot behind me softly,
As it becomes a moil of ancient carriage.

Exeunt. Manet Bass

Bass. Beasts, only capable of sense, enjoy
The benefit of food and ease with thankfulness;
Such silly creatures, with a grudging, kick not
Against the portion nature hath bestow'd: 21

But men, endow'd with reason and the use
Of reason, to distinguish from the chaff
Of abject scarcity the quintessence, 25

Soul, and elixir of the earth's abundance,
The treasures of the sea, the air, nay, heaven,
Repinning at these glories of creation
Are verier beasts than beasts; and of those
beasts

The worst am I. I, who was made a monarch
Of what a heart could wish for, — a chaste
wife, — 30

Endeavour'd what in me lay to pull down
That temple built for adoration only,
And level 't in the dust of causeless scandal.
But, to redeem a sacrilege so impious,
Humility shall pour, before the deities 35
I have incens'd, a largess of more patience
Than their displeased altars can require
No tempests of commotion shall disquiet
The calms of my composure.

Enter Orgilus

Org. I have found thee,
Thou patron of more horrors than the bulk 40
Of manhood, hoop'd about with ribs of iron,
Can cram within thy breast. Penthea, Bas-
saness,
Curs'd by thy jealousies, — more, by thy dot-
age, —

Is left a prey to words.

Bass. Exercise
Your trials for addition to my penance; 45
I am resolv'd.

Org. Play not with misery

* in conceit: imaginary 17 moil: mule 27 ken: sight 28 roof: ('root' Q) 29 impostor: a
deceiving spirit ('Impostors' Q) 31 sun: ('Swan' Q)

Past cure. Some angry minister of fate hath
Depos'd the empress of her soul, her reason,
From its most proper throne; but, — what's
the miracle

More new, — I, I have seen it, and yet live! 50
Bass. You may delude my senses, not my
judgment;

'T is anchor'd into a firm resolution;
Dalliance of mirth or wit can ne'er unfix it.
Practise yet further.

Org. May thy death of love to her
Damn all thy comforts to a lasting fast 55
From every joy of life! Thou barren rock,
By thee we have been split in ken of harbour.

*Enter Ithocles, Penthea, her hair about her ears;
[Armotes.] Philema, Christalla*

Ith. Sister, look up; your Ithocles, your
brother,

Speaks t' ye; why do you weep? Dear, turn
not from me. —

Here is a killing sight; lo, Bassanes, 60
A lamentable object!

Org. Man, dost see 't?
Sports are more gamesome; am I yet in merri-
ment?

Why dost not laugh?

Bass. Divine and best of ladies,
Please to forget my outrage, mercy ever
Cannot but lodge under a roof so excellent 65
I have cast off that cruelty of frenzy
Which once appear'd, impostor, and then
juggled

To cheat my sleeps of rest

Org. Was I in earnest?

Pen. Sure, if we were all Sirens, we should
sing pitifully.

And 't were a comely music, when in parts 70

One sung another's knell. The turtle sighs

When he hath lost his mate; and yet some say

'A must be dead first 'T is a fine deceit

To pass away in a dream, indeed, I've slept

With mine eyes open a great while. No false-
hood 75

Equals a broken faith; there's not a hair
Sticks on my head but, like a leaden plum-
met,

It sinks me to the grave. I must creep thither;
The journey is not long.

Ith. But, thou, Penthea,
Hast many years, I hope, to number yet, 80
Ere thou canst travel that way.

Bass. Let the sun first
Be wrapp'd up in an everlasting darkness,
Before the light of nature, chiefly form'd
For the whole world's delight, feel an eclipse
So universal!

Org. Wisdom, look 'ee, begins 85
To rave! — Art thou mad too, antiquity?

Pen. Since I was first a wife, I might have been
Mother to many pretty prattling babes.
They would have smil'd when I smil'd, and for certain

I should have cri'd when they cri'd: — truly,
brother, 90
My father would have pick'd me out a husband,

And then my little ones had been no bastards
But 't is too late for me to marry now,
I am past child-bearing; 't is not my fault

Bass. Fall on me, if there be a burning
Ætna, 95

And bury me in flames! Sweats hot as sulphur
Boil through my pores! Affliction hath in store
No torture like to this

Org. Behold a patience!
Lay by thy whining gray dissimulation,
Do something worth a chronicle; show justice 100

Upon the author of this mischief, dig out
The jealousies that hatch'd this thralldom first
With thine own poniard Every antic rapture
Can roar as thine does

Ith. Orgilus, forbear.
Bass. Disturb him not, it is a talking motion
Provided for my torment What a fool am I 106
To bandy passion! Ere I 'll speak a word,
I will look on and burst.

Pen. I lov'd you once. [*To Orgilus*]
Org. Thou didst, wrong'd creature. in despite of malice,
For it I love thee ever

Pen. Spare your hand, 110
Believe me, I 'll not hurt it.

Org. Pain my heart too!
Pen. Complain not though I wring it hard
I 'll kiss it;

O, 't is a fine soft palm! — hark, in thine ear:
Like whom do I look, prithee? — Nay, no whispering.

Goodness! we had been happy; too much happiness 115
Will make folk proud, they say — but that is he —
Points at Ithocles.

And yet he paid for 't home; alas, his heart
Is crept into the cabinet of the princess;
We shall have points and bride-laces. Remember,

When we last gather'd roses in the garden, 120
I found my wits; but truly you lost yours.
That 's he, and still 't is he.

[*Again pointing at Ithocles.*]

Ith. Poor soul, how idly
Her chances guide her tongue!

Bass. [*Aside.*] Keep in, vexation,
And break not into clamour.

Org. [*Aside*] She has tutor'd me:
Some powerful inspiration checks my laziness. — 125

Now let me kiss your hand, griev'd beauty.
Pen. Kiss it. —

Alack, alack, his lips be wondrous cold.
Dear soul, h'as lost his colour: have ye seen
A straying heart? All crannies! every drop
Of blood is turned to an amethyst, 130
Which married bachelors hang in their ears.

Org. Peace usher her into Elysium! —
If this be madness, madness is an oracle.

Exit Org.

Ith. Christalla, Philema, when slept my
sister?

Her ravings are so wild
Chris. Sir, not these ten days. 135

Phil. We watch by her continually; besides,
We can not any way pray her to eat.

Bass. O, misery of miseries!
Pen. Take comfort;

You may live well, and die a good old man.
By yea and nay, an oath not to be broken, 140
If you had join'd our hands once in the temple, —

'T was since my father died, for had he liv'd,
He would have done 't, — I must have call'd
you father —

O, my wrack'd honour! ruin'd by those tyrants,
A cruel brother and a desperate dotage! 145
There is no peace left for a ravish'd wife,
Widow'd by lawless marriage; to all memory
Pentheas's, poor Pentheas's name is strumpeted:
But since her blood was season'd by the forfeit
Of noble shame with mixtures of pollution, 150
Her blood — 't is just — be henceforth never
heighten'd

With taste of sustenance! Starve; let that fulness

Whose pleurisy hath fever'd faith and modesty —

Forgive me; O, I faint!
[*Falls into the arms of her Attendants.*]

Arm. Be not so wilful,
Sweet niece, to work thine own destruction.

Ith. Nature 155
Will call her daughter monster! — What! not eat?

Refuse the only ordinary means
Which are ordain'd for life? Be not, my sister,
A murth'ress to thyself — Hear'st thou this,
Bassanes?

¹⁰⁸ antic rapture: stage passion ¹⁰⁶ motion: puppet ¹⁰⁷ bandy: ('bawdy' Q) ¹¹⁰ Spare: lend me ¹¹² Pen: (not in Q) ¹¹⁵ points . . . -laces: souvenirs of a wedding ¹²⁵ checks: reproaches
⁸⁵ pleurisy: excess

Bass. Foh! I am busy; for I have not thoughts 160

Enow to think: all shall be well anon.

'T is tumbling in my head; there is a mastery

In art to fatten and keep smooth the outside;

Yes, and to comfort up the vital spirits 164

Without the help of food, fumes or perfumes,

Perfumes or fumes Let her alone; I'll search out

The trick on 't.

Pen. Lead me gently; heavens reward ye.

Griefs are sure friends; they leave without control

Nor cure nor comforts for a leprous soul.

Exeunt the maids supporting Penthea.

Bass. I grant ye; and will put in practice instantly 170

What you shall still admire: 't is wonderful,

'T is super-singular, not to be match'd;

Yet, when I've done 't, I've done 't — ye shall all thank me. *Exit Bassanes.*

Arm. The sight is full of terror.

Ith. On my soul

Lies such an infinite clog of massy dullness, 175

As that I have not sense enough to feel it. —

See, uncle, th' angry thing returns again;

Shall 's welcome him with thunder? We are haunted,

And must use exorcism to conjure down

This spirit of malevolence

Arm. Mildly, nephew. 180

Enter Nearchus and Amelus

Near. I come not, sir, to chide your late disorder,

Admitting that th' inurement to a roughness

In soldiers of your years and fortunes, chiefly,

So lately prosperous, hath not yet shook off

The custom of the war in hours of leisure; 185

Nor shall you need excuse, since y' are to render

Account to that fair excellence, the princess,

Who in her private gallery expects it

From your own mouth alone: I am a messenger

But to her pleasure.

Ith. Excellent Nearchus, 190

Be prince still of my services, and conquer

Without the combat of dispute; I honour ye.

Near. The king is on a sudden indispos'd,

Physicians are call'd for, 't were fit, Armotes,

You should be near him.

Arm. Sir, I kiss your hands. 195

Exeunt. Manent Nearchus & Amelus.

Near. Amelus, I perceive Calantha's bosom

Is warm'd with other fires than such as can

Take strength from any fuel of the love

I might address to her. Young Ithocles,

Or ever I mistake, is lord ascendant 200

Of her devotions; one, to speak him truly,
In every disposition nobly fashioned.

Ame. But can your highness brook to be so rival'd,

Considering th' inequality of the persons? 204

Near. I can, Amelus; for affections injur'd

By tyranny or rigour of compulsion,

Like tempest-threaten'd trees unfirmly rooted,

Ne'er spring to timely growth: observe, for instance,

Life-spent Penthea and unhappy Orgilus.

Ame. How does your grace determine?

Near. To be jealous 210

In public of what privately I'll further;

And though they shall not know, yet they shall find it. *Exeunt omnes.*

[SCENE III — The Palace]

Enter Lemophil and Groneas leading Amyclas, and placing him in a chair, followed by

Armotes [with a box], Crotolon, and Prophilus

Amy. Our daughter is not near?

Arm. She is retir'd, sir,

Into her gallery.

Amy. Where 's the prince our cousin?

Pro. New walk'd into the grove, my lord.

Amy. All leave us

Except Armotes, and you, Crotolon;

We would be private

Pro. Health unto your majesty! 5

Exeunt Prophilus, Lemophil, and Groneas.

Amy. What! Tecnicus is gone?

Arm. He is to Delphos;

And to your royal hands presents this box.

Amy. Unseal it, good Armotes; therein lies

The secrets of the oracle; out with it:

[*Armotes takes out the scroll.*]

Apollo live our patron! Read, Armotes. 10

Arm. [*Reads.*] The plot in which the vine takes root

Begins to dry from head to foot;

The stock soon withering, want of sap

Doth cause to quail the budding grape;

But from the neighbouring elm a dew 15

Shall drop, and feed the plot anew.

Amy. That is the oracle: what exposition

Makes the philosopher?

Arm. This brief one only.

[*Reads.*] The plot is Sparta, the dri'd vine the king;

The quailing grape his daughter; but the thing 20

Of most importance, not to be reveal'd,

Is a near prince, the elm: the rest conceal'd.

Tecnicus.

Amy. Enough; although the opening of this riddle

Be but itself a riddle, yet we construe
How near our labouring age draws to a rest. 25
But must Calantha quail too? that young
grape

Untimely budded! I could mourn for her;
Her tenderness hath yet deserv'd no rigour
So to be cross'd by fate

Arm. You misapply, sir, —
With favour let me speak it, — what Apollo 30
hid clouded in hid sense. I here conjecture
Her marriage with some neighb'ring prince, the
dew

Of which befriending elm shall ever strengthen
Your subjects with a sovereignty of power

Crot. Besides, most gracious lord, the pith
of oracles 35

Is to be then digested when th' events
Expound their truth, not brought as soon to
light

As utter'd. Truth is child of Time; and herein
I find no scruple, rather cause of comfort,
With unity of kingdoms.

Amy. May it prove so, 40
For weal of this dear nation! — Where is
Ithocles? —

Armotes, Crotolon, when this wither'd vine
Of my frail carcass, on the funeral pile
Is fir'd into its ashes, let that young man
Be hedg'd about still with your cares and
loves 45

Much owe I to his worth, much to his service. —
Let such as wait come in now.

Arm. All attend here!

*Enter Ithocles, Calantha, Prophilus, Orgilus,
Euphranea, Lemophil, and Groneas*

Cal. Dear sir! king! father!

Ilh. O my royal master!

Amy. Cleave not my heart, sweet twins of
my life's solace,

With your forejudging fears; there is no
physic 50

So cunningly restorative to cherish
The fall of age, or call back youth and vigour,
As your consents in duty I will shake off
This languishing disease of time, to quicken
Fresh pleasures in these drooping hours of
sadness. 55

Is fair Euphranea married yet to Prophilus?

Crot. This morning, gracious lord

Org. This very morning;
Which, with your highness' leave, you may ob-
serve too.

Our sister looks, methinks, mirthful and
sprightly,

" opening: expounding " scruple: ill omen
" ye: ('ee' Q)

As if her chaster fancy could already 60
Expound the riddle of her gain in losing
A trifle maids know only that they know not.
Pish! prithee, blush not; 't is but honest change
Of fashion in the garment, loose for strait,
And so the modest maid is made a wife. 65
Shrewd business — is 't not, sister?

Euph. You are pleasant.

Amy. We thank thee, Orgilus; this mirth
becomes thee
But wherefore sits the court in such a silence?
A wedding without revels is not seemly.

Cal. Your late indisposition, sir, forbade
it. 70

Amy. Be it thy charge, Calantha, to set for-
ward

The bridal sports, to which I will be present;
If not, at least consenting. — Mine own Itho-
cles,

I have done little for thee yet.

Ilh. Y' have built me

To the full height I stand in.

Cal. [Aside] Now or never! — 75
May I propose a suit?

Amy. Demand, and have it.

Cal. Pray, sir, give me this young man, and
no further

Account him yours than he deserves in all
things

To be thought worthy mine: I will esteem him
According to his merit.

Amy. Still th' art my daughter, 80
Still grow'st upon my heart. — [To Ithocles.]

Give me thine hand. —

Calantha, take thine own in noble actions
Thou 'lt find him firm and absolute. — I would
not

Have parted with thee, Ithocles, to any

But to a mistress who is all what I am. 85

Ilh. A change, great king, most wish'd for,
'cause the same.

Cal. [To Ithocles.] Th' art mine. Have I
now kept my word?

Ilh. Divinely.

Org. Rich fortunes guard, the favour of a
princess

Rock thee, brave man, in ever-crowned plenty!
Y' are minion of the time; be thankful for
it — 90

[Aside] Ho! here 's a swing in destiny! Ap-
parent,

The youth is up on tiptoe, yet may stumble.

Amy. On to your recreations. — Now con-
vey me

Unto my bed-chamber: none on his forehead

Wear a distemper'd look.

Omnes. The gods preserve ye! 95

" the: ('to' Q) " Apparent: clearly

Cal. [*Aside to Ithocles.*] Sweet, be not from my sight.

Ith. My whole felicity!

Exeunt, carrying out of the king. Orgilus slays Ithocles.

Org. Shall I be bold, my lord?

Ith. Thou canst not, Orgilus.

Call me thine own; for Prophilus must henceforth

Be all thy sister's: friendship, though it cease not 100

In marriage, yet is oft at less command

Than when a single freedom can dispose it.

Org. Most right, my most good lord, my most great lord,

My gracious princely lord, — I might add, royal.

Ith. Royal! A subject royal?

Org. Why not, pray, sir? 105

The sovereignty of kingdoms in their nonage
Stoop'd to desert, not birth; there 's as much merit

In clearness of affection as in puddle

Of generation You have conquer'd love

Even in the lovehest; if I greatly err not, 110

The son of Venus hath bequeath'd his quiver

To Ithocles his manage, by whose arrows

Calantha's breast is open'd.

Ith. Can 't be possible?

Org. I was myself a piece of suitor once,
And forward in preferment too; so forward 115

That, speaking truth, I may without offence,
sir,

Presume to whisper that my hopes, and — hark 'ee —

My certainty of marriage stood assured

With as firm footing — by your leave — as any's

Now at this very instant — but —

Ith. 'T is granted: 120

And for a league of privacy between us,

Read o'er my bosom and partake a secret:

The princess is contracted mine.

Org. Still, why not?

I now applaud her wisdom: when your kingdom 124

Stands seated in your will, secure and settled,
I dare pronounce you will be a just monarch:

Greece must admire and tremble.

Ith. Then the sweetness

Of so imparadis'd a comfort, Orgilus!

It is to banquet with the gods

Org. The glory

Of numerous children, potency of nobles, 130

Bent knees, hearts pav'd to tread on!

¹⁰⁸ clearness of affection: nobility of disposition
of heredity ¹¹² manage: handling ¹²¹ pav'd: laid down like paving-stones ¹²⁹ s. d. (Follows 141 in Q) Sc IV. s. d. engine: mechanical device

Ith.

So dear, so fast, as thine.

Org.

With a friendship

I am unfitting

For office; but for service —

Ith.

We 'll distinguish

Our fortunes merely in the title; partners

In all respects else but the bed.

Org.

The bed! 135

Forfend it Jove's own jealousy! — till lastly

We slip down in the common earth together.

And there our beds are equal; save some monument

To show this was the king, and this the subject. — *Soft sad music.*

List, what sad sounds are these? — extremely sad ones. 140

Ith. Sure, from Penthea's lodgings

Org. Hark! a voice too.

A Song [within]

O, no more, no more! too late

Sighs are spent; the burning tapers

Of a life as chaste as fate,

Pure as are unwritten papers, 145

Are burnt out: no heat, no light

Now remains, 't is ever night.

Love is dead, let lovers' eyes,

Lock'd in endless dreams,

Th' extremes of all extremes, 150

Ope no more, for now Love dies,

Now Love dies, — implying

Love's martyrs must be ever, ever dying.

Ith. O, my misgiving heart!

Org.

A horrid stillness

Succeeds this deathful air; let 's know the reason. 155

Tread softly, there is mystery in mourning.

Exeunt.

[SCENE IV. — Penthea's Apartment]

Enter Christalla and Philema, bringing in Penthea in a chair, veiled: two other Servants placing two chairs, one on the one side, and the other with an engine on the other. The Maids sit down at her feet, mourning. The Servants go out: meet them Ithocles and Orgilus.

1 *Ser.* [*Aside to Orgilus.*] 'T is done; that on her right hand.

Org. Good: begone

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

Ith. Soft peace enrich this room!

Org. How fares the lady?

Phil. Dead!

Chris. Dead!

Phil. Starv'd!

Chris. Starv'd!

Ith. Me miserable!

Org. Tell us,

How parted she from life?

Phil. She call'd for music,
And begg'd some gentle voice to tune a fare-
well

To life and griefs. Christalla touch'd the
lute;

I wept the funeral song.

Chris. Which scarce was ended
But her last breath seal'd up these hollow
sounds,

"O, cruel Ithocles and injur'd Orgilus!"

So down she drew her veil, so died.

Ith. So died! 10

Org. Up! you are messengers of death, go
from us

Here's woe enough to court without a
prompter.

Away! and — hark ye — till you see us next,
No syllable that she is dead — Away!

Keep a smooth brow.

Exeunt Phlema and Christalla

My lord, —

Ith. Mine only sister! 15

Another is not left me.

Org. Take that chair,

I'll seat me here in this Between us sits
The object of our sorrows; some few tears
We'll part among us. I perhaps can mix
One lamentable story to prepare 'em — 20
There, there, sit there, my lord

Ith. Yes, as you please.

*Ithocles sits down, and is catch'd in
the engine*

What means this treachery?

Org. Caught! you are caught,
Young master. 'T is thy throne of coronation,
Thou fool of greatness! See, I take this veil off
Survey a beauty wither'd by the flames 25
Of an insulting Phaeton, her brother

Ith. Thou mean'st to kill me basely?

Org. I foreknew
The last act of her life, and train'd thee hither
To sacrifice a tyrant to a turtle
You dreamt of kingdoms, did ye? How to
bosom 30

The delicacies of a youngling princess;
How with this nod to grace that subtle courtier,
How with that frown to make this noble trem-
ble,

And so forth; whiles Penthea's groans and tor-
tures,

Her agonies, her miseries, afflictions, 35

"train'd: decoyed" "Tent: probe" "bravery: distinction" "earnest: payment"

Ne'er touch'd upon your thought. As for my
injuries,

Alas, they were beneath your royal pity;

But yet they liv'd, thou proud man, to con-
found thee.

Behold thy fate, this steel! [*Draws a dagger.*]

Ith. Strike home! A courage

As keen as thy revenge shall give it welcome.

But prithee, faint not; if the wound close up, 41

Tent it with double force, and search it deeply.

Thou look'st that I should whine and beg com-
passion,

As loath to leave the vainness of my glories.

A statelier resolution arms my confidence, 45

To cozen thee of honour. Neither could I

Wish equal trial of unequal fortune

By hazard of a duel: 't were a bravery

Too mighty for a slave intending murder.

On to the execution, and inherit 50

A conflict with thy horrors.

Org. By Apollo,

Thou talk'st a goodly language! For requital

I will report thee to thy mistress richly.

And take this peace along: some few short
minutes

Determin'd, my resolves shall quickly follow 55

Thy watchful ghost; then, if we tug for mas-
tery,

Penthea's sacred eyes shall lend new courage.

Give me thy hand. be healthful in thy part-
ing

From lost mortality! thus, thus I free it.

Kills him.

Ith. Yet, yet, I scorn to shrink.

Org. Keep up thy spirit: 60

I will be gentle even in blood; to linger

Pain, which I strive to cure, were to be cruel.

[*Stabs him again*]

Ith. Nimble in vengeance, I forgive thee.

Follow

Safety, with best success: O, may it prosper! —

Penthea, by thy side thy brother bleeds, 65

The earnest of his wrongs to thy forc'd faith.

Thoughts of ambition, or delicious banquet

With beauty, youth, and love, together perish

In my last breath, which on the sacred altar

Of a long-look'd-for peace — now — moves —
to heaven *Moritur. 70*

Org. Farewell, fair spring of manhood!

Henceforth welcome

Best expectation of a noble suff'rance.

I'll lock the bodies safe, till what must follow
Shall be approv'd. — Sweet twins, shine stars
for ever! —

In vain they build their hopes whose life is
shame: 75

No monument lasts but a happy name.

Exit Orgilus.

Actus Quintus: Scæna prima[*The House of Bassanes*]*Enter Bassanes, alone*

Bass. Athens — to Athens I have sent, the nursery
Of Greece for learning and the fount of knowledge;
For here in Sparta there 's not left amongst us
One wise man to direct; we 're all turn'd mad-caps.
'T is said Apollo is the god of herbs, 5
Then certainly he knows the virtue of 'em:
To Delphos I have sent too. If there can be
A help for nature, we are sure yet.

Enter Orgilus

Org. Honour
Attend thy counsels ever!

Bass. I beseech thee
With all my heart, let me go from thee quietly;
I will not aught to do with thee, of all men. 11
The doubles of a hare, — or, in a morning,
Salutes from a splay-footed witch, — to drop
Three drops of blood at th' nose just and no
more, —
Croaking of ravens, or the screech of owls, 15
Are not so boding mischief as thy crossing
My private meditations. Shun me, prithee;
And if I cannot love thee heartily,
I 'll love thee as well as I can.

Org. Noble Bassanes,
Mistake me not.

Bass. Phew! then we shall be troubled. 20
Thou wert ordain'd my plague — heaven make
me thankful, —
And give me patience too, heaven, I beseech
thee.

Org. Accept a league of amity; for hence-
forth,

I vow, by my best genius, in a syllable,
Never to speak vexation. I will study 25
Service and friendship, with a zealous sorrow
For my past incivility towards ye.

Bass. Hey-day, good words, good words! I
must believe 'em,
And be a coxcomb for my labour.

Org. Use not
So hard a language; your misdoubt is cause-
less. 30

For instance, if you promise to put on
A constancy of patience, — such a patience
As chronicle or history ne'er mentioned,
As follows not example, but shall stand
A wonder and a theme for imitation, 35

¹¹ doubles: twistings, crossing one's path; an unlucky omen ('doublers' Q) ⁴⁸ resolute: assured
" more . . . danger: more contempt of danger " ⁴⁹ unheard: unheard of " ⁵¹ treble: threefold

The first, the index pointing to a second, —
I will acquaint ye with an unmatch'd secret,
Whose knowledge to your griefs shall set a
period.

Bass. Thou canst not, Orgilus; 't is in the
power

Of the gods only: yet, for satisfaction, 40
Because I note an earnest in thine utterance,
Unforc'd and naturally free, be resolute.
The virgin-bays shall not withstand the light-
ning

With a more careless danger than my constancy
The full of thy relation. Could it move 45
Distraction in a senseless marble statue,
It should find me a rock: I do expect now
Some truth of unheard moment.

Org. To your patience
You must add privacy, as strong in silence
As mysteries lock'd up in Jove's own bosom. 50

Bass. A skull hid in the earth a treble age
Shall sooner prate.

Org. Lastly, to such direction
As the severity of a glorious action
Deserves to lead your wisdom and your judg-
ment,

You ought to yield obedience.

Bass. With assurance 55
Of will and thankfulness.

Org. With manly courage
Please, then, to follow me.

Bass. Where'er, I fear not.
Exeunt omnes.

Scene 2[*The Court*]

*Loud music. Enter Groneas and Lemophil, lead-
ing Euphranea, Christalla and Philema,
leading Prophylus; Nearchus supporting
Calaniha, Crotolon and Amelus. Cease
loud music, all make a stand.*

Cal. We miss our servant Ithocles and
Orgilus;
On whom attend they?

Crot. My son, gracious princess,
Whisper'd some new device, to which these
revels

Should be but usher: wherein I conceive
Lord Ithocles and he himself are actors. 5

Cal. A fair excuse for absence: as for Bas-
sanes,

Delights to him are troublesome. Armostes
Is with the king?

Crot. He is.

Cal. On to the dance! —
Dear cousin, hand you the bride; the bride-
groom must be

Intrusted to my courtship. Be not jealous, 10
Euphranea; I shall scarcely prove a tempt-
ress. —

Fall to our dance.

*Music. Nearchus dance with Euphranea, Pro-
philus with Calantha, Christalla with Lem-
ophil, Philema with Groneas.*

They dance the first change; during which

Enter Armosles

Arm. (In Calantha's ear.) The king your
father 's dead.

Cal. To the other change.

Arm. Is 't possible? *Dance again.*

Enter Bassanes

Bass. [Whispers Calantha] O, madam!
Pentheas, poor Penthea 's starv'd.

Cal. Beshrew thee! —
Lead to the next.

Bass. Amazement dulls my senses. 15
Dance again

Enter Orgilus

Org. [Whispers Calantha] Brave Ithocles is
murther'd, murther'd cruelly

Cal. How dull this music sounds! Strike
up more sprightly;
Our footings are not active like our heart,
Which treads the numbler measure

Org. I am thunderstruck
Last change Cease music.

Cal. So! let us breathe awhile — Hath not
this motion 20

Rais'd fresher colour on your cheeks?
Near. Sweet princess,
A perfect purity of blood enamels
The beauty of your white.

Cal. We all look cheerfully;
And, cousin, 't is, methinks, a rare presumption
In any who prefer our lawful pleasures 25
Before their own sour censure, to interrupt
The custom of this ceremony bluntly.

Near. None dares, lady.

Cal. Yes, yes; some hollow voice deliver'd
to me
How that the king was dead

Arm. The king is dead. 30
That fatal news was mine; for in mine arms
He breath'd his last, and with his crown be-
queath'd ye
Your mother's wedding ring; which here I ten-
der.

Crot. Most strange!

Cal. Peace crown his ashes! We are queen,
then. 35

Near. Long live Calantha! Sparta's sov-
ereign queen!

Ommes. Long live the queen!

Cal. What whisper'd Bassanes?

Bass. That my Penthea, miserable soul,
Was starv'd to death.

Cal. She's happy; she hath finish'd
A long and painful progress. — A third mur-
mur 40

Pierc'd mine unwilling ears.

Org. That Ithocles
Was murther'd; — rather butcher'd, had not
bravery

Of an undaunted spirit, conquering terror,
Proclaim'd his last act triumph over ruin.

Arm. How! murther'd!

Cal. By whose hand?

Org. By mine; this weapon 45
Was instrument to my revenge: the reasons
Are just, and known; quit him of these, and
then

Never liv'd gentleman of greater merit,
Hope or abilitment to steer a kingdom.

Crot. Fie, Orgilus!

Euph. Fie, brother!

Cal. You have done it? 50

Bass. How it was done let him report, the
forfeit

Of whose allegiance to our laws doth covet
Rigour of justice, but that done it is,
Mine eyes have been an evidence of credit
Too sure to be convinc'd. Armostes, rent not
Thine arteries with hearing the bare circum-
stances 56

Of these calamities Thou 'st lost a nephew,
A niece, and I a wife: continue man still.
Make me the pattern of digesting evils,
Who can outlive my mighty ones, not shrink-
ing 60

At such a pressure as would sink a soul
Into what 's most of death, the worst of hor-
rors.

But I have seal'd a covenant with sadness,
And enter'd into bonds without condition,
To stand these tempests calmly. Mark me,
nobles: 65

I do not shed a tear, not for Penthea!
Excellent misery!

Cal. We begin our reign
With a first act of justice. thy confession,
Unhappy Orgilus, dooms thee a sentence;
But yet thy father's or thy sister's presence 70
Shall be excus'd. — Give, Crotolon, a bless-
ing

To thy lost son; — Euphranea, take a fare-
well; —

And both be gone.

¹² s. d. change: figure ²⁵ prefer: ('prefers' Q) ⁴⁹ abilitment: mental equipment ⁵⁵ con-
vinc'd: confuted

Crot. [To *Orgilus*.] Confirm thee, noble sorrow,

In worthy resolution!

Euph. Could my tears speak,
My griefs were slight.

Org. All goodness dwell amongst ye! 75
Enjoy my sister, *Prophilus*: my vengeance
Aim'd never at thy prejudice.

Cal. Now withdraw.
Exeunt Crotolon, Prophylus, and Euphranea.

Bloody relater of thy stains in blood,
For that thou hast reported him, whose fortunes

And life by thee are both at once snatch'd
from him, 80

With honourable mention, make thy choice
Of what death likes thee best: there 's all our bounty. —

But to excuse delays, let me, dear cousin,
Intreat you and these lords see execution
Instant before ye part.

Near. Your will commands us. 85

Org. One suit, just queen, my last: vouch-
safe your clemency,

That by no common hand I be divided
From this my humble frailty.

Cal. To their wisdoms
Who are to be spectators of thine end
I make the reference. Those that are dead 90
Are dead; had they not now died, of necessity
They must have paid the debt they ow'd to
nature

One time or other. — Use dispatch, my lords;
We 'll suddenly prepare our coronation.

Exeunt Calanthe, Philema, Christalla.

Arm. 'T is strange these tragedies should
never touch on 95

Her female pity.

Bass. She has a masculine spirit;
And wherefore should I pule, and, like a girl,
Put finger in the eye? Let 's be all toughness,
Without distinction betwixt sex and sex.

Near. Now, *Orgilus*, thy choice?

Org. To bleed to death. 100

Arm. The executioner?

Org. Myself, no surgeon;
I am well skill'd in letting blood. Bind fast
This arm, that so the pipes may from their con-
duits

Convey a full stream; here 's a skilful instru-
ment. [Shows his dagger.]

Only I am a beggar to some charity 105
To speed me in this execution
By lending th' other prick to th' tother arm,
When this is bubbling life out.

Bass. I am for 'ee;

⁸⁵ excuse: obviate ⁹⁰ I . . . reference: I refer your request ⁹⁴ suddenly: immediately
¹⁰³ cunning: skill ¹⁰⁶ Engage: stake

It most concerns my art, my care, my credit. —
Quick, fillet both his arms.

Org. Gramercy, friendship! 110
Such courtesies are real which flow cheerfully
Without an expectation of requital.
Reach me a staff in this hand.

[They give him a staff.]

—If a proneness

Or custom in my nature from my cradle
Had been inclin'd to fierce and eager blood-
shed, 115

A coward guilt, hid in a coward quaking,
Would have betray'd fame to ignoble flight
And vagabond pursuit of dreadful safety:
But look upon my steadiness, and scorn not
The sickness of my fortune, which, since Bas-
sanus 120

Was husband to *Penthea*, had lain bed-rid.
We trifle time in words: — thus I show cunning
In opening of a vein too full, too lively

[Pierces the vein with his dagger.]

Arm. Desperate courage!

Org. Honourable infamy!

Lem. I tremble at the sight.

Gro. Would I were loose! 125

Bass. It sparkles like a lusty wine new
broach'd;

The vessel must be sound from which it is-
sues. —

Grasp hard this other stick — I 'll be as nim-
ble —

But prithee, look not pale — have at ye! stretch
out

Thine arm with vigour and unshook virtue.

[Opens the vein.]

Good! O, I envy not a rival, fitted 131
To conquer in extremities. This pastime
Appears majestic! some high-tun'd poem
Hereafter shall deliver to posterity
The writer's glory and his subject's triumph. 135
How is 't, man? Droop not yet.

Org. I feel no palsies.

On a pair-royal do I wait in death;
My sovereign, as his liegeman; on my mis-
tress,

As a devoted servant; and on *Ithocles*,
As, if no brave, yet no unworthy enemy. 140

Nor did I use an engine to entrap
His life, out of a slavish fear to combat
Youth, strength, or cunning; but for that I
durst not

Engage the goodness of a cause on fortune,
By which his name might have outfac'd my
vengeance. 145

O, *Tecnicus*, inspir'd with *Phœbus*' fire!
I call to mind thy augury: 't was perfect;

Revenge proves its own executioner.

When feeble man is bending to his mother,
The dust 'a was first fram'd on, thus he totters.

Bass. Life's fountain is dri'd up.

Org. So falls the standard 151

Of my prerogative in being a creature!

A mist hangs o'er mine eyes, the sun's bright
splendour

Is clouded in an everlasting shadow:

Welcome, thou ice, that sitt'st about my heart!

No heat can ever thaw thee.

Dies.

Near. Speech hath left him 156

Bass. 'A has shook hands with time; his
funeral urn

Shall be my charge: remove the bloodless body.

The coronation must require attendance;

That past, my few days can be but one mourn-
ing. *Exeunt* 160

[SCENE III. — A Temple]

*An altar covered with white, two lights of virgin
wax, during which music of recorders, enter
four bearing Ithocles on a hearse, or in a
chair, in a rich robe, and a crown on his
head; place him on one side of the altar
After him enter Calantha in a white robe
and crown'd; Euphranea, Philema, Chris-
talla, in white. Nearchus, Armostes,
Crotolon, Prophilus, Amelus, Bassanes,
Lemophil, and Groneas.*

*Calantha goes and kneels before the altar, the
rest stand off, the women kneeling behind
Cease recorders, during her devotions Soft
music. Calantha and the rest rise, doing
obseisance to the altar.*

Cal. Our orisons are heard; the gods are
merciful. --

Now tell me, you whose loyalties pays tribute
To us your lawful sovereign, how unskilful
Your duties or obedience is to render
Subjection to the sceptre of a virgin, 5

Who have been ever fortunate in princes
Of masculine and stirring composition
A woman has enough to govern wisely
Her own demeanours, passions, and divi-
sions.

A nation warlike and inur'd to practice 10
Of policy and labour cannot brook

A feminine authority: we therefore
Command your counsel, how you may advise
us

In choosing of a husband whose abilities
Can better guide this kingdom

Near. Royal lady, 15

Your law is in your will.

Arm. We have seen tokens

Of constancy too lately to mistrust it.

Crot. Yet, if your highness settle on a choice

By your own judgment both allow'd and lik'd
of,

Sparta may grow in power, and proceed 20
To an increasing height

Cal. Hold you the same mind?

Bass. Alas, great mistress, reason is so
clouded

With the thick darkness of my infinite woes,
That I forecast nor dangers, hopes, or safety.

Give me some corner of the world to wear
out 25

The remnant of the minutes I must number,
Where I may hear no sounds but sad com-
plaints

Of virgins who have lost contracted partners;
Of husbands howling that their wives were
ravish'd

By some untimely fate; of friends divided 30
By churlish opposition, or of fathers

Weeping upon their children's slaughter'd car-
cases,

Or daughters groaning o'er their fathers'
hearses

And I can dwell there, and with these keep
consort

As musical as theirs. What can you look for 35
From an old, foolish, peevish, doting man
But craziness of age?

Cal. Cousin of Argos, --

Near.

Madam?

Cal. Were I presently
To choose you for my lord, I 'll open freely
What articles I would propose to treat on 40
Before our marriage

Near. Name them, virtuous lady.

Cal. I would presume you would retain the
royalty

Of Sparta in her own bounds; then in Argos
Armostes might be viceroy, in Messene
Might Crotolon bear sway; and Bassanes. -- 45

Bass. I, queen! alas, what I?

Cal. Be Sparta's marshal.

The multitudes of high employments could
not

But set a peace to private griefs. These gentle-
men,

Groneas and Lemophil, with worthy pensions,
Should wait upon your person in your cham-
ber. -- 50

I would bestow Christalla on Amelus, --

She 'll prove a constant wife, and Philema

Should into Vesta's Temple.

Bass. This is a testament!

It sounds not like conditions on a marriage.

Near. All this should be perform'd.

Cal. Lastly, for Prophilus, 55

He should be, cousin, solemnly invested

In all those honours, titles, and preferments

¹⁵¹ standard: ('Standards' Q) ¹ divisions: inner doubts ³⁴ consort: harmony

Which his dear friend and my neglected husband

Too short a time enjoy'd.

Pro. I am unworthy

To live in your remembrance.

Euph. Excellent lady! 60

Near. Madam, what means that word,
"neglected husband"?

Cal. Forgive me: — now I turn to thee,
thou shadow

Of my contracted lord! Bear witness all,
I put my mother's wedding-ring upon
His finger; 't was my father's last bequest. 65

[*Places a ring on the finger of Ithocles.*]

Thus I new-marry him whose wife I am;
Death shall not separate us. O, my lords,
I but deceiv'd your eyes with antic gesture,
When one news straight came huddling on
another

Of death, and death, and death! still I danc'd
forward; 70

But it struck home, and here, and in an instant.

Be such mere women, who with shrieks and outcries

Can vow a present end to all their sorrows,
Yet live to vow new pleasures, and outlive
them?

They are the silent griefs which cut the heart-strings; 75

Let me die smiling.

Near. 'T is a truth too ominous.

Cal. One kiss on these cold lips, my last!

[*Kisses Ithocles*] — Crack, crack! —

Argos now 's Sparta's king. — Command the
voices

Which wait at th' altar now to sing the song
I fitted for my end.

Near. Sirs, the song! 80

A Song

All. Glories pleasures, pomps, delights, and
ease,

Can but please

Outward senses when the mind

Is not untroubled or by peace refin'd.

1 [*Voice.*] Crowns may flourish and decay, 85
Beauties shine, but fade away.

2 [*Voice.*] Youth may revel, yet it must
Lie down in a bed of dust.

¹⁰⁸ counsels: secret purposes

3 [*Voice.*] *Earthly honours flow and waste,
Time alone doth change and last.* 90

All. Sorrows mingled with contents prepare
Rest for care;

*Love only reigns in death; though art
Can find no comfort for a broken heart.*

[*Calantha dies.*]

Arm. Look to the queen!

Bass. Her heart is broke, indeed. 95
O, royal maid, would thou hadst miss'd this
part!

Yet 't was a brave one. I must weep to see
Her smile in death.

Arm. Wise Tecnicus! thus said he:
*When youth is ripe, and age from time doth part,
The Lifeless Trunk shall wed the Broken Heart.*
'T is here fulfill'd.

Near. I am your king.

Ommes. Long live 101
Nearchus, King of Sparta!

Near. Her last will
Shall never be digress'd from: wait in order
Upon these faithful lovers, as becomes us. —
The counsels of the gods are never known 105
Till men can call th' effects of them their own.
[*Exeunt*]

FINIS

The Epilogue

WHERE noble judgments and clear eyes are
fix'd

To grace endeavour, there sits truth, not mix'd
With ignorance: those censures may command
Belief which talk not till they understand.

Let some say, "This was flat;" some, "Here
the scene 5

Fell from its height;" another, that the mean
Was ill observ'd in such a growing passion
As it transcendeth either state or fashion.

Some few may cry, "'T was pretty well," or
so,

"But —" and there shrug in silence; yet we
know 10

Our writer's aim was in the whole address'd
Well to deserve of *all*, but please the *best*:
Which granted, by th' allowance of this strain
The BROKEN HEART may be piec'd up again.

Epilogue * mean: artistic restraint

THE
CARDINAL,
A
TRAGEDIE.

AS
It was acted at the private House
IN
BLACK FRYERS,

WRITTEN
By JAMES SHIRLEY.

Not Printed before.

LONDON,
Printed for *Humphrey Robinson* at the Three
Pigeons, and *Humphrey Moseley* at the Prince's
Arms in *St. Paul's Church-yard.*
1652.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL RECORD. The only early text of *The Cardinal* is to be found in a small octavo volume (here referred to as "Q") which was published in 1653 with the title, *Six New Playes, Viz. The Brothers. Sisters. Doubtfull Herr. Imposture. Cardinall. Court Secret. The Five first were acted at the Private House in Black Fryers with great Applause. The last was never Acted. All Written by James Shirley. Never printed before.* Each play in the volume has a separate title-page, those of *The Cardinal* and four others being dated 1652. *The Cardinal* is preceded by a dedication to "G. B., Esq." in which Shirley ventures the opinion that this is his best play. There is also a commendatory poem, signed "Hall," which makes the following too sanguine prophecy as to Shirley's place in the history of the drama:

And though I do not tell you, how you dress
Virtue in gloryes, and bold vice depress;
Nor celebrate your lovely Dutchess fall,
Or the just ruine of your Cardinal;
Yet this I dare assert, when men have nam'd
Iohnson (the Nations Laureat.) the fam'd
Beaumont, and Fletcher, he, that wo' not see
Shirley, the fourth, must forfeit his best ey[e]

DATE AND STAGE PERFORMANCE. *The Cardinal* was licensed by Sir Henry Herbert, the Master of the Revels, on November 25, 1641, and was acted by the King's Men at the Blackfriars Theatre On the evidence of what remains of Herbert's office books, it was the last of Shirley's plays, except one, to be licensed before the closing of the theatres *The Sisters* received Herbert's approval, April 26, 1642; and after several other entries irrelevant to Shirley, the Master wound up his accounts with the note, "Here ended my allowance of plaies, for the war began in Aug. 1642 "

After the Restoration the tragedy was revived with success A performance on July 23, 1662, is recorded by Herbert, and Pepys gives a very interesting account of another, on October 2 of the same year, witnessed by Charles II and his Queen. Later productions attended by Pepys were on August 24, 1667, and April 27, 1668.

STRUCTURE AND SOURCES. The play is loosely divided into five acts, without indication of the separate scenes in the original text, and with no concern for the unities. Webster's *Duchess of Malfi* is its closest prototype, and the two tragedies can be profitably compared. The remarkable contemporary figure of Cardinal Richelieu in France must have affected Shirley's general handling of the plot (see Prologue) For specific parallels with other dramas see R S Forsythe, *The Relations of Shirley's Plays to the Elizabethan Drama*, 1914, pp. 185-189 (Important new biographical material on Shirley will be found in two papers by Professor A C Baugh, *Modern Language Review*, 1922, pp. 228-235; *Review of English Studies*, 1931, pp. 62-66)

THE CLOSING OF THE THEATRES. On September 2, 1642 (nine months after *The Cardinal* had been licensed), war having broken out between Charles I and his Parliament, the latter passed the following ordinance, which for eighteen years prevented all but the surreptitious production of plays in London:

"*An Order of the Lords and Commons concerning Stage-plays.* Whereas the distressed Estate of Ireland, steeped in her own Blood, and the distracted Estate of England, threatned with a Cloud of Blood by a Civill Warre, call for all possible meanes to appease and avert the Wrath of God appearing in these Judgements; amongst which Fasting and Prayer, having bin often tryed to be very effectuall, have bin lately, and are still enjoyned; and whereas publike Sports doe not well agree with publike Calamities, nor publike Stage-plays with the Seasons of Humiliation, this being an Exercise of sad and pious solemnity, and the others being Spectacles of pleasure, too commonly expressing laciuius Mirth and Levitie: It is therefore thought fit, and Ordeined by the Lords and Commons in this Parliament Assembled, that while these sad Causes and set times of Humiliation doe continue, publike Stage-Plays shall cease, and bee forborne. Instead of which, are recommended to the people of this Land, the profitable and seasonable Considerations of Repentance. Reconciliation, and peace with God, which probably may produce outward peace and prosperity, and bring againe Times of Joy and Gladnesse to these Nations."

JAMES SHIRLEY (1596–1666)

THE CARDINAL

PERSONS

KING OF NAVARRE

CARDINAL

COLUMBO, the Cardinal's Nephew

[COUNT D'] ALVAREZ

HERNANDO, a Colonel

ALPHONSO, [a Captain]

[ANTONIO,] Secretary to the Duchess

ANTONELLI, the Cardinal's Servant

DUCHESS ROSAURA

VALERIA, } Ladies

CELINDA, }

PLACENTIA, a Lady that waits upon the Duchess

Lords, Colonels, Gentleman-Usher, Surgeon, Guard, Attendants, &c.

SCENE — NAVARRE

Prologue

THE CARDINAL' 'Cause we express no scene,
We do believe most of you, gentlemen,
Are at this hour in France, and busy there,
Though you vouchsafe to lend your bodies here;
But keep your fancy active, till you know, 5
By th' progress of our play, 't is nothing so
A poet's art is to lead on your thought
Through subtle paths and workings of a plot;
And where your expectation does not thrive,
If things fall better, yet you may forgive 10
I will say nothing positive, you may
Think what you please, we call it but a Play.
Whether the comic Muse, or ladies' love,
Romance, or dreiful tragedy it prove,
The bill determines not, and would you be 15
Persuaded, I would have 't a comedy,
For all the purple in the name and state
Of him that owns it, but 't is left to fate
Yet I will tell you, ere you see it play'd,
What the author, and he blush'd, too, when he said, 20
Comparing with his own, (for 't had been pride,
He thought, to build his wit a pyramid
Upon another's wounded fame,) this play
Might rival with his best, and dar'd to say —
Troth, I am out: he said no more You, then, 25
When 't 's done, may say your pleasures, gentlemen.

ACT I

[SCENE I. A Room in the Palace]

Enter two Lords (at one door), Secretary [Antonio] (at the other)

1 Lord. Who is that?

2 Lord. The duchess' secretary.

1 Lord. Signior!

Sec. Your lordship's servant.

1 Lord. How does her grace, since she left her mourning 5

For the young Duke Mendoza, whose timeless death

At sea left her a virgin and a widow?

2 Lord. She's now inclining to a second bride —

When is the day of mighty marriage

To our great Cardinal's nephew, Don Columbo?

Prologue 'express': indicate (by locality boards on the stage, or by "bills"; see line 15) 'Are . . . France: (In 1641 Cardinal Richelieu had reached the height of his spectacular power in France; he died the next year) 'inclining to: disposed to become

Sec. When they agree, they wo' not steal to church;

I guess the ceremonies will be loud and public.¹¹
Your lordships will excuse me. *Exit.*

1 *Lord.* When they agree! Alas! poor lady, she

Dotes not upon Columbo, when she thinks
Of the young Count d'Alvarez, divorc'd from her

By the king's power.

2 *Lord.* And counsel of the Cardinal,
To advance his nephew to the duchess' bed;
'T is not well.

1 *Lord.* Take heed; the Cardinal holds
Intelligence with every bird i' th' air.²⁰

2 *Lord.* Death on his purple pride! He governs all,

And yet Columbo is a gallant gentleman

1 *Lord.* The darling of the war, whom victory
Hath often courted; a man of daring,
And most exalted spirit. Pride in him²⁵

Dwells like an ornament, where so much honour

Secures his praise.

2 *Lord.* This is no argument
He should usurp, and wear Alvarez' title
To the fair duchess. Men of coarser blood
Would not so tamely give this treasure up³⁰

1 *Lord.* Although Columbo's name is great
in war,

Whose glorious art and practice is above
The greatness of Alvarez, yet he cannot
Want soul, in whom alone survives the virtue
Of many noble ancestors, being the last³⁵
Of his great family.

2 *Lord.* 'T is not safe, you 'll say,
To wrastle with the king

1 *Lord.* More danger if the Cardinal be displeas'd,

Who sits at helm of state Count d'Alvarez
Is wiser to obey the stream, than by⁴⁰
Insisting on his privilege to her love,
Put both their fates upon a storm.

2 *Lord.* If wisdom,
Not inborn fear, make him compose, I like it.
How does the duchess bear herself?

1 *Lord.* She moves by the rapture of another
wheel,⁴⁵

That must be obey'd; like some sad passenger,
That looks upon the coast his wishes fly to,
But is transported by an adverse wind,
Sometimes a churlish pilot.

2 *Lord.* She has a sweet and noble nature.

1 *Lord.* That⁵⁰
Commends Alvarez; Hymen cannot tie
A knot of two more equal hearts and blood.

Enter Alphonso

2 *Lord.* Alphonso!

Alph. My good lord.

1 *Lord.* What great affair
Hath brought you from the confines?

Alph. Such as will
Be worth your counsels, when the king hath
read⁵⁵

My letters from the governor. The Arragonians,
Violating their confederate oath and league,
Are now in arms: they have not yet march'd to-
wards us;

But 't is not safe to expect, if we may timely

Prevent invasion

2 *Lord.* Dare they be so insolent?⁶⁰

1 *Lord.* This storm I did foresee

2 *Lord.* What have they, but
The sweetness of the king, to make a crime?

1 *Lord.* But how appears the Cardinal at this
news?

Alph. Not pale, although

He knows they have no cause to think him in-
nocent,⁶⁵

As by whose counsel they were once surpris'd.

1 *Lord.* There is more

Than all our present art can fathom in
This story, and I fear I may conclude
This flame has breath at home to cherish it⁷⁰
There's treason in some hearts, whose faces are
Smooth to the state

Alph. My lords, I take my leave.

2 *Lord.* Your friends, good captain.

Exeunt.

[SCENE II. *A Room in the Duchess's House*]

Enter Duchess, Valeria, Celinda

Val. Sweet madam, be less thoughtful; this
obedience

To passion will destroy the noblest frame
Of beauty that this kingdom ever boasted

Cel. This sadness might become your other
habit,

And ceremonious black for him that died.⁵
The times of sorrow are expir'd; and all

The joys that wait upon the court, your birth,
And a new Hymen, that is coming towards you,
Invite a change.

Duch. Ladies, I thank you both.

I pray, excuse a little melancholy¹⁰
That is behind; my year of mourning hath not
So clear'd my account with sorrow, but there

may
Some dark thoughts stay, with sad reflections
Upon my heart for him I lost. Even this

¹¹ Intelligence: communication ⁴⁰ upon a storm: in danger ⁴⁵ compose: come to agreement
⁴⁸ rapture: drawing force, momentum ⁵⁴ confines: frontiers ⁶⁰ expect: wait ⁶⁵ Prevent: fore-
stall ⁷ obedience: yielding ⁸ Hymen: marriage

New dress and smiling garment, meant to show 15

A peace concluded 'twixt my grief and me,
Is but a sad remembrance. But I resolve
To entertain more pleasing thoughts; and if
You wish me heartily to smile, you must
Not mention grief, not in advice to leave it 20
Such counsels open but afresh the wounds
Ye would close up, and keep alive the cause,
Whose bleeding you would cure. Let 's talk of
something

That may delight. You two are read in all
The histories of our court: tell me, Valeria, 25
Who has thy vote for the most handsome
man? —

Thus I must counterfeit a peace, when all
Within me is at mutiny. [*Aside.*]

Val. I have examin'd
All that are candidates for the praise of ladies,
But find — may I speak boldly to your grace?
And will you not return it in your mirth, 31
To make me blush?

Duch. No, no; speak freely

Val. I wo' not rack your patience, madam;
but

Were I a princess, I should think Count d'Al-
varez

Had sweetness to deserve me from the world 35

Duch. [*Aside.*] Alvarez! she 's a spy upon
my heart

Val. He 's young and active, and compos'd
most sweetly

Duch. I have seen a face more tempting

Val. It had, then,

Too much of woman in 't: his eyes speak mov-
ingly,

Which may excuse his voice, and lead away 40

All female pride his captive, his hair, black,

Which, naturally falling into curls —

Duch. Prithee, no more, thou art in love
with him. —

The man in your esteem, Celinda, now?

Cel. Alvarez is, I must confess, a gentle-
man 45

Of handsome composition, but with

His mind, the greater excellence, I think

Another may delight a lady more,

If man be well consider'd, that 's Columbo,

Now, madam, voted to be yours.

Duch. [*Aside*] My torment! 50

Val. [*Aside.*] She affects him not

Cel. He has a person, and a bravery beyond
All men that I observe.

Val. He is a soldier,

A rough-hewn man, and may show well at dis-
tance.

His talk will fright a lady; War, and grim- 55

Fac'd Honour are his mistresses; he raves
To hear a lute; Love meant him not his
priest. —

Again your pardon, madam. We may talk,
But you have art to choose, and crown affec-
tion. [*Celinda and Valeria walk aside.*]

Duch. What is it to be born above these
ladies, 60

And want their freedom! They are not con-
strain'd,

Nor slav'd by their own greatness or the king's,
But let their free hearts look abroad, and choose

By their own eyes to love. I must repair
My poor afflicted bosom, and assume 65

The privilege I was born with, which now
prompts me

To tell the king, he hath no power nor art

To steer a lover's soul. —

Enter Secretary [*Antonio*]

What says Count d'Alvarez?

Sec. Madam, he 'll attend you

Duch. Wait you, as I directed. When he
comes, 70

Acquaint me privately.

Sec. Madam, I have news;

'T is now arriv'd the court. we shall have wars.

Duch. [*Aside.*] I find an army here of killing
thoughts.

Sec. The king has chosen Don Columbo gen-
eral,

Who is immediately to take his leave. 75

Duch. [*Aside*] What flood is let into my
heart! — How far

Is he to go?

Sec. To Arragon.

Duch. That 's well

At first, he should not want a pilgrimage

To the unknown world, if my thoughts might
convey him

Sec. 'T is not impossible he may go thither.

Duch. How? 80

Sec. To the unknown other world; he goes to
fight,

That 's in his way: such stories are in nature.

Duch. Conceal this news.

Sec. He wo' not be long absent;

The affair will make him swift

To kiss your grace's hand [*Exit.*]

Duch. He cannot fly 85

With too much wing to take his leave. — I
must

Be admitted to your conference; ye have

Enlarg'd my spirits; they shall droop no more.

Cel. We are happy, if we may advance one
thought

To your grace's pleasure. 90

¹⁵ deserve: be worthy of from: in comparison with
likes ²⁵ a person: ('person' Q)

²⁷ compos'd: fashioned

³¹ affects:

Val. Your eye before was in eclipse, these smiles

Become you, madam.

Duch. [*Aside.*] I have not skill to contain myself.

Enter Placentia

Pla. The Cardinal's nephew, madam, Don Columbo.

Duch. Already! Attend him

Exit Placentia.

Val. Shall we take our leave? 95

Duch. He shall not know, Celinda, how you prais'd him.

Cel. If he did, madam, I should have the confidence

To tell him my free thoughts.

Enter Columbo

Duch. My lord, while I 'm in study to requite The favour you ha' done me, you increase 100 My debt to such a sum, still by a new honouring

Your servant, I despair of my own freedom

Colum. Madam, he kisseth your white hand, that must

Not surfeit in this happiness — and, ladies, I take your smiles for my encouragement! 105 I have not long to practise these court tactics

[*Kisses them*]

Cel. He has been taught to kiss.

Duch. There 's something, sir,

Upon your brow I did not read before

Colum. Does the charâcter please you, madam?

Duch. More, Because it speaks you cheerful

Colum. 'T is for such 110

Access of honour, as must make Columbo Worth all your love; the king is pleas'd to think

Me fit to lead his army.

Duch. How! an army?

Colum. We must not use the priest, till I bring home

Another triumph that now stays for me, 115 To reap it in the purple field of glory.

Duch. But do you mean to leave me, and expose

Yourself to the devouring war? No enemy Should divide us; the king is not so cruel.

Colum. The king is honourable; and this grace 120

More answers my ambition than his gift Of thee and all thy beauty, which I can Love, as becomes thy soldier, and fight

To come again, a conqueror of thee.

She weeps.

Then I must chide this fondness. 125

Enter Secretary [Antonio]

Sec. Madam, the king, and my lord Cardinal. [*Exit.*]

Enter King, Cardinal, and Lords

King Madam, I come to call a servant from you,

And strengthen his excuse; the public cause Will plead for your consent, at his return Your marriage shall receive triumphant ceremonies, 130

Till then you must dispense

Car. She appears sad

To part with him — I like it fairly, nephew.

Cel. Is not the general a gallant man?

What lady would deny him a small courtesy?

Val. Thou hast converted me, and I begin To wish it were no sin 136

Cel. Leave that to narrow consciences.

Val. You are pleasant.

Cel. But he would please one better Do such men

Lie with their pages?

Val. Wouldst thou make a shift?

Cel. He is going to a bloody business, 140

'T is pity he should die without some heir.

That lady were hard-hearted, now, that would Not help posterity, for the mere good

O' th' king and commonwealth

Val. Thou art wild, we may be observ'd.

Duch. Your will must guide me; happiness and conquest 146

Be ever waiting on his sword!

Colum. Farewell

Exeunt King, Columbo, Cardinal, Lords

Duch. Pray, give me leave to examine a few thoughts;

Expect me in the garden

Ladies. We attend. *Exeunt Ladies.* 149

Duch. This is above all expectation happy.

Forgive me, Virtue, that I have dissembled,

And witness with me, I have not a thought

To tempt or to betray him, but secure

The promise I first made to love and honour. 154

Enter Secretary [Antonio]

Sec. The Count d'Alvarez, madam.

Duch. Admit him, And let none interrupt us. [*Exit Antonio.*]

How shall I

Behave my looks? The guilt of my neglect,

Which had no seal from hence, will call up blood

* Celinda: ('Valeria' Q The ladies are so confused in speeches and speech-tags throughout the remainder of this scene. Cf lines 45-57) 115 stays: waits 126 fondness: foolishness 127 servant: lover 148 me: (not in Q) 149 Expect: await 157 Behave: control

To write upon my cheeks the shame and story
In some red letter.

Enter d'Alvarez

Alv. Madam, I present 160
One that was glad to obey your grace, and come
To know what your commands are

Duch. Where I once
Did promise love, a love that had the power
And office of a priest to chain my heart
To yours, it were injustice to command. 165

Alv. But I can look upon you, madam, as
Becomes a servant; with as much humility,
(In tenderness of your honour and great for-
tune,)

Give up, when you call back your bounty, all
that 169

Was mine, as I had pride to think them favours

Duch. Hath love taught thee no more assur-
ance in

Our mutual vows, thou canst suspect it possible
I should revoke a promise, made to heaven
And thee, so soon? This must arise from some
Distrust of thy own faith

Alv. Your grace's pardon; 175
To speak with freedom, I am not so old
In cunning to betray, nor young in time,
Not to see when and where I am at loss,
And how to bear my fortune and my wounds,
Which, if I look for health, must still bleed in-
ward, 180

A hard and desperate condition
I am not ignorant your birth and greatness
Have plac'd you to grow up with the king's
grace

And jealousy, which to remove, his power
Hath chosen a fit object for your beauty 185
To shine upon, Columbo, his great favourite
I am a man on whom but late the king
Has pleas'd to cast a beam, which was not meant
To make me proud, but wisely to direct, 189
And light me to my safety. Oh, dear madam!
I will not call more witness of my love
(If you will let me still give it that name)
Than thus, that I dare make myself a loser,
And to your will give all my blessings up.
Preserve your greatness, and forget a trifle, 195
That shall, at best, when you have drawn me up,
But hang about you like a cloud, and dim
The glories you are born to

Duch. Misery
Of birth and state! That I could shift into
A meaner blood, or find some art to purge 200
That part which makes my veins unequal! Yet
Those nice distinctions have no place in us;
There 's but a shadow difference, a title:
Thy stock partakes as much of noble sap 204

As that which feeds the root of kings; and he
That writes a lord hath all the essence of
Nobility.

Alv. 'T is not a name that makes
Our separation; the king's displeasure
Hangs a portent to fright us, and the matter
That feeds this exhalation is the Cardinal's 210
Plot to advance his nephew; then Columbo,
A man made up for some prodigious act,
Is fit to be consider'd: in all three
There is no character you fix upon
But has a form of ruin to us both. 215

Duch. Then you do look on these with fear?

Alv. With eyes
That should think tears a duty, to lament
Your least unkind fate; but my youth dares
boldly

Meet all the tyranny o' th' stars, whose black
Malevolence but shoots my single tragedy. 220
You are above the value of many worlds
Peopled with such as I am.

Duch. What if Columbo,
Engag'd to war, in his hot thirst of honour,
Find out the way to death?

Alv. 'T is possible.

Duch. Or say, (no matter by what art or
motive,) 225

He give his title up, and leave me to
My own election?

Alv. If I then be happy
To have a name within your thought, there
can 228

Be nothing left to crown me with new blessing.
But I dream thus of heaven, and wake to find
My amorous soul a mockery. When the priest
Shall tie you to another, and the joys
Of marriage leave no thought at leisure to
Look back upon Alvarez, that must wither
For loss of you; yet then I cannot lose 235
So much of what I was once in your favour,
But, in a sigh, pray still you may live happy. *Exit.*

Duch. My heart is in a mist; some good star
smile

Upon my resolution, and direct 239
Two lovers in their chaste embrace to meet!
Columbo's bed contains my winding sheet.

Exit.

ACT II

[SCENE I. *Before the Walls of the frontier
City. — Columbo's Tent*]

*Enter General Columbo, Hernando, two Colonels,
Alphonso, two Captains, and other Officers,
as at a Council of War*

Colum. I see no face in all this council that
Hath one pale fear upon 't, though we arriv'd
not

¹⁶⁸ tenderness of: regard for ²⁰⁶ writes a lord: signs his name as a peer ²¹⁰ exhalation: me-
teor, portent ²²⁰ shoots: ('shoot'g Q) ²²⁶ give: ('gives' Q) ²²⁷ election: choice

So timely to secure the town, which gives
Our enemy such triumph.

1 *Col.* 'T was betray'd.

Alph. The wealth of that one city 5
Will make the enemy glorious.

1 *Col.* They dare
Not plunder it.

Alph. They give fair quarter yet:
They only seal up men's estates, and keep
Possession for the city's use: they take up
No wares without security; and he, 10
Whose single credit will not pass, puts in
Two lean comrades, upon whose bonds 't is not
Religion to deny 'em.

Colum. To repair this
With honour, gentlemen?

Her. My opinion is
To expect awhile

Colum. Your reason?

Her. Till their own 15
Surfeit betray 'em; for their soldiers,
Bred up with coarse and common bread, will
show

Such appetites on the rich cates they find,
They 'll spare our swords a victory, when their
own

Riot and luxury destroys 'em.

1 *Col.* That 20
Will show our patience too like a fear.
With favour of his excellence, I think
The spoil of cities takes not off the courage,
But doubles it on soldiers, besides,
While we have tameness to expect, the noise 25
Of their success and plenty will increase
Their army.

Her. 'T is considerable; we do not
Exceed in foot or horse, our muster not
'Bove sixteen thousand both; and the infantry
Raw, and not disciplin'd to act

Alph. Their hearts, 30
But with a brave thought of their country's
honour,
Will teach 'em how to fight, had they not
seen

A sword But we decline our own too much;
The men are forward in their arms, and take
The use with avarice of fame

They rise, and talk privately

Colum. — Colonel, 35
I do suspect you are a coward.

Her. Sir!

Colum. Or else a traitor; take your choice
No more.

I call'd you to a council, sir, of war;
Yet keep your place.

Her. I have worn other names.

Colum. Deserve 'em. Such 40
Another were enough to unsoul an army.
Ignobly talk of patience, till they drink
And reel to death! We came to fight, and force
'em

To mend their pace! Thou hast no honour in
thee,

Not enough noble blood to make a blush 45
For thy tame eloquence.

Her. My lord, I know
My duty to a general; yet there are
Some that have known me here. Sir, I de-
sire

To quit my regiment

Colum. You shall have license — 50
Ink and paper!

Enter [Attendant] with paper and standish

1 *Col.* The general's displeas'd.

2 *Col.* How is 't, Hernando?

Her. The general has found out employment
for me;
He is writing letters back.

Al. Capt. To his mistress?

Her. Pray do not trouble me; yet, prithee,
speak,

And flatter not thy friend. Dost think I dare 55
Not draw my sword, and use it, when a cause,
With honour, calls to action?

Al. Col. With the most valiant man alive.

Her. You 'll do me some displeasure in your
loves:

Pray, to your places. 60
Colum. So, bear those letters to the king;

They speak my resolution, before
Another sun decline, to charge the enemy.

Her [Aside] A pretty court way
Of dismissing an officer — I obey, success 65
Attend your counsels! *Exit.*

Colum. If here be any dare not look on dan-
ger,

And meet it like a man, with scorn of death,
I beg his absence, and a coward's fear
Consume him to a ghost!

1 *Col.* None such are here. 70

Colum. Or, if in all your regiments you
find

One man that does not ask to bleed with hon-
our,

Give him a double pay to leave the army;
There 's service to be done will call the spirits
And aid of men.

1 *Col.* You give us all new flame. 75

Colum. I am confirm'd, and you must lose
no time

The soldier that was took last night to me

⁶ glorious: boastful ¹³ cates: dainties ²³ noise: rumor, report ³³ decline: depreciate
⁴³ take . . . fame: pursue fame greedily ⁴⁴ mend . . . pace: take to their heels ⁵⁰ s. d. standish:
inkstand ⁵⁶ a cause: ('cause' Q) ⁶³ They speak: ('It speaks' Q) ⁷⁰ are: (not in Q)

Discover'd their whole strength, and that we have

A party in the town, — the river, that Opens the city to the west, unguarded. 80

We must this night use art and resolutions. We cannot fall ingloriously

1 *Capt* That voice Is every man's.

Enter Soldier and Secretary [Antonio] with a letter

Colum. What now?

Sold. Letters. 85

Colum. Whence?

Sold. From the duchess

Colum. They are welcome. —

[*Takes the letter*]

Meet at my tent again this evening; Yet stay, some wine. — The duchess' health! 90

[*Drinks*]

See it go round. [*Opens the letter*]

Sec It wo' not please his excellence

1 *Col* The duchess' health! [*Drinks*]

2 *Capt.* To me! more wine

Sec The clouds are gathering, and his eyes shoot fire, 95

Observe what thunder follows.

2 *Capt* The general has but ill news I suspect

The duchess sick, or else the king

1 *Capt.* May be

The Cardinal.

2 *Capt.* His soul has long been look'd for. *Colum.* [*Aside*] She dares not be so insolent

It is 100

The duchess' hand How am I shrunk in fame To be thus play'd withal! She writes, and counsels,

Under my hand to send her back a free Resign of all my interest to her person,

Promise, or love; that there's no other way, With safety of my honour, to revisit her 106

The woman is possess'd with some bold devil, And wants an exorcism; or I am grown

A cheap, dull, phlegmatic fool, a post that's carv'd

I' th' common street, and holding out my forehead 110

To every scurril wit to pin disgrace And libels on 't. — Did you bring this to me, sir?

My thanks shall warm your heart

Draws a pistol

Sec. Hold, hold! my lord!

I know not what provokes this tempest, but Her grace ne'er show'd more freedom from a storm 115

When I receiv'd this paper. If you have A will to do an execution,

Your looks, without that engine, sir, may serve. —

I did not like the employment

Colum. Ha! had she No symptom, in her eye or face, of anger, 120

When she gave this in charge?

Sec Serene, as I Have seen the morning rise upon the spring; No trouble in her breath, but such a wind As came to kiss and fan the smiling flowers.

Colum. No poetry.

Sec By all the truth in prose, 125 By honesty, and your own honour, sir, I never saw her look more calm and gentle.

Colum I am too passionate; you must forgive me. —

I have found it out; the duchess loves me dearly,

She express'd a trouble in her when I took 130 My leave, and chid me with a sullen eye.

'T is a device to hasten my return;

Love has a thousand arts I'll answer it

Beyond her expectation, and put

Her soul to a noble test. [*Aside.*] — Your patience, gentlemen, 135

The king's health will deserve a sacrifice

Of wine [*Returns to the table and writes.*]

Sec [*Aside*] I am glad to see this change, and thank my wit

For my redemption.

1 *Col* Sir, the soldiers' curse

On him loves not our master!

2 *Col* And they curse 140 Loud enough to be heard.

2 *Capt* Their curse has the nature of gunpowder

Sec They do not pray with half the noise.

1 *Col* Our general is not well mix'd;

He has too great a portion of fire 145

2 *Col* His mistress cool him, (her complexion

Carries some phlegm,) when they two meet in bed!

2 *Capt* A third may follow.

1 *Capt* 'T is much pity 149 The young duke liv'd not to take the virgin off.

1 *Col.* 'T was the king's act, to match two rabbit-suckers

2 *Col* A common trick of state;

The little great man marries, travels then Till both grow up, and dies when he should do

The feat. These things are still unlucky 155 On the male side.

Colum. This to the duchess' fair hand.

[*Gives Antonio a letter.*]

⁷⁸ Discover'd: revealed ¹¹¹ scurril: vulgar ¹¹² libels: defamatory bills ¹⁴⁴ mix'd: tempered
¹⁴⁴ complexion: temperament ¹⁴¹ rabbit-suckers: children (literally, young rabbits)

Sec. She will think
Time hath no wing, till I return. [*Exit.*]

Colum. Gentlemen,
Now each man to his quarter, and encourage
The soldier. I shall take a pride to know 160
Your diligence, when I visit all your
Several commands.

Omnes. We shall expect.

2 Col. And move
By your directions.

Colum. Y' are all noble. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE II. *A Room in the Duchess's House*]

Enter Cardinal, Duchess, Placentia

Car. I shall perform a visit daily, madam,
In th' absence of my nephew, and be happy
If you accept my care.

Duch. You have honour'd me;
And if your entertainment have not been
Worthy your grace's person, 't is because 5
Nothing can reach it in my power; but where
There is no want of zeal, other defect
Is only a fault to exercise your mercy.

Car. You are bounteous in all. I take my
leave

My fair niece, shortly, when Columbo has 10
Purchas'd more honours to prefer his name
And value to your noble thoughts! — Mean-
time,

Be confident you have a friend, whose office
And favour with the king shall be effectual
To serve your grace.

Duch. Your own good deeds reward you, 15
Till mine rise equal to deserve their benefit —

Exit Cardinal.

Leave me awhile. —

Exit Placentia.

Do not I walk upon the teeth of serpents,
And, as I had a charm against their poison,
Play with their stings? The Cardinal is subtle,
Whom 't is not wisdom to incense, till I 21
Hear to what destiny Columbo leaves me.
May be the greatness of his soul will scorn
To own what comes with murmur If he can
Interpret me so happily, —

Enter Secretary [Antonio] with a letter

Art come? 25

Sec. His excellence salutes your grace.

Duch. Thou hast
A melancholy brow. How did he take my
letter?

Sec. As he would take a blow; with so much
sense

Of anger, his whole soul boil'd in his face,
And such prodigious flame in both his eyes, 30
As they 'd been th' only seat of fire, and at

Each look a salamander leaping forth,
Not able to endure the furnace.

Duch. Ha! thou dost

Describe him with some horror.

Sec. Soon as he
Had read again, and understood your mean-
ing, 35

His rage had shot me with a pistol, had not
I us'd some soft and penitential language
To charm the bullet.

Duch. Wait at some more distance. —
My soul doth bathe itself in a cold dew;
Imagine I am opening of a tomb; 40

[*Opens the letter.*]

Thus I throw off the marble, to discover
What antic posture death presents in this
Pale monument to fright me — *Reads.*

Ha!

My heart, that call'd my blood and spirits to
Defend it from the invasion of my fears, 45
Must keep a guard about it still, lest this
Strange and too mighty joy crush it to noth-
ing. —

Antonio

Sec. Madam

Duch. Bid my steward give thee
Two thousand ducats. Art sure I am awake?

Sec. I shall be able to resolve you, madam,
When he has paid the money 51

Duch. Columbo now is noble.

Exit Duchess.

Sec.

This is better

Than I expected, — if my lady be
Not mad, and live to justify her bounty. *Exit.*

[SCENE III *A Room in the Palace*]

Enter King, Alvarez, Hernando, Lords

King. The war is left to him; but we must
have

You reconcil'd, if that be all your difference.
His rage flows like a torrent, when he meets
With opposition; leave to wrastle with him,
And his hot blood retreats into a calm, 5
And then he chides his passion. You shall
back

With letters from us.

Her.

Your commands are not
To be disputed.

King. Alvarez [*Takes him aside.*]

1 *Lord.* Lose not

Yourself by cool submission, he will find
His error, and the want of such a soldier. 10

2 *Lord.* Have you seen the Cardinal?

Her.

Not yet.

1 *Lord.* He wants no plot —

Her.

The king I must obey;

¹¹ prefer: advance in dignity ⁵⁰ resolve: inform ⁴ leave: cease

But let the purple gownman place his engines
I' th' dark that wounds me.

2 Lord Be assur'd
Of what we can to friend you; and the king 15
Cannot forget your service

Her. I am sorry
For that poor gentleman.

Alv. I must confess, sir,
The duchess has been pleas'd to think me
worthy

Her favours, and in that degree of honour
That has oblig'd my life to make the best 20
Return of service, which is not, with bold
Affiance in her love, to interpose
Against her happiness and your election.
I love so much her honour, I have quitted 24
All my desires; yet would not shrink to bleed
Out my warm stock of life, so the last drop
Might benefit her wishes.

King. I shall find
A compensation for this act, Alvarez,
It hath much pleas'd us.

Enter Duchess with a letter, Gentleman-Usher

Duch. Sir, you are the king,
And in that sacred title it were sin 30
To doubt a justice. All that does concern
My essence in this world, and a great part
Of the other bliss, lives in your breath

King What intends the duchess?

Duch That will instruct you, sir [*Gives the letter*] — Columbo has, 35
Upon some better choice or discontent,
Set my poor soul at freedom.

King. 'T is his charàcter. Reads
*Madam, I easily discharge all my pretensions
to your love and person. I leave you to your own
choice, and in what you have oblig'd yourself to
me, resume a power to cancel, if you please.* 41
Columbo

This is strange!

Duch Now do an act to make
Your chronicle belov'd and read for ever.

King. Express yourself

Duch. Since by divine infusion, — 45
For 't is no art could force the general to
This change, — second this justice, and bestow
The heart you would have given from me, by
Your strict commands to love Columbo, where
'T was meant by heaven; and let your breath
return 50

Whom you divorc'd, Alvarez, mine.

Lords. This is
But justice, sir.

King. It was decreed above;
And since Columbo has releas'd his interest,

Which we had wrought him, not without some
force

Upon your will, I give you your own wishes: 55
Receive your own Alvarez. When you please
To celebrate your nuptial, I invite
Myself your guest

Duch Eternal blessings crown you!
Omnes. And every joy your marriage!
*Exit King, who meets the Cardinal, they
confer.*

Alv. I know not whether I shall wonder
most 60
Or joy to meet this happiness.

Duch. Now the king
Hath planted us, methinks we grow already,
And twist our loving souls, above the wrath
Of thunder to divide us.

Alv. Ha' the Cardinal
Has met the king! I do not like this confer-
ence, 66
He looks with anger this way I expect
A tempest

Duch Take no notice of his presence;
Leave me to meet, and answer it If the king
Be firm in 's royal word, I fear no lightning.
Expect me in the garden.

Alv. I obey; 70
But fear a shipwrack on the coast. *Exit.*
Car. Madam.

Duch. My lord
Car The king speaks of a letter that has
brought
A riddle in 't

Duch. 'T is easy to interpret. 74
Car From my nephew? May I deserve the
favour? [*Duchess gives him the letter.*]

Duch. [*Aside*] He looks as though his eyes
would fire the paper

They are a pair of burning glasses, and
His envious blood doth give 'em flame.

Car [*Aside*] What lethargy could thus un-
spirit him?

I am all wonder — Do not believe, madam, 80
But that Columbo's love is yet more sacred
To honour and yourself than thus to forfeit
What I have heard him call the glorious wreath
To all his merits, given him by the king,
From whom he took you with more pride than
ever 85

He came from victory his kisses hang
Yet panting on your lips; and he but now
Exchang'd religious farewell to return,
But with more triumph, to be yours.

Duch My lord,
You do believe your nephew's hand was not 90
Surpris'd or strain'd to this?

13-14 But . . . me: (i.e. let me not detect him plotting my injury) 15 purple gownman: the
Cardinal 23 Affiance: confidence 33 other: that of heaven 37 charàcter: handwriting 46 in-
fusion: influence 50 let . . . return: let your voice once more pronounce 91 strain'd: forced

Car. Strange arts and windings in the world!
most dark
And subtle progresses! Who brought this let-
ter?

Duch. I enquir'd not his name; I thought it
not
Considerable to take such narrow knowledge.

Car. Desert and honour urg'd it here, nor
can 96

I blame you to be angry, yet his person
Oblig'd you should have given a nobler pause,
Before you made your faith and change so vio-
lent,

From his known worth into the arms of one,
However fashion'd to your amorous wish, 101
Not equal to his cheapest fame, with all
The gloss of love and merit.

Duch. This comparison,
My good lord Cardinal, I cannot think
Flows from an even justice; it betrays 105
You partial where your blood runs.

Car. I fear, madam,
Your own takes too much license, and will soon
Fall to the censure of unruly tongues.
Because Alvarez has a softer cheek,
Can, like a woman, trim his wanton hair, 110
Spend half a day with looking in the glass
To find a posture to present himself,
And bring more effeminacy than man
Or honour to your bed, must he supplant him?
Take heed, the common murmur, when it
catches 115

The scent of a lost fame —

Duch. My fame, lord Cardinal?
It stands upon an innocence as clear
As the devotions you pay to heaven.
I shall not urge, my lord, your soft indulgence
At my next shrift.

Car. You are a fine court lady! 120

Duch. And you should be a reverend church-
man.

Car. One
That, if you have not thrown off modesty,
Would counsel you to leave Alvarez

Duch. 'Cause
You dare do worse than marriage, must not I
Be admitted what the church and law allows
me? 125

Car. Insolent! Then you dare marry him?

Duch. Dare!
Let your contracted flame and malice, with
Columbo's rage, higher than that, meet us
When we approach the holy place, clasp'd hand
In hand: we'll break through all your force,
and fix 130
Our sacred vows together there.

Car. I knew
When, with as chaste a brow, you promis'd fair
To another. You are no dissembling lady!

Duch. Would all your actions had no falser
lights
About 'em! 135

Car. Ha!

Duch. The people would not talk, and curse
so loud.

Car. I'll have you chid into a blush for this.

Duch. Begun at home, great man, there 's
cause enough.

You turn the wrong end of the perspective 140
Upon your crimes, to drive them to a far
And lesser sight; but let your eyes look right,
What giants would your pride and surfeit seem!
How gross your avarice, eating up whole fami-
lies!

How vast are your corruptions and abuse 145
Of the king's ear! at which you hang, a pend-
ant,

Not to adorn, but ulcerate, while the honest
Nobility, like pictures in the arras,
Serve only for court ornament. If they speak,
'T is when you set their tongues, which you
wind up 150
Like clocks, to strike at the just hour you
please

Leave, leave, my lord, these usurpations.
And be what you were meant, a man to cure,
Not let in agues to religion.

Look on the church's wounds.

Car. You dare presume, 155
In your rude spleen to me, to abuse the church?

Duch. Alas, you give false aim, my lord;
't is your

Ambition and scarlet sins, that rob
Her altar of the glory, and leave wounds
Upon her brow; which fetches grief and pale-
ness 160

Into her cheeks, making her troubled bosom
Pant with her groans, and shroud her holy
blushes

Within your reverend purples

Car. Will you now take breath?
Duch. In hope, my lord, you will behold
yourself

In a true glass, and see those unjust acts 165
That so deform you, and by timely cure
Prevent a shame, before the short-hair'd men
Do crowd and call for justice; I take leave.

Exit.

Car. This woman has a spirit that may rise
To tame the devil's. There 's no dealing with
Her angry tongue; 't is action and revenge 171
Must calm her fury. Were Columbo here,

⁹⁶ Considerable: important
est fame: meanest reputation
Puritans

⁹⁸ Oblig'd . . . given: put you under obligation to give
¹⁰² cheap-
¹⁴⁰ perspective: telescope
¹⁶¹ just: exact
¹⁶⁷ short-hair'd men:

I could resolve; but letters shall be sent
To th' army, which may wake him into sense
Of his rash folly, or direct his spirit ¹⁷⁵
Some way to snatch his honour from this flame.
All great men know the soul of life is fame.

Exit.

ACT III

[SCENE I. *A Room in the Palace*]

Enter Valeria, Celinda

Val I did not think, Celinda, when I prais'd
Alvarez to the duchess, that things thus
Would come about. What does your ladyship
Think of Columbo now? It staggers all
The court, he should forsake his mistress; I
Am lost with wonder yet.

Cel. 'T is very strange,
Without a spell; but there 's a fate in love; —
I like him ne'er the worse.

Enter two Lords

1 *Lord.* Nothing but marriages and triumph
now!

Val What new access of joy makes you, my
lord, ¹⁰
So pleasant?

1 *Lord* There 's a packet come to court
Makes the king merry, we are all concern'd in 't
Columbo hath given the enemy a great
And glorious defeat, and is already
Preparing to march home ¹⁵

Cel He thriv'd the better for my prayers
2 *Lord* You have been
His great admirer, madam.

1 *Lord* The king longs
To see him.

Val. This news exalts the Cardinal

Enter Cardinal

1 *Lord* He 's here!
He appears with discontent, the marriage ²⁰
With Count d'Alvarez hath a bitter taste,
And not worn off his palate: but let us leave
him

Ladies We 'll to the duchess

Exeunt Manet Cardinal

Car. He has not won so much upon the Ar-
ragon

As he has lost at home; and his neglect ²⁵
Of what my studies had contriv'd, to add
More lustre to our family by the access
Of the great duchess' fortune, cools his triumph,
And makes me wild

Enter Hernando

Her. My good lord Cardinal!

Car. You made complaint to th' king about
your general. ³⁰

Her. Not a complaint, my lord; I did but
satisfy

Some questions o' the king's

Car. You see he thrives
Without your personal valour or advice,
Most grave and learned in the wars.

Her My lord,
I envy not his fortune.

Car. 'T is above ³⁵
Your malice, and your noise not worth his
anger,

'T is barking 'gainst the moon.

Her More temper would
Become that habit.

Car The military thing would show some
spleen.

I 'll blow an army of such wasps about ⁴⁰
The world — Go look your sting you left i' th'
camp, sir.

Enter King and Lords

Her. The king! — This may be one day
counted for *Exit.*

King All things conspire, my lord, to make
you fortunate

Your nephew's glory —

Car 'T was your cause and justice
Made him victorious, had he been so valiant ⁴⁵
At home, he had had another conquest to
Invite, and bid her welcome to new wars.

King You must be reconcil'd to Providence,
my lord

I heard you had a controversy with
The duchess, I will have you friends. ⁵⁰

Car I am not angry.

King For my sake, then,
You shall be pleas'd, and with me grace the
marriage

A churchman must show charity, and shine
With first example. she 's a woman.

Car You shall prescribe in all things, sir.
You cannot ⁵⁵

Accuse my love, if I still wish my nephew
Had been so happy to be constant to
Your own and my election Yet my brain
Cannot reach how this comes about, I know
My nephew lov'd her with a near affection. ⁶⁰

Enter Hernando

King He 'll give you fair account at his re-
turn —

Colonel, your letters may be spar'd; the gen-
eral

Has finish'd, and is coming home. [*Exit.*]

Her. I am glad on 't, sir. — My good lord
Cardinal, ⁶⁴

'T is not impossible but some man provok'd
May have a precious mind to cut your throat.

¹¹ packet: news dispatch ⁴¹ look: look for ⁴² counted for: brought to a reckoning

Car. You shall command me, noble Colonel;

I know you wo' not fail to be at th' wedding.

Her. 'T is not Columbo that is married, sir

Car. Go teach the postures of the pike and musket; 70

Then drill your myrmidons into a ditch,

Where sterve, and stunk in pickle. — You shall find

Me reasonable; you see the king expects me.

[*Exit.*]

Her. So does the devil. — 74

Some desperate hand may help you on your journey. *Exit.*

[SCENE II. *A Room in the Duchess's House*]

Enter Secretary [Antonio] and Servants [with masques, dresses, etc.]

Sec. Here, this; ay, this will fit your part. you shall wear the slashes, because you are a soldier. Here 's for the blue mute

1 *Serv.* This doublet will never fit me; pox on 't! Are these breeches good enough for a 15 prince too? Pedro plays but a lord, and he has two laces more in a seam

Sec. You must consider Pedro is a foolish lord; he may wear what lace he please.

2 *Serv.* Does my beard fit my clothes well, 10 gentlemen?

Sec. Pox o' your beard!

3 *Serv.* That will fright away the hair

1 *Serv.* This fellow plays but a mute, and he is so troublesome, and talks. 15

3 *Serv.* Master Secretary might have let Jaques play the soldier; he has a black patch already.

2 *Serv.* By your favour, Master Secretary, I was ask'd who writ this play for us? 20

Sec. For us? Why, art thou any more than a blue mute?

2 *Serv.* And, by my troth, I said, I thought it was all your own.

Sec. Away, you coxcomb! 25

4 *Serv.* Dost think he has no more wit than to write a comedy? My lady's chaplain made the play, though he is content, for the honour and trouble of the business, to be seen in 't

5 *Serv.* Did anybody see my head, gentle- 30 men? 'T was here but now. — I shall have never a head to play my part in.

Sec. Is thy head gone? 'T was well thy part was not in 't. Look, look about; has not Jaques it? 35

4 *Serv.* I his head? 'T wo' not come on upon my shoulders.

Sec. Make haste, gentlemen; I 'll see whether

the king has supp'd. Look every man to his wardrobe and his part *Exit.* 40

2 *Serv.* Is he gone? In my mind, a masque had been fitter for a marriage.

4 *Serv.* Why, mute? There was no time for 't, and the scenes are troublesome

2 *Serv.* Half a score deal tack'd together 45 in the clouds, what 's that? A throne, to come down and dance, all the properties have been paid forty times over, and are in the court stock — but the secretary must have a play, to show his wit 50

4 *Serv.* Did not I tell thee 't was the chaplain's? Hold your tongue, mute

1 *Serv.* Under the rose, and would this cloth-of-silver doublet might never come off again, if there be any more plot than you see in the 155 back of my hand

2 *Serv.* You talk of a plot! I 'll not give this for the best poet's plot in the world, an if it be not well carried

4 *Serv.* Well said, mute 60

3 *Serv.* Ha, ha! Pedro, since he put on his doublet, has repeated but three lines, and he has broke five buttons

2 *Serv.* I know not, but by this false beard, and here 's hair enough to hang a reasonable 65 honest man, I do not remember to say a strong line indeed in the whole comedy, but when the chambermaid kisses the captain.

3 *Serv.* Excellent, mute!

5 *Serv.* They have almost supp'd, and I 70 cannot find my head yet.

4 *Serv.* Play in thine own

5 *Serv.* Thank you for that! so I may have it made a property If I have not a head found me, let Master Secretary play my part him- 75 self without it

Enter Secretary [Antonio]

Sec. Are you all ready, my masters? The king is coming through the gallery Are the women dress'd?

1 *Serv.* Rogero wants a head 80

Sec. Here, with a pox to you! take mine You a player! you a puppy-dog Is the music ready?

Enter Gentleman-Usher

Gent. Gentlemen, it is my lady's pleasure that you expect till she call for you There 85 are a company of cavaliers in gallant equipage, newly alighted, have offer'd to present their Revels in honour of this Hymen; and 't is her grace's command, that you be silent till their entertainment be over. 90

1 *Serv.* Gentlemen?

⁷² sterve: die ³ blue mute: mute who was to play the servant's part
⁴⁶ clouds: roof of the stage ⁶⁶ to say: if I may say 40

⁴⁴ deal: boards

2 *Serv.* Affronted?

5 *Serv.* Master Secretary, there 's your head again; a man 's a man. Have I broken my sleep to study fifteen lines for an ambassa- 95
dor, and after that a constable, and is it come to this?

Sec. Patience, gentlemen, be not so hot; 't is but deferr'd, and the play may do well enough 100

4 *Serv.* If it be not presented, the chaplain will have the greatest loss, he loses his wits.

Hautboys

Sec. This music speaks the king upon entrance. Retire, retire, and grumble not.

Exeunt [all but Antonio].

Enter King, Cardinal, Alvarez, Duchess, Celinda, Valeria, Placenta, Lords, Hernando. They being set, enter Columbo and five more, in rich habits, vizarded, between every two a torch-bearer. They dance, and after beckon to Alvarez, as desirous to speak with him

Alv. With me! *They embrace and whisper*

King. Do you know the masquers, madam?

Duch. Not I, sir 106

Car. There 's one, — but that my nephew is abroad,

And has more soul than thus to jig upon
Their hymeneal night, I should suspect

'T were he. *The Masquers lead in Alvarez.*

Duch. Where 's my Lord d'Alvarez?

Recorders

King. Call in the bridegroom. 111

Enter Columbo. Four Masquers bring in Alvarez dead, in one of their habits, and having laid him down, exeunt

Duch. What mystery is this?

Car. We want the bridegroom still

King. Where is Alvarez?

*Columbo points to the body, they un-
vizard it, & find Alvarez bleeding*

Duch. Oh, 't is my lord! He 's murder'd!

King. Who durst commit this horrid act?

Columbo I, sir. 115

[Throws off his disguise.]

King. Columbo? Ha!

Columbo Yes; Columbo, that dares stay
To justify that act

Her. Most barbarous!

Duch. Oh, my dearest lord!

King. Our guard seize on them all.
This sight doth shake all that is man within me.
Poor Alvarez, is this thy wedding day? 121

Enter Guard

Duch. If you do think there is a heaven, or
pairs

¹⁰² s. d. *Hautboys:* musical instruments ¹¹¹ s. d. *Recorders:* flageolets ¹¹⁴ *exemplar:* exem-
plary ¹¹² *come off:* win out, get clear *brave:* fine ¹⁶⁷ *minion:* favorite, lover

To punish such black crimes i' th' other world,
Let me have swift, and such exemplar justice
As shall become this great assassinate; 125

You will take off our faith else: and, if here
Such innocence must bleed, and you look on,
Poor men, that call you gods on earth, will
doubt

To obey your laws, nay, practise to be devils,
As fearing, if such monstrous sins go on, 130
The saints will not be safe in heaven.

King

You shall,

You shall have justice

Car. [Aside.] Now to come off were brave.

Enter Servant

Serv. The masquers, sir, are fled; their
horse, prepar'd

At gate, expected to receive 'em, where
They quickly mounted coming so like friends,
None could suspect their haste, which is se-
cur'd 136

By advantage of the night.

Colum. I answer for 'em all, 't is stake
enough

For many lives: but if that poniard
Had voice, it would convince they were but all
Spectators of my act And now, if you 141
Will give your judgments leave, though at the
first

Face of this object your cool bloods were
frighted,

I can excuse this deed, and call it justice;

An act your honours and your office, sir, 145

Is bound to build a law upon, for others

To imitate I have but took his life,

And punish'd her with mercy, who had both

Conspir'd to kill the soul of all my fame.

Read there; and read an injury as deep 150

In my dishonour as the devil knew

A woman had capacity or malice

To execute: read there, how you were cozen'd,
sir, —

[Gives the Duchess's letter to the king]

Your power affronted, and my faith; her
smiles,

A juggling witchcraft to betray and make 155

My love her horse to stalk withal, and catch

Her curled minion.

Car. Is it possible

The duchess could dissemble so, and forfeit

Her modesty with you and to us all?

Yet I must pity her. My nephew has 160

Been too severe; though this affront would call

A dying man from prayers, and turn him tiger;

There being nothing dearer than our fame,

Which, if a common man, whose blood has no

Ingredient of honour, labour to 165

Preserve, a soldier (by his nearest tie
To glory) is, above all others, bound
To vindicate: — and yet it might have been
Less bloody.

Her. Charitable devil!

King reads. *I pray, my lord, release* [170
under your hand what you dare challenge in my
love or person, as a just forfeit to myself; this act
will speak you honourable to my thoughts; and
when you have conquered thus yourself, you may
proceed to many victories, and after, with [175
safety of your fame, visit again.

The lost Rosaura.

To this your answer was a free resign?

Colum. Flatter'd with great opinion of her
faith, 179

And my desert of her (with thought that she,
Who seem'd to weep and chide my easy will
To part with her, could not be guilty of
A treason or apostasy so soon.
But rather meant this a device to make
Me expedite the affairs of war), I sent 185
That paper, which her wickedness, not jus-
tice,

Applied (what I meant trial,) her divorce.
I lov'd her so, I dare call heaven to witness,
I knew not whether I lov'd most; while she,
With him, whose crimson penitence I pro-
vok'd, 190

Conspir'd my everlasting infamy:
Examine but the circumstance.

Car. 'T is clear;

This match was made at home, before she sent
That cunning writ, in hope to take him off,
As knowing his impatient soul would scorn 195
To own a blessing came on crutches to him.
It was not well to raise his expectation,
(Had you, sir, no affront?) to ruin him
With so much scandal and contempt.

King. We have

Too plentiful a circumstance to accuse 200
You, madam, as the cause of your own sorrows;
But not without an accessory more
Than young Alvarez

Car. Any other instrument?

King. Yes; I am guilty, with herself, and
Don

Columbo, though our acts look'd several ways,
That thought a lover might so soon be ran-
som'd; 206

And did exceed the office of a king
To exercise dominion over hearts,
That owe to the prerogative of heaven
Their choice or separation: you must, there-
fore, 210

When you do kneel for justice and revenge,

Madam, consider me a lateral agent
In poor Alvarez' tragedy.

1 *Lord.* It was your love to Don Columbo,
sir.

Her. So, so! the king is charm'd. Do you
observe 215

How, to acquit Columbo, he would draw
Himself into the plot? Heaven, is this justice?

Car. Your judgment is divine in this.

King. And yet

Columbo cannot be secure, and we
Just in his pardon, that durst make so great 220
And insolent a breach of law and duty.

2 *Lord.* Ha! will he turn again?

King. And should we leave
This guilt of blood to heaven, which cries and
strikes

With loud appeals the palace of eternity;
Yet here is more to charge Columbo than 225
Alvarez' blood, and bids me punish it
Or be no king

Her. 'T is come about, my lords.

King. And if I should forgive
His timeless death, I cannot the offence,
That with such boldness struck at me. Has
my 230

Indulgence to your merits, which are great,
Made me so cheap, your rage could meet no
time

Nor place for your revenge, but where my eyes
Must be affrighted, and affronted with
The bloody execution? This contempt 235
Of majesty transcends my power to pardon,
And you shall feel my anger, sir.

Her. Thou shalt

Have one short prayer more for that.

Colum. Have I,

I' th' progress of my life,
No actions to plead me up deserving 240
Against this ceremony?

Car. Contain yourself.

Colum. I must be dumb then. Where is
honour

And gratitude of kings, when they forget
Whose hand secur'd their greatness? Take my
head off;

Examine then which of your silken lords, 245
As I have done, will throw himself on dangers;
Like to a floating island move in blood;
And where your great defence calls him to
stand

A bulwark, upon his bold breast to take
In death, that you may live: — but soldiers
are 250

Your valiant fools, whom, when your own se-
curities

¹⁸⁷ Applied: interpreted as ¹⁸⁹ whether: which (heaven or Rosaura) ¹⁹⁰ provok'd: brought
about ¹⁹² circumstance: details ¹⁹⁶ came on crutches: which came grudgingly ¹⁹⁸ ransom'd:
transferred ²¹² lateral agent: accessory ²²⁰ timeless: untimely ²⁴¹ ceremony: formal justice

Are bleeding, you can cherish; but when once
Your state and nerves are knit, not thinking
when

To use their surgery again, you cast
Them off, and let them hang in dusty armor-
ies, 255

Or make it death to ask for pay.

King. No more;
We thought to have put your victory and merits
In balance with Alvarez' death, which, while
Our mercy was to judge, had been your safety;
But the affront to us, made greater by 260
This boldness to upbraid our royal bounty,
Shall tame or make you nothing

Lord. Excellent!

Her. The Cardinal is not pleas'd.

Car. Humble yourself

To th' king.

Colum. And beg my life? Let cowards
do 't

That dare not die; I 'll rather have no head 265
Than owe it to his charity

King. To th' castle with him! —

[*Columbo is led off by the Guard*]

Madam, I leave you to your grief, and what
The king can recompense to your tears, or
honour

Of your dead lord, expect

Duch. This shows like justice *Exeunt*

ACT IV

[SCENE I. A Room in the Palace]

Enter two Lords, Hernando

1 *Lord.* This is the age of wonders

2 *Lord.* Wondrous mischiefs

Her. Among those guards, which some call
tutelar angels,

Whose office is to govern provinces,
Is there not one will undertake Navarre?

Hath Heaven forsook us quite?

1 *Lord.* Columbo at large! 5

2 *Lord.* And grac'd no more than ever

1 *Lord.* He was not pardon'd;

That word was prejudicial to his fame

Her. But, as the murder done had been a
dream

Vanish'd to memory, he 's courted as
Preserver of his country With what chains 10
Of magic does this Cardinal hold the king?

2 *Lord.* What will you say, my lord, if they
enchant

The duchess now, and by some impudent art
Advance a marriage to Columbo yet?

Her. Say!

I 'll say no woman can be sav'd; nor is 't 15
Fit, indeed, any should pretend to heaven
After one such impiety in their sex:

And yet my faith has been so stagger'd, since
The king restor'd Columbo, I 'll be now 20
Of no religion.

1 *Lord.* 'T is not possible

She can forgive the murder; I observ'd
Her tears.

Her. Why, so did I, my lord;

And if they be not honest, 't is to be
Half damn'd, to look upon a woman weeping. 25
When do you think the Cardinal said his pray-
ers?

2 *Lord.* I know not

Her. Heaven forgive my want of charity!
But if I were to kill him, he should have
No time to pray; his life could be no sacrifice,
Unless his soul went, too

1 *Lord.* That were too much. 30

Her. When you mean to dispatch him, you
may give

Time for confession: they have injur'd me
After another rate.

2 *Lord.* You are too passionate, cousin.

*Enter Columbo, Colonels, Alphonso, Court-
iers. They pass over the stage.*

Her. How the gay men do flutter to con-
gratulate 35

His jail delivery! There 's one honest man:
What pity 't is a gallant fellow should
Depend on knaves for his preferment!

1 *Lord.* Except this cruelty upon Alvarez,
Columbo has no mighty stain upon him; 40
But for his uncle —

Her. If I had a son

Of twelve years old that would not fight with
him,

And stake his soul against his cardinal's cap,
I would disinheret him. Time has took a lease
But for three lives, I hope; a fourth may see
Honesty walk without a crutch

2 *Lord.* This is 46

But air and wildness.

Her. I will see the duchess.

1 *Lord.* You may do well to comfort her;
we must

Attend the king.

Her. Your pleasures

Exit Hernando.

Enter King and Cardinal

1 *Lord.* A man of a brave soul.

2 *Lord.* The less his safety. — 50
The king and Cardinal in consult!

King. Commend us to the duchess, and
employ

What language you think fit and powerful
To reconcile her to some peace. — My lords.

Car. Sir, I possess all for your sacred uses. 55
Exeunt severally.

[SCENE II. *A Room in the Duchess's House*]*Enter Secretary [Antonio] and Celinda*

Sec. Madam, you are the welcom'st lady living

Cel. To whom, Master Secretary?

Sec. If you have mercy
To pardon so much boldness, I durst say,
To me — I am a gentleman.

Cel. And handsome.

Sec. But my lady has
Much wanted you.

Cel. Why, Master Secretary?

Sec. You are the prettiest, —

Cel. So!

Sec. The wittiest, —

Cel. So! 10

Sec. The merriest lady i' th' court.

Cel. And I was wish'd, to make the duchess pleasant?

Sec. She never had so deep a cause of sorrow;

Her chamber 's but a coffin of a larger
Volume, wherein she walks so like a ghost, 15
'T would make you pale to see her.

Cel. Tell her grace
I attend here.

Sec. I shall most willingly. —
A spirited lady! would I had her in my closet!
She is excellent company among the lords
Sure, she has an admirable treble. [*Aside*] —
Madam. *Exit* 20

Cel. I do suspect this fellow would be nibbling,
Like some, whose narrow fortunes will not rise
To wear things when the invention 's rare and new,

But, treading on the heel of pride, they hunt
The fashion when 't is crippled, like fell tyrants.
I hope I am not old yet; I had the honour 26
To be saluted by our Cardinal's nephew
This morning: there 's a man!

Enter Secretary [Antonio]

Sec. I have prevail'd
Sweet madam, use what eloquence you can
Upon her; and if ever I be useful 30
To your ladyship's service, your least breath
commands me. [*Exit*]

Enter Duchess

Duch. Madam, I come to ask you but one
question:
If you were in my state, my state of grief,
I mean, an exile from all happiness
Of this world, and almost of heaven, (for my 35

Affliction is finding out despair,)

What would you think of Don Columbo?

Cel. Madam?

Duch. Whose bloody hand wrought all this misery.

Would you not weep, as I do, and wish rather
An everlasting spring of tears to drown 40
Your sight, than let your eyes be curs'd to see
The murderer again, and glorious?
So careless of his sin that he is made
Fit for new parricide, even while his soul 44
Is purpled o'er, and reeks with innocent blood?
But do not, do not answer me; I know
You have so great a spirit, (which I want,
The horror of his fact surprising all
My faculties), you would not let him live:
But I, poor I, must suffer more There 's not 50
One little star in heaven will look on me,
Unless to choose me out the mark, on whom
It may shoot down some angry influence.

Enter Placentia

Pla. Madam, here 's Don Columbo says he must

Speak with your grace

Duch. But he must not, I charge you 55
[*Exit Placentia*]

None else wait? — Is this well done,
To triumph in his tyranny? Speak, madam,
Speak but your conscience

Enter Columbo and Secretary [Antonio]

Sec. Sir, you must not see her.
Colum. Not see her? Were she cabled up
above

The search of bullet or of fire, were she 60
Within her grave, and that the toughest mine
That ever nature teem'd and groan'd withal,
I would force some way to see her. — Do not
fear 63

I come to court you, madam; y' are not worth
The humblest of my kinder thoughts I come
To show the man you have provok'd and lost,
And tell you what remains of my revenge. —
Live, but never presume again to marry;
I 'll kill the next at th' altar, and quench all
The smiling tapers with his blood: if after, 70
You dare provoke the priest and heaven so
much

To take another, in thy bed I 'll cut him from
Thy warm embrace, and throw his heart to
ravens.

Cel. This will appear an unexampled cruelty.
Colum. Your pardon, madam; rage and my
revenge, 75

Not perfect, took away my eyes. You are
A noble lady, this not worth your eye-beam;
One of so slight a making, and so thin,

An autumn leaf is of too great a value
To play, which shall be soonest lost i' th' air 80
Be pleas'd to own me by some name in your
Assurance, I despise to be receiv'd
There; let her witness that I call you mis-
tress.

Honour me to make these pearls your carcanet.
[Gives her a necklace]

Cel. My lord, you are too humble in your
thoughts 85

Colum [Aside.] There's no vexation too
great to punish her. *Exit.*

Sec. Now, madam.

Cel. Away, you saucy fellow! — Madam, I
Must be excus'd, if I do think more honoura-
bly

Than you have cause of this great lord.

Duch. Why, is not 90
All womankind concern'd to hate what's im-
pious?

Cel. For my part —

Duch. Antonio, is this a woman?

Sec. I know not whether she be man or
woman,
I should be nimble to find out the experiment.
She look'd with less state when Columbo came.

Duch. Let me entreat your absence. — I
am cozen'd in her [Aside] — 96
I took you for a modest, honest lady.

Cel. Madam, I scorn any accuser; and
Deducting the great title of a duchess,
I shall not need one grain of your dear honour
To make me full weight: if your grace be jeal-
ous, 101

I can remove. *Exit.*

Sec. She is gone.

Duch. Prithee remove
My fears of her return (*Exit Secretary.*) —
She is not worth

Considering, my anger's mounted higher
He need not put in caution for my next 105
Marriage. — Alvarez, I must come to thee,
Thy virgin wife, and widow, but not till
I ha' paid those tragic duties to thy hearse
Become my piety and love But how?
Who shall instruct a way?

Enter Placentia

Pla. Madam, Don 110
Hernando much desires to speak with you

Duch. Will not thy own discretion think I
am
Unfit for visit?

Pla. Please your grace, he brings
Something, he says, imports your ear, and love
Of the dead lord, Alvarez.

Duch. Then admit him. [*Exit Placentia.*] 115

⁸⁴ carcanet: necklace ⁸⁶ ('Enter Secretary' Q; but he has been present during this scene) ¹⁰² re-
move: go away ¹¹⁴ imports: which concerns

Enter [Placentia with] Hernando

Her. I would speak, madam, to yourself.

Duch. Your absence. [*Exit Placentia.*]

Her. I know not how your grace will cen-
sure so

Much boldness, when you know the affairs I
come for

Duch. My servant has prepar'd me to re-
ceive it,

If it concern my dead lord.

Her. Can you name 120

So much of your Alvarez in a breath,
Without one word of your revenge? Oh,
madam,

I come to chide you, and repent my great
Opinion of your virtue, that can walk,
And spend so many hours in naked solitude; 125
As if you thought that no arrears were due
To his death, when you had paid his funeral
charges,

Made your eyes red, and wept a handkercher.
I come to tell you that I saw him bleed;
I, that can challenge nothing in his name 130
And honour, saw his murder'd body warm,
And panting with the labour of his spirits,
Till my amaz'd soul shrunk and hid itself;
While barbarous Columbo grinning stood,
And mock'd the weeping wounds It is too
much, 135

That you should keep your heart alive so long
After this spectacle, and not revenge it.

Duch. You do not know the business of my
heart,

That censure me so rashly; yet I thank you;
And, if you be Alvarez' friend, dare tell 140
Your confidence that I despise my life,
But know not how to use it in a service
To speak me his revenger: this will need
No other proof than that to you, who may
Be sent with cunning to betray me, I 145
Have made this bold confession. I so much
Desire to sacrifice to that hovering ghost
Columbo's life, that I am not ambitious
To keep my own two minutes after it.

Her. If you will call me coward, which is
equal 150

To think I am a traitor, I forgive it
For this brave resolution, which time
And all the destinies must aid I beg
That I may kiss your hand for this; and may
The soul of angry honour guide it —

Duch. Whither? 155

Her. To Don Columbo's heart.

Duch. It is too weak, I fear, alone.

Her. Alone? Are you in earnest? Why,
will it not

Be a dishonour to your justice, madam,
Another arm should interpose? But that 160
It were a saucy act to mingle with you,
I durst, nay, I am bound in the revenge
Of him that 's dead, (since the whole world has
interest

In every good man's loss,) to offer it.

Dare you command me, madam?

Duch. Not command; 165
But I should more than honour such a truth
In man, that durst, against so mighty odds,
Appear Alvarez' friend, and mine. The Car-
dinal —

Her. Is for the second course. Columbo
must

Be first cut up; his ghost must lead the dance:
Let him die first. 171

Duch. But how?

Her. How! with a sword; and, if I under-
take it,

I wo' not lose so much of my own honour
To kill him basely.

Duch. How shall I reward
This infinite service? 'T is not modesty, 175
While now my husband groans beneath his
tomb,

And calls me to his marble bed, to promise
What this great act might well deserve, my-
self,

If you survive the victor; but if thus
Alvarez' ashes be appeas'd, it must 180

Deserve an honourable memory;
And though Columbo (as he had all power,
And grasp'd the fates) has vow'd to kill the
man

That shall succeed Alvarez —

Her. Tyranny! 185

Duch. Yet, if ever
I entertain a thought of love hereafter,
Hernando from the world shall challenge it;
Till when, my prayers and fortune shall wait
on you.

Her. This is too mighty recompense

Duch. 'T is all just.

Her. If I outlive Columbo, I must not 190
Expect security at home.

Duch. Thou canst
Not fly where all my fortunes and my love
Shall not attend to guard thee.

Her. If I die —

Duch. Thy memory 194
Shall have a shrine, the next within my heart
To my Alvarez.

Her. Once again your hand.
Your cause is so religious, you need not
Strengthen it with your prayers; trust it to me.

Enter Placentia, and Cardinal

Pla. Madam, the Cardinal.

Duch. Will you appear?

Her. And he had all the horror of the devil
In 's face, I would not balk him. 201

He stares upon the Cardinal in his ext.

Car. [*Aside.*] What makes Hernando here?

I do not like

They should consult; I 'll take no note. — The
king

Fairly salutes your grace; by whose command
I am to tell you, though his will and actions 205

Illimited stoop not to satisfy

The vulgar inquisition, he is

Yet willing to retain a just opinion

With those that are plac'd near him; and al-
though

You look with nature's eye upon yourself, 210
Which needs no perspective to reach, nor art

Of any optic to make greater, what

Your narrow sense applies an injury,
(Ourselves still nearest to ourselves,) but
there 's

Another eye that looks abroad, and walks 215

In search of reason, and the weight of things,

With which, if you look on him, you will find

His pardon to Columbo cannot be

So much against his justice as your erring

Faith would persuade your anger

Duch. Good my lord, 220

Your phrase has too much landscape, and I
cannot

Distinguish at this distance you present

The figure perfect, but indeed my eyes

May pray your lordship find excuse, for tears

Have almost made them blind

Car. Fair peace restore 'em! 225

To bring the object nearer, the king says,

He could not be severe to Don Columbo

Without injustice to his other merits,

Which call more loud for their reward and
honour

Than you for your revenge; the kingdom
made 230

Happy by those; you only, by the last,

Unfortunate — nor was it rational,

(I speak the king's own language,) he should die
For taking one man's breath, without whose

valour 234

None now had been alive without dishonour.

Duch. In my poor understanding, 't is the
crown

Of virtue to proceed in its own tract,

Not deviate from honour. If you acquit

A man of murder, 'cause he has done brave

²⁰¹ balk: shun, avoid ²⁰² makes: does ²⁰³ Illimited: not subject to control ²⁰⁷ inquisi-
tion: inquiry ²¹² optic: lens, telescope ²¹³ applies: regards as ²¹⁴ you present: whether you
present ²¹⁷ tract: path

Things in the war, you will bring down his
valour 240

To a crime, nay, to a bawd, if it secure
A rape, and but teach those that deserve well
To sin with greater license But dispute
Is now too late, my lord; 't is done; and you
By the good king, in tender of my sorrows, 245
Sent to persuade me 't is unreasonable
That justice should repair me.

Car. You mistake;
For if Columbo's death could make Alvarez
Live, the king had given him up to law,
Your bleeding sacrifice; but when his life 250
Was but another treasure thrown away,
To obey a clamorous statute, it was wisdom
To himself, and common safety, to take off
This killing edge of law, and keep Columbo
To recompense the crime by noble acts, 255
And sorrow, that in time might draw your pity.

Duch. This is a greater tyranny than that
Columbo exercis'd, he kill'd my lord;
And you have not the charity to let
Me think it worth a punishment

Car. To that, 260
In my own name, I answer. I condemn,
And urge the bloody guilt against my nephew;
'T was violent and cruel, a black deed;
A deed whose memory doth make me shudder;
An act that did betray a tyrannous nature, 265
Which he took up in war, the school of ven-
geance,
And though the king's compassion spare him
here,
Unless his heart
Weep itself out in penitent tears, hereafter —

Duch. This sounds
As you were now a good man

Car. Does your grace 270
Think I have conscience to allow the murder?
Although, when it was done, I did obey
The stream of nature, as he was my kinsman,
To plead he might not pay his forfeit life,
Could I do less for one so near my blood? 275
Consider, madam, and be charitable,
Let not this wild injustice make me lose
The character I bear and reverend habit
To make you full acquainted with my inno-
cence,

I challenge here my soul and heaven to witness,
If I had any thought or knowledge with 281
My nephew's plot, or person, when he came,
Under the smooth pretence of friend, to violate
Your hospitable laws, and do that act,
Whose frequent mention draws this tear, a
whirlwind 285
Snatch me to endless flames!

Duch. I must believe,
And ask your grace's pardon I confess
I ha' not lov'd you since Alvarez' death,
Though we were reconcil'd

Car. I do not blame
Your jealousy, nor any zeal you had 290
To prosecute revenge against me, madam,
As I then stood suspected, nor can yet
Implore your mercy to Columbo. All
I have to say is, to retain my first
Opinion and credit with your grace; 295
Which you may think I urge not out of fear,
Or ends upon you, (since, I thank the king,
I stand firm on the base of royal favour.)
But for your own sake, and to show I have
Compassion of your sufferings.

Duch. You have clear'd 300
A doubt, my lord; and by this fair remon-
strance

Given my sorrow so much truce to think
That we may meet again, and yet be friends —
But be not angry, if I still remember 304
By whom Alvarez died, and weep, and wake
Another justice with my prayers

Car. All thoughts
That may advance a better peace dwell with
you! *Exit.*

Duch. How would this cozening statesman
bribe my faith

With flatteries to think him innocent!
No; if his nephew die, this Cardinal must
not 310
Be long-liv'd All the prayers of a wrong'd
widow

Make firm Hernando's sword! and my own
hand

Shall have some glory in the next revenge.
I will pretend my brain with grief distracted.
It may gain easy credit, and beside 315
The taking off examination
For great Columbo's death, it makes what act
I do in that believ'd want of my reason
Appear no crime, but my defence. — Look
down,

Soul of my lord, from thy eternal shade, 320
And unto all thy blest companions boast
Thy duchess busy to revenge thy ghost! *Exit.*

[SCENE III. Outside the City]

Enter Columbo, Hernando, Alfonso, Colonel

Colum. Hernando, now I love thee, and do
half

Repent the affront my passion threw upon thee.
Her. You wo' not be too prodigal o' your
penitence.

²⁴⁴ tender: consideration ²⁴⁷ repair me: remedy the wrong done me ²⁶⁰ took up: acquired
²⁷¹ allow: approve ²⁹⁰ jealousy: mistrust ²⁹⁷ ends: designs ³¹⁰ examination: trial ³¹⁵ believ'd:
supposed

Colum. This makes good thy nobility of birth;
Thou may'st be worth my anger and my sword, 5

If thou dost execute as daringly
As thou provok'st a quarrel. I did think
Thy soul a starveling, or asleep.

Her. You 'll find it
Active enough to keep your spirit waking;
Which to exasperate, for yet I think 10
It is not high enough to meet my rage —
D' ye smile?

Colum. This noise is worth it. — Gentlemen,
I'm sorry this great soldier has engag'd
Your travail; all his business is to talk.

Her. A little of your lordship's patience: 15
You shall have other sport, and swords that
will

Be as nimble 'bout your heart as you can wish.
'T is pity more than our two single lives
Should be at stake

Colum. Make that no scruple, sir.

Her. To him, then, that survives, if fate allow 20

That difference, I speak, that he may tell
The world, I came not hither on slight anger,
But to revenge my honour, stain'd and trampled
on

By this proud man; when general, he com-
manded

My absence from the field

Colum. I do remember, 25
And I 'll give your soul now a discharge

Her. I come
To meet it, if your courage be so fortunate
But there is more than my own injury
You must account for, sir, if my sword pros-
per; 29

Whose point and every edge is made more keen
With young Alvarez' blood, in which I had
A noble interest. Does not that sin benumb
Thy arteries, and turn the guilty flowings
To trembling jelly in thy veins? Canst hear
Me name that murder, and thy spirits not 35
Struck into air, as thou wert shot by some
Engine from heaven?

Colum. You are the duchess' champion!
Thou hast given me a quarrel now I grieve
It is determin'd all must fight, and I
Shall lose much honour in his fall.

Her. That duchess, 40
(Whom but to mention with thy breath is
sacrilege.)

An orphan of thy making, and condemn'd
By thee to eternal solitude, I come
To vindicate; and while I am killing thee,
By virtue of her prayers sent up for justice 45

18 D' ye: ('D' ee' Q) 19-20 (The seconds, as well as the principals, fought in seventeenth-century duels.) 21 flowings: blood

At the same time, in heaven I am pardon'd
for 't.

Colum. I cannot hear the bravo.

Her. Two words more,
And take your chance. Before you all I must
Pronounce that noble lady without knowledge
Or thought of what I undertake for her. 50
Poor soul! she 's now at her devotions,
Busy with heaven, and wearing out the earth
With her stiff knees, and bribing her good an-
gel

With treasures of her eyes, to tell her lord
How much she longs to see him. My attempt 55
Needs no commission from her: were I
A stranger in Navarre, the inborn right
Of every gentleman to Alvarez' loss
Is reason to engage their swords and lives
Against the common enemy of virtue 60

Colum. Now have you finish'd? I have an
instrument

Shall cure this noise, and fly up to thy tongue,
To murder all thy words.

Her. One little knot
Of phlegm that clogs my stomach, and I ha'
done: —

You have an uncle, call'd a Cardinal. 65
Would he were lurking now about thy heart,
That the same wounds might reach you both,
and send

Your reeling souls together! Now have at
you.

Alph. We must not, sir, be idle
They fight, *Columbo's second* [*Al-
phonso*] slain

Her. What think you now of praying?

Colum. Time enough 70

He kills Hernando's second
Commend me to my friend; the scales are
even.

I would be merciful, and give you time
Now to consider of the other world;
You 'll find your soul benighted presently.

Her. I 'll find my way i' the dark.

*They fight, and close, Columbo gets
both the swords, and Hernando
takes up the second's weapon.*

Colum. A stumble 's dangerous. 75
Now ask thy life. — Ha!

Her. I despise to wear it,
A gift from any but the first bestower

Colum. I scorn a base advantage —

*Columbo throws away one of the swords.
They fight; Hernando wounds
Columbo. —*

Ha!

Her. I am now
Out of your debt.

Colum. Th'ast don't, and I forgive thee
Give me thy hand; when shall we meet again?

Her. Never, I hope. ⁸¹

Colum. I feel life ebb apace: yet I'll look
upwards,

And show my face to heaven [Dies]

Her. The matter's done;

I must not stay to bury him. Exit.

ACT V

[SCENE I. A Garden]

Enter two Lords

1 *Lord.* Columbo's death doth much afflict
the king

2 *Lord.* I thought the Cardinal would have
lost his wits
At first, for 's nephew; it drowns all the talk
Of the other that were slain.

1 *Lord* We are friends
I do suspect Hernando has some interest, ⁵
And knew how their wounds came

2 *Lord.* His flight confirms it,
For whom the Cardinal has spread his nets

1 *Lord* He is not so weak to trust himself
at home

To his enemy's gripe

2 *Lord* All strikes not me so much
As that the duchess, most oppressed lady, ¹⁰
Should be distracted, and before Columbo
Was slain.

1 *Lord* But that the Cardinal should be
made
Her guardian, is to me above that wonder.

2 *Lord* So it pleas'd the king; and she, with
that small stock
Of reason left her, is so kind and smooth ¹⁵
Upon him.

1 *Lord.* She's turn'd a child again: a mad-
ness,
That would ha' made her brain and blood boil
hugh,
In which distemper she might ha' wrought
something —

2 *Lord.* Had been to purpose.

1 *Lord.* The Cardinal is cunning; and how-
e'er ²⁰
His brow does smile, he does suspect Hernando
Took fire from her, and waits a time to punish
it.

2 *Lord.* But what a subject of disgrace and
mirth

Hath poor Celinda made herself by pride,
In her belief Columbo was her servant! ²⁵
Her head hath stoop'd much since he died, and
she

Almost ridiculous at court.

Enter Cardinal, Antonelli, Servant

1 *Lord.* The Cardinal
Is come into the garden, now —

Car. Walk off. — [Exeunt Lords.]

It troubles me the duchess by her loss
Of brain is now beneath my great revenge. ³⁰
She is not capable to feel my anger,
Which, like to unregarded thunder spent
In woods, and lightning aim'd at senseless
trees,

Must idly fall, and hurt her not, not to
That sense her guilt deserves: a fatal stroke, ³⁵
Without the knowledge for what crime, to
fright her

When she takes leave, and make her tug with
death,

Until her soul sweat, is a pigeon's torment,
And she is sent a babe to the other world.
Columbo's death will not be satisfied, ⁴⁰

An I but wound her with a two-edg'd feather.
I must do more: I have all opportunity,
(She by the king now made my charge,) but
she's

So much a turtle, I shall lose by killing her,
Perhaps do her a pleasure and preferment. ⁴⁵
That must not be

Enter Celinda with a parchment

Anton. [Stopping her.] — Is not this she that
would be thought to have been
Columbo's mistress? — Madam, his grace is
private,
And would not be disturb'd; you may dis-
please him.

Cel. What will your worship wager that he
shall ⁵⁰
Be pleas'd again before we part?

Anton. I'll lay this diamond, madam, 'gainst
a kiss,
And trust yourself to keep the stakes.

Cel. 'Tis done. [Comes forward.]

Anton. I have long had an appetite to this
lady;
But the lords keep her up so high — this toy ⁵⁵
May bring her on.

Car. This interruption tastes not of good
manners

Cel. But where necessity, my lord, compels,
The boldness may meet pardon, and when you
Have found my purpose, I may less appear ⁶⁰
Unmannerly.

Car. To th' business.

Cel. It did please

Your nephew, sir, before his death, to credit me
With so much honourable favour, I
Am come to tender to his near'st of blood,
Yourself, what does remain a debt to him. ⁶⁵

Not to delay your grace with circumstance,
That deed, if you accept, makes you my heir
Of no contemptible estate. — This way

He reads.

Is only left to tie up scurril tongues
And saucy men, that since Columbo's death 70
Venture to libel on my pride and folly;
His greatness and this gift, which I enjoy
Still for my life, (beyond which term a king-
dom's

Nothing,) will curb the giddy spleens of men
That live on impudent rhyme, and railing at 75
Each wandering fame they catch. [*Aside.*]

Car. Madam, this bounty

Will bind my gratitude and care to serve you.

Cel. I am your grace's servant.

Car. Antonelli! — *Whisper*

And when this noble lady visits me,
Let her not wait. 80

Cel. What think you, my officious sir? His
grace

Is pleas'd, you may conjecture. I may keep
Your gem; the kiss was never yours.

Anton. Sweet madam —

Cel. Talk if you dare; you know I must not
wait;

And so, farewell for this time. [*Exit*] 85

Car. 'T is in my brain already, and it forms
Apace — good, excellent revenge, and pleasant!
She's now within my talons. 'T is too cheap
A satisfaction for Columbo's death,
Only to kill her by soft charm or force. 90
I'll rifle first her darling chastity;

'T will be after time enough to poison her,
And she to th' world be thought her own de-
stroyer.

As I will frame the circumstance, this night
All may be finish'd. for the colonel, 95

Her agent in my nephew's death, (whom I
Disturb'd at counsel with her,) I may reach him
Hereafter, and be master of his fate.

We starve our conscience when we thrive in
state. *Exeunt.*

[SCENE II. *A Room in the Duchess's House*]

Enter Secretary [Antonio] and Placentia

Sec. Placentia, we two are only left
Of all my lady's servants; let us be true
To her and one another; and be sure,
When we are at prayers, to curse the Cardinal.

Pla. I pity my sweet lady. 5

Sec. I pity her, too, but am a little angry;
She might have found another time to lose
Her wits.

Pla. That I were a man!

Sec. What would'st thou do, Placentia? 10

⁷¹ libel: make scurrilous comments ² all: (not in Q) ²² letter: style of type

Pla. I would revenge my lady.

Sec. 'T is better being a woman; thou
may'st do

Things that may prosper better, and the fruit
Be thy own another day.

Pla. Your wit still loves

To play the wanton

Sec. 'T is a sad time, Placentia; 15
Some pleasure would do well. The truth is, I
Am weary of my life, and I would have
One fit of mirth before I leave the world.

Pla. Do not you blush to talk thus wildly?

Sec. 'T is good manners 20

To be a little mad after my lady;

But I ha' done. Who is with her now?

Pla. Madam Valeria.

Sec. Not Celinda? There's a lady for my
humour!

A pretty book of flesh and blood, and well 25
Bound up, in a fair letter, too. Would I
Had her with all the errata!

Pla. She has not

An honourable fame.

Sec. Her fame! that's nothing;

A little stain, her wealth will fetch again
The colour, and bring honour into her cheeks 30
As fresh; —

If she were mine, and I had her exchequer,
I know the way to make her honest;
Honest to th' touch, the test, and the last
trial

Pla. How, prithee? 35

Sec. Why,

First I would marry her, that's a verb material;
Then I would print her with an *index*

Expurgatorius, a table drawn
Of her court heresies; and when she's read, 40

Cum privilegio, who dares call her whore?

Pla. I'll leave you, if you talk thus

Sec. I ha' done;

Placentia, thou may'st be better company
After another progress; and now tell me,

Didst ever hear of such a patent madness 45
As my lady is possess'd with? She has rav'd
But twice — an she would fright the Cardinal,

Or at a supper if she did but poison him,

It were a frenzy I could bear withal.

She calls him her dear governor. —

Enter Hernando disguised, having a letter

Pla. Who is this? 50

Her. Her secretary! — Sir,
Here is a letter, if it may have so

Much happiness to kiss her grace's hand.

Sec. From whom?

Her. That's not in your commission, sir,
To ask, or mine to satisfy; she will want 55

No understanding when she reads.

Sec. Alas!
Under your favour, sir, you are mistaken;
Her grace did never more want understanding.

Her. How?

Sec. Have you not heard? Her skull is
broken, sir, 60

And many pieces taken out, she's mad.

Her. The sad fame of her distraction
Has too much truth, it seems.

Pla. If please you, sir,
To expect awhile, I will present the letter.

Her. Pray do — *Exit Placenta* 65
How long has she been thus distemper'd, sir?

Sec. Before the Cardinal came to govern
here,

Who, for that reason, by the king was made
Her guardian We are now at his devotion

Her. A lamb given up to a tiger! May dis-
eases 70

Soon eat him through his heart!

Sec. Your pardon, sir.
I love that voice; I know it, too, a little.

Are not you — ? Be not angry, noble sir,
I can with ease be ignorant again,

And think you are another man, but if 75
You be that valiant gentleman they call —

Her. Whom? what?

Sec. That kill'd — I would not name him,
if I thought

You were not pleas'd to be that very gentleman.

Her. Am I betray'd?

Sec. The devil sha' not 80
Betray you here: kill me, and I will take
My death you are the noble colonel.

We are all bound to you for the general's death,
Valiant Hernando! When my lady knows

You are here, I hope 't will fetch her wits
again. 85

But do not talk too loud; we are not all
Honest i' th' house; some are the Cardinal's

creatures

Her. Thou wert faithful to thy lady I am
glad

'T is night. But tell me how the churchman
uses

The duchess. 90

Enter Antonelli

Sec. He carries angels in his tongue and face,
but I

Suspect his heart: this is one of his spawns —
Signor Antonelli.

Anton. Honest Antonio!

Sec. And how, and how — a friend of mine
— where is 95

The Cardinal's grace?

Her. [*Aside.*] That will be never answer'd.
Anton. He means to sup here with the
duchess.

Sec. Will he?

Anton. We'll have the charming bottles at
my chamber. 100

Bring that gentleman; we'll be mighty merry.

Her. [*Aside.*] I may disturb your jollity.

Anton. Farewell, sweet — [*Exit.*]

Sec. Dear Antonelli! — A round pox con-
found you!

This is court rhetoric at the back-stairs. 105

Enter Placenta

Pla. Do you know this gentleman?

Sec. Not I.

Pla. My lady presently dismiss'd Valeria,
And bade me bring him to her bed-chamber.

Sec. The gentleman has an honest face.

Pla. Her words 110
Fell from her with some evenness and joy. —

Her grace desires your presence

Her. I'll attend her.

Exit [with Placenta].

Sec. I would this soldier had the Cardinal
Upon a promontory With what a spring

The churchman would leap down! It were a
spectacle 115

Most rare, to see him topple from the preci-
pice,

And sous in the salt water with a noise

To stun the fishes; and if he fell into

A net, what wonder would the simple sea-gulls
Have, to draw up the o'ergrown lobster, 120

So ready boil'd! He shall have my good wishes.
This colonel's coming may be lucky; I

Will be sure none shall interrupt 'em.

Enter Celinda

Cel. Is
Her grace at opportunity?

Sec. No, sweet madam;
She is asleep, her gentlewoman says. 125

Cel. My business is but visit. I'll expect.

Sec. That must not be, although I like your
company.

Cel. You are grown rich, Master Secretary.

Sec. I, madam? Alas!

Cel. I hear you are upon another purchase.

Sec. I upon a purchase! 131

Cel. If you want any sum —

Sec. If I could purchase your sweet favour,
madam.

Cel. You shall command me, and my for-
tune, sir.

Sec. [*Aside.*] How's this? 135

⁶⁰ at his devotion: subject to him ⁸⁷ Honest: loyal ¹¹⁹ sea-gulls: foolish fishermen ¹²⁰⁻¹²¹ lob-
ster . . . boil'd: (alluding to the Cardinal's red robe) ¹²⁴ at opportunity: willing to receive visi-
tors

Cel. I have observ'd you, sir, a staid
And prudent gentleman — and I shall want —

Sec. Not me?

Cel. A father for some infant. He has credit
I' th' world. I am not the first cast lady 140
Has married a secretary. [*Aside.*]

Sec. Shall I wait upon you?

Cel. Whither?

Sec. Any whither.

Cel. I may chance lead you then — 145

Sec. I shall be honour'd to obey. My blood
Is up, and in this humour I 'm for anything.

Cel. Well, sir, I 'll try your manhood.

Sec. 'T is my happiness;

You cannot please me better.

Cel. [*Aside.*] This was struck
I' th' opportunity.

Sec. I am made for ever. 150
[*Exit, following her.*]

[SCENE III. Another Room]

Enter Hernando and Duchess

Her. Dear madam, do not weep.

Duch. Y' are very welcome;
I ha' done; I wo' not shed a tear more
Till I meet Alvarez; then I 'll weep for joy.
He was a fine young gentleman, and sung
sweetly; 5

An you had heard him but the night before
We were married, you would ha' sworn he had
been

A swan, and sung his own sad epitaph.
But we 'll talk o' the Cardinal.

Her. Would his death
Might ransom your fair sense! he should not
live 10

To triumph in the loss. Beshrew my manhood,
But I begin to melt.

Duch. I pray, sir, tell me, —
For I can understand, although they say
I have lost my wits; but they are safe enough,
And I shall have 'ern when the Cardinal dies; —
Who had a letter from his nephew, too, 16
Since he was slain?

Her. From whence?

Duch. I know not where he is. But in some
bower

Within a garden he is making chaplets,
And means to send me one; but I 'll not take it;
I have flowers enough, I thank him, while I live.

Her. But do you love your governor? 22

Duch. Yes, but I 'll never marry him; I am
promis'd
Already.

Her. To whom, madam?

Duch. Do not you

Blush when you ask me that? Must not you
be 25

My husband? I know why, but that 's a secret.
Indeed, if you believe me, I do love
No man alive so well as you. The Cardinal
Shall never know 't; he 'll kill us both; and yet
He says he loves me dearly, and has promis'd 30
To make me well again; but I 'm afraid,
One time or other, he will give me poison.

Her. Prevent him, madam, and take noth-
ing from him.

Duch. Why, do you think 't will hurt me?

Her. It will kill you.

Duch. I shall but die, and meet my dear-
lov'd lord, 35

Whom when I have kiss'd, I 'll come again and
work

A bracelet of my hair for you to carry him,
When you are going to heaven; the posy shall
Be my own name, in little tears, that I
Will weep next winter, which congeal'd i' th'
frost, 40

Will show like seed-pearl. You 'll deliver it?

I know he 'll love, and wear it for my sake.

Her. She is quite lost.

Duch. I pray, give me, sir, your pardon:
I know I talk not wisely; but if you had
The burthen of my sorrow, you would miss 45
Sometimes your better reason Now I 'm well.
What will you do when the Cardinal comes?
He must not see you for the world

Her. He sha' not;
I 'll take my leave before he come.

Duch. Nay, stay;
I shall have no friend left me when you go. 50
He will but sup; he sha' not stay to lie wi' me.
I have the picture of my lord abed;
Three are too much this weather.

Enter Placentia

Pla. Madam, the Cardinal.

Her. He shall sup with the devil.

Duch. I dare not stay;
The red cock will be angry. I 'll come again. 55
Exeunt [Duchess and Placentia].

Her. This sorrow is no fable. Now I find
My curiosity is sadly satisfied. —

Ha! if the duchess in her straggled wits
Let fall words to betray me to the Cardinal,
The panther will not leap more fierce to meet 60
His prey, when a long want of food hath parch'd
His starved maw, than he to print his rage,
And tear my heart-strings. Everything is fatal;
And yet she talk'd sometimes with chain of
sense,

And said she lov'd me. Ha! they come not yet.
I have a sword about me, and I left 66

My own security to visit death.

* red cock: the Cardinal

Yet I may pause a little, and consider
Which way does lead me to 't most honourably.
Does not the chamber that I walk in tremble?
What will become of her, and me, and all 71
The world in one small hour? I do not think
Ever to see the day again; the wings
Of night spread o'er me like a sable hearse-cloth;
The stars are all close mourners, too; but I 75
Must not alone to the cold, silent grave.
I must not. — If thou canst, Alvarez, open
That ebon curtain, and behold the man,
When the world's justice fails, shall right thy
ashes,
And feed their thirst with blood! Thy duchess
is 80
Almost a ghost already, and doth wear
Her body like a useless upper garment,
The trim and fashion of it lost. — Ha!

Enter Placentia

Pla You need not doubt me, sir. — My
lady prays
You would not think it long; she in my ear 85
Commanded me to tell you that when last
She drank, she had happy wishes to your health.

Her. And did the Cardinal pledge it?

Pla. He was not
Invited to 't, nor must he know you are here

Her. What do they talk of, prithee? 90

Pla. His grace is very pleasant

A lute is heard.

And kind to her, but her returns are after
The sad condition of her sense, sometimes
Unjoined.

Her. They have music.

Pla. A lute only, 94
His grace prepar'd; they say, the best of Italy,
That waits upon my lord.

Her. He thinks the duchess
Is stung with a tarantula.

Pla. Your pardon;
My duty is expected. *Exit.*

Her. Gentle lady! —
A voice, too!

SONG within

Strep. Come, my Daphne, come away, 100
We do waste the crystal day,
'T is Strephon calls. *Dap.* What
says my love?

Strep. Come, follow to the myrtle grove,
Where Venus shall prepare
New chaplets for thy hair. 105

Dap. Were I shut up within a tree,
I'd rend my bark to follow thee.

Strep. My shepherdess, make haste,
The minutes slide too fast.

Dap. In those cooler shades will I, 110
Blind as Cupid, kiss thine eye.

92 returns: replies 97 tarantula: (the bite of which was supposed to produce a hysterical malady)

Strep. In thy bosom then I'll stay;
In such warm snow who would not
lose his way?

Chor. We'll laugh, and leave the world be-
hind,
And gods themselves that see, 115
Shall envy thee and me,
But never find
Such joys, when they embrace a deity.

[*Her.*] If at this distance I distinguish, 't
is not

Church music; and the air's wanton, and no
anthem 120

Sung to 't, but some strange ode of love and
kisses.

What should this mean? — Ha! he is coming
hither. [*Draws his sword.*]

I am betray'd; he marches in her hand.

I'll trust a little more; mute as the arras,
My sword and I here. 125

*He [conceals himself behind the arras,
and] observes.*

*Enter Cardinal, Duchess, Antonelli, and
Attendants*

Car. Wait you in the first chamber, and let
none

Presume to interrupt us. —

Exeunt [Antonelli and] servants.

She is pleasant;

Now for some art to poison all her inno-
cence.

Duch. [Aside.] I do not like the Cardinal's
humour; he

Little suspects what guest is in my chamber. 130

Car. Now, madam, you are safe

[*Embraces her.*]

Duch. How means your lordship?

Car. Safe in my arms, sweet duchess.

Duch. Do not hurt me.

Car. Not for the treasures of the world! You
are

My pretty charge. Had I as many lives
As I have careful thoughts to do you service, 135
I should think all a happy forfeit, to
Delight your grace one minute; 't is a heaven
To see you smile.

Duch. What kindness call you this?

Car. It cannot want a name while you pre-
serve

So plentiful a sweetness; it is love. 140

Duch. Of me? How shall I know 't, my
lord?

Car. By this, and this, swift messengers to
whisper

Our hearts to one another. *Kisses [her].*

Duch. Pray, do you come a-wooing?

Car. Yes, sweet madam;
You cannot be so cruel to deny me. 145

Duch. What, my lord?

Car. Another kiss.

Duch. Can you
Dispense with this, my lord? — (*Aside.*) Alas;
I fear

Hernando is asleep, or vanish'd from me.

Car. [Aside.] I have mock'd my blood into
a flame; and what

My angry soul had form'd for my revenge, 150
Is now the object of my amorous sense.

I have took a strong enchantment from her
lips,

And fear I shall forgive Columbo's death,
If she consent to my embrace. — Come, madam.

Duch. Whither, my lord?

Car. But to your bed or couch, 155
Where, if you will be kind, and but allow
Yourself a knowledge, love, whose shape and
raptures

Wise poets have but glorified in dreams,
Shall make your chamber his eternal palace;
And with such active and essential streams 160
Of new delights glide o'er your bosom, you
Shall wonder to what unknown world you are
By some blest change translated. Why d'ye
pause,

And look so wild? Will you deny your gov-
ernor?

Duch. How came you by that cloven foot?

Car. Your fancy

Would turn a traitor to your happiness. 166
I am your friend; you must be kind.

Duch. Unhand me,

Or I'll cry out a rape.

Car. You wo' not, sure?

Duch. I have been cozen'd with Hernando's
shadow;

Here's none but heaven to hear me. — Help! a
rape! 170

Car. Are you so good at understanding,
then?

I must use other argument.

*He forces her. [Hernando rushes from
the arras.]*

Her. Go to, Cardinal.

Strikes him. Exit Duchess.

Car. Hernando? Murder! treason! help!

Her. An army sha' not rescue thee. Your
blood 175

Is much inflam'd; I have brought a lancet wi'
me

Shall open your hot veins, and cool your
fever. —

To vex thy parting soul, it was the same
Engine that pierc'd Columbo's heart.

Car. Help! murder! [*Stabs him.*]

¹⁷⁹ pierc'd: ('pinc'd' Q)

Enter Antonelli and Servants

Anton. Some ring the bell, 't will raise the
court; 180

My lord is murder'd! 'T is Hernando.

The bell rings.

Her. I'll make you all some sport. — [*Stabs
himself.*] — So; now we are even.

Where is the duchess? I would take my leave
Of her, and then bequeath my curse among you.

Hernando falls.

Enter King, Duchess, Valeria, Lords, Guard

King. How come these bloody objects? 185

Her. With a trick my sword found out. I
hope he's paid.

1 *Lord [Aside.]* I hope so, too. — A surgeon
For my Lord Cardinal!

King. Hernando?

Duch. Justice! oh, justice, sir, against a rav-
isher! 190

Her. Sir, I ha' done you service

King. A bloody service.

Her. 'T is pure scarlet

Enter Surgeon

Car. [Aside.] After such care to perfect my
revenge,

Thus bandied out o' th' world by a woman's
plot!

Her. I have preserv'd the duchess from a
rape 195

Good night to me and all the world for ever.

Dies.

King. So impious!

Duch. 'T is most true; Alvarez' blood

Is now reveng'd; I find my brain return,
And every straggling sense repairing home. 200

Car. I have deserv'd you should turn from
me, sir,

My life hath been prodigiously wicked;
My blood is now the kingdom's balm. Oh, sir,
I have abus'd your ear, your trust, your people,
And my own sacred office; my conscience 205
Feels now the sting. Oh, show your charity,
And with your pardon, like a cool soft gale,
Fan my poor sweating soul, that wanders
through

Unhabitable climes and parched deserts.
But I am lost, if the great world forgive me, 210
Unless I find your mercy for a crime
You know not, madam, yet, against your life.
I must confess more than my black intents
Upon your honour: y' are already poison'd.

King. By whom? 215

Car. By me,

In the revenge I ow'd Columbo's loss;

With your last meat was mix'd a poison that

By subtle and by sure degrees must let
In death.

King. Look to the duchess, our physicians!
Car. Stay; 221

I will deserve her mercy, though I cannot
Call back the deed. In proof of my repentance,
If the last breath of a now dying man
May gain your charity and belief, receive 225
This ivory box; in it an antidote
'Bove that they boast the great magistral medicine:

That powder, mix'd with wine, by a most rare
And quick access to the heart, will fortify it
Against the rage of the most nimble poison 230
I am not worthy to present her with it
Oh, take it, and preserve her innocent life

1 *Lord.* Strange, he should have a good
thing in such readiness.

Car. 'Tis that, which in my jealousy and
state,

Trusting to false predictions of my birth, 235
That I should die by poison, I preserv'd
For my own safety Wonder not, I made
That my companion was to be my refuge.

Enter Servant with a bowl of wine

1 *Lord.* Here 's some touch of grace

Car. In greater proof of my pure thoughts,
I take 240

This first, and with my dying breath confirm
My penitence; it may benefit her life,
But not my wounds [*He drinks*] Oh, hasten
to preserve her;

And though I merit not her pardon, let not
Her fair soul be divorc'd 245

[*The Duchess takes the bowl and drinks*]

King. This is some charity, may it prosper,
madam!

Val. How does your grace?

Duch. And must I owe my life to him,
whose death

Was my ambition? Take this free acknowl-
edgment;

I had intent, this night, with my own hand 250
To be Alvarez' justicer.

King. You were mad,

And thought past apprehension of revenge.

Duch. That shape I did usurp, great sir, to
give

My art more freedom and defence; but when
Hernando came to visit me, I thought 255
I might defer my execution;
Which his own rage suppli'd without my guilt,
And when his lust grew high, met with his
blood.

1 *Lord.* The Cardinal smiles.

Car. Now my revenge has met

With you, my nimble duchess! I have took 260
A shape to give my act more freedom, too,
And now I am sure she 's poison'd with that
dose

I gave her last.

King. Th' art not so horrid?

Duch. Ha! some cordial.

Car. Alas, no preservative
Hath wings to overtake it; were her heart 265
Lock'd in a quarry, it would search and kill
Before the aids can reach it. I am sure
You sha' not now laugh at me.

King. How came you by that poison?

Car. I prepar'd it,
Resolving, when I had enjoy'd her, which 270
The colonel prevented, by some art
To make her take it, and by death conclude
My last revenge. You have the fatal story.

King. This is so great a wickedness, it will
Exceed belief.

Car. I knew I could not live. 275

Surg. Your wounds, sir, were not desperate.

Car. Not mortal? Ha! were they not mor-
tal?

Surg. If I have skill in surgery.

Car. Then I have caught myself in my own
engine

2 *Lord.* It was your fate, you said, to die by
poison. 280

Car. That was my own prediction, to abuse
Your faith; no human art can now resist it:
I feel it knocking at the seat of life;
It must come in, I have wrack'd all my
own

To try your charities: now it would be rare, 285
If you but waft me with a little prayer;
My wings that flag may catch the wind; but
't is

In vain, the mist is risen, and there 's none
To steer my wand'ring bark. *Dies.*

1 *Lord.* He 's dead.

King. With him
Die all deceived trust.

2 *Lord.* This was a strange 290
Impiety.

King. When men
Of gifts and sacred function once decline
From virtue, their ill deeds transcend exam-
ple.

Duch. The minute 's come that I must take
my leave, too.

Your hand, great sir; and though you be a
king, 295

We may exchange forgiveness. Heaven for-
give,

And all the world! I come, I come, Alvarez.

Dies.

²²⁷ magistral: supremely effective (used especially of the philosopher's stone) ²⁴⁶ divorc'd: sepa-
rated from her body ²⁶¹ justicer: avenger ²⁶¹ shape: disguise ²⁷⁹ engine: trap, device

King. Dispose their bodies for becoming funeral.

How much are kings abus'd by those they take
To royal grace, whom, when they cherish most
By nice indulgence, they do often arm 301
Against themselves! from whence this maxim
springs:

None have more need of perspectives than
kings. *Exeunt.*

Epilogue

Within. Master Pollard! Where's Master
Pollard, for the epilogue?

He is thrust upon the stage, and falls.

Epi. [Rising.] I am coming to you, gentlemen. The poet

Has help'd me thus far on my way, but I 'll

Be even with him: the play is a tragedy,

The first that ever he compos'd for us, 5

Wherein he thinks he has done prettily,

Enter Servant

And I am sensible. — I prithee, look,

Is nothing out of joint? Has he broke nothing?

Serv No, sir, I hope.

*Epi. Yes, he has broke his epilogue all to
pieces 10*

Canst thou put it together again?

Serv. Not I, sir.

Epi. Nor I; prithee be gone. [Exit Serv.]

— Hum! — Master Poet,

I have a teeming mind to be reveng'd. —

You may assist, and not be seen in 't now, 15

If you please, gentlemen, for I do know

He listens to the issue of his cause,

But blister not your hands in his applause;

Your private smile, your nod, or hum! to tell

My fellows that you like the business well; 20

And when, without a clap, you go away,

*I 'll drink a small-beer health to his second
day;*

*And break his heart, or make him swear and
rage*

He 'll write no more for the unhappy stage.

*But that 's too much, so we should lose. 'Faith,
shew it, 25*

*And if you like his play, 't 's as well he knew
it.*

³⁰⁰ becoming: suitable Epilogue ¹ Pollard: Thomas Pollard of the King's Men, speaker of the epilogue. (See list of Principal Actors on page 799)

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